

Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 34

Autumn, 1958

Number 2



The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow . . .

Old Nursery Rhyme



NATIVITY PLAY AT WENDOVER

All those taking part in it are children

For these and other children we print "A Song of Saints" on page 2

Our cover picture came to us on a foreign Christmas card
with nothing to indicate its source.

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A SONG OF SAINTS

I sing a song of the saints of God
Patient and brave and true,
Who toiled and fought and lived and died
For the Lord they loved and knew.
And one was a doctor, and one was a queen,
And one was a shepherdess on the green:
They were all of them saints of God — and I mean,
God helping, to be one too.

They loved their Lord so dear, so dear,
And his love made them strong:
And they followed the right, for Jesus' sake,
The whole of their good lives long.
And one was a soldier, and one was a priest,
And one was slain by a fierce wild beast:
And there's not any reason — no, not the least —
Why I shouldn't be one too.

They lived not only in ages past,
There are hundreds of thousands still,
The world is bright with the joyous saints
Who love to do Jesus' will.
You can meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea,
In church, or in trains, or in shops, or at tea,
For the saints of God are just folk like me,
And I mean to be one too.

Lesbia Scott, 1929

The Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church
in the United States of America—1940

SONS OF THEIR FATHERS

by

W. B. ROGERS BEASLEY, M.D.

I

This case of devotion of the sons to their father will, I trust, have a happy outcome. In all there are four sons, of whom I feel I know only two. The one had been to the General Clinic for some minor surgery and had shown himself to be both a nervy and an agreeable patient. After his treatment he arose from the table, rode nine miles down river, and walked up Wilder Branch to Shoal Mountain after dark—that is a rather rocky road. The second son I met when Miss Olive Bunce took me from the monthly Bowlingtown clinic in her jeep up river to Possum Bend. En route we stopped and inquired whether we would be able to take the road across the hollow (where the backwash from the river rises in tide) to the ferry close to Uncle Joe's. We were assured yes, if we hurried, as the river had risen right smart already and it was rising steadily. The hollow *was* muddy but no problem for such an excellent jeep driver as Miss Bunce, and we reached the landing unhindered. There the second son greeted us and skillfully paddled us across the swiftly rising stream. Probably some of you are more facile than I at such crossings but it was most impressive to sit in the snubnosed bow and to be paddled up stream beneath the trailing branches of trees by a man who never found it necessary to change his paddle to the other side of the boat, even while crossing the current, and again continuing upward on the far side of the river.

Maxine, wife of one of the sons, met us at the door with a telling jibe about my heavy corduroy coat, with hood laced tightly under the chin, and lined gloves. As I come from the Delta area of Tennessee I find the brisk chill of the wind off a winter stream requires all one can find in the way of wrapping, and I really was sorry not to have had a lap rug. This delicate aspect of my nature provokes intense amusement from both the nurses and the mountain people. Maxine had been in the Hyden Hospital the year before and we are quite friends.

She led us inside the house to the bedside of Uncle Joe. His

four sons were there, one having recently returned from Cincinnati because of his father's illness—that same son who had brought us across the Middle Fork. A special single bed had been arranged in front of the fire for Uncle Joe's comfort in this particularly cheerful room. Uncle Joe had been cared for by Maxine for quite some time, but recently he had developed an enormous abscess, requiring immediate drainage.

Because of the necessary careful post-drainage care, the increasingly difficult road and river situation, I felt it best if the patient could be transferred to our Hyden Hospital. With this Miss Bunce concurred and the sons immediately began to lay plans for their father's removal. They considered it quite a good turn of fortune that a station wagon was that day available at the Nursing Center and offered to take the old man with dispatch thereto. How was this to be done, thought I, over such a rough road. Foolish concern, for the boys and Maxine forthwith set about to rewrap him in heavy quilts, woolen blankets, and an imitation fur coat, with innumerable jars filled with hot water scattered throughout the layers. A canvas wrapper (old awning) was placed on top of it all, and the sons then carried patient, mattress, springs, and all down to the river to that same small snubnosed boat and floated him 14 miles down stream to the landing closest to the Center.

At the far end of the journey the travelers assured us the only difficulty had been when the wind was against them and slowed them down a bit. Brother No. 3 gathered a goodly number of men from a nearby store and they transported Uncle Joe, still comfortably sconced abed, to the rear of the station wagon. One son crawled in the back to accompany his elderly father to the Hospital. Seeing him comfortably settled there, he gave place to the Cincinnati son (who had ridden in front with me) for the drainage of the abscess. It was necessary to use a local anesthetic for the drainage. The abscesses proved extensive and evacuation of them was considerably facilitated by the presence of Simey, the paddler, at his father's head throughout the procedure.

It is a pleasure to serve the elderly courageous people of this area, particularly so as they are so generally supported by devoted sons as was this man.

II

This tale brings to my mind another of this past winter—that of an old man who lived alone in the hollow above one of his sons. This story began really when grandfather lent an axe to a grandson down the creek and was expecting its return in time to break wood for the morrow. At the edge of dark there came a knock at the door, to which the old gentleman readily responded in expectation of his tool. To his sudden amazement he was forced backward by a small group of robbers, who thoroughly clubbed him, broke his arm, and yet, despite 18 scalp lacerations, failed to knock him out. He was robbed when helpless of his \$10.00 bill, a fifty-cent piece, two dimes and a quarter, and left for dead.

Subsequently he roused himself and was able to drag himself in his semiconscious condition down the hollow to a son's home. Here he was greeted by the son who was just returning from a local mine, having himself received a cut in a mine accident. Speedily he brought his father to Hyden Hospital, and soon there followed what is to me an unforgettable scene.

The shocked old man was left on the low hospital stretcher while receiving his initial treatment. It became most convenient for me to sit on the floor at his head while sewing up his shredded scalp, and this gave me a view of the sons as they came in one by one to offer their father their service in this crisis.

One particularly comes to mind—Gerty, who had been summoned by the neighboring son. With his hat on his head and hands in pockets, he gently leaned over the semiconscious father and patiently, persistently, inquired detail after detail of the accident—the appearance of the robbers, did he know them, had he seen them before, what time they came, what they used to club him with, did they say where they were going, how did they find the money? After gleaning information that would have done credit to a Sherlock Holmes, Gerty peered over his father's head at me, and in that same gentle matter-of-fact tone, asked, "Doctor, do you know where I can find the nearest blood hounds?"

The conclusion of that tale is again a credit to the persistent devotion of those sons. The robbers were found, brought to court, and sentenced to 21 years' imprisonment. Our *The Thou-*

sandsticks carried a report of the cases judged at that court, which included a murder charge for which the guilty received, I believe a 3-year sentence. When I naively expressed amazement at the contrast of the two judgments, one of my friends gently explained that the robbery and assault of a helpless old man was a far more serious crime than a simple man-killing. "After all," said he, "there is no excuse for assault on the helpless, but you do have to kill somebody now and then."

JUST JOKES

Pageant Magazine tells about a seven-year-old daughter of a famous judge who always introduced herself as "Judge Clarke's daughter" instead of plain "Betty Clarke." One day her mother corrected her rather firmly about this.

"That's not the right thing to say, dear, it sounds snobbish. So after this just say you're Betty Clarke."

A few days later someone asked the little girl if she were Judge Clarke's daughter. "I thought I was," answered the child, "but mother says not."

.

In Mary's Christmas drawing, two of the camels were approaching the inn, over which was pictured a huge star. The third camel and its rider were going directly away from it. "Why is the third man going in a different direction?" her mother asked. Mary replied, "Oh, he's looking for a place to park."

.

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"Well, well! That's nothing to cry about, is it?"

"It ain't, ain't it? He's just promised to give me five dollars to spend, provided I raise an equal amount!"

"YE GIVE, THAT WE MIGHT GIVE ALSO"

by

GRACE A. TERRILL

Quarterly Bulletin and Donor Secretary

There is one department in the Administration Offices at Wendover, Kentucky, that could easily be recognized as holding in its hands the very heart and soul of the Frontier Nursing Service. It is the steady, constant pulse that keeps alive the faith, hope and love that constitutes the very foundation of our work among our mountain neighbors. I speak of the contributors' card files, donors—you, and you, and you. From every corner of the world, your gifts come pouring in. You *are* the Frontier Nursing Service, for without your gifts there could be no such organization.

"Ye give, that we might give also." Year in and year out, in times of adversity, war, depression, flood and high water with its resultant storm damages, your response to our needs has been miraculous. In times of anxiety, when we reached out into the darkness and put our hand in the hand of God, somehow, it seemed as if you, out there, were holding fast to His other hand, realizing our needs and in giving, strengthened the faith that binds friend to friend. Your gifts have come in constantly, year in and year out, ever since our Service first began more than thirty years ago. It is said, "to have one friend, a man is rich, indeed." Think then how truly enriched is our Service with so many, many friends like you.

You might be interested in reading some of the lovely expressions that accompany your contributions—they mean so much to us for they give us a glimpse into the loving heart of the giver.

"I'm sorry to be late but we have been abroad for a while."

"Again it is my pleasure to send my check to help carry on the marvelous work of the Frontier Nursing Service."

"I'm sorry my check is smaller than the last, but we have had serious and expensive illness in the family."

"To cover your Urgent Need for three baby cribs and mat-

tresses, given in memory of my dear mother. It is just such a gift she would have chosen."

"In appreciation for the wonderful care given our son at Hyden Hospital."

"My wife has been very seriously ill. This is our 'Thank offering' for her recovery."

"I am going into Hospital next week for a serious operation. We do not know what the outcome will be, but I want to send you this check to be used for the furtherance of your wonderful work."

"My annual contribution and best wishes for continued success."

"My mother passed away several years ago. Today is her birthday and I know of no other way that would please her more, than to again send you this little gift in her memory."

"On my eightieth birthday I must send you a few extra pennies, not only in appreciation of the many kindnesses that have been shown to me, but in deep appreciation of your own splendid work in Kentucky. I am grateful for the privilege of having this small part in it."

These are just a few of your expressions, but can you wonder that we love you and place our implicit confidence in your help to carry on the work of the Frontier Nursing Service?

"Ye give, that we might give also."

That God may richly bless the lives of each one of you and make you ever cognizant of His every good and perfect gift is the earnest prayer of everyone at the Frontier Nursing Service.

MOULTING

The birds are moulting. If man could only moult also—his mind once a year its errors, his heart once a year its useless passions! How fine we should all look if every August the old plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away, and fresh quills take the vacant places!

A Kentucky Cardinal, by James Lane Allen

MY CHRISTMAS BABIES

by

GERTRUDE BLUEMEL, R.N., C.M., M.A.

Christmas babies are different! Scientific research may not bear me out but I think they are more beautiful, sweeter, stronger than babies born at other times of the year. They seem to bring with them a special joy and blessing for only the most hardened soul can look upon them without remembering another Christmas Baby—One born in a stable two thousand years ago!

When I was a nurse student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, I was assigned to the Beech Fork Nursing Center for district experience in midwifery and mother and baby care for three weeks before Christmas in 1957. Three babies were due and everyone hoped they would arrive before Christmas, especially I, because I was to finish my assignment at Beech Fork on December 24!

The weather was bitterly cold on December 13 when we received the first call. The roads were covered with ice and snow and travelling was hazardous. Peggy Kemner, the senior nurse-midwife at Beech Fork and my supervisor, and I had just finished a day on the district and were barely beginning to thaw out. Supper, we thought hopefully, would warm us up. "It's Ellie, she's bad off," said a messenger at the door so we forgot our supper, wrapped up warmly, grabbed our midwifery bags, and jumped into the jeep which had not cooled off completely and started at once. It was not yet six o'clock, but already quite dark. Driving gingerly over slippery roads, we arrived at the home without mishap.

We found Ellie sitting as close as possible to the fireplace where a roaring fire managed to keep only a small portion of the room comfortably warm. The house was far from air-tight and icy blasts seeped in everywhere. The two little girls in the family had been persuaded to go to bed in another room with promises that perhaps tonight the nurses would bring them a baby sister. Throughout the night, the father valiantly piled coal on the fire, but most of the room remained chilly. Outside, the cow rubbed against the side of the house trying to appropriate a little of its warmth, while her bell tinkled mournfully.

Just before dawn, a new baby girl arrived. As she made her debut into a rather cold world, warm steaming vapor enveloped her pink, round body and she looked for all the world like a little Christmas angel. Now the cow bell tinkled gaily. The two little girls awakened and demanded to see the sister the nurses had brought them in time for Christmas. Suddenly, the room seemed bright and warm.

A few days later, the snow and ice having turned to slush and mud, our second call came. I had just retired, but soon Peg and I were on our way. A rough and rugged jeep ride took us over a winding narrow dirt road which was muddy and full of boulders and ruts and barely wide enough for the jeep. When we had driven as far as we could, a young man met us and led us through a chicken yard, a hog lot, through a creek-bed, some underbrush and up a steep hill to the house. The room we entered contained a bed, a small laundry stove, a little home-made stand and one chair. During the all-night vigil, this one chair was at a premium! The young mother was thin and pale but most patient.

Toward morning, grandma came over to prepare breakfast. But just as she called, "All right, breakfast is ready," we realized that so was the baby. He turned out to be a big, fine boy, blond and pink and strong. He had more pep than all the rest of us rolled into one. Breakfast was cold when finally we had a chance to eat it, but I've never eaten a meal that tasted better. From the breakfast nook, we could see grandma, in that one chair, admiring her new grandson who had arrived just in time for Christmas!

At eleven o'clock the very next evening came the third call. A sixteen-year-old girl was soon to have her first baby. Outside, it was pouring rain and the narrow road was a sea of mud. The rocks in the mountainside seemed to have turned to liquid and were pouring their contents into little waterfalls and rushing streams all over the road. Only by throwing the jeep into tractor gear were we able to keep moving. We were thankful to arrive at our destination, a small cabin. Simple Christmas decorations were up at the windows, giving a gala appearance to the one room which contained all the necessities for housekeeping except a private corner for the shy, young husband to sit

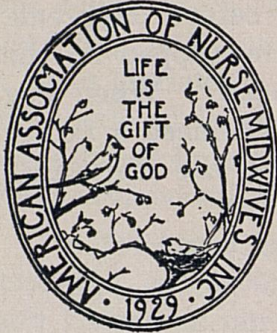
and wait. Although he soon found shelter at a neighbor's, he apparently felt his responsibility for shortly before daybreak, just at the moment when the baby arrived, he tapped on the door and called, "Is there anything you all need?" When Peg opened the door, she was able to announce, "We need a father for a little girl, one-half minute old. Come see the Christmas present you've just received!"

I think Christmas babies are wonderful, don't you?



Agnes Cornett ("Little Aggie")

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hobert Cornett of Camp Creek, Kentucky



**AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF
NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.**

The thirty-first annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, October 11. The guest speaker, who honored the Association this year, was Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey, President of the American Gynecological Society, and Professor Emeritus of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Dr. Scheffey's address entitled, "Population Pressures and Global Tensions," brought the members much food for thought. The discussion following Dr. Scheffey's address was led by Miss Margaret Turner, the newly appointed Matron of Simpson's Memorial Maternity Pavilion, Edinburgh, Scotland. Miss Turner was brought to Kentucky for the meeting by a group of members from Maternity Center Association of New York, and the Frontier Nursing Service was honored to have them as overnight guests at Wendover. Miss Turner, with her many years of experience as a nurse-midwife in the Old Country, added much to the discussion on world populations and the part the nurse-midwife has to play.

Dr. and Mrs. Scheffey were FNS guests for the week-end, and we wished they could have stayed longer, so that we could show them more of our work in which they expressed a deep interest. We hope for a return visit in the future.

The meeting was well attended with out-of-state members coming from New York, Illinois, West Virginia and Tennessee; and we were glad to have several public health nurses as guests together with the students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

In Memoriam

- | | |
|---|---|
| MRS. WALTER RAYMOND AGARD
Madison, Wisconsin
Died in August, 1958 | MISS ANNA D. HUBBELL
Rochester, New York
Died in July, 1958 |
| MRS. ELLA BEGLEY
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in July, 1958 | MISS BERTHA D. HUBBELL
Rochester, New York
Died in October, 1958 |
| MR. CALVIN COLLINS (CAD)
Hal's Fork, Kentucky
Died in July, 1958 | MISS ELIZABETH LAGERVELD
Patterson, New Jersey
Died in July, 1958 |
| MRS. SYLVANIA BURKHART
DUFF
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in June, 1958 | DR. ROBERT M. LEWIS
New Haven, Connecticut
Died in June, 1958 |
| MISS MARGARET ELLWANGER
Rochester, New York
Died in October, 1958 | MR. CHARLES J. LYNN
Indianapolis, Indiana
Died in September, 1958 |
| MISS LUCY FURMAN
Cranford, New Jersey
Died in September, 1958 | DR. MAURICE VAUX
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Died in August, 1958 |
| MRS. FRANK B. GORDON
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Died in June, 1958 | MRS. WILLIAM HOLLAND
WILMER
Boyce, Virginia
Died in June, 1958 |

THANKSGIVING

We thank thee, O Father, for all who hallow suffering. For those who in their thoughts for others leave no room for pity for themselves. For those whose patience inspires others to hold on. And grant, O loving Father, to all who are bound in the mysterious fellowship of suffering the sense of comradeship with others and the knowledge of Thy love, and give them Thy peace which passes all understanding. Amen.

Forward 1948

Many old friends have left us during the summer and early autumn months. Among them are two distinguished physicians who honored us by serving on our National Medical Council. **Dr. Maurice Vaux**, in failing health, had given up his membership on our Council after he retired as Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. Although he relinquished the obligations he had carried superbly he never lost interest in old ties and old friends. One of these wrote of

him, at the time of his death, "As you well know, he was a wonderful gentleman." We extend our deep sympathy to the wife who meant so much to him. In **Dr. Robert M. Lewis** of New Haven, Connecticut, we had not only a member of our Council for nearly a quarter century but a medical friend who collaborated on some of our early studies of maternity in the mountains, one who came down to see us some eighteen years ago with Mrs. Lewis. Their daughter Louise (Mrs. Osgood Bradley Wood) was a courier of ours in the summer of 1941. Their younger daughter, Helen, came to see us only a few months ago with her husband, Dr. Hugo D. Smith of the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati. It will be seen that our ties with the whole family are warm and deep. We shall miss Dr. Lewis always. Even during his months of illness he wrote us in his old charming vein. The life that follows this one is richer because he has entered upon it.

When **Mrs. Frank B. Gordon** died we lost one of the early members of our Pittsburgh Committee. For twenty-two years she had supported and loved the Frontier Nursing Service. She came down to the Kentucky mountains to visit us, she gave us her daughter, Mary, (Mrs. John F. Kraft, Jr.) as a courier. To this daughter we send our loving sympathy in the loss of such a mother. It is hard to remember a time when **Mrs. William Holland Wilmer** was not a friend of the Frontier Nursing Service. This friendship began in the twenties when she first learned about our work. After her marriage in 1921 she had made her home in Washington with her distinguished husband. She went to Baltimore with him when he became director of The Wilmer Ophthalmological Institute, connected with the Johns Hopkins Hospital. After his retirement they returned to Washington. A Mississippian by birth, Mrs. Wilmer was educated in Virginia and died at her Ryton Farm at Boyce, Virginia. Her body has been laid by that of her husband in Washington Cathedral. A life so full as hers had many interests. We are grateful to have been cherished among them by this gentlewoman out of the fullness of her heart. Our deep sympathy goes out to her daughter and her two sons. The descendants of Dr. and Mrs. William Holland Wilmer have an inheritance that nothing can ever take away from them.

We have lost three old friends in Rochester during the last

few months. Two sisters who cared very much about us have died within a short time of each other—**Miss Anna D. Hubbell** in July and **Miss Bertha D. Hubbell** in October. For a long span of years they have been our friends. In **Miss Margaret Ellwanger** we lost another dear Rochester friend in the fall of the year. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to her sister, Miss Helen C. Ellwanger.

Although **Miss Lucy Furman** died in Cranford, New Jersey, she was a Kentuckian by birth, inheritance, and life long devotion. Her work at the famous old Hindman Settlement School in Knott County, and her books about this work—*The Quare Women*, *The Glass Window*, *Mothering on Perilous*—were what first brought her to the attention of a large and admiring public. As a worker for children at Hindman, as an author, Lucy Furman embarked on the first phase of her distinguished career. The second phase, her campaign against the cruel steel trap, lasted until near the end of her life. It was in Knott County that she became familiar with injured wild animals, some of whom died in the steel traps and some of whom gnawed off their legs to escape. Chiefly through her efforts a law was finally passed in Kentucky substituting a humane form of trap for the steel trap.

Lucy Furman has been called a Kentucky Franciscan. In dwelling on our memories of her these lines of Laurence Housman come to mind. They are from his *A Prayer for the Healing of the Wounds of Christ*.

While to His Feet
The timid, sweet
Four-footed ones of earth shall come and lay,
Forever by, the sadness of their day:

One of the best of men, and one of the finest, was **Mr. Charles J. Lynn** of Indianapolis. We don't know what first awakened his interest in the Frontier Nursing Service about a quarter century ago but we do know that he carried us generously among his charities over the long years, wrote delightful notes in sending his checks, and gave us a feeling of personal warmth every time we heard from him. Although Mr. Lynn had retired as vice-president of Eli Lilly and Company he seemed in excellent health until his swift passing over to the other side of death. One part of his public career we should like to mention

here. He was a member of the national board of directors of the English-Speaking Union and president of its Indianapolis branch. In November 1957 he was awarded the Order of the British Empire by the British Consul General in Chicago. The Anglo-American staff of the Frontier Nursing Service held his abiding interest. Our hearts go out in deepest measure to Mr. Lynn's wife in her loneliness and grief.

In the death of **Mrs. Walter Raymond Agard** we have lost one whose love for us began when we began and never slackened for a day in all of our thirty-three years. About mid-way in this span of time Elizabeth Agard became a trustee of ours for several years. Always she carried a sense of trusteeship in her heart. In the great University of Wisconsin where her husband was Professor of Classics, Elizabeth Agard won many friends for the Frontier Nursing Service and gave a number of parties in our behalf. How she loved giving parties! We never knew anyone with a stronger social sense for people from the top down to the freshman students and, beyond the University for "all sorts and conditions of men."

Often when I write of the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service I do it with a sense of poignant personal loss. Elizabeth Agard was my first cousin and I have known and loved her from her infancy. Although she was much younger than I, we were immensely congenial. She was vivid, wise, lovely, generous, and true. In the home she and her husband created at Madison, where I often stayed, everything bespoke her exquisite taste and their combined love of books. I have rarely known a more complete marriage than theirs. Our hearts go out to this husband, to their only son and little granddaughter, and to her sister. Elizabeth had a swift passing from this life to the next. In her copy of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* she had marked these lines from W. E. Henley's *Marguritae Sorori*:

Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.
So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west.

The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

During the summer we have given up for this world a number of our old neighbors and friends here in the Kentucky mountains. There is a special loss for us in the passing of each one. **Mrs. Ella Begley** and her husband, the late **Jonah Begley**, had meant more to us than we can begin to tell. A thousand dear associations bind their memories together in our hearts. Our tender sympathy goes out to Mrs. Begley's children whom we have known and cherished since they were young. Mrs. Begley has entered upon the life triumphant in the spirit of which she lived and died.

Although **Miss Elizabeth Lagerveld** died in New Jersey it is as a worker in Kentucky that we shall always remember her. Some thirty-four years ago she came to Thousandsticks, about five miles in the hills beyond Hyden, to make her home and lead her beneficent life. This life included not only her work as a missionary but building a dormitory for junior high school girls so they could attend the school on the creek, and solicitude for all of her neighbors young and old. This verse seems to us significant of Miss Lagerveld.

My Shepherd Thou, I want no more,
Thou wilt my life, my soul, restore.

It was not until we attended his funeral service at Big Creek that we knew that his name was **Calvin Collins**, because he was always called "Cad." He was a property ranger for the Fordson Company for some fifty years, and never was there a better one employed by any company anywhere in the world. In our early days the Fordson Company owned enormous boundaries in forest and mineral rights, including the boundary on the mountain above Wendover, later deeded to the Frontier Nursing Service. During our early years "Cad" rode over occasionally to see us, always well mounted, always riding his horse as though man and beast were one. His friendliness, his many kindnesses, would have to be experienced to be understood. We all loved him, and the whole Service has mourned his passing. Our hearts go out to his wife and children.

The Frontier Nursing Service never had a better friend

than **Mrs. Sylvania Duff**, who was lovingly known as "Granny" for several years preceding her death at the age of 94. She was noted in Leslie County as being the first woman jailor, having been elected on an Independent ticket. She kept a spotlessly clean jail and fed the prisoners so well that they all liked her. But it was as a midwife that we first knew and admired her when our work began in 1925. Nothing could have been kinder than her reception of us, her help in getting nurses as midwives established. Although she had not had the training that we had taken, she was an excellent midwife and spotlessly clean. On the inside back Bulletin cover we have put a picture of her shaking hands over a fence with one of our early nurse-midwives.

"Granny" Duff had a host of friends and kindred all through the parts of eastern Kentucky where she had lived her 94 years. Her husband and two children preceded her across the boundary of death. Our sympathy goes out in fullest measure to the two daughters who survive her and to her descendents. She has left them a heritage of which they may be proud.

M. B.

Postscript: In the death of **Dr. John A. Caldwell** the Service has just lost a third member of its National Medical Council, and one of its closest friends. His career, as everyone in Cincinnati and over the nation knows, was superb. Only the Frontier Nursing Service knows how endless were the kindnesses he showed to our patients sent to Cincinnati and at clinics in the mountains. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to his wife, his daughter, his son. For him, all the trumpets have sounded on the other side.

DREAMLAND

There is a street in Dreamland
Where twilight shadows fall.
Where friends may meet
And loved ones greet
For love is Lord of All.
There is no Time in Dreamland
There is no Winter drear,
But yet in happiness and peace
'Tis Christmas all the Year.

Sent to "Our FNS at Wendover" by the late Helen Newberry Joy.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Mrs. Ruth P. Chase, Milton, Massachusetts

—August 30, 1958

Summer has come and gone! When I looked ahead to eight weeks with the children at camp, I saw hundreds of things I could do and one of them was to visit Wendover. But nothing came out as planned! After making visits to both camps, I went on an intensive school and house hunt. After quite a struggle, I have wound up nearly back where I started, geographically, nearly 26 years ago—not Milton, but Wellesley Hills!

. . . .

From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—September 4, 1958

I've just got back from a Hellenic Cruise, visiting the Greek Islands, part of the mainland and a bit of Turkey—a wonderful trip. We had glorious sunshine all the time and bathed in the bluest sea imaginable. I've got a new job in Australia and sail on the 20th of this month. I'm going as secretary to the wife of the Governor of South Australia (same job as Uganda) and expect to be there for 18 months or so. My present idea is to return via America and I already have my visa! So maybe I'll see you in 1960—I do hope so. My address will be Government House, Adelaide, South Australia.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch), Chocorua,
New Hampshire—September 5, 1958**

My, but I do enjoy the Bulletin and love reading about what everyone is doing.

We had a family wedding up here this past month when my niece was married in the same church that we were. She was our flower girl and Chipps was hers. They each wore the wedding dress that belonged to their great-great grandmother.

Aunt Katy Codman had the Winslows and Peacock to lunch the other day and asked me too. We had lots of fun talking about the FNS and your ears should have burned! Having

heard so much about Peacock, it was delightful to meet her; and I thoroughly enjoyed the others too.

We leave for Mill Valley on Monday as Chipps starts school next week. We hate to leave but on the other hand it will be good to see Sam again as he couldn't manage to come on with us.

At the local district nursing meeting the other day, I saw Mardi Bemis Perry who looked as handsome as ever. Both our households have been so busy that we didn't get a chance to get together this summer.

. . . .

From Mary Balch, Washington, D. C.—September 21, 1958

I left India on July 3. First stop was Cairo where I visited an old New Delhi friend for a couple of days. Then flew on to Athens for a couple of days, then Rome. Went on to Biot about the eleventh, then had to wait until the fifteenth before I could clear the Volkswagen through customs. It had been sitting there since the middle of April because it couldn't be cleared for export without my passport. Another New Delhi friend and her new husband met me at Biot, and the three of us took Weeji (the Volks) and went to Florence, Venice, Vienna, Salzburg, Munich, Frankfurt, Brussels and Paris. I left them in Paris, met my cousin from Biot, and the two of us took Weeji to Cannes in time to get her checked over and the two of us on a ship the next day. Weeji and I left Cannes on the INDEPENDENCE, August 1, and arrived in N. Y. on the ninth. We were on our way to Summit less than two hours after I left the ship. I was in Summit over the weekend, then in Washington for consultation for a couple of days. Then back to Summit and on to Chocorua for three quiet weeks. Ha! What a rat race and utter confusion. To start it off, my cousin got married. Remember Sidra (Sylvia Bowditch Newsom)—her niece. Sidra was there with her two cute children. Nella Lloyd Helm was there, but I didn't see her. Of course, there were lots and lots of people that I hadn't seen in over two years, and it was such fun catching up on the news. Sue and I drove to Summit about ten days ago, and Weeji and I came on to Washington last Saturday.

I started work at ICA on Monday in the personnel section, Office of Latin America. I think it will be very interesting, and

quite fun. Also, I'm looking forward to living in Washington this winter. The appointment is for two years—I'm not committing myself as yet. And so, that is why I haven't written or come to see you. But I will be down sometime!

Who is on the FNS committee here in D. C.? If there is anything I can do from here, I'd be happy to help. Saw former courier Liz Bigelow Perkins in Chocorua. She and Cal were visiting a friend of mine one weekend. The FNS was well represented this year.

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From Mrs. Charles F. Weeden III (Mary Sayres),

Lawrenceville, New Jersey—September 22, 1958

Other bits of news include a new "home" at 12 Craven Lane in Lawrenceville, N. J., where Chuck is a member of the faculty at The Lawrenceville School.

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From Mrs. Herbert Gleason (Nancy Aub), Boston,

Massachusetts—September 25, 1958

It's so nice to know how things are with you all and that you can take the time to keep up old contacts.

After a two months' honeymoon in Europe, which was glorious, we are settling down in Boston—address: 45 Pinchney Street. Herbert is at work as a law clerk, and I have one more year at Social Work School. We are very content!

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From Marion Shouse Lewis, Nassau, Bahamas—October 4, 1958

This is a wonderful spot. We're at the Balmoral Club which has its own private beach and island, and we've a little car so we are quite independent. We flew down last Tuesday and hope for some deep sea fishing. It's all perfectly beautiful and quite different.

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From Victoria Coleman, Northampton, Massachusetts

—October 5, 1958

I have been back at Smith for two weeks and am now fairly well settled into the daily routine. Thanks to your enthusiasm

for Switzerland, I am even more determined to study hard and perhaps be able to spend next year in Geneva.

I can never thank you enough for the marvelous experience of this summer. I have never enjoyed six weeks so much, and I certainly hope that I will be able to return for a short visit next year.

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From Anne Kilham, Gorham, New Hampshire—October 8, 1958

I am Assistant Hutmistress at the Appalachian Mountain Club for the winter and have been up here since the first of September. The Lodge is at the base of Mount Washington. Pinkham Notch Camp consists of two main buildings; one where we have a coffee shop, where the meals are cooked and served, and where the crew lives. The other main building is the Lodge where we sleep over a hundred guests. Now on winter crew there are just two of us girls and about four boys, so we are kept very busy. My jobs include waiting on tables, preparing vegetables, watching desk (coffee bar), and keeping the Lodge in order. It is lots of fun, and the crew are a fine bunch. There are quite a few guests here now as the foliage is theoretically at its height, though this year, there isn't too much. The climbing is the main attraction right now.

Last summer I was at home, camp counseling at a Massachusetts Audubon Day Camp. Last winter I was out in Colorado Springs at Colorado College. Had a very successful year. I am hoping to go back to college next summer, but haven't decided which one—somewhere in the East.

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**From Mrs. Henry P. Glendinning, Jr. (Nancy Ingersoll),
Radnor, Pennsylvania—October 15, 1958**

I regret to say that I have not produced a courier unless boys will be accepted by 1978. Edward Robert Glendinning was born on September 16, and I have been meaning to write ever since. We couldn't be happier with Eddie, who is very good and looks exactly like Henry. He is just beginning to notice things, and he smiled yesterday for the first time.

I am so sorry to hear of Dr. Beasley's move. I know how you will miss him, but what a great honor for him!

**From Mrs. Trenchard More, Jr. (Kitty Biddle),
Cambridge, Massachusetts—October 23, 1958**

This past summer I married Trenchard More, Jr. He is working for his Ph.D. in Electrical Engineering at M.I.T., though perhaps his ultimate field is going to be mathematics. He is also teaching a couple of courses, and you can imagine how much time that leaves for his own work (0).

For the last four years I've been teaching English (grades 9, 10, 11) at Milton Academy Girls' School and living in Cambridge. I resigned this spring, and am currently revelling in sheer domesticity.

**From Mrs. Howard Serrell (Migi Noble), Greenwich,
Connecticut—October 29, 1958**

To keep you up to date, we have "Chip," our oldest, in Dartmouth, sophomore, and two here at home—Jonathan, age 12, and Pixie, age 8. She will be next on your list. All happy and adjusted, no new fangled frustrations, etc. Aren't we lucky?

I am riding three hours a day learning the most elusive of arts, dressage, hoping to get good enough to try out for the 1960 Olympics!

From Jean S. Alexander, Paris, France—November 1, 1958

I am now in Paris for my third year of college, and I couldn't be happier. I adore the woman with whom I am staying; and besides myself, there are four other foreign students here. We eat very well and laugh all the time at meals because Madame has two nephews who eat with us and who are very droll. My work is fascinating. I have four private courses, and will audit classes at the Sorbonne and Ecole du Havre. They are all in French, and now I find myself forgetting the King's English! It's wonderful the way everyone here adores America. They have never been to the U. S., and so they always ask many questions which I love to answer and do so in rosy terms!

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Lois Buhl of Erie, Pennsylvania, has been teaching riding since she left Oldfields School last June.

Kay Amsden is now instructor of physical education at Smith College.

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News has just reached us that Mary Bulkley Wotherspoon lost her father last spring. We send her our love and deepest sympathy.

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As we go to press, we have learned of the death of Dr. John A. Caldwell of Cincinnati, father of our old courier, Dorothy. Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to her and her family.

WEDDINGS

Miss Susan Marian Spencer and Mr. William Arden Small, Jr., both of Tucson, Arizona, on October 11, 1958. Mr. Small is Assistant to his father who owns the Tucson Daily Citizen, the evening newspaper. This young couple is at home at 909 East Eighth Street, Tucson.

Miss Sarah (Sally) Montague Bingham of Louisville, Kentucky, and Mr. Arthur Whitney Ellsworth, on October 11, 1958.

Our very best wishes go to both of these young couples for long years of happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Glendinning, Jr. (Nancy Ingersoll) of Radnor, Pennsylvania, a son, Edward Robert Glendinning, on September 16, 1958.

Born to The Reverend and Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris) of Geneva, New York, a boy—their first son and third child—Edward Alexander Turrentine, on October 26, 1958. “Teddy” weighed seven pounds and nine ounces. “Such a love and just like his sisters,” his mother wrote us.

Yesterday, upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today.
Oh how I wish he'd go away!

Forward, Lent, 1958

OPERATION SANTA CLAUS AT HYDEN IN 1957

by

NOEL SMITH, B.A.

It is traditional at Christmas time for each of the six outpost centers and the Hyden Hospital and Wendover to hold Christmas parties for the children of each particular district. The "Christmas Tree" as it was called, was eagerly anticipated well in advance each year. At Hyden on the appointed day, the living room of Haggin Quarters was carefully spread with gay toys for each child, and there was a large Christmas tree beneath which Santa Claus held court and distributed candy. In recent years, however, the growing population of Hyden has made it more and more difficult to contain and properly entertain our small guests in the spacious living room of Haggin Quarters.

Last year we decided on a new plan for the Hyden area which we hoped would achieve two things: First, put into effect a recreation program in which the emphasis would be upon having fun as a group; and second, to coöperate with the schools, parents and other interested citizens in holding the parties at the schools, providing, of course, that they wished it.

Fortunately for us, Laurie Smith, the Itinerate Recreation Worker for the Council of the Southern Mountain Workers, was willing to devote three weeks of her time to helping us. With her inexhaustible repertoire of games and ideas, and wonderful way with children, she proved invaluable. The County Superintendent of Schools, the principals, and the teachers of the Hyden schools entered enthusiastically into the plan and helped us put over a large party for all the children from the first grade to the twelfth. The Sunday School rooms in the Presbyterian Church were offered us as a suitable place to entertain the toddlers and pre-school children. Still there were the children who attended the four small schools on the creeks in the Hyden area, who had always come to our party at Haggin Quarters—we couldn't leave them out!

One by one we met with the teachers of these schools and outlined a proposal to give a Christmas party with games, candy and toys, refreshments and a Santa Claus at these schools. We

were met in every case with great enthusiasm and willing coöperation. Some teachers said that they were about to abandon the idea of giving any school Christmas party this year because they could not supply the refreshments or decorations.

Space does not permit a report on each party but the fun the children had at two will show our readers how successful was the experiment.

The first party took place at the tiny Flackey School, so named for the creek it serves, a one-room school with seven grades. Like a bizarre little traveling troupe, Laurie and Maryellen and I loaded the Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service jeep, "Apple Pi," with various items of equipment which later became standard; boxes of cookies, Kool-aid, a Santa Claus costume, bags of candies and toys, records, a phonograph, buckets, ladles and trays which clanked uproariously as we lurched up the creek in the direction of the school. To our horror, it soon became evident that safe passage across the bridge could under no circumstances be guaranteed by jeep. Out we piled and without a word loaded ourselves with our noisy gear and clanked off up the creek with grim determination.

The children must have thought us a pitiful little threesome as we, gasping, stumbled in upon them weighed down with the various paraphernalia of gaiety, but from that moment on it was a complete success. Laurie soon had the children out in the yard, absorbed in a strenuous form of tag. It was not long before the rest of us found ourselves tearing from one end of the yard to the other shrieking with excitement. Next came refreshments and the bags of candy and toys for each child. There was hushed excitement as each child came to us with his big toy bag, his eyes wide, to have us inspect its contents.

We returned through the mud to our jeep a very encouraged troupe, wondering who had enjoyed themselves more, we or the children.

The next venture was a party at the much larger lower Thousandsticks School the very next morning. Again we packed the jeep and set off through mud and ice. When we stopped in front of the school we could feel steady scrutiny of ninety pairs of eyes from the windows. Several of the bigger boys then materialized and carried in the supplies for us, while I, clutching

the Santa Claus outfit, dove into the basement where, by previous arrangement, its wearer was hiding.

To begin the party Laurie introduced the children to a game in which every participant chose a partner, then trotted singly around the room in several directions while music was played on the phonograph. When the music stopped, everybody was to find his partner and sit down. He who failed would be obliged to sit out the rest of the session. This game was designed to break the ice, which it succeeded in doing during the first round. During the second, a small hand grabbed mine and pulled me into the circle. Soon we were having as much fun as the children, but our heavy feet added to their light ones made the entire building shake and we were obliged to resume outside. This gave me the chance to set up the refreshments unnoticed and, in transit from the basement kitchen to the schoolroom with a bucket of Kool-aid, I met the school's Principal, Mr. Perl Osborne. "Do you know," he said with a wink, "that I have a one hundred per cent attendance today—best in a long time. Can't imagine why, can you?"

In the meantime Laurie was standing in the middle of an empty yard. As I stared in bewilderment she roared a command, and instantly all ninety children swept into sight around the corner of the building and tore down to the other end of the yard. It seemed as though a thousand feet were pelting against the turf; a thousand voices shrieking with glee.

When they were called back into the building their excitement burned in their eyes. Small hands tugged at my jacket and faces bobbed up and down around me. "I know who's a-comin', Miss Smith, Santa Claus, that's who." And of course, as they said it, he bobbed in through the back door and delivered the bags of toys and candy into a sea of hands. Instantly I was lost again in cries of "Miss Smith, Miss Fullam, and the other Miss Smith—looky here what I got!" The children hopped among one another like little birds exclaiming over their surprises; a ball, a top, a doll. We pulled away in the jeep at last; the ninety pairs of eyes watching our every step.

Later in December we held two more happy Christmas parties, with somewhat the same programs, at the Short Creek and the Upper Bull Creek schools. This meant that each of the

four creek schools in the Hyden area had its very own party. The toddlers, with their mothers, came for presents and refreshments, to the Sunday School rooms at Hyden.

By Christmas Day the FNS, in coöperation with teachers, parents and other leaders in the community, had given six parties in the Hyden area.

I think the experiment was extremely successful. Not only did the children enjoy themselves, but everywhere we turned we received enthusiasm and coöperation from all teachers and parents. I take the liberty of quoting one little boy who summed it up far better than I could when he looked up at me and said, "I never had so much fun in my life."

WATFORD GARDEN PARTY

The District Midwives' Home at Watford, provided a perfect setting for a delightful garden party given privately by Miss Chetwynd and her staff. . . .

But this was no ordinary garden party. It was, explained Miss Chetwynd, the result of an accumulation of events: "Ten years in this job; 20 years a midwife; 50 years on earth; 1,000 babies . . . All four things happening in the same year—well, we just had to celebrate."

Guest of honor was Miss Diana Margaret Marsden, aged four and a half months. She is the thousandth baby. . . .

Watford Maternity Hospital was well represented by Miss Kelly, Matron, the Assistant Matron, the Secretary and other members of the staff. The Divisional Nursing Officer was also present, together with health visitors, former staff midwives and pupils (many now married and having since been delivered by Miss Chetwynd). . . .

The afternoon was an unqualified success—something which will be remembered with pleasure on grey, winter days.

Midwives Chronicle & Nursing Notes, September 1958
London, England

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Greta Wiseman in Lahore, Pakistan—August, 1958

It is more than three months since I landed in Karachi—and pretty unbelievable even to me. I cannot describe the sensation of sailing into the beautiful port in 110 degree heat and looking, for the first time, on the land that will be home for the next five years. Karachi, being West Pakistan's only port, is a booming city. There are vast sections of modern concrete apartments which contrast severely with the refugee camps found on every empty lot. Here the unfortunate victims of partition live in tiny straw huts, sleeping and cooking in the midst of the crowded traffic of camels, mules, bicycles, and modern motor vehicles. From Karachi I made the 700-mile trip to Lahore by train, and what a warm welcome I received. West Pakistan is a very flat, desert-like country, except for the border mountains. Every inch of the flat land has to be irrigated in order to produce. The needs of the people are overwhelming. Life here has so many parallels to life in Kentucky that I feel very much at home. There is the same fierce loyalty to family and friends, along with the heart-warming, genuine hospitality. Life rolls by at a much more temperate rate, although there is as much to do as at home. There are about 30 American Methodists in Pakistan and it is a fine group.

At present the monsoon is pouring itself out on us. Last week one of the houses collapsed from the effect of the rain, and one of the missionary children was buried, but miraculously her mother dug her out of the rubble, and she is not badly hurt.

. . . .

From Edith Mickle in Albuquerque, New Mexico—August, 1958

I came here ten days ago, and I am charmed with New Mexico. Katie (Quarmby) and I went to Arizona last week-end to see the Hopi snake dances. They were quite fascinating and something to remember. It is such a joy to see the different states and most enlightening and stimulating. I collected a lot

of ideas from Western Baptist to take home with me, and no doubt I shall get more here, especially in the care of premature babies. I am looking at a picture of Wendover and wishing I could have a long pow wow with you all.

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From Alice Young in Ft. Defiance, Arizona—September, 1958

I have returned to the southwest, 27 miles northwest of Gallup, New Mexico, and I have my mother with me. The sand still blows and the humidity is only 17 to 25 per cent. We are 7,100 feet elevation and the nights are cool. There are so many ex-FNSers in this area; we could have a reunion at Thanksgiving. We do have an Alaska Day with all the ex-Alaskans around. I have planted grass around the house, and I am going to put in some climbing beans which flower and pod at the same time. They look very nice against a white house.

.

From Joyce Stephens in Gloucestershire, England

—September, 1958

It seems ages since I heard any news from you all, though it isn't really. Susan Spencer wrote not so long ago, full of excitement about her wedding next month. That sure was good news. On July 12, Joy Hilditch and her father appeared out of the blue. I had just finished a delivery and another frantic father appeared. All I could do was gasp—invite Joy for tea later, and run to the married quarters of the R. A. F. for the second baby. Joy and her father appeared for tea and we had time to get acquainted in a more leisurely fashion. Peggy (McQueen) came for a weekend at the end of July and Joy came over, so we had a great old Flat Creek get together, complete with slides, of course. We all wished you were along. Any hopes that you will be over next year? I have just got my own car, a Morris convertible, all waiting to meet you off the train. We shall all be thinking of you at Thanksgiving—take care of yourselves. Best love to all.

.

From Mary Hollins in Whitianga, New Zealand—September, 1958

I have been keeping in touch with the FNS through the

Bulletins, eagerly read from cover to cover on arrival. However many changes in the Service are recorded in the Bulletins, it makes no difference to the spirit one knows so well; it shines so clearly through the pages still. I wrote hardly any letters last year, as I was having a bad spell cooking up rheumatoid arthritis, and had no energy, mental or physical. After two months in hospital at the beginning of this year, I am much better and know how to keep supple. Though some things are hard to do I have always been given the necessary strength to look after every mother who comes to have her baby, and I am sure I shall always have it.

Last year we had a garden party and raised one hundred and seventy pounds which we have used to very good effect, and have made the hospital much more comfortable for all the patients, and more efficient. We really need more general beds as we sometimes have to use our sitting room as a ward, but we shall have to wait for the Public Health Department to do something about that!

.

From Monica Hayes in Finley, New South Wales,

Australia—September, 1958

Here I am after nearly two weeks on duty. I sailed from Tilbury on August 5, and enjoyed the voyage with the many trips ashore en route. I was able to have an overnight visit with a friend and her family in Melbourne. We spent five hours catching up on the last five years! Another friend took me to see the sights of Sydney, before taking the train for Finley which is in the Great Australian Outback. I missed one connection on the way, and finished the journey on a stock train with a few thousand sheep, the engine driver, fireman and a guard! I was met by the Matron and the Secretary who took me to the nurses' home where I thankfully had a hot bath. I was given two days to get unpacked and settled, and then started work in the Finley Hospital. We work on the shift system. My first duty was to deliver a seven-pound baby boy—the doctor had not arrived in time. This is very flat country, with a good scattering of trees. I am looking forward to summer which begins next month.

From Zondra Lindblade in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—September, 1958

College life is even busier this year. I am teaching orientation to the freshmen girls; a class specifically designated to help them adjust to academic life (social and personal phases as well). And, I am getting adjusted to teaching and love it.

Since we have a new president at the college, of course an inauguration is in order. Probably by virtue of office more than anything else, I am in charge of the large formal reception following. Wouldn't you like to fly up and help advise the Dean of Women?—She needs it!

. . . .

From Margaret Field in New Haven, Connecticut—October, 1958

It seems as if my life is full of adjustments and rather drastic upheavals, and the last few months are no exception. In May we learned that Seward Sanitorium was to close and that our beautiful nurses' home was to be taken from us. The residence had not been filled to capacity for some time, and it seemed best to convert it into a hospital for the 15 non-native TB patients not provided for otherwise.

In May I was overjoyed to be accepted as a graduate student in the Yale University School of Nursing with a U. S. Public Health traineeship to cover my expenses. I left Seward in August and spent one week at the annual convention of the Alaska Nurses' Association, in Sitka. Just as last year, I found the convention of absorbing interest, one of the high points of my nursing career. It was pleasant to be housed on the campus of Sheldon Jackson Junior College. From Sitka I went directly to southwestern New York where my niece met me and I had a series of visits with friends and relatives.

There are fifteen graduate students here, at Yale, with five in Maternal and Newborn Health which is my major. I think about half the value of this course lies in the fact that we have so many interesting and broadening contacts and many informal "seminars." The other half consists of the studying and practical work we do and the helpful conferences with our supervisors.

I am still talking about Alaska and the FNS—I love both. I shall be taking midwifery in New York or Baltimore next summer.

From Edna Metcalfe in Boston, Massachusetts—October, 1958

I have at last reached Boston and have begun to study at the University. It is lots of fun, although after life in Malaya and being an independent body, so to speak, it takes some readjustment.

This house is full of foreigners and out-of-town students, so I have yet to meet a Bostonian! I am really enjoying being out of the tropics, altho' everyone says to wait until winter comes. No doubt I shall change my tune then. Please give my love to everyone I know.

. . . .

**From Charlene Tucker (Shot) at Williamsburg,
Kentucky—October, 1958**

Cumberland is a much better school than I expected and the instructors are the best. My favorite courses are History of Civilization and French. The First Baptist Church has hired me as a nursery worker. The experience will be so valuable to me when I apply for a job later on. One of the Williamsburg ladies invited me to a football game last night, and when she heard I had worked with the FNS, she wanted to know all about Wend-over, etc. She had heard Mrs. Breckinridge speak about a year ago, and was so interested. I hope to come and see you all some time.

. . . .

From Joy Hilditch Mishler in Chicago, Illinois—October, 1958

Life here is very full. I work eight hours a day five days a week, and sometimes six days, when the hospital is busy and they are short of nurses. I am taking music lessons and learning to type, so by the time I have cooked, cleaned and washed and ironed, there is not much time left over. Bob is very busy too, with lectures and study and four hours work at Sears for five days a week. He teaches in a down town Sunday School for Puerto Rican children who speak mainly Spanish. Every other Sunday, when I am off, I go along to watch.

We have explored parts of the city and visited the Science and Industry Museum. There is certainly no shortage of things to do—only time to do them. We have settled down to city life

very well and are enjoying the experience, and we thoroughly recommend married life.

New Arrival

To Dr. and Mrs. Charles Milton Linthicum of Linthicum Heights, Maryland, a son, James Douglas, on October 2, 1958.

News of the Beasleys

From Dulwich, London, S. E. 22

October, 1958

We have a pleasant house here in Dulwich Village. It belongs to a professor at Khartoum University who fortunately is there until April. The children have started in at the Hamlet School and are quite pleased. School hours of 9 to 4 seem to be arranged for the convenience of the parents. Rogers has begun tonight in the boys' choir at the parish church; he was received with open arms and is thrilled to death. Gabrielle will begin piano as her extra-curricular activity next week. Battle says he wants to learn to play the horn, so that is in abeyance pro tem. Tonight a couple came for dinner who have to do with the Art School in Camberwell and I do so hope something will be produced for Trink from that. A charlady comes daily, and we are all dishwashers; the laundry is fetched and delivered so the grocery is the only real bugaboo for Trink at the moment. We are trying to make Saturday a theatre matinee each week—all have been to The Tower, Windsor, Westminster, National Gallery, St. Paul's and the British Museum, so we are off to a start on the basic sights, at least.

My own school (Dr. Beasley) is a great pleasure. There are students from absolutely everywhere which is very good. I hope to talk with my supervisor when visiting the Hospital for Tropical Diseases—St. Pancras Hospital—next Saturday. I have been so involved with household matters that I have not seen him yet. Very best regards to you all from all the Beasleys.

HOW TO BLUSH

She blushed. Oh, yes, it can be done. Just hold your breath and compress the diaphragm.

The Marry Month of May, by O. Henry

IN QUEEN ELIZABETH PARK, UGANDA

Elephants.—A mother elephant and her new born baby were found in one of the deep borrow pits beside the new road. The mother became very agitated at the approach of the Warden's Land Rover and tried her best to assist the new born baby up the bank and across the road, but was most unsuccessful for the calf was extremely weak. Then three adult elephants broke cover on the opposite side of the road and made straight for her. They practically lifted the young one up the bank and onto the road by putting their trunks under his rear quarter and pushing him like a wheel barrow. Once he was on the road, they formed up on either side and escorted him across: Once across, the mother was again left in sole charge and the three rescuers disappeared towards the lake.

—*ORYX*, November, 1957

This fascinating magazine is the Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, of which Her Majesty the Queen is Patron, and the secretary and editor is **Lt.-Col. Boyle, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 1, England.**

The articles, pictures and maps in each issue range over the globe, from the seals of the Arctic to the elephants in game preserves of Equatorial Africa. Subscription price to a non-member of the Society is ten shillings and six pence, post free. The membership fee in the Fauna Preservation Society, which is only one pound yearly, includes *ORYX*. Your editor is a life member.

President Theodore Roosevelt's name appears, with those of Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, in 1905 in the first list of members.

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS

A picture entitled "Modernistic Embrace" won a prize for Miss Lynne Aliver, seven-year-old artist. She explained philosophically, "Most people don't understand modern art, but it is the only thing I can draw."

—UP, New Orleans, August 23, 1957.

Quoted in January 1958 *Harpers Magazine*

EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

We like to call your attention to special features in our Bulletins, and sometimes tell you something about the writers. But in this Autumn number we want to comment on something that isn't printed, instead of things that are printed. On page 49 under Field Workers you will read MEDICAL DIRECTOR, Vacancy. We have not as of this writing been able to fill the post left vacant when our Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley went over to London. We have written hundreds of letters; we have carried an ad for weeks in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*; we have had the coöperation of the Kentucky State Board of Health, the Placement Services of the Kentucky State Medical Association and of the American Medical Association; we have the good will of distinguished chiefs of great graduate schools and other physicians, the boards of churches, and former missionary doctors—And all of this has gotten us nowhere as yet.

No doctor can be responsible for a rural hospital and a vast rural field of work who has not had residencies in either surgery or obstetrics-gynecology. The doctors sent out by the churches to rural hospitals in foreign lands are prepared to handle anything from an appendix to a complicated case of childbirth. Where the churches maintain rural hospitals in these United States they put such doctors in charge of them. But the trend toward early specialization in these United States is so marked today that doctors who have had as much as two years residency in either surgery or obstetrics-gynecology want to carry on with the specialty and go to the cities. Only the missionary-minded doctor, whether he has ever been a missionary or not, can grasp the magnitude of the service he can render in a vast field of rural work among Americans. The Frontier Nursing Service really needs not only a Medical-Surgical Director but a qualified assistant for him. It is possible that among you lay people, who read this Bulletin, there is one who can find us the doctor we need. God bless you.

Our Bulletin cover is our Christmas card to you. With it goes our best wishes for each one of you through the sacred Christmas season, and on into a truly happy New Year.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Our wonderful chairman emeritus, Mr. Edward S. Jouett of Louisville, celebrated his 95th birthday on October 21. In acknowledging our telegram he wrote us that he had received nearly a hundred congratulatory telegrams. Among them was one from the delegates of the International Convention of the Christian Church meeting in St. Louis, an organization of which he was president thirty years ago.

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We are delighted to receive a letter from Professor Chassar Moir, head of the Nuffield Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, putting us in touch with his friend, Professor E. Brandstrup of Rigs Hospital, Copenhagen. Professor Moir tells us that he has lately been in Denmark where Professor Brandstrup's teaching is exclusively devoted to the training of midwives. He also tells us that since his and Mrs. Moir's visit to us in the Kentucky mountains he has spoken a number of times to groups in England about us, showing colored slides.

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World "Frontier Nursing" Idea Urged by Medical Crusader, is the title of an article in the *Louisville Times* of Friday, October 10, covering an address by Mr. Hank Bloomgarden given before the Crescent Hill Woman's Club. We are grateful for the kind appreciation shown the work of the Frontier Nursing Service by this eminent young man.

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We were deeply honored to receive an invitation from Miss Pat Pollard, President of the Illinois Student Nurses Association, to speak to the Association at a luncheon meeting on Saturday, October 18. We sent our assistant director, Miss Betty Lester, who reported a wonderful meeting and the greatest kindness on the part of all the student nurses.

Betty Lester got to Chicago the morning of Thursday, October 16. Our Chicago chairman, Mrs. Paul Church Harper (old courier Marianne Stevenson) picked her up at the La Salle Hotel and took her to the Fortnightly Club for a meeting of the Chi-

cago Committee. We have had delightful letters from Mrs. Frederic Upham and from Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd about the excellent impression Betty made on the members of the Chicago Committee. That night she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Dangler in Lake Forest. Friday she spoke at the Ferry Hall School, showing colored slides. Mrs. Edward Arpee (old courier Katherine Trowbridge) is an alumna of this school.

On the Saturday Mrs. Harper took Betty to the La Salle Hotel for the high point of the Chicago visit, the talk with the Illinois Student Nurses Association. After that was over our warm friend and member of our National Nursing Council, Miss Janet Geister, took her home to dinner and then to her train. Miss Geister sent us the following note: "Betty Lester done you proud! The young'uns and old'uns all loved it."

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The chairman of the Philadelphia Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, invited the members of the Committee to a luncheon at her house in Merion, Pennsylvania, on October 27. Mrs. Lewis C. Scheffey, a member of this Committee, who had lately visited Wendover with her distinguished husband, was asked to give a late report of the work in here, which she did most effectively. All of the members were so distressed by the continued lack of a medical director that they almost went out into the highways and byways to drag one in. The date chosen by this committee for its annual meeting is Thursday, January 22, at the Colonial Dames House, 1630 Latimer Street, Philadelphia. It will probably be a luncheon meeting and you will, all of you, get your invitations well in advance.

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Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, chairman of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, has called for the New York meeting to take place on Thursday, January 15, in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club, to be followed by tea. Everybody in and around New York interested in the FNS will receive invitations well in advance.

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The Washington Committee, of which Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield is chairman, will hold its traditional John Mason Brown

Benefit on Tuesday morning, January 27, at the Mayflower Hotel. Hundreds of people in the Washington area attend these Benefits and they do bring in substantial sums of money to Frontier Nursing Service. Notices about it, with the price of tickets, will go to all of you in that part of America in early January.

The very first news that reached us of the Christmas Preview Benefit, held by the Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service under the chairmanship of Mrs. Nelson Knight at the New England Mutual Hall on October 29, 30, and 31, came from our courier Virginia Branham, writing of the opening in the following words:

"FNS do yesterday was superb—Committee terrific—stores tops—Marvin's pictures, **mon Dieu!** Huge 3 x 4 foot murals—eye catchers plus—it's going to be a real success."

The Boston Committee had been hard at work on the Christmas Preview for over a year. They sold display space in the Hall to sixteen outstanding stores from New England and New York who exhibited attractive articles for sale or order. All the reports from Boston have been as enthusiastic as Jinny's.

Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (old courier Mardi Bemis) the Benefit chairman, wrote us:

"I'm sure that Frances Knight has written to tell you what a huge success was the entire affair. I wish you could have seen the whole thing! Opening day was frightfully busy and the next day successful and Friday brought the entire Symphony audience. Almost all the stores want to participate another year plus a small waiting list of applicants. I can't tell you how many people wanted to know more about your organization."

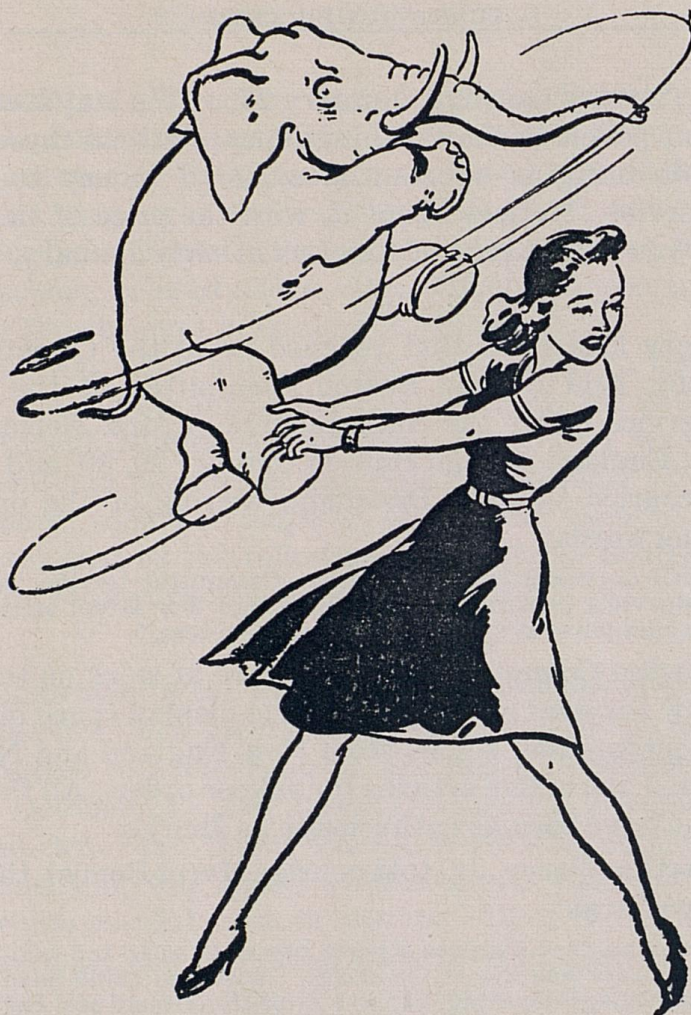
Mrs. Knight has written:

"It was a tremendous success. We had an information table manned by two committee members in the first hall as you come in. They answered questions all day and gave out all our saddlebags and Bulletins. So many people asked for them. The walls of the two rather large halls were lined with Jinny Branham's and Marvin Breckinridge's (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson) pictures. They couldn't have been displayed to better advantage and everyone was thrilled by them. We also had them on the walls in the dining part. The food made a great hit. That committee did it beautifully. It was excellent food, quickly served and the most attractive quiet space set aside.

"I have never known such a committee. We've all loved working together and it has been so very rewarding not only in the results for FNS but in deep, warm friendships and sheer fun. Even the stores felt it was a rather special committee."

We think so too!

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, New York

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received thousands of dollars from the sale of knickknacks sent by friends from sixteen states besides New York. The vase you have never liked; the *objet d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook; odd bits of silver; old jewelry—There are loads of things you could send to be sold in our behalf.

If you want our green tags, fully addressed as labels, for your parcels—then write us here at Wendover for them. We shall be happy to send you as many as you want by return mail. However, your shipment by parcel post or express would be credited to the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box if you addressed it

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
1579 Third Avenue
New York 28, New York

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The Frontier Nursing Service is deeply grateful to the doctors who have been so kind to us during this difficult period without a medical director. Dr. Gene Bowling of Hyden has seen and prescribed for a number of our patients as has Dr. E. W. Schaeffer at the Red Bird Mission at Beverly. Dr. John O. Ford of the Oneida Hospital, Dr. Herman Ziel and Dr. A. L. Hughitt at the Hazard Memorial Hospital, and Dr. Keith Cameron and Dr. Donald L. Martin of the Homeplace Clinic and Hospital have taken our complicated obstetrical cases and our surgical emergencies. Dr. Ziel has also arranged to lecture to the students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati has continued to admit our sick children and, in addition, is sending two of their residents to us the week of November 17, to hold pediatric clinics in our territory.

We could not have managed without the help of these good friends.

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We are indebted to Howard K. Bell, Consulting Engineers, Lexington, Kentucky, for having Mr. Theo Greene stop by "Joy House" last summer to advise us how best to stabilize it after its foundation had been damaged by heavy rains following the extreme cold of last winter. Mr. Greene made his survey, then consulted L. E. Gregg and Associates in Lexington and sent us their recommendations with a sketch showing how the work should be done—all as a courtesy to the FNS. The actual work is being done by a firm closer home than Lexington.

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The FNS has no Christmas Secretary this year but many of the staff have volunteered to help sort the shipments and repack them for distribution to the various centers. We began our preparations in early November, and when this Bulletin reaches you we will be in the throes of sending out the toys, candy, and clothing to the districts for our more than 5,000 children.

We are grateful to Donna Dean and Beverly Wakefield, Keuka College students with us for their field period, who have given invaluable help—as these Keuka girls always do.

The parties at the Centers and at the various schools in the Hyden area will be held after the middle of December.

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The Brutus Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service met at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center on Thursday, October 23, with an attendance of 29 members. Mr. Jasper Peters, the chairman, presided, and the secretary, Mr. Ammon Couch, read his informative minutes. Mrs. Breckinridge, accompanied by Beth Burchenal, attended this meeting, as did Olive Bunce from the soon to be abandoned Margaret Durbin Harper Center at Bowlingtown. It happens that we have several families living on upper Leatherwood Creek in the Bowlingtown area who will not be flooded by the lake. They are about six miles from the Bullsken area served by the nurses at Brutus. A rough trail only connects the two areas, up Panco, over the mountain, down onto Leatherwood Creek. Six members of the Bowlingtown Committee attended the Brutus meeting and were transferred to the Brutus Committee, which warmly welcomed them as did the nurse in charge of the Brutus area, Bridget Gallagher, and Sylvia Leatherwood, who will be able to make routine visits to these patients by horse. The trail is too rough for a jeep in winter and there is a real problem about getting a sick patient or a complicated obstetrical case out to Hyden Hospital. There have been two big "workings" by local citizens on this trail and they hope to make it passable after one or two more "workings." Plans were made to get the Christmas toys and candy for the Leatherwood children up over this trail.

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The citizens on Wolf Creek held a rally on Saturday, October 25, to greet Mrs. Breckinridge and tell her how glad they were that the nurses had come to that section. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Cook provided a delicious lunch. Betty Lester, who is organizing this area for the new Margaret Durbin Harper Center to replace the one being flooded out at Bowlingtown, Olive Bunch, who will move from Bowlingtown to Wolf Creek, Helen Browne, and Agnes Lewis all attended the gathering. A

lot of children came and to them Mrs. Breckinridge told one of her famous giant stories which was well received.

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Two other committee meetings of profound interest have taken place this fall. Wendover had the pleasure of entertaining the Hazard Committee at lunch on October 3, and the Confluence Committee on November 1. The Wendover staff enjoyed having the chance to meet these committee members.

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The Frontier Nursing Service is grateful to the Bureau of Maternal and Child Health, and its director, Dr. Helen B. Fraser, of the Kentucky State Department of Health for the gift of a new, explosion-proof incubator for Hyden Hospital.

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The Leslie County Horse Show was held in Hyden on Saturday, October 4. A number of FNS horses and riders participated in the show and won prizes which they contributed to the Service.

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Mrs. Breckinridge and Helen Browne attended the autumn Executive Committee meeting at the Pendennis Club in Louisville on Tuesday, November 11. Mrs. Breckinridge was the guest Monday night of our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, and Brownie was the guest of Mrs. Charles H. Moorman. After the meeting Mrs. Breckinridge went with Mrs. Roger K. Rogan for a week's visit at her home in Glendale, Ohio.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bowling of Hurricane Creek announce the engagement of their daughter, Juanita, to John Johnson. The wedding will take place on November 28. Juanita has been in the Wendover offices for two years and we shall certainly miss her. We extend our best wishes to this young couple.

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The 37th class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on October 15, 1958. Four nurses—Pat Heller, Zeldia Pierson, Angie Hoolsema, and Lois Miller—have been with the FNS through the summer; Evelyn Kinsinger and Ruth Wilting come

to us from their mission stations in Brazil and Vietnam; and Gertrude Schatz is from Alberta, Canada. We welcome back Ruby Day to complete the studies she had to leave midway in the spring class because of the tragic illness and death of her mother.

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We are delighted to welcome to the Hospital staff Mary Hotchkiss, who returned to us in September, Ella Boer, Barbara Kieper, Anne DeTourney, Jean Kerfoot, and Margaret Willson, a nurse-midwife who arrived from England in mid-November.

We were glad to have with us in October Grace Savoy, a senior student at the Deaconess Hospital in Boston, who spent two weeks of her vacation helping at Hyden Hospital.

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The work of the Courier Service was carried for several weeks this fall by Beth Burchenal alone. Beth did a wonderful job coping with the jeep and animal problems, including a mild epidemic of influenza-distemper in the horse barn, in the absence of Jean Hollins whose return to the mountains has been delayed by illness in her family. Leigh Powell came back for a week in October and Cornelia Thomas of Augusta, Georgia, arrived on November 3, for her junior courier period.

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Many friends, old and new, have visited Wendover this fall. Mrs. Peter Sutcliffe of South Devon, England, mother of our Brigit, spent two nights here in September with her son, Simon, and her cousin, Mrs. Ivan Weidline of Chardon, Ohio. Mrs. King Swope of Lexington drove Mrs. Howard Julian White, Middletown, Delaware, National President of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, up to lunch with us in September. We also had the pleasure of having Dr. and Mrs. Elwood Woolsey, Dr. and Mrs. David Greeley, and Mrs. Thelma Herlihy of the Harlan Memorial Hospital lunch with us in September, and Mrs. R. G. Woods of Richmond and Mrs. Emma Andrews of Paint Lick, Kentucky, in early November.

Heidi Mueller of the ex-staff and old courier Jean Alexander, with her friend, Miss Lillian Eldridge, spent one night at Wendover.

We had the honor of entertaining Governor A. B. Chandler and several others of the Governor's party at tea one afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Metcalf of Hazard brought a group of Lexington and Louisville friends to Wendover for tea one Sunday in October, among them our National Treasurer, Mr. E. S. Dabney.

The annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives brought us other interesting and charming guests: the distinguished speaker, Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey and Mrs. Scheffey of Philadelphia; ex-staff nurse-midwives Addie Hamilton, Elaine Sell, Evelyn Mottram, Peggy Kemner, Georgia Stanley, and Chlora Dean; Misses Marion Strachan, Jayne DeClue, and Catherine Corboy represented the Maternity Center Association in New York at the meeting, bringing with them Miss Margaret Taylor, the Matron of Simpson Memorial Hospital, Edinburgh, Scotland, in this country for a brief visit.

We loved having all of you!

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We are deeply grateful to the Maternity Center Association for the marvelous *Birth Atlas* they have recently sent to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. It will be of enormous help to the students.

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Just after we go to press with the Bulletin the staff of the FNS will gather at Wendover for their annual Thanksgiving Day reunion, while members of the ex-staff in Great Britain will meet in Watford, England, the guests of Miss Nora Kelly. This year the British group will have the pleasure of entertaining an FNS medical director. Dr. and Mrs. W. B. R. Beasley and the children plan to go to Watford for the reunion.

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WANTED—A Mimeograph Machine. If any of you, our readers, have a mimeograph machine which you no longer use or have replaced by a more modern duplicating process, we would be grateful if we might have it. Each week we get out a small newsheet for the FNS staff with announcements and items of general interest. In this way we keep our isolated outpost nursing centers informed of what is going on. We have been typing

this newssheet but we really don't have time to do that. If we had a mimeograph machine it would save us a great deal of time with TIDBITS and we could also use it for many of the forms we use which now have to be printed or mimeographed outside the mountains—at considerable expense. Your help in donating such a machine would be deeply appreciated.

From *BEFORE THE SUNSET FADES*

by

The Marchioness of Bath

First published in 1951 by the Longleat Estate Company. Printed in Great Britain by Clarke & Sherwell Ltd., Northampton.

The third Marchioness of Bath wrote a charming little book in 1829 on how to be a good cottager. It starts with detailed instructions on the art of brewing. She is very strongly critical of tea-drinking as a habit. She says that tea "besides being good for nothing, has badness in it because it is well known to produce want of sleep, in many cases, and in all cases to shake and weaken the nerves."

She works out a sum to prove that tea-drinking would cost a cottage family £10 a year, and do them nothing but harm, whereas home-brewed beer would cost them £7 5s. 0d. and benefit them in every way. The book instructs on bread-making, keeping cows, pigs, geese, fowls, rabbits, goats and ewes, making candles, rush lighters, mustard, dresses, household goods and fuel, and the sowing of Swedish turnip seed. She gives some simple cooking recipes, drinks for fever and illness, and gargles made from herbs.

She writes eloquently on the subject of bread-making and says, "Every woman, high or low, ought to know how to make bread. If she do not, she is unworthy of trust and confidence."

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Vacancy

Secretary to Medical Director
Miss Hope Muncy

Hospital Superintendent
Miss Betty M. Palethorp, R.N., S.C.M.

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Bella Vaughn

Hospital Midwifery Supervisor
Miss Josephine Finnerty, R.N., S.C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery**
Miss Carolyn A. Banghart, R.N.,
C.M., B.S.

Assistant to the Dean
Miss Molly Lee, R.N., S.C.M.

Social Service Secretary
Miss Maryellen Fullam, B.A.

Assistant Director
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Field Supervisor
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)
Miss Luree Wotton, R.N., C.M.; Miss Jean Lamb, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)
Miss Brigit Sutcliffe, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Marlene Swindells, R.N., S.C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Patricia Richards, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Pauline Comingore, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)
Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.; Miss Grace Roberts, R.N., S.C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Sylvia Leatherwood, R.N., C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)
Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.

S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' examination of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

C.M. stands for Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse who qualified as a midwife under the Kentucky Department of Health examination and is authorized by this Department to put these initials after her name.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE ,Inc.

Its motto:

“He shall gather the lambs with his arm
and carry them in his bosom, and shall
gently lead those that are with young.”

Its object:

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to cooperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

Articles of Incorporation of the
Frontier Nursing Service, Article III.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE** and sent either by parcel post to **Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky**, or by freight or express to **Hazard, Kentucky**, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

Gifts of money should be made payable to
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
and sent to the treasurer
MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,
Security Trust Company
Lexington 15, Kentucky

Subscribers are requested to send their names and addresses—with their checks—for the convenience of the treasurer in mailing his receipts to them—as required by our auditors.

FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember the Frontier Nursing Service in their wills, this form of bequest is suggested:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath the sum of dollars (or property properly described) to the Frontier Nursing Service, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky."

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

The following are some of the ways of making gifts to the Endowment Funds of the Frontier Nursing Service:

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

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The principal of the gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It is hard for an amateur editor like me to get this Bulletin flung together four times a year. It would be a sheer impossibility without the help of several of my colleagues. These lines are written in grateful appreciation.

M. B.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1958.

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky., chairman; Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(4) Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1958.

GRACE A. TERRILL, Notary Public.

Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires June 2, 1962.)



MRS. SYLVANIA BURKHART DUFF, LOVINGLY KNOWN AS "GRANNY,"
shaking hands with Frontier Nurse Miss Vanda Summers.

See In Memoriam

This picture was taken some 25 years ago by Courier
Marvin Breckinridge (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson).

