

Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

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and
Cold



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Snow

Volume 44

Winter, 1969

Number 3

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THAT CAUSE CAN NEITHER BE LOST

That cause can neither be lost nor stayed
Which takes the course of what God hath made;
And is not trusting in walls and towers,
But slowly growing from seed to flowers.

Each noble service that man have wrought
Was first conceived as a fruitful thought;
Each worthy cause with a future glorious
By quietly growing becomes victorious.

There by itself like a tree it shows;
That high it reaches as deep it grows;
And when the storms are its branches shaking,
It deeper root in the soil is taking.

Be then no more by a storm dismayed,
For by it the fullgrown seeds are laid;
And though the tree by its might it shatters,
What then, if thousands of seeds it scatters.

Amen.

A Danish Hymn
Trans. by J. C. Aaberg

"IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING, OR IN RAIN?"

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.

At about 3:00 p.m. on a Saturday, Cherry and I saw Tom approaching the Center through a violent rain and thunderstorm. He told us that his wife, Sarah, had been allowed to come home from the hospital for a few days to see the children but now she was "punishing right smart" and he thought it best "to fetch you fellows before the edge of dark."

Knowing Sarah's history, I readily replied "Not at all" when Cherry asked if I minded coming along. Little did either of us realize what the night had in store for us.

As we set off, dark billowing clouds raced across the sky. Old Man Thunder clapped his hands in glee as bright copper lightning sparkled around us. Mother Earth was decked out in her gown of colors—salmon maple, yellow, a bit of green, and the subdued brown which foretold the coming of Old Man Winter which would leave her barren and desolate.

I said to Cherry, "I'll bet this is one time we lose the race with Mr. Stork. If Mother Nature can't halt our progress, she seems bent on drowning us." We had our raincoats but they were about as much good as cheesecloth. What rain couldn't soak in ran off and filled our boots. Arrive we finally did, not just wet but literally dripping. Cherry tried to find a dry spot for the horses and I rushed into the house to see what Mr. Stork had left. Exactly nothing—and I really couldn't blame him. I could imagine that he peeked a bit and decided that he was no amphibian duck and it was best to stay put rather than appear on this drenched planet of ours! Cherry and I scrambled into Tom's pants and shirts and hung our uniforms on chairs in front of the fire to dry out.

The only things that seemed to be clipping along at break-neck speed was Sarah's blood pressure which by now was 240/140. Mr. Stork had obviously backed up, set his jaw, and said, "I'm not moving." We had to get Sarah into the hospital so Tom was dispatched to find the only Model A Ford that resided in this neighborhood. He and the Model A and its driver finally returned to take our precious cargo to the hospital. I saw Cherry

on her way with the patient and my only flashlight and then asked Mandy if she would mind helping me saddle up. The yard was awash with water, the rain came down, and Mandy was concerned about "them snakes." I finally managed to get the saddles on after a fashion, mostly by feel, all the while reminding Mandy that had any snakes been out they would long ago have been drowned.

I set off in the inky black night riding Kelpi and leading Fussy Fanny. (She wasn't really fussy but was a true aristocrat.) I thought to myself, "I never will get back without some kind of light," so I stopped at the next house and asked for the loan of their lantern. A bit further on I remembered that I had to cross a narrow ledge over which I could not possibly lead Fanny. I put the reins over her head and said: "Now follow."

Kelpi was irritated by the light and took the wrong trail and we landed at the top of a cliff. She was shaking and so was I. Then I heard Fanny coming like the wind—she had missed us and she was determined not to be separated from Kelpi. Fanny didn't have any trouble stopping but before she did, I wondered if this were where we would all go down the cliff together. I dismounted and we eased our way back up on the trail and I let Fanny take the lead position because I knew she would not leave Kelpi. By this time a heavy fog had draped itself like a white frock with graceful folds enveloping mountain and valley. I didn't want to mount again until I knew exactly where I was. When we finally came to a familiar little log barn and paling fence, and I tried to get on her, Kelpi objected to the light—not even I was going to have the privilege of mounting her with that thing again. "Very well, I will just ride Fanny," I told her. As I was checking Fanny's girth, Kelpi took off and was gone in a wink. Fanny had the same bright idea when she realized she was being left behind and we played ring-around-the-rosy until I could find a place to mount. In her eagerness to be off, Fanny stepped smack on top of my foot. Although the rushing creeks sounded like long trains and I knew the river must be up, it was obvious that Fanny meant to cross that river and it was up to me to stay on. I had visions of my little Kelpi becoming entangled in the reins and washed down the river and drowned! At the very least, the saddlebags would be gone forever! When we

finally got across the river, there was Kelpi, standing patiently, waiting at the pull gate to be let into a warm dry stall. Never before in my life had I spent practically a whole night just trying to get home!

The next morning the sun soared into an azure sky, spreading its beams over the water-soaked earth. Through this golden light I saw what looked like a figure clad in blue approaching the Center. As the figure came nearer, I realized that it was none other than Cherry.

"What on earth are you doing walking?" I asked.

"Walking—I have walked from Asher's Branch, [7 miles away] she replied.

"Why are you limping?" But Cherry wasn't the least concerned about the limp; she was more worried about the rip in her new uniform pants.

"We had a terrible time," she said. "We didn't get to the hospital until 1:00 a.m. We had to stop every little bit and fill the radiator from the creeks with a tiny little old can. And then the right rear wheel came off just before we got to the hospital. It was a good thing Sarah was on the opposite side of the car or we would have turned over. On the way back, Ben got a bit sleepy and ran off the road and we turned over in a pigsty. *That* is why I am walking!"

"Well," I thought as I settled Cherry down for a nap, "St. Christopher was kept mighty busy last night!" The lives of a lovely mother and a beautiful little girl had been saved.

"Did you give your wife that lecture on economy you talked about?"

"Yes."

"Any results?"

"I've got to give up smoking."

—*Modern Maturity*, Oct.-Nov., 1968

STORK STATISTICS

by

JOY BOESE, Student Nurse-Midwife

The Fifty-sixth Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery proudly announces the following information as of 11:59 p.m. on this 2nd day of January, 1969:

During the 59 days of this class' existence, the stork has made 57 deliveries (31 blue bundles and 26 pink ones). He even made special trips on Election Day, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day. The stork was pleased to present 15 brand new mothers with their very first bundles. The other 42 mothers were equally delighted with their surprise packages. True to tradition and cold statistics, the majority of these bundles of love presented themselves LOA (32:20). We must excuse the 4 who innocently slipped in bottom first—after all, they couldn't be expected to know top from bottom at so tender an age. Whether the stork came before noon (as he did on 29 occasions) or after noon (in the other 28 cases), there was always someone on hand to welcome his appearance. Joyce Wiechmann signed the Receipt of Parcel 19 times while Edie Anderson took a close second with 18. Carolyn Coolidge dealt with 9, of which 1 was special delivery to the home. Valerie Jewell signed her "John Hancock" to 6 while Carol Banghart and Molly Lee received 3 apiece.

Judging from the facts, who would you say was the busiest these past 59 days? WHY THE STORK, OF COURSE!!!

STUDENT'S DILEMMA

by

RUTH BLEVINS, Student Nurse-Midwife

The patient's complete, and bearing down;
Get the cart, but first, change your gown;
Grab a cap, and a mask put on;
Comfort your patient: "It won't be long."

Better listen to the fetal heart sound;
Make sure the blood pressure isn't upward bound;
Scrub for five minutes (though your hands may peel);
Whatever you do, don't take your eyes off the field!

MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL AND DEVELOPMENT FUND

Progress Report

As this issue of the Bulletin goes to press, the firm of Booz, Allen and Hamilton are completing their report following their study of the Frontier Nursing Service and its potential for training the "Family Nurse" with the aim of helping to fill the gap in Health Manpower in Appalachia. The Mary Breckinridge Hospital will be an integral part of the Frontier Nursing Education Center we will develop in Hyden, the site of our present medical headquarters and our School of Midwifery.

We were most fortunate in being able to secure travel expenses for our former medical director, Dr. Rogers Beasley, who was released by the Agency for International Development to spend two and a half weeks with us in Kentucky, working closely with the management consultants. While he was with us, he did further work on the development of our proposal for education of the "Family Nurse".

Many of our readers are aware of the great shortage of health manpower in rural areas in the United States. Federal and State planners are developing regional health care plans. Kentucky is one of the seven states to which the Appalachian Regional Commission has allocated funds for the development of comprehensive health care. No program will succeed without the qualified personnel to implement the plan. The FNS, with more than forty years of experience in the care of rural families, must assume the responsibility for training more professional nurses for Appalachia if the people are to get the health education and care so desperately needed by the children who are the citizens of tomorrow.

The report prepared by Booz, Allen and Hamilton will be presented to the Kentucky Program Development Office and to the Appalachian Regional Commission. We are applying for construction money, with appropriate equipment, for the outpatient facilities, classrooms, residence facilities, and an addition to an outpost center. The second component of our request is

for funds for recruitment expenses, scholarship funds, and operational expenses, including staffing.

We have been asked many times why we do not start building. Our answer is that we have been advised to wait for a definite answer from the federal agencies with whom we are filing an application before we put a spade in the ground; or until some philanthropist drops a million dollars in our laps! Then we could see our future insured. We know the many friends of the FNS would not wish us to start something we could not finish.

Our own campaign is progressing well. We now have \$1,534,772.23 invested. Our pledges are now up to \$2,397,254.27, a very fine record for sixteen months, and it is all thanks to you, our friends and supporters.

WHERE IS THE MAYFLOWER NOW . . . ?

Being able to prove that one of your ancestors came to this country on the *Mayflower* used to be a mark of status . . . but so many good people have arrived by other means since that 1620 voyage that the *Mayflower* claim has lost significance.

We are indebted to a little magazine called the *Postscript* for tracking down the final destiny of this important trip. According to this research, Captain Christopher Jones sailed the *Mayflower* back to England in 1621, and it dropped anchor there for the last time.

A Buckingham farmer bought the vessel in 1624 for 138 pounds, dismantled the ship, and used her timbers in construction of a barn at Jordans, some 30 miles from London. This barn still stands, and proof that the timbers were originally part of the *Mayflower* rests in the fact that one of the beams is marred by a 15-foot long crack, reinforced by an iron rod. The cracked beam is believed to be the very same one mentioned by Governor William Bradford, the leader of the Pilgrims, in his diary of the historic journey.

It's something to check on when you travel to London next time!

—*The Colonial Crier*, Nov.-Dec., 1968
Colonial Hospital Supply Company
Chicago, Illinois

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
JUANETTA MORGAN

From Alison Bray, London, England—January 25, 1969

My trip to the Holy Land was wonderful and something I shall never forget. We spent the first week in Tiberias in a lovely chalet-type hotel by the Sea of Galilee—quite perfect. The weather was very hot and we were glad to cool off in the “Sea” after our expeditions. The country was much more beautiful than I had imagined and so peaceful. We had to tear ourselves away for the second week in Jerusalem which was so different, but just as fascinating in its own way. There was so much to see and do in the short time and I would love to go back sometime and take things more quietly.

I had a holiday in Scotland in August with my good friend Mary Ogilvie and we are planning to go back to South America in February—to Chile and Peru which we missed last time.

.

From Martha Rockwell, Putney, Vermont—January 8, 1969

I left New York in June and am finally living in the country again. After two years of various jobs in the city and studying graphics at night I've taken the step and am devoting all my time to printing and graphic art (mostly etching and engraving). In addition to continuing with my own work I am apprenticing at a print shop in Massachusetts and by next year will be working with a friend at our own press.

.

From Mrs. Albert George Eckian (Lorna Miller),

New York, New York—Christmas, 1968

Things are going fine with us. Albert is in his third year of medical school. I am now working at a nearby hospital on their psychiatry unit. I'm really enjoying the work—it's always interesting and challenging. We are looking forward to seeing “The Road” on television next week.

.

From Mary Lansing, Washington, D. C.—January 29, 1969

I am working for Urban America, Inc. and soon I shall be

promoted to secretary to the Director of the OEO Monitoring Team.

I saw Judge George Wooton of Hyden here the other day. We had a nice talk and I showed him my FNS pictures which I'd just picked up at the camera shop.

.

**From Mrs. Charles William Steele (Candace Dornblaser),
Palo Alto, California—Christmas, 1968**

I thoroughly enjoy teaching preparation for childbirth classes, and by mid-1969 expect to be accredited by the American Society for Psychoprophylaxis in Obstetrics as a teacher of the Lamaze techniques for childbirth. Last summer I spent two weeks as a nurse for Camp Unalayee in the Trinity Alps of Northern California. Chuck is happily continuing his work at Ampex. Starting in January he will teach an extension course for the University of California, which is designed to update the mathematics of engineers who've been out of school for some time.

Danae, now ten years old, was a camper at Unalayee and Hidden Villa Camp and returned with a tremendous love for horses. Heather's, just seven, greatest love is still horses but math and singing are close behind. Heidi, at eight and a half, is bouncy and eager, throwing herself whole-heartedly into any kind of craft or art activity.

This summer's knapsacking in the Trinity Alps was delightful, with several two and three day trips out from our lovely mountain meadow. The girls are accomplished hikers and camp cooks.

.

**From Mrs. Paul Church Harper (Marianne Stevenson),
Lake Forest, Illinois—Christmas, 1968**

I have been glued to my desk the past two months, turning out a massive amount of correspondence in connection with my new duties as Director of Italian Studies Program in Florence, Italy, for Lake Forest College. I leave January second for at least three months—I have fifteen girls and nine boys who will be studying at the University. In my spare time, I'll be doing sculpture in a foundry, and working in the flood restoration. It should be a great experience.

**From Mrs. Irving Lewis Fuller, Jr. (Vicki Coleman),
Franklin, Ohio—Christmas, 1968**

We have left the Foreign Service and Pep is doing mergers and acquisitions for National Cash Register in Dayton. We have bought a 175 year old house on 12 acres of land with a huge, dilapidated barn, stream and fruit orchard. I can now collect animals to my heart's content—for a start we have 2 German shepherds, a Shetland pony and a quarter horse.

**From Katherine Newcomb, Greenwood, Virginia
—January 31, 1969**

It is unbelievable to me that so much time has passed since I was in Kentucky and I am sorry that my sudden departure from the Hospital prevented my returning to Wendover to say goodbye and to thank you. I cannot express my appreciation for having been allowed to be a part of so strong and excellent an organization and I can only hope that should I ever return that I would be better equipped to be of more use to the FNS; and through it, to its people.

We extend our deepest sympathy to **Dorothy Caldwell** in the death of her mother, Mrs. John A. Caldwell, August 31, 1968; and to **Ann Wurtele Lawrence** whose mother, Mrs. Valentine Wurtele, died December 20, 1968.

As we go to press we have learned of the death of Mr. J. Harleston Parker, husband of our old courier **Suzanne Ayer** and father of our old courier **Penelope Parker**. We send our deepest sympathy to them both.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Jean (Woody) Woodruff is now living in Westerly, Rhode Island and is doing nursing work in the intensive care unit of a nearby hospital.

Pamela Dunn Ellis writes "We now live at Ft. Richardson, Alaska, and enjoy it very much."

Dorothy Caldwell tells us she is now working as a coordina-

tor, one of a staff of four, directing a federal education project in a ten county area in northern Kentucky.

. . . .
WEDDINGS

Miss Deborah Sargent Bowditch and Mr. Christopher Stokes Day, on December 27, 1968, in Groton, Massachusetts.

Miss Sandra Keep and Mr. Edward U. Notz on December 1, 1968.

. . . .
BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Steven Keck (Pamela Wheeler), of Indianapolis, Indiana, their first child, Richard Andrew Keck, on December 10, 1968.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ranlet Miner, Jr. (Beth Kidd) of St. Paul, Minnesota, their second child and first daughter, Elizabeth Bartlett Miner, on January 29, 1969.

PURELY POLITICAL

Mother: "What makes you think Junior will be in politics one day?"

Father: "He says more things that sound well and mean nothing than any other boy I know."

—*Modern Maturity*, Oct.-Nov., 1966

In Memoriam

Deborah Ann Higgin

1949 - 1969



The tragic and untimely death of Deborah Ann Higgin at Hyden Hospital on January 3, 1969, brought deep sorrow to her many friends at her home in Edina, Minnesota, at Beloit College where she was a student, and in the Kentucky mountains where she had served as a Frontier Nursing Service courier since September.

On the afternoon of Thursday, December 19, Debbie was returning to the Brutus Nursing Center from Hyden when her jeep overturned near Sizerock. There were no witnesses to the accident but the Rev. Everett Bays heard the noise and hastened to Debbie's aid and brought her to Hyden Hospital in his station wagon. The doctors found that Debbie had a fractured pelvis and multiple lacerations. She responded well to treatment and was a marvelous patient—cheerful and cooperative. Mr. John T. Higgin came down on Saturday to be with his daughter until the afternoon of Christmas Day. Everyone was satisfied with her progress and she appeared to be making an excellent recovery until the evening of January 3 when she died very suddenly.

An autopsy confirmed a diagnosis of massive pulmonary embolism.

The death of a young person, on the threshold of adult life, brings an especially poignant grief. One of the many friends in Minnesota who sent a donation to the FNS in Debbie's memory wrote, "She was such a precious girl who had a great love for life." The friends Debbie had made in the short time she had been in Kentucky were impressed by her sincere interest in people and by her concern for them. That this concern for her fellowman had long been evident in Debbie's life is illustrated by the organist of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Edina who wrote:

"When she was in our EYC group, she took a special interest in the problems of the poor and less fortunate, and she struggled to find for herself a meaningful and productive relationship between the poor and the rich. Her desire to enter social work and to be a servant reflects her deep understanding of the Master's Will."

Our sincere sympathy goes out to her father, her young sister, and their family and friends.

He who knows Love—becomes Love, and his eyes
Behold Love in the heart of everyone,
Even the loveless: as the light of the sun
Is one with all it touches. He is wise
With undivided wisdom, for he lies
In Wisdom's arms. His wanderings are done,
For he has found the Source whence all things run—
The guerdon of the quest, that satisfies.

—Elsa Barker

THE MAN IN THE MOON

This evening I walked in the moonlight.
The stars were remote . . . pinpricks of fiery ice
So far away.
But the moon . . . the moon was full and low in
the luminous night sky.
Somehow comforting.
I stood and looked at the moon, and at its funny face.
Rockets had landed upon it,
Satellites were circling it.
Those eyes, that nose and mouth
Are in reality mountains, craters and dusty seas.
We must progress.
We must learn.
I stood and looked at "the man in the moon",
For a moment it was like saying goodbye
To an old friend.
I thought that his round, smudgy face
Looked a little sad.
And I knew, that while we must inevitably go on . . .
There is much to treasure in the present,
For it will soon be
The past.

—Patricia Ware

"WITH THIS RING, I THEE WED . . ."

St. Paul's Methodist Church in Middletown, New York, was the scene of a 7:00 p.m. candlelight wedding uniting two former Frontier Nursing Service staff, Dorothy Jane Snell and Thomas Charles Howald, on January 31, 1969. The ceremony was preceded by a Nuptial Mass at 4:30 p.m. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Dr. Clyde Herbert Snell, who also officiated at the ceremony with the assistance of the Rev. Glenn Kohlhepp.

The bride wore a gown of ivory antique satin with a lace mantilla from Belgium. Her attendants were identically attired in formal gowns of aqua with matching bows as headpieces. Constance Freier was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Carolyn Coolidge and Katherine Suzy, the groom's cousin. Terry Howald was his brother's best man and the ushers were Timothy Howald and Dr. Philip A. Snell, brother of the bride. A reception was held in the Fellowship Hall of the church immediately following the ceremony.

The Frontier Nursing Service was well represented with Connie and Carolyn in the bridal party and Jane Burt of New York and Joyce Wiechmann, who drove up from Hyden with Carolyn to be the official photographer, among the guests.

After a wedding trip to Niagara Falls, "D.J." and Tom were guests of honor at a reception at the home of Tom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Howald, in Cleveland, Ohio, on February 2. The bride and groom then drove on down to Kentucky for four days as guests of Dr. Wiss and Dr. Fox at Bolton House.

On February 10, "D.J." began teaching at the University of Cincinnati School of Nursing, where she will also work on her Master's degree. Tom returned to his last five months of medical school, also at the University of Cincinnati. After a year of internship for Tom next year, they both hope to return to the FNS.

—C.A.C.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
EILEEN H. MORGAN

From Nancy Leland in Port Moresby, New Guinea

—October, 1968

I returned to New Guinea from furlough on July 22. Upon arrival in Wapenamanda I went to Yaibos where I was working before furlough.

In August I began doing Maternal Infant Welfare Clinics in the Saka Valley, which is about fifteen miles from Yaibos. The end of August I left the cold Highlands for the hot and humid town of Port Moresby to begin a course in health education. Classes began the second day of September. A school year here is a month longer than at home. We have eighteen in our class of which three are girls. One man is from the British Soloman Islands and the others are either Papuan or New Guinean except myself. We have classes four days a week and one day we do practical work in some of the villages. We are hoping to fly to Popondetta and the Trobriand Islands for field work. Port Moresby is located on the coast in the Territory of Papua. There are quite a few hills, but everything is dry and brown with just a few trees.

. . . .

From Virginia Frederick Bowling in Ann Arbor, Michigan

—November, 1968

I did so enjoy MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY when we were down in October. I had not been to Wendover in nine years.

All is fine here with the four of us. We are busy, but that's part of life. Scott is growing like a weed. Ken is six feet, one inch and will be nineteen in February.

I am so sorry that Betty Scott Jakim and I could not see THE ROAD when you were at Grosse Pointe, but we still have hopes of the District getting the film to show.

I am scheduled to speak on the FNS in January to the B.P.W. of South Lyons which is a little town about fifteen miles from here.

From Josephine Green in Kinsale, Virginia

—Thanksgiving, 1968

As the holiday season draws near each year, my thoughts go back to FNS and the short but happy time spent at Hyden Hospital. Though it has been many years and I have travelled many miles, I still remember Thanksgiving dinner presided over by Mrs. Breckinridge.

Best wishes to you and congratulations on the fine job you are doing. I hope that I may be able to get down that way sometime in '69.

.

From Janet Priebe Mirtschin in Wapenamanda,

New Guinea—November, 1968

The mission celebrated its twentieth anniversary this year. During this time the Church has been blessed with over 25,000 baptized members. We had a wonderful day of celebration. President Harms and Dr. Burce, one of the first two missionaries here, preached. The native high school students gave a pageant of the change from former heathen customs to Christian ways, which ended with a march and "Onward Christian Soldiers."

We have had twenty-four hour electricity at Yaibos since March when Lawrence got the new hydro going. In addition to his many electrical jobs, Lawrence has ordered about one thousand day-old birds, mostly chickens but a few turkeys. He kept them a few weeks and sold them to the natives. The turkeys proved to be very popular when they saw how big they grew. We have a Tom now who will be on our dinner table for Christmas. Peter loves romping with our feathered friends and his first word was "Cocky", our pet cockatoo. Peter continues to be a joy, but can be aggravating when he gets through the gate or soaked under the water faucets. We are expecting a playmate for him right after Christmas and hope he adjusts well to it. (See *Babies*.)

My outside project has continued to be monthly native women's guilds.

.

From Dr. and Mrs. Henry Waters in Marshfield, Wisconsin

—November, 1968

The year has passed fairly smoothly, mostly work, some

recreation and good health. Henry is finding the work at the hospital and Colby Clinic both busy and satisfying. Ann is still at the library and enjoying it. For the time being we have given up the idea of moving to California.

The high point of the summer was when Bill and his wife, Laana, visited us here on their way from New Orleans to San Francisco for a week. Bill is in his fourth year of medical school at Tulane University. While they were here we took a three-day canoe-camping trip in northern Minnesota that was delightful.

George and Mikie are in San Francisco, where he has been working at an alcoholic clinic since finishing his internship. Mary-Alice is still living on the edge of Greenwich Village in New York City.

. . . .

From June Witt in Lusaka, Zambia—November, 1968

I have just recently received and read the summer issue of the Quarterly Bulletin.

At this moment we are in the process of remodeling our dispensary. It will mean roomier, more convenient facilities and better care for our patients. I can fully share and realize your expectation as you await the new hospital. May all proceed forward with the Lord's blessing.

Our station is forty-five miles from the nearest city, Lusaka, the capital. At the present there is a pastor, his wife, and myself. Two male African dressers and I operate the dispensary. Although essentially for outpatients, we do keep a small number of inpatients as the need arises. We average around eight deliveries per month. September and October were busier with twelve and eleven respectively. Every Tuesday morning we have maternity clinics and those which appear complicated are referred to the hospital for examination by the obstetrician. Saturday mornings mean our Under-Five Clinic which was begun in May.

The rains are beginning so that will mean difficult driving in the near future. I use a Peugeot vanette.

May the mountain folk, who still have a corner of my heart, know happiness and health.

. . . .

From Jill Ash in Perth, Wales, Australia—Christmas, 1968

I still get the Bulletin so I keep up with the news.

Toni Lambert is coming to visit me today.

I am working with the Emergency Nursing Service and go on occasional trips with the Flying Doctor. I am matron of a 24-bedded hospital.

I am planning a trip home overland next year. I don't know what I will do in Britain apart from freezing to death and gradually getting penniless with the rising prices!

. . . .

**From Alice Brauer's mother, Mrs. R. H. Brauer,
in Aberdeen, South Dakota—December, 1968**

Alice left for India on November 26 and arrived at Madras and Ambur two days later on the morning of Thanksgiving Day. She is now in Madurai, at the university there, studying the Tamil language. The course runs until April, when she will return to Ambur and will be at Bethesda Lutheran Hospital.

. . . .

**From Priscilla Crow's mother, Mrs. Kenneth V. Crow,
in Williamsville, New York—December, 1968**

Delay in visa verification postponed Pris' departure three times. She and Dorothy Degnitz were able finally to meet in New York last Thursday and arrived in Nigeria on Friday. We all know that the intensive training given by the FNS will stand them in good stead in their new work.

While Pris was waiting for her visa, she was called upon to tell the story of FNS to the Sunday School of our church and to the Lutheran Medical Mission Association. She had two other dates coming up, one for the night she left, so I substituted for her, and another for tomorrow.

It was such a pleasure to spend those few days at Hyden, glorying in the beauty of the hills, meeting some of the mountain folk and seeing the dedicated staff at work; and through it all, sensing that special something in the whole atmosphere. I hope that someday I can return for another visit to the hills of Kentucky.

A very merry and blessed Christmas to all at Wendover and Hyden.

From Frances Crawford in Tegucigalpa, D. C.,**Honduras, Central America—December, 1968**

This year has brought many changes to our work here in the village of El Porvenir. In March the Honduras Mission decided to buy the property and house we had been renting for the Clinic. This was done and they began remodeling and building onto our present building. The Mississippi Baptist Hospital sent a lovely examining table and other supplies and equipment. A friend from California sent a dental chair and other dental equipment for our dental room. We also have a record room, an inpatient room and a new "consultorio" where I see outpatients. The old clinic room is now the maternity room where we have labor patients and deliveries. All along this whole new section is a screened porch where I can put cots for more patients. We have a new waiting room which has a cement floor and is walled halfway up. There is a new cement walk to the clinic door.

Both of the American-owned lumber companies nearby closed this year. One of them gave us a two-room wooden building. We are using one room for a guest bedroom and the other serves as a "bodega" or storage shed.

The other new adobe building on our lot houses the new diesel motor. Since July 19, we have had electricity for some hours during the day. Another room, when finished, will be the laundry. We have bought a used washing machine and dryer and hope to have them in operation in early 1969.

July brought the Peace Corps to El Porvenir in the person of Larry Fenton from Connecticut. He is working with "cooperatives" here but is doing a lot of volunteer work at the Clinic. Whatever needs to be done Larry is usually available and ready to do it.

The Honduras Mission has been increased by the addition of two new missionary families, the Nowells and the Wilsons. The Nowells are stationed in Tegucigalpa and the Wilsons are in the southern section of the country, in Choluteca.

The number of patients coming to the Clinic has increased, too. On Clinic days I see between forty to sixty patients and usually ten to twenty on non-Clinic days. The number of deliveries has also increased. We had a total of one hundred and three this past year. June was our record month with eighteen deliveries.

**From Myrna Goodman in West Cameroon, Federal
Republic of Cameroon—December, 1968**

I received my first copy of the Bulletin today and it made me homesick for Kentucky! Little did my mother realize when she sent in the subscription last summer that it would arrive in time to be a most enjoyed Christmas gift. I think of you and my days there very often.

So much has happened so quickly and here I am "catching" babies now in Cameroon. I arrived in February and spent three months orientation at our Leprosy-General Hospital at Mbingo. Before I reached my first station I was told I would be there for just a short time and then be sent to a maternity center to relieve for another missionary going on furlough! At Mbingo I was oriented to tropical medicine, the hospital, outpatient clinics and the language, pidgin English, as well as taking calls with the Cameroonian midwife to get a little more experience in midwifery. I vividly recall my first delivery in Cameroon, rather unexpected and quite unassisted!

In June I came to relieve Kay Hunt, also an FGSM graduate, at our thirteen-bed maternity center. The first week end I delivered six babies in twenty-four hours. Last week end I nearly made my record of the first one, with five deliveries within twenty-four hours, but I had a surprise package (twins) so I got a little more sleep out of the deal! Twins are quite common here and this was the third set I have caught.

Last month I went on my first trip to a more remote village. We were delayed by a broken rear axle and the "road." As one pastor described it "just like a creek bed", but those Kentucky creek beds were never thirty miles long!

We are beginning the dry season now, so it seems like the beginning of summer. The poinsettias in brilliant bloom along our paths are a reminder that it is nearly Christmas. Greetings to all at Wendover and Hyden.

. . . .

**From Elizabeth Hillman ("Hilly"), South London
Hospital, England—December, 1968**

Greetings conveyed from the English contingent. We were a smaller number than expected for the Thanksgiving Day

Reunion and nearly sank under the weight of the turkey hash and spoonbread. I cooked some more for friends a few days later. They were horrified at the thought of facing pumpkin pie after; however, we were of sterner stuff and managed all the traditional fare. Lydia Thompson stayed the night with me and helped to prepare it all.

It was so nice to see the film *THE ROAD*. It is most unusual, unexpected somehow, and really conveys the atmosphere of the mountains. In a few days I am going to take *THE ROAD* to the BBC. They have asked for it to be left for viewing, then will let us have their reaction. I have seen it three times now and it gets better each time.

I am very pleased that the new hospital prospects are encouraging.

. . . .

From Sandy Hood in Memphis, Tennessee—December, 1968

I am back in Memphis where I have many wonderful friends and where I plan to work part-time along with my therapy. I think that I am readjusted to city life with its sidewalks, street lights and faster pace. I have physical and occupational therapy every afternoon at Les Passes Rehabilitation Center and I live at the nearby dorm. The therapy is going quite well, definite improvement in leg strength as well as some improvement in right hand function. Before too long I should be able to graduate from a long-leg to a short-leg brace.

The new unit for stroke patients in which I plan to work should be in operation by the first of the year when I return from spending Christmas with my family in Florida.

I really do miss the freshness of rural Kentucky life, but I am taking advantage of all the city's "culture" that comes along. In addition, church, BSU and visiting with friends have kept me busy. I had a wonderful Thanksgiving week end with Dorothy Degnitz and her family in southern Wisconsin. The snow-covered rolling hills dotted with barns and farmhouses looked just like a Christmas card. I had the pleasure of introducing Dorothy and her family to snow cream! Dorothy is now back in Nigeria, hopefully beginning a two-year term.

I hope I can come up for a visit in the spring.

From Ardeth Johnson in Zululand, South Africa

—Christmas, 1968

South Africa granted me six months credit in midwifery so I am doing the other six months now. I will write the test with them the end of February.

I have enjoyed the work at the mission hospital in Zululand very much and I am anxious to return as soon as I finish midwifery. It is nice, though, to live in the city for a change.

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From Katie Quarmby in Decatur, Georgia—Christmas, 1968

My elderly kinsman is now going to reside in Florida while I reorganize myself in this six-room apartment and continue my hospital duties.

I am off to the Florida Keys and the Everglades with two English friends who are physiotherapists here. I am looking forward to sunny skies for Christmas.

I shall be happy to entertain any FNSers if in this area. I have fond remembrances of an all-too-short visit to Kentucky.

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From Nancy Harmon Ruekberg in Huntington,**New York—Christmas, 1968**

We were lucky enough to see the film *THE ROAD* when it was shown recently on Channel 31 in New York City. In an age when so many people are willing to do an inferior job I am heartened to know that the FNS always means excellence!

The children are well. Nathan is in junior high school, Dave in fourth grade, Beth in third and Peter began kindergarten this year.

I was fortunate to travel with a friend in Mexico for ten days this summer visiting ancient ruins. She is doing her doctorate on the subject of ancient of pre-hispanic murals and paintings.

We wish you a happy and joyous New Year.

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From Nancy Sandberg in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

—Christmas, 1968

Christmas greetings from the beautiful country of Ethiopia.

I have had a most enjoyable year here, even though it has consisted mainly of language study. I have found Amharic to be very difficult but I am hoping to improve in speaking as time goes on.

I have seen former FNSers several times this year, Grace Vandervort, Arlene Schuiteman, Elaine Douglas and Phyllis Long.

. . . .

From Mary Simmers in Arlington, Massachusetts

—December, 1968

I am now in my third year of college at Gordon Divinity School. I will finish in December, 1969 and graduate with the June, 1970 class. I had to slow up my schedule just a little and add one more term. Otherwise, I would have finished in June, 1969. College is really a challenging and thrilling experience.

I am still following a major in psychology but I have developed a strong interest in French. I have taken two advanced courses so far and love it in spite of the many hours of tedious work involved in language study. I am planning to take a course in linguistics next trimester.

Luree Wotton has been taking a trimester of study in Gordon this past term. What a surprise to look up to see her while eating lunch one day in the coffee shop! We had a chance to visit at lunchtime most days. She had speaking engagements most week ends, but she did manage to spend one week end with us. Alice Campbell's sister is a secretary at Gordon while her husband attends divinity school. Barbara Walsh and Marion Shultz, as well as Ann Russell, finished work on master's degrees at Boston University last June. Ann is teaching nearby, Marion has returned to California and Barbara was supposed to return to India last August.

Last summer over vacation I stayed up here and did charge work on the evening shift on a 43-bed, male-female, medical-surgical ward. The hospital was full all summer and, of course, staff was short, so we kept plenty busy. I did spend one week in Maine at a camp. Carolyn Coleman came up the week end just before I started school and we had a really nice visit.

**From Mrs. Grace A. Terrill (Pixie) in Louisville,
Kentucky—Christmas, 1968**

Mrs. Holley and I will be with the children again this year, as usual. Nancy and Bill have been married twenty-one years and for all those year the grandmothers have gone to their home on Christmas Eve and stayed over Christmas Day. It has become a tradition.

I saw Eileen Minton on the street in town sometime ago.

My sister from South Carolina will be here for Christmas and we are all looking forward to her visit with much happiness. It has been several years since we last saw her.

I have been baking Christmas cookies like mad. The Peter Pan cookies the couriers used to make are really the favorite among the young fry in my family.

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**From Viola Tillotson in Poplar Bluff, Missouri
—Christmas, 1968**

I have been transferred to the V. A. Hospital in Poplar Bluff as Chief, Nursing Service. It is in the Ozark territory and a pretty section of the country. I haven't even unpacked yet.

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**From Rose Avery in Greensboro, North Carolina
—January, 1969**

I retired on December 31st. The final recordings, in this age of paper work, were overpowering.

My time this spring and summer will be spent doing some inside finishing in our house and some sewing I haven't had time to do in years.

Mary LeFevre Willis and her family have planned to come visit me from Alaska this year.

I will never forget the time Anna May January was doing one of her early deliveries alone. I went by on my way to clinic over at Ance Roberts' and stopped by to see how things were going. It was a cold day near Easter and blowing snow. Anna May came in shortly before midnight to report her successful first home delivery!

My heart is still with you, the people and work. Please give my greetings to any who might remember me in the area 'round about.

From Lucile Hodges in Huntsville, Alabama—January, 1969

What with carpenters, electricians and painters, things have been quite hectic almost ever since I have been home. These men couldn't come at Thanksgiving time when my sister, Dorothy, took me to Roanoke and Mobile where we have a sister and a brother. The repair man comes "off and on" and, consequently, isn't through yet!

At Christmas we went by way of Roanoke to visit another brother and his wife at Headland, Alabama which is farther south.

I often think of each of you at Wendover and miss you, although I seldom write.

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**From Rosalie Edmondson Jouvenat in Guadalajara,
Jalisco, Mexico—January, 1969**

The recent Bulletin was a delight to read. I am delighted that copies of THE ROAD will be shown by USIS in foreign lands and I hope it is brought to Mexico. I plan to call their office here and request that it be shown in Guadalajara. If it can't be shown within the next two months, I shall request that it be next autumn. During the winter months many more Americans would be here to see it. Frank and I will be away from early April until late August and I would not want to miss it.

We are developing arrangements for our first trip abroad! We shall take a Caravan Tour of Ireland, Scotland and England, then a rather full tour of Denmark, Norway and Sweden with a bit of Finland included. We shall have ten days or two weeks between the two tours, most of which we plan to spend in and around London, we think. We shall return by ship from England in mid-July. We shall be in Quebec when we leave the ship as we want to see some of that part of Canada. We are both looking forward to our trip.

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From Marie Sullivan in Belém, Para, Brazil—January, 1969

You don't know how much I miss you all and the work in the mountains and all the people.

I am just learning the language here, having finished the second term of study and in the last term. I work in the hospital

down the street. Last Friday we had three deliveries in the two hours I was there and I assisted with them. In April I will be going up north to the state of Roraima to do medical work among the Indians there and to study another language, Waica.

I taught a Sunday School class for three weeks and really had a great time with the kids. They were so cute and so good and seemed to understand what I was saying. Sometimes they would screw up their little faces and I would know I was not getting through, so I would try again with different words, then they would smile and understand. It was really fun, although it took a lot of preparation.

Right now it is rainy season and everything is mouldy. I have been running out with everything I own every time I see the sun to try to get rid of the mildew.

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From Babs Brinkman in Millbrae, California—February, 1969

I am about to begin working again next week, serving as an RN for the U. S. Public Health Service in New Mexico and I am really looking forward to this new experience.

I do hope that all is well there with you.

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We take pleasure in quoting from an article about **Rosa Clark** which appeared in *The Keowee Courier*, Walhalla, South Carolina, on December 11, 1968:

“. . . The Seneca Sertoma Club honored Miss Rosa Clark, retired health nurse, at its awards dinner ‘for dedicated service to mankind’ . . .

“Miss Rosa . . . accepted the plaque from awards committee chairman, Steve McPhail, while Sertoma president, Garlon Kelly, looked on approvingly . . . Kelly explained that the annual award is intended for the person who goes that extra mile while serving others without regard to self . . .

“Though officially ‘retired’ the Oconee Health Department refused to let Miss Clark get away completely. She still works every Monday at the clinic in Tamassee and on Tuesdays she holds an immunization clinic at the health department headquarters in Walhalla . . .”

NEWSY BITS

We have heard from **Harlan McIlvain** that she is now working with the Community Health Association in Ardmore, Pennsylvania and is enjoying it very much.

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Weddings

Miss Sandra Jane Conville and Mr. John Francis Stahl, Jr. in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on January 4, 1969.

Miss Dorothy Jane Snell and **Dr. Thomas Charles Howald** in Middletown, New York on January 31, 1969.

Miss Katherine Vandergriff and Mr. James A. Wordeman in Knoxville, Tennessee, on November 28, 1968.

We extend our best wishes to these young couples for a long and happy life together.

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Babies

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gary McDowell (**Dottie Parrella**) of Saint Marys, Kansas, on November 24, 1968, a son, James Anthony, weight 9 pounds, 5 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Mirtschin (**Janet Priebe**) of Wapenamanda, New Guinea, on December 20, 1968, a son, Andrew Carl, weight 6 pounds, 6½ ounces. (See *Letters*).

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Plummer, Jr. (**Charlotte Keen**) of Selma, Alabama, on January 29, 1969, a daughter, Lauren Keen, weight 7 pounds, 10 ounces.

We send our hearty congratulations to the proud parents.

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We were saddened to learn of the deaths of **Lois Harris Kroll's** husband in September, 1968, of **Helen Farrington's** mother in December, 1968, and of **Betty (Liz) Palethorp's** father in February, 1969. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to these three old staff members.

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As we go to press, we are distressed to learn of the death of

Dorothy B. Runyon of Plainfield, New Jersey. "D" who had attended the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in 1951, and her mother were killed in an automobile accident in New Jersey on February 3, 1969. We extend our sincere sympathy to "D's" brother and his family.

ATTENTION — Nurse-Midwives

Our two hospital nurse-midwives want to go on for further education. We must fill these positions and hope that some members of our old staff will be interested in returning to help us. We need your help this spring. Please write Brownie if you are free to come or know of anyone who might be interested.

A newly-appointed Governor had been instructed before taking up his post overseas that under no circumstances was he to do anything that could be done by one of his servants.

One morning, while at breakfast, the telephone bell rang, and, remembering his instructions, the Governor left it to his negro manservant to answer the call. The negro picked up the phone and all the Governor heard was the servant saying 'It sure is,' 'He sure am,' 'It sure is,' and then replace the receiver. This happened without fail on four consecutive mornings, with exactly the same conversation, and unable to restrain himself any further, the Governor waited until the negro had replaced the phone, and asked him the meaning of the conversation. The servant replied: 'Well boss, I pick up dat little old phone, and a voice says, "Is that the Governor's residence?" and I reply "It sure is." Then the voice says "Is the Governor at home?" and I reply "He sure am." Then that same voice says "Long distance from London," and I say "It sure is," and then I put the receiver down.'

—By courtesy of '600' Magazine,
The George Cohen 600 Group Limited,
London, England.

BULLDOG ALCOHOLIC

by

MARIE GOURLAY

Our elderberry wine was the main cause of the trouble. We bottled it prematurely, and it blew up in the pantry. Elizabeth, our bulldog, hurried to investigate, sniffed at a pool of wine and started to lap it. In the confusion of trying to clear up the broken glass, no one noticed how much of the stuff she was consuming until, shortly afterwards, she sat swaying in front of the kitchen cooker. We were worried, before we realised she was drunk.

This might not have become a habit but for Elizabeth's devotion to Cameron, the village postman. She had always rushed to meet him as he neared our gate, and watched him cycle out of sight when he had delivered the mail. Now she began to follow him back to the village after a second delivery. Her absences grew longer, and soon she was going to the village each evening by herself.

One night, well after closing time, Cameron brought her home in the sidecar of his motor-bicycle. She was so drunk that she could not walk. 'Who has been giving her beer?' I demanded angrily. 'Nobody', Cameron assured me. Elizabeth, though a regular at the village inn, did not like beer and would not touch whiskey; she had been drinking rum. Apparently she made a fuss, whining, barking and nipping the customers' ankles, if they did not keep her supplied. What to them had started as a joke now became a problem.

When we locked her in the barn in the paddock at the back of our house, she gnawed her way through a piece of rotten boarding and dashed off through the wood to the pub. A distressed Cameron brought her home again. 'Ay, ma puir bonnie lassie', he said, handing over the tipsy Elizabeth. We tied her up in the barn with the other animals, and after an hour or so went to see how she was doing. She had bitten through the rope and was busily gnawing at another piece of flooring when we opened the door. Seeing an easier exit, she charged past me and dashed for the wood, ignoring my commands. I got the car out and caught up with her going at a steady gallop along the middle of the road. Yells and blasts on the horn were of no

avail. When I tried to drive past her she altered course, making me swerve into a ditch. I walked the rest of the way into the village and found her in the pub, already whining for her rum. I cuffed her smartly, grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and dragged her outside. Cameron and some of the villagers came with me along the road and helped to get the car out of the ditch. I took Elizabeth home and chained her to the kitchen table.

The cure was painful in the extreme. She yelped and whined, kicked and chewed the table-leg; then, howling, she dragged the table round the kitchen in her efforts to get free. She would not eat, and if I left her alone she started to bark again. Cameron, calling with the mail, inquired sadly for his 'puir bonnie lassie' and gave me a bottle of rum, begging me to give her 'just a wee drappie'. I refused, but dumped the bottle beside her, telling her that it was a present from Cameron.

Elizabeth sniffed at it. Then, carefully picking it up in her jaws, she carried it into her bed, where she went to sleep with her head resting on it. From that moment we had no further trouble. Her bottle stayed beside her wherever she went—in her bed at night, out for walks with the family, roaming with the other animals in the paddock or in the garden. It was never out of her sight. We kept this up for years, fearing that she might have a relapse if deprived of her 'dummy'. She never went near the pub again; she greeted Cameron at the front door with her bottle beside her; even when she had a litter of three, the rum bottle was in her bed with the puppies.

Three years went by. One day as Elizabeth was sitting in the sun with her bottle beside her, our donkey kicked it and broke it in passing, so that the rum spilt all over the ground. We hurried across and watched anxiously. Elizabeth got up, walked away from the puddle and settled herself for sleep again.

—*The Countryman*, Autumn 1968, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of Trustees and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will be held on Wednesday, May 21, 1969, at the Idle Hour Country Club in Lexington, Kentucky, immediately following luncheon at 12:30 p.m.

As we did last year, we will again mail reservation cards for our Annual Meeting only to the Chairman and the Secretary of all of our Committees outside the Kentucky area. As our readers know, all members and friends are welcome at the Annual Meeting and we hope that anyone who can plan to be in Lexington on May 21, and who wishes to make a reservation for the luncheon, will get in touch with the Chairman or Secretary of their Committee or write directly to Mrs. Richard Bean, 1340 Prather Road, Lexington, Kentucky 40502, after April 21, 1969.

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The annual meeting of our New York Committee was held in the Parish Hall of St. Bartholomew's Church on the morning of Thursday, February 6. We were honored by Dr. Louis M. Hellman, Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics at the State University Downstate Medical Center and a member of our National Medical Council, who gave a most interesting talk on "Some Social Problems of Maternity Care in the United States." Dr. Hellman stressed the need for health manpower to fill the predicted forty per cent gap in maternity care within the next ten years. The Director then told the group of future plans for the FNS to train the "family nurse" who can help to fill this gap, especially in the rural areas where there continues to be a great shortage of physicians.

Mrs. Brooke Alexander, Chairman of the New York Committee, opened the meeting and thanked the members of her committee for the many hours of work they had given to the Bargain Box. Mrs. Clarence J. Shearn handed Brownie a most welcome check representing proceeds of the sale of articles sent by our many friends to the Bargain Box to be sold for the benefit of the FNS. We would like to remind FNS friends who have shipments to send to the Bargain Box to request the green

shipping tags indicating their shipment is for the FNS. (see page thirty-six).

It was a great pleasure to greet old and new friends who attended the meeting. Among them were members of our National Nursing Council, old couriers and old staff members.

Following the meeting, Betty Alexander gave a luncheon in honor of Brownie at the Cosmopolitan Club. Her guests included members of her committee who once again had helped to make their annual meeting a successful one.

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Jane Leigh Powell showed *THE ROAD* and spoke to the girls at the Ethel Walker School in Simsbury, Connecticut, on Friday, January 31. In late February she was invited to show the film and speak to the girls at The Purnell School in Pottersville, New Jersey. Mrs. Lyttleton B. P. Gould, wife of the headmaster, is the mother of our old courier Barbara (Bobbie) Jackson. We hope we may recruit future couriers and staff members from these two schools where the students were most interested in hearing about the FNS.

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Our Philadelphia Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. J. Gibson McIlvain II, is planning a Chinese Auction at the Acorn Club in Philadelphia on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 16. Friends in the Philadelphia area will receive invitations a bit later in the spring.

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Helen E. Browne will show *THE ROAD* at the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, at 5:00 p.m. on Friday, April 18, 1969. The nursing faculty at the School of Hygiene and Public Health will sponsor the program, at which FNS friends in the Baltimore area will be welcomed.

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Mrs. Samuel E. Neel and her Washington Committee are planning a tea at 3:00 p.m. on Monday, April 21, 1969, at "Rose-dale", the lovely home belonging to the National Cathedral School in Washington, D. C. Frontier Nursing Service friends in

the Washington area will hear more about this from the Committee later.

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Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence of Westwood, Massachusetts, (old courier Patsy Perrin) has written us: "I just wanted to let you know that Mary Anne Quarles Hawkes showed *THE ROAD* to her Social Studies Classes at Wheelock College and was delighted with the film and what it demonstrated. Yesterday, I showed it at the Brimmer May School. The girls really enjoyed it and asked good questions after it was over. Mrs. John Swift came out in all the snow and sleet to join me at the school and was a wonderful addition."

A member of our National Nursing Council, Miss Elsie Warner, showed *THE ROAD* to nurses and students at the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia and reports that it was very well received.

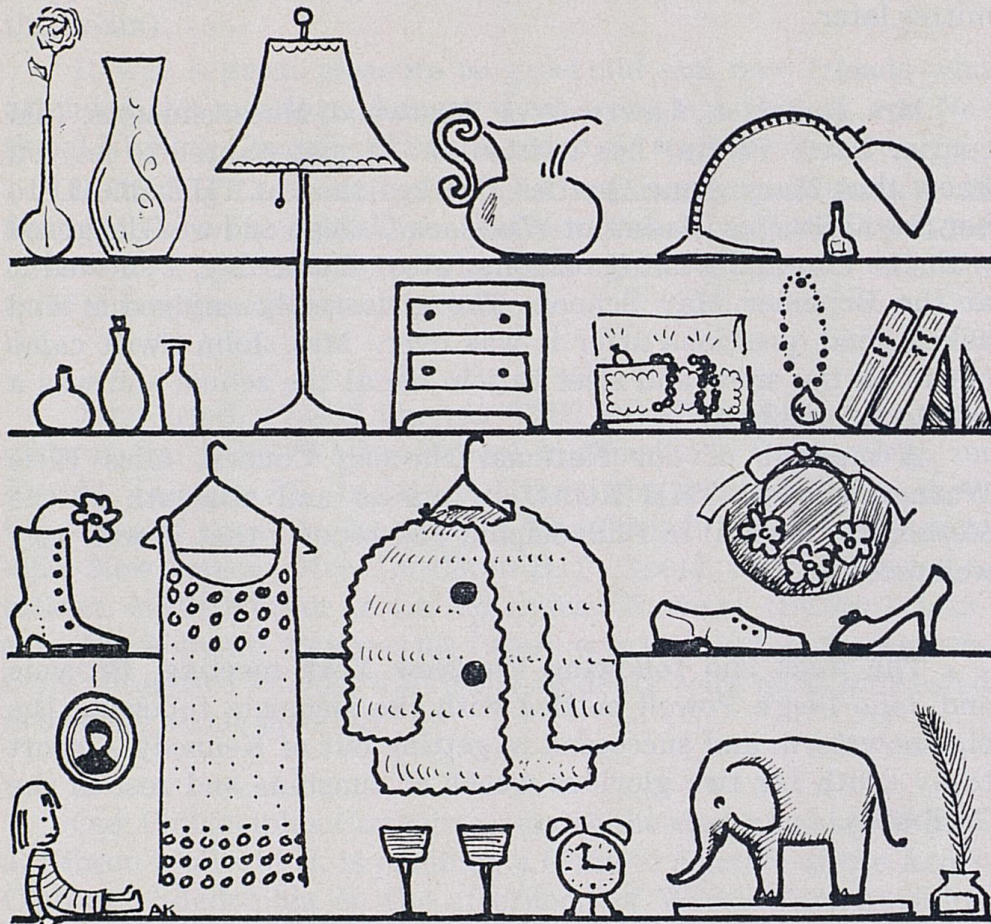
. . . .

The week end following the New York meeting, Brownie and Jane Leigh Powell battled with the elements following the big snowstorm and succeeded in getting out of Kennedy Airport to fly south for two glorious weeks of sunshine and rest in the Caribbean.

LONG TAILS, SHORT TAILS. My grandmother remembered seeing the following notice when she lived in Hampshire: 'Horses taken in to grass. Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings'. She inquired as to the reason for the different prices, and a countryman answered: 'Well 'ee see ma'am, the long tails can brush away them flies; but the short 'uns are so tormented by 'em, they 'ardly eats at all'.—*Lynn Setford*

—*The Countryman*, Spring 1968, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE**
1579 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10028

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the 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 ornaments 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, New York 10028

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

If a slight air turbulence was reported by planes flying over Wendover in December, it wasn't a mild tornado or even a hard snowstorm—it was a visit by Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley, currently of Delhi, India. Dr. Beasley gave up his annual leave from the Agency for International Development to return to Kentucky to work with the FNS and Booz, Allen and Hamilton on the proposal to develop an educational program for training the Family Nurse. He arrived at Wendover on the evening of December 2, and from then on, phones rang and were rung, typewriters clacked overtime, vehicles went in and out, and many conferences were held as Dr. Beasley did an amazing amount of work in the short time he had in the United States. He left on December 22, as we had promised to send him back to his family (and his Leslie County guests, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie J. Moore) for Christmas. We all enjoyed his short visit and our only regret was that Trink and the children could not come with him.

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We are deeply grateful to Dr. Charles Harris, Berea College physician, for coming to Hyden Hospital to relieve for a long week end for Dr. Wiss and Dr. Fox during his Christmas holiday. It was a pleasure to have both Dr. and Mrs. Harris with us and we hope they will come back to see us again.

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We would like to call your attention to "The Man In The Moon" by Patricia Ware on page 15. Many of our readers will remember that Tricia Ware was an English nurse-midwife with the FNS from 1962 to 1964. Tricia's first small book of poetry, entitled *Where Was God*, was published by Arcadian Press, London, before the historic flight of Apollo 8 thrilled the world on Christmas Eve.

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We wish to express our appreciation to two groups of friends who have shown their interest in the Frontier Nursing Service in a most generous way. The Abbott Laboratories has again sent

us a large supply of vitamins and the First Baptist Church of Burlingame, California, has given Hyden Hospital a much-needed Air-Shields Croupette.

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Tom Howald returned to Hyden Hospital in January (as he had promised) to spend the three weeks prior to his wedding [see page 16] helping the doctors.

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Four senior student nurses from Capital University in Columbus, Ohio, —Sandra Lou Fodor, Nancy Jane Kramer, Anne Clare Schiff and Sandra Wilson—spent three weeks with the FNS in January to observe the nursing work.

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Several members of the staff and the old staff have shown THE ROAD or their personal slides to interested groups in their home communities during the past few months.

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Ellen Bayard, Chris Boyle and Sarah Brooks have “manned” the courier force this winter and are all still with us. They have been of tremendous help as they moved about where needed—at Wendover, at the Hospital and at the outpost centers. They have been joined by Deborah Lynne Curtis of Dover, Massachusetts, who arrived on January 25.

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There have been several changes in our nursing staff during the past few months. Emily Kroger has gone to be with her family in Cincinnati to convalesce following an accident in November. Barbara Ann Brinkman has returned to California to seek further experience in public health nursing. We are glad to welcome Judith A. Gibson of Blue Mound, Illinois, and Margaret Ann Westendorf of South Haven, Michigan, to the staff. As we go to press, we are eagerly awaiting Agnes Lewis' return in March to spend a few weeks at Wendover.

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We have had—so far—a comparatively mild winter in Kentucky. But when we haven't had snow and ice, we've had a sea

of mud and perhaps this is why our guests, except for friends and relatives of staff members, have been few and far between. We were all delighted when Mrs. Marjorie Cundle returned after Thanksgiving to spend the winter with her daughter, Anne. Old courier Pam Hauserman stopped by to spend several days with us during her Christmas holiday and former social service secretary, Noel Smith McAlister, was with us for Christmas. Rose Marie McDonald brought her brother, Michael, up for a night when he visited her in Lexington. Mr. Gordon Quarnstrom and Mr. Bert Hearn of the Allstate Foundation were overnight guests in January and Dr. and Mrs. Willis D. Weatherford, Jr. of Berea College stopped by for a night in February.

As we go to press, we are preparing for the spring meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service Board of Governors which will be held at Wendover on Saturday, March 29, 1969. We are delighted to learn that we will have the pleasure of entertaining a number of Board members over that week end.

READERS' MOTORING TALES—135

On a quiet road in north Buckinghamshire I suspected engine trouble and drew into a lay-by. I had had my head under the bonnet of my 1964 Austin A40 only a matter of seconds when another motorist pulled up, jumped out and said, 'It's all right, mate. You can have the battery. I'm only taking the wheels'.—

R. C. Horwood

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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.

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.



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 41749, or by freight or express to Hazard, Kentucky.

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

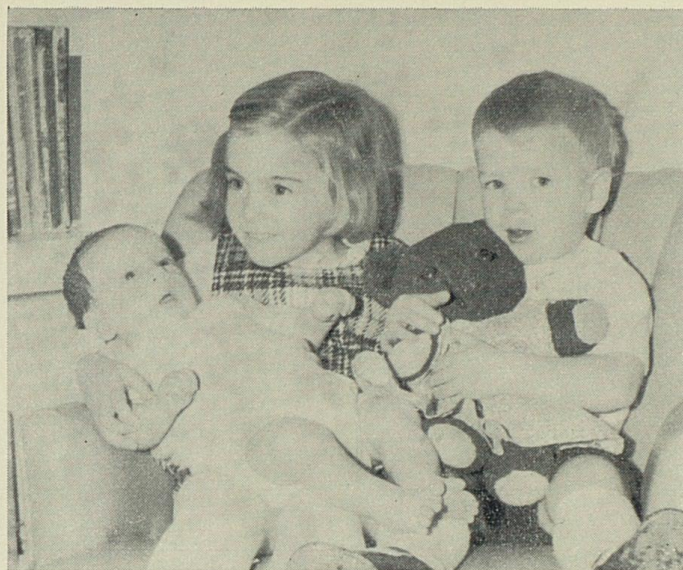
and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky 40507



NATHANIEL, MARGARET AND JOHNNY

Children of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Christie, Jr.
(old courier Peggy Barker) of Lake Bluff, Illinois

