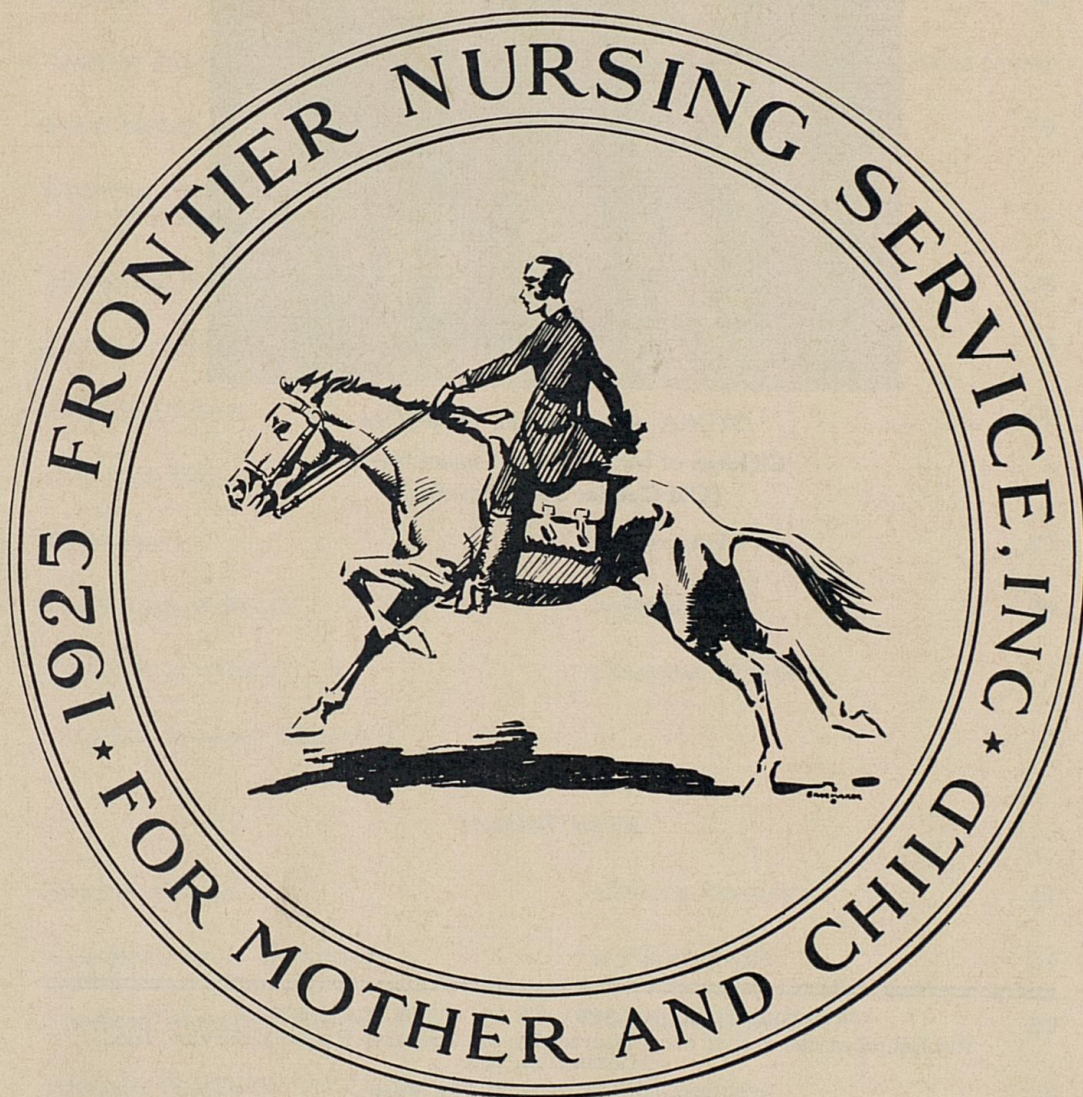


# FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

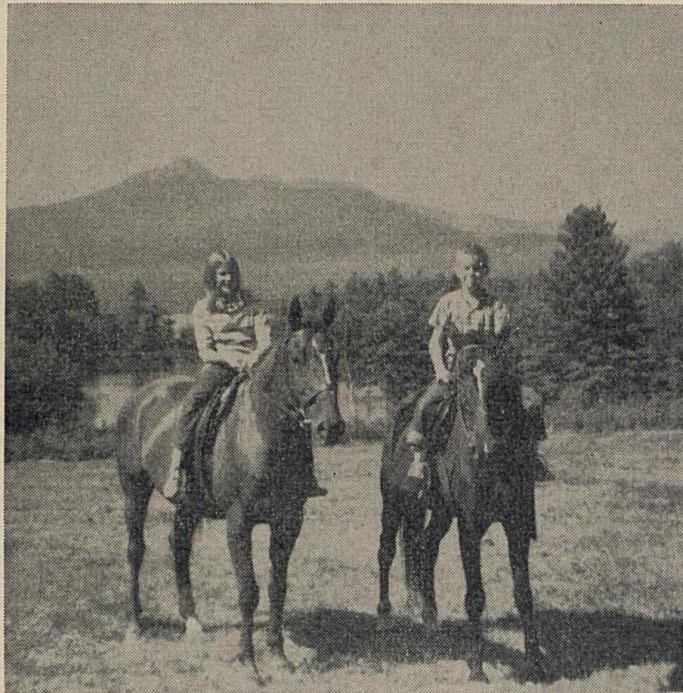
VOLUME 40

WINTER, 1965

NUMBER 3



FORTY YEARS OLD  
1925-1965



SYLVIA and SAMUEL NEWSOM  
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Newsom  
(Old Courier Sylvia Bowditch)

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN  
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## TO W. S. C.

When ears were deaf and tongues were mute,  
    You told of doom to come.  
When others fingered on the flute,  
    You thundered on the drum.

When armies marched and cities burned  
    And all you said came true,  
Those who had mocked your warnings turned  
    Almost too late to you.

Then doubt gave way to firm belief,  
    And through five cruel years  
You gave us glory in our grief,  
    And laughter through our tears.

When final honours are bestowed  
    And last accounts are done,  
Then shall we know how much was owed  
    By all the world to one.

—Norwich

## In Memoriam

### Winston Spencer Churchill

The poem "To W. S. C." by Lord Norwich was published in a book called *Winston Spencer Churchill Servant of Crown and Commonwealth* in 1954 at the time of Sir Winston's 80th birthday. This book, edited by Sir James Marchant, was printed in one edition only.

The grateful thanks of the Frontier Nursing Service are due to the Lady Diana Cooper (widow of the late Viscount Norwich) for allowing us to print this poem and also for her life-long efforts to further the cause of Anglo-American friendship. For the past forty years the Frontier Nursing Service has been a working example of Anglo-American friendship. A staff of British and American nurses, who are also certified midwives, have pursued their common aims together. They have formed abiding friendships and visited one another in their British or American homes. During the Battle of Britain, when the Old Country stood alone, the Frontier Nursing Service asked British subjects who had visited us in here to become members of our Board of Trustees. We felt that in this gesture we clasped their hands. We listened for Sir Winston's voice when it came over the air, and we listened for it ever afterwards until it was stilled by death.

What can one find to say about this towering giant of the Twentieth Century which has not already been better said by many others? And no words that anyone has said begin to equal his own incomparable use of our native tongue. The poem by the late Lord Norwich says what all of us are saying in our hearts.

## FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

### First Forty Years

1925 - 1965

The annual meeting of the trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service has special significance this year, because it marks our first forty years of continuous work in behalf of mothers and children and their families. What began as the first demonstration in America of the use of nurse-midwives, under medical direction, to care for the lonely rural mother in rough country, has now become a demonstration of use to countless rural people in isolated parts of the world. From the beginning this was part of our plan and most of you, our readers, helped to bring it about. We believed, and still believe, that the best way to make work grow is to start it like a tiny plant in one piece of ground, with the support of local leading citizens. In time the plant will become a banyan tree, "yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men."

Those of you who would like to help us celebrate this special year may send us donations in its honor. The donors of all such gifts will receive, from our Treasurer, the numbered receipt required by our auditors. Such gifts are tax deductible.

The annual meeting this year, to which all friends are welcome and to which they may bring guests, is to be on Tuesday, June 8, at Spindletop Hall, Ironworks Pike, Lexington, Kentucky. Luncheon will be served at 12:30 p.m., at \$2.25 per plate (including all charges). This will be followed by the business meeting of the Board of Trustees and the committee members, as required under our charter. Our Blue Grass Committee is in charge of all arrangements. Invitations, with reservation cards for the luncheon, will be mailed in May.

## AUNT CRESSY'S POWERFUL POTION

by

HOPE MUNCY

Secretary to the Medical Director

The wind and rain had stripped the leaves from the trees, and all that was left of autumn was stretched across the forest floor like an old and faded carpet. Aunt Cressy bent to the wind, her poor old skirts and petticoats whipping around her legs and billowing out behind her. As she trudged along in the wet leaves and mire, she pondered on her problem and formulated her plans.

When she first learned that Cousin Matt had decided to "help" her and her boy, Josh, by putting Josh in a hospital, far out of the mountains where she would never see him again, and force her to sell her little hillside farm and go live in town with Cousin Minnie, she had been in the depths of despair. Cousin Matt was coming out to supper tonight and bringing Judge Andrews along with him. Oh, Matt was sly, he was. He was trying to influence the Judge to get a court order to take Josh away from her. Life would end for her without Josh; her soul would be as dead as the autumn was now dead.

It was nearly dark when Aunt Cressy reached a certain beech wood. What light was left was caught in pewter highlights against the wet boles and limbs of the beech trees. In the eerie half-light she could make out the large boulders near the creek. She moved slowly to them, got down on her rheumatic old knees and dug around beneath the bracken fern. Yes, here were two left, even this late in the season. She gently lifted the pallid things into her basket and rose to go.\*

As she made her way back toward her house, she continued to muse over her problem. She knew it had all come about because Josh had come up behind Lizzie Benlow as she was passing the house and had lifted off her old flowered hat. He hadn't meant anything by it. He probably thought it was a moving flower bush it had so many roses, ribbons and birdwings on it. Anyway, she had told the whole neighborhood that Josh

\*Fly Amanita (*Amanita muscaria*, L.). There are twenty American species in the genus *Amanita*; some of them are the most poisonous fungi known, while others are most highly esteemed for the table.

had raised his hand to strike her—Josh, who had never harmed a living thing in his whole simple, innocent life. Her poor, afflicted child who spoke only to the spirits and loved all the small creatures was being persecuted because of the selfish aims of Cousin Matt. Lizzie's tale was just an excuse to set him off. Of course, Matt wanted the property that her Paw had left her. She knew that Grandpappy had never sold the mineral on the place and neither had her Paw. Matt couldn't fool her; she was a Judd, too, before she had married Andy Dunning. She knew just what Matt was thinking. Well, she would turn the other cheek and cook them a good supper. If they ate at her table and then did her wrong, cursed be they!

Three days later the usual crowd were gathered about the stove in the general store and post office.

"It shore is too bad about Matt Judd," said Sam Wilby, "They say he went plumb crazy. His wife and children had to hide in the barn loft until the sheriff took him off to the asylum. I hear he poured a whole churn of buttermilk on Sudie's head, and she had to grab the youngins and run."

"Well," Jim Arnsworth drawled, "Judge Andrews ain't too well either. His boy, John, took him to some doctor in Lexington yesterday. They won't talk much about it. He sure did act peculiar when I went in to see him about getting Paw on the jury. That was day before yesterday."

Solly Borden rose from the apple box on which he was sitting and said, "Pearl, see if I got any mail. I gotta be going, and, boys, remind me never to cross Aunt Cressy Dunning. I don't even like to pass her house after dark, which is another good reason I gotta be going."

Aunt Cressy still sits comfortably by her fireside with Josh, her boy, in his usual corner, nodding and winking at the empty corners of the room. Cousin Matt never comes about any more, and Judge Andrews never mentions his little encounter with Aunt Cressy. Lizzie Benlow doesn't walk by the little three-room cottage any more. In order to get to town, she walks plumb across the mountain and down the creek—several miles out of her way.



### OUR MAIL BAG

**From a New Friend:** It has recently been my happy privilege to read your splendid book, *Wide Neighborhoods*. Words adequate to express my admiration for . . . the book . . . fail me completely. When my wife checked it out of the public library we both became so thrilled that we read it at the same time; she had her bookmark and I had mine. Many were the hearty laughs and chuckles it evoked from us. Its wholesome enlightening subject matter, so skillfully and vividly arranged and portrayed, truly held us spellbound for many delightful hours. . . .

**From Another Friend:** After the inspiring experience of reading *Wide Neighborhoods*. . . .

*Wide Neighborhoods*, publishers, Harper & Row, now in its eighth printing, is for sale at all bookstores for \$4.95.

**From an Old Wendover Employee and His Wife:** Our many thanks to you and the Wendover staff for all you have done for us the past 21 years. Merry Christmas. May God bless you in your wonderful work.

**From an Old Friend in California:** Truly nothing that we are fortunate enough to receive gives such food for thought, *interest* and help, as does your Bulletin!

**From an Old Friend in Florida:** Thanks for the Autumn Bulletin. Entrancing as usual. . . .

**From a Member of Our National Medical Council:** It was indeed a pleasure to attend the meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives, and I admire their work so much. . . .

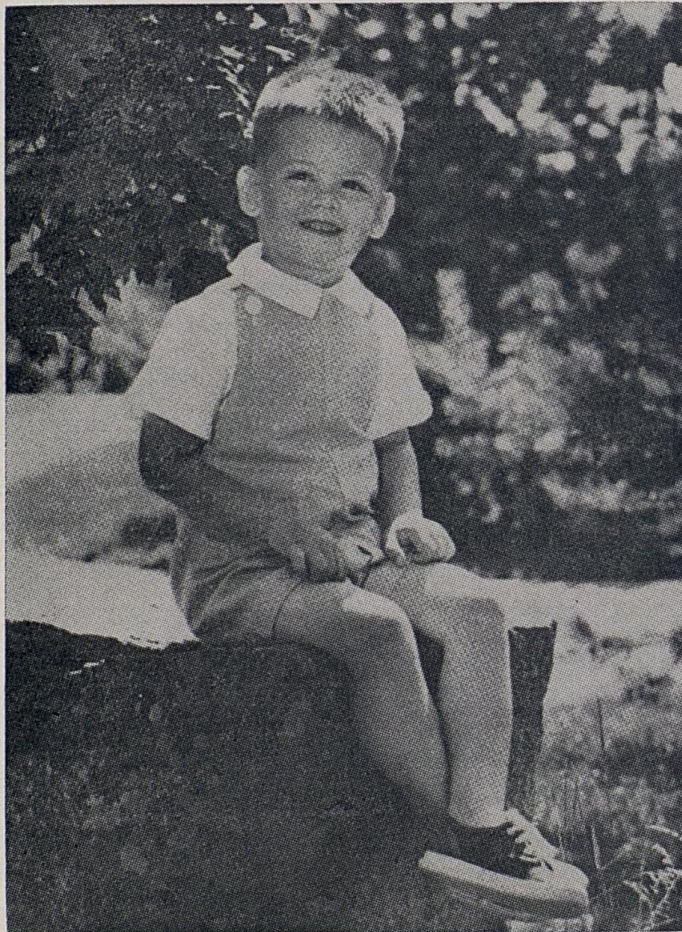
**From a Student Nurse at the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia:** My! How fortunate I am to be training in the OB area in a modern hospital. I count, however, it a real privilege to learn of your work and to share in it with my prayers and support. . . . I do so much enjoy OB nursing and realize more and more every day the importance and necessity of prenatal care as well as nursing care in labor and delivery. We here at Methodist in Philadelphia are most proud of your contribution to OB nursing. . . .

**From One of Our Former Nurse-Midwives Now in the South:**

I have just received the Bulletin (Summer 1964) and I want to say Amen to the letter written by a nurse-midwife out West. It's a letter I would like to have written fifteen years ago. I'm glad she had the courage to speak out. It's surprising how deaf people become when you start talking about good maternity care.

I have wished many times I could have been at Hyden for the birth of my first four children or at least had a nurse-midwife with me. . . .

---



RICHARD WIGGLESWORTH CLEMMITT

Son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Clemmitt  
(Old Courier Ann Wigglesworth)

## OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

### **From Gertrude Lanman, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts**

—November 27, 1964

Once again I've been delayed in sending a check because I wanted to send a note at the same time.

I can't tell you how impressed I was with all those on the Boston Committee. Regretfully, a full-time job doesn't let me arrange my schedule to be of any help on the Committee, but I did get to help a bit with the "clean-up" chores after the Preview. At the end of what must have been at least three long days, one might expect a tense, tired atmosphere—but not at all. Everyone was in excellent spirits due, I'm sure, to the terrific organization of Mary Moir and Patsy Lawrence.

My old mare (age 23) is now in Duxbury, supposedly for retirement for as long as she is able to enjoy life. However, her legs improved so much last spring that I took her riding again to the great enjoyment of both of us and, of course, to "Shadow" my ex-"lab dog." On one adventure this summer "Shadow" jumped off a broken pier for a cooling swim in a lake only to find he couldn't get back on the pier. At this point he panicked and in spite of my calling he didn't seem to realize that he could easily swim to shore. So, there was nothing for me to do but jump off "dry" and haul a badly frightened dog up on the pier. By the time I had him comforted and reassured and had gone back to where I'd left Ivy, there was no horse in sight. Evidently she'd gone home—so we walked about three miles on a nice hot day! Wouldn't it be awful if an FNS horse did that?

. . . . .

### **From Mrs. Thomas O. Whitaker (Mary Woodmansey),**

**Saco, Montana—November, 1964**

We have a cozy little home on the Milk River, eight miles from Saco. I work part-time at the Malta Hospital from 11:00-7:00 a.m. shift. I really enjoy the work but don't especially enjoy the thirty-eight-mile drive when the roads are bad. I remember

so well how Mrs. Breckinridge used to say how low the ebb of life is at 4:00 a.m. and now I can begin to understand what she meant.

We are very happy but at times I feel the call of the Kentucky Mountains and long to work in them again.

This January I am returning to school to finish my B.S. degree. It will be a taxing eleven weeks.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Gerald G. Tyrrell (Janie Haldeman),  
Louisville, Kentucky—Christmas, 1964**

So often I have wanted to express to you (*Mrs. Breckinridge*) my admiration and love for the FNS but have failed because the words will not come. The words are still not there, but I must say *something*. I'm strangely driven. I want you to know that I feel about the Service as you described your feeling for the outer reaches of Scotland in *Wide Neighborhoods*. I do not know why I feel this fierce kinship—still!

How marvelous *Wide Neighborhoods* is. I am only now reading it all the way through for the first time. "Child-likeness." Thank you for this life-giving thought.

Words, Words! I would love to have a thousand or more dollars. More realistically, ten would do, to give you.

Tonight I showed some FNS slides to the Episcopal ministers' wives here. Being slightly overwhelmed by this illustrious audience and not as completely rehearsed as I should like to have been (due, in part, to my wondrous 18-month-old "suicidal" boy-child), I felt that the FNS, itself, and my blundering enthusiasm would carry your work across. I do hope it did. I am so grateful to do this feeble bit, and hope that it brings practical fruits.

Thank you for giving yourself to us all.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Irving Lewis Fuller, Jr. (Vicki Coleman),  
London, England—Christmas, 1964**

Greetings from foggy London town. We will be with the Embassy here for two years. We have found a "country cottage" in the midst of the city with lots of fireplaces and a lovely garden; and I wonder how we will ever leave.

**From Alison Bray, London, England—Christmas, 1964**

Joan McClellan [*an old courier*], is to spend Christmas with us, which will be lovely. I haven't seen her for ages. To add to the confusion, I've just started a new job. It's part-time secretary and treasurer of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund. It's a completely new world to me, and I think it will be most interesting. I work from home which is a great advantage.

Miss Gray of the Queens Institute of District Nurses gave a talk at our church recently and spoke very well about the FNS. I was thrilled!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Dandridge F. Walton (Theresa Nantz),  
Paducah, Kentucky—Christmas, 1964**

Dan started to work here in Paducah on the second of January. He is associated with the firm of Emery and Carroll. The children and I followed him the first of February, leaving the house in Bowling Green unsold. After one quite busy week, I started teaching the third grade in McCracken County Schools. After not teaching for several years it was rather hard to start again. Although I am not in a new building, I have the most modern equipment at hand. I was also chosen to teach an experimental mathematics program in a new form. It is lots of fun but also quite time-consuming. In fact I spent six weeks this spring in a seminar on it, most of the summer studying on my own, and now am taking a graduate level course in it.

Bailey started walking right after we moved. He was such a good baby but, as soon as he found his legs, he made up for lost time. There is absolutely nothing that he can't open, close, break, or tear. As of last night, I have a nice blue spot on my living room rug where he spilled the ink. Sarah Halley is now in a nursery school two mornings a week and she just loves it. She asked Dan what he wanted for Christmas. When he said "peace and quiet," she, with disgust, informed him that Santa didn't have any of that. How right she is!

Dan has been quite active, as he was in charge of the Jay-cee's Little League Football Program. He is also secretary of the Kiwanis Club, on the board of directors of Junior Achievement, and an officer in the Young Democrats Club. In fact, when Hubert Humphrey made his visit here, Dan was about the third

man in charge. I didn't see him for about a month, but he met some very interesting people.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. William A. Small, Jr. (Susan Spencer),**  
**Tucson, Arizona—Christmas, 1964**

If Ricky and Billy were only girls they would make the best couriers! We introduced them to riding a year ago and now they can go out for two hours at a stretch without a qualm. They even outride their mother and father!

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. John Stone (Jane Bidwell),**  
**Greenough, Montana—Christmas, 1964**

We had a grand vacation at Sun Valley last month. We took our children with us and my brother and his family of six children were there too. We then trekked to the East for a month. I stayed at my father's while John went around looking for people who would be interested in a ranch vacation.

We're now looking forward to the holidays with our boys reaching their fourth and seventh birthdays the first of the year. The end of January will see us again in Sun Valley. Our eldest son, George, is now in school with his chum who also lives on the ranch. They are the only first graders in a one-room school house. One teacher has fifteen students ranging in all eight grades this year.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Rex Ramer (Dot Clark), St. Simonds Island,**  
**Georgia—Christmas, 1964**

I thought the Courier Conclave was a great idea. It's wonderful how Mrs. Breckinridge keeps going—a truly remarkable person!

I have two grandsons now. I'm mighty busy—as always—gardening, studying, and now I work for our new Junior College.

. . . . .  
**From Bronwen (Bron) Jenney, New Orleans,**  
**Louisiana—Christmas, 1964**

I am loving my studies at Tulane in New Orleans. The city is exciting and the medical school is challenging.

I heard of Jinny's death only last month. I'm sure her mark in the FNS will last a long time.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Campbell Christie, Jr. (Peggy Barker),  
Evanston, Illinois—Christmas, 1964**

Small Margaret, now nine months old, is a real delight to us. She is very curious and into everything on all fours; but soon, we think, she will be walking.

. . . .

**From Carol Lyman, Dover, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1964**

I love to receive my Bulletins and I read them from cover to cover, cherishing each story. Having been away from home for some time, I have just learned of Jinny's death. I can remember her so well in the summer of 1962, with her warm smile and willing hands. What a tedious job the repair and painting of the Wendover Chapel could have been but, with Jinny in command, it was a pleasant experience. I can't picture Wendover without her. How you must miss her! I liked her very much as, I'm sure, many others did.

I am still at the University of Denver after a wonderful summer in San Francisco.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Hugh W. Nevin (Ellie George),  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1964**

I've been very neglectful but not unthinking of the FNS. I read the Bulletin voraciously. I loved the picture of Jean and Jinny and think of them riding together in Heaven, which would be such a natural place for their particular natures.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Bruce Putnam (Amy Stevens),  
Wayland, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1964**

The fall has been a busy one as usual, but Bruce and I did enjoy that business trip to Bermuda even if it was for only three days! We now look forward to a happy Christmas with my parents here, and one brother and his new wife (of a year) and tiny baby girl. The kids are more excited than ever about Christ-

mas. Carol and I go skating every Saturday, and she loves it. Needless to say, we can't wait until the snow flies again.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edmund Hendershot Booth (Betty Pratt),  
Norwich, Vermont—Christmas, 1964**

George and Lisa are out of college and George is teaching. Lisa is studying art to be able to teach next year. Day is a freshman at Smith. Susie and Junior are in high school.

We have our six horses which include our thirty-three-year-old pony. We all still ride. I am happy to say that a trip to Cornell and deep X-ray treatments have cured our seventeen-hand horse of fistulous withers, which had been flaring up for two years.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. David Gilbert (Julie Foster),  
College, Alaska—Christmas, 1964**

I certainly enjoy hearing the news from the FNS Bulletin.

We're living in our new house (have been since May). It's now —55° outside and only 25° inside! Whee! We don't get around much.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Louisa W. Valley (Louisa Williams),  
Lexington, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1964**

I seem to be very busy here in Lexington even though the children are well into their teens (or out again, age twenty, the oldest). I have begun to do more odd jobs, mostly in the typing line, and expect to get back to some kind of regular work when Kath is ready for college.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Benjamin Reukberg (Nancy Harmon),  
Huntington, New York—Christmas, 1964**

This has been a year of major changes for us. Late in April, Ben successfully defended his doctoral dissertation on *Soviet Doctrines Regarding the Struggle for Peace and Soviet Objectives vis a vis Non-Communist States in Promulgating Its Struggle for Peace Doctrines (1955-61)*. In May, Ben accepted a new position as Assistant Professor of History and Political Science at C. W. Post College of Long Island University (Brookville, L. I.).



In June, Ben got his doctorate, we found a new home and moved into it on September 2nd. Unfortunately, in the process of preparing to move, I became ill and had to be hospitalized for over three weeks. I am much better now.

The house is about sixty years old and needs a considerable amount of repair and development. Nevertheless, it has fine potential as it has eleven rooms, porches, a flagstone terrace, and a beautiful environment. The house is located on a wooded acre in the Huntington Bay section of Huntington, L. I. The Nathan Hale beach on Huntington Bay is only two blocks away. Now that the leaves are gone we have glimpses of Long Island Sound from our home. In this rustic setting, we are less than forty miles from New York City.

Nathan is now in the third grade, a member of the Cub Scouts and first string center on the neighborhood football team. Davie is delighted by the joys of kindergarten. Beth still is "Mommy's" helper at home. With Peter, age one and one-half, now walking and running into all sorts of adventures and mischief, "Mommy" really needs help.

**From Camilla (Cammie) Riggs, Wilton, Connecticut**

—Christmas, 1964

I think of all of you at the FNS often. What a real treat it was to be able to spend a summer there as a courier. I have met no organization like it since I left.

I have been at Colorado College for the past three years studying mostly anthropology. I met and became great friends with Edith Fulton who worked at the FNS the summer before I did. She has now been graduated and last August became Mrs. Darrim Weeks. She is living in Germany where her husband is stationed in the Army. I have taken a year out to study dressage riding with an excellent German instructor who lives nearby. I hope to be able to teach riding and do some training later on. I spent a summer working in one of the Boston hospitals as a nurses' aide. It was very interesting work. I was allowed to watch several major operations; however, I couldn't go near the maternity wards.

While I was in Colorado I was able to take several trips to Arizona and New Mexico to work with the American Friends

Service with the Navajos. Many of the problems seem to be the same—helping the people adjust to newly acquired wealth and outside influence. It is sad to see the old traditions broken and forgotten, and it is particularly hard on the old people. It does seem unnecessary that they be stirred up but I guess it is inevitable in these times.

. . . .

**From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),  
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1964**

I am still working as a school nurse in Philadelphia. Our oldest boy has his Ph.D. in Mathematics and is now a member of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton so we are able to see his family and our two grandchildren often. Billy and Nancy are teaching with the Peace Corps in Liberia. They live in a little cement block house with goats and pigs running loose around them. Stephen and his wife are in Iowa. He is working on his M.S. in counselling and wants to work in Junior High. Marjorie returns to Maryville in February.

I read the Bulletin from cover to cover in one sitting every time.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lill Middleton),  
Greenwich, Connecticut—Christmas, 1964**

Now we are about to produce our fourth child. It is still hard to believe; but we are delighted—and, naturally, hoping for a small courier this time. How I relish the Bulletin!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Richard S. Storrs (Frenny Rousmaniere),  
Long Island, N. Y.—Christmas, 1964**

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From the Storrs Home\*

|                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Nick and Carol             | —Fitchburg, Mass.  |
| Ayer and Peter             | —Huntington, N. Y. |
| David                      | —Yale              |
| Ginny                      | —Switzerland       |
| Cleve                      | —Cornwall, Conn.   |
| Nancy                      | —She is home!!     |
| *Fixed Residence of family | —Webster           |

Nick is teaching for the fourth year. Ayer's husband is in the First National Citizen's Bank. I am glad she is living nearby. We spent the holiday skiing as usual. Sue Ayer Parker is spending a year in Europe with her husband and her daughter is in school there.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch),  
Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1964**

We spent a lovely two months with Mother in New Hampshire last summer. It was such fun to have a couple of horses in the barn again and to teach the children to ride, and ride a bit myself! Maybe someday Chipps will qualify for the FNS.

[See inside front cover]

—February 9, 1965

My times with you are still so vivid that I'm amazed when I realize that it was over thirty years ago that I was there!

Sam has been asked to take another group to Japan in the spring and we shall be there in time to see the azaleas in their glory. Two of my cousins, Franklin Balch and his sister, Lucy Putnam, are coming with us which will be fun.

. . . . .

**From Michella Ann Dorsey, Territory of New Guinea  
—December 31, 1964**

I did enjoy reading the Bulletin. There are many things here which remind me of Kentucky: the slippery, muddy roads; the dry, dusty roads; crossing the Coleman River in a Land Rover at night; and walking with the dogs and chasing stray cows. What a life! It has its discouraging moments, of course—especially trying to master the foreign language.

I was very pleased to see Miss Browne looking so chic and distinguished, and I'm as pleased as any other FNSer about her appointment as an Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

. . . . .

**From Martha Rockwell, Putney, Vermont—January 4, 1965**

Laura Riley wrote me that Doc (*horse*) left you. He was a great old character. I'll never forget the times Katie and I

had trying to give him his aspirin; but I guess another winter would have been rough for him. I'm going off to work tomorrow and am looking forward to it, although I am a bit nervous about teaching. The school has ten students, sophomores and juniors; and I will be teaching art, history and skiing.

**From Mrs. Reginald S. Ward (Roddy Rust),**

**Duxbury, Massachusetts—January 10, 1965**

It has been a busy winter and a very happy one for me with a darling grandson born on November 5th. I have been doing some baby sitting and enjoying it thoroughly.

**From Sandra Keep, Chicago, Illinois—February, 1965**

As you can see by the above address, I have left Boston and returned to my old home town. Before becoming settled here, I had two marvelous months in Europe which I hoped would cure my travel bug for awhile but it merely whetted my appetite for far away places. However, I am very happy here working as a secretary to the Personnel Director of a building materials company, MATERIAL SERVICE, a Division of General Dynamics.

**From Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Mary Wilson),**

**McLean, Virginia—February 4, 1965**

My goddaughter—and the daughter of courier Neville Atkinson—young Neville Holter, has been accepted at St. Lukes Hospital for training in September. This should please Mrs. Breckinridge, as it does all of us! Her mother does private-duty nursing nights and loves every minute of her work.

Wendy still wants to be on the 1967 summer courier list. She has had trouble with her back and has worn a brace for a year; but in another six months that will be over. Amy wants to be an international secretary. She will go to Germany to a university in February, 1966, and return to the University of California to graduate in 1967. Languages are easy for her and she is a good student. My son is now in the Coast Guard where they are really working him and he loves it.

**From Alison Bray, London, England—February 14, 1965**

We are all going to miss Winston Churchill. His death was a great blow and it's hard to realize he is no longer with us. Still one cannot really be sad. He had had a wonderful life and achieved so much and I think we are all deeply grateful to have lived in his time; the fact that we are living now is entirely due to him. A truly great man.

Mom and I are getting excited about a trip we are going to make in April to Italy. We shall spend a day or two in Ravenna and the rest of the time in Florence, being joined there by my friend Lady Ogilvie, and another friend from Vienna. We'll be away for just two weeks, including Easter.

We are deeply grieved to learn of the death of **Emma Coulter Ware's** husband on September 29, 1964, following a long illness. Our hearts go out in full measure to Emma and her children.

Our hearts ache for **Jane Leigh Powell** and **Lois Powell Cheston** in the loss of their father, Mr. Francis E. Powell, just before Christmas. He had borne his suffering gallantly for a long time.

We send our loving sympathy to **Sylvia Bowditch Newsom** in the death of her mother, Mrs. Ingersoll Bowditch, on December 8, 1964. She leaves a wonderful heritage to her family and friends.

**BITS OF COURIER NEWS**

**Ruth Chase** is deeply involved in a program that in the beginning consisted of one volunteer teaching Basic English in the homes of mothers who could neither read nor write. This program originated in the South End of Boston and has expanded until now she has fifty-five teachers trained and in the field, working under a day and night schedule; and the service reaches out to five ethnic groups in many areas of Boston, through ten different neighborhood centers.

Courses in high school English are now offered to adult groups at the center—these lead to job-potential courses, which include typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, filing, sewing, and library techniques.

Work is now in progress with Spanish-speaking and Chinese people living in the South End—Roxbury areas. This work is being done through Harriet Tubman House, a long established center that is part of the United South End Settlements.

**Barbara White Dailey** is again a grandmother. Her eldest daughter, Pamela, has a seven-pound boy—her second—born on November fifth. Barbara and her family are now living in Puerto Rico. Her husband's firm sent him to be in charge of their business there and in the islands stretching from Puerto Rico to South America. Barbara's three younger girls are in a Spanish school.

We quote the following from the August-September, 1964 issue of the *Roosevelt Report*, The Roosevelt Hospital, New York City, New York, about Mrs. James E. Thompson—our courier, **Ettie Bartlett**, who was with us in the early thirties:

Mrs. James E. Thompson walked into the volunteer office a bit more slowly than usual, eased herself into a chair, and, with a tired smile, explained: "Today was a 3-pager."

To volunteers who work on escort service, the phrase is self-explanatory—assignments are recorded 25 to the page. Typical trip: admitting office to patient room to designated department (Jane-way Clinic, Special Diagnostic, etc.), back to patient room and return to admitting office. No pedometer statistics are available but to anyone familiar with the Hospital's sprawling geography, the thought of 75 such trips gives him a pretty good working definition of a "3-pager."

The fact that Mrs. Thompson is a familiar and welcome figure everywhere in the Hospital is certainly due in part to her being on regular escort duty three days a week from 8:15 a.m. until 4 p.m. It may also be attributed to the fact that she is the wife of one of the Hospital's distinguished chiefs of surgery and has been a volunteer since 1941. A lady of many hats, Mrs. Thompson served for three years as chairman of the Volunteer Committee, as treasurer and chairman of the Ball of the Roses, as an active member of the Progress Fund and on theatre benefit committees. She also finds time to help her husband with his medical papers, to address envelopes and act as hostess for volunteer teas, run an apartment in town and a country house in Connecticut.

This versatility and hardihood may in part be accounted for by the fact that before coming to Roosevelt Mrs. Thompson spent six months with the Frontier Nursing Service. For three months at a time she travelled on horseback in the mountains of Kentucky serving as a volunteer courier. "Services," she recalls, "which included balancing a crate of baby chicks on my saddle horn."

The Thompsons have three children—Betsy, who has written a textbook on Africa soon to be published by Houghton Mifflin; Jimmy, who served for two years in the Marines, graduated from

Yale in June and was married in August; Jeffry, their youngest, a senior at Andover. In the years in which the children were growing up, Mrs. Thompson managed to contribute over 5800 hours of voluntary service to Roosevelt Hospital.

We quote the following from Perle Mesta's column in *McCall's Magazine*, October, 1964 issue, about Mrs. Edward Thaddeus Foote (old courier **Roberta** ["**Bosey**"] **Fulbright**):

Roberta ("Bosey") Fulbright Foote, whose wedding to Edward Thaddeus Foote last April was attended by President Johnson, is the daughter of Senator Fulbright of Arkansas. She's back again on a part-time job in the liaison section of the Latin American division of the Peace Corps; while her young Washington law-school-student husband combines his studies with a job as a reporter for the Washington Star. Bosey, a quietly effective, highly intelligent young woman, feels that while her father's service on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee may have had some bearing on her concern for American responsibilities in the world, it was not the deciding factor. "As a matter of fact," she said, with a twinkle, "he was much more likely to want to talk about golf when he came home from the office." She thinks that the vibrant Washington atmosphere is what gets to the younger generation who live here.

#### A WEDDING

Miss Georgia Atkins of Pittsford, New York, and Mr. John Buttrick were recently married and are living in Cambridge. We send our ardent good wishes to them for every happiness in their life together.

#### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Trenchard More, Jr. (Kitty Biddle) of Woodbridge, Connecticut, a girl, Elizabeth Temple More—their third child—on November 30, 1964.

Born to the Reverend and Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris) of Cupertino, California, a boy, Samuel Crump—their third son and fifth child—on December 16, 1964. He weighed in at seven pounds and twelve ounces. His mother wrote at Christmas:

"He is a fine boy. The children are ecstatic to have their 'Christmas Angel,' who should have been a Thanksgiving 'Turkey.'"

## MARGARET ADAMS' ACCIDENT

by

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

Nigh onto twenty years ago Mrs. Margaret Adams, who became our laundry woman at Wendover, needed work. She came many times seeking employment. The last of the many times she came, she planted herself on the steps of the Garden House, saying to Agnes Lewis: "I ain't moving until you give me work. I've got to get an education for my children." A washing job she acquired and her children their education. Margaret devoted many years of her useful life to washing Wendover clean.

Several years ago, when Margaret was in her 66th year, alas, on one Friday—not Friday the thirteenth either—the Fates had something else in store for Margaret. For several days leaden grey clouds had darkened the sky, sending forth snowflakes to cover the hills and valleys with a carpet of white. Icy winds blew and zero temperatures had turned the creeks and their branches into miniature skating rinks. However, on this Friday, of all Fridays, Old Sol shone forth from a sapphire sky. Even the trees seemed to nod in gratitude as he made every effort to entice the creeks to run and leap with laughter. "No, no," they seemed to reply. "Spring is not yet. We dare not cast off our winter cloak."

As Margaret, on her little horse, Bob, was riding home from Wendover amidst this winter picture, she somehow lost her balance and fell on her head. Margaret tells of the accident in her own words:

"When I first lit on that ice, I knowed my neck was broke. It rattled in my head like a piece of glass shatterin'. Next thing I remember clear was Bob whinnyin' over me and my shoe someway caught back under my dress. That horse never moved once after I fell. If he did I'd be dead.

"For a long while I couldn't think good, but I never was gone all the way, even when I first got dizzy and slid off his back . . . I knowed I had to get up or I was done for, so I tried my right hand and run onto Bob's hoof. Then I took hold of my teeth and chin with my left hand, so's I could keep that head straight, and began pullin' myself up with Bob's leg.



"It was nigh onto quarter mile back up that trail to home. But Bob understood I was hurt and stayed right by me while I walked. Four times the blackness began in my head and I almost was down. When it come though, I'd stop and lean on Bob and watch the snow whirlin' and the black trees . . .

"And, after a long while, we made it home, Bob and me. I always loved that horse, and I knowed he loved me too . . . My youngest boy rode down to our neighbors for their jeep, and they come right up the mountainside after me and took me down to Wendover. We picked up the district nurse, and then went on to the hospital at Hyden. I never once let loose of that chin, even when the nurse held my head steady with both her hands."

On arrival at the hospital Margaret said to me: "Miss Jany, my neck is broke." Broken neck, broken neck kept spinning about in my mind. Far, far away in the dark recesses of time I could almost hear the words of the judge in the hushed court room, as he said to the prisoner: "You shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead." For X-ray confirmed that these were the very bones in Margaret's neck that were broken.

Our Medical Director wanted Margaret to go to Lexington for care, but she firmly stated that she wished to stay in Hyden Hospital and be cared for by "the Little Beasley" (Dr. Beasley) and the nurses she knew so well. In a telephone conversation with the FNS consultant neuro-surgeon in Lexington, Dr. Beasley related the nature and circumstances of the accident, and the best method of treating the broken neck was discussed. With the help of Liz Palethorp, our Hospital Superintendent, Dr. Beasley got busy and put Margaret in her "gears" as she called them. Traction was needed and this was obtained by means of skull tongs with gallon jars filled with water for weights. While the doctor was drilling holes in her skull for the tongs, Margaret said: "Ain't no use gruntin'. Gruntin' can get to be an awful habit."

One week later it was necessary to take more X-rays of Margaret's neck to make sure that the bones were in the right position. We have neither an elevator nor an inside stairs for stretcher patients at our Hyden Hospital, so we had to wait till the weather was suitable since the outside stairs were the only way to reach the X-ray room, and would be dangerous in icy

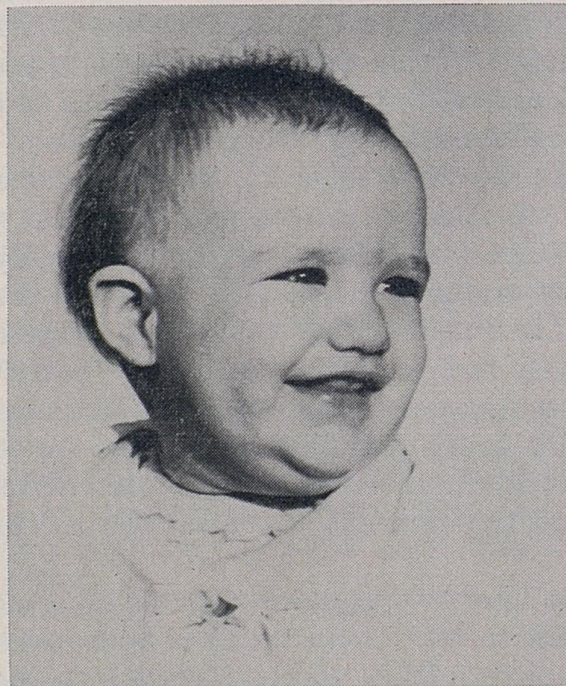
weather. Eight strong men were lined up to carry Margaret, and iron weights were borrowed from a local hardware store to be used for temporary traction in place of the glass jars which it was feared might shatter in transit. The X-rays showed that all was going well.

We have in our Medical Director a man of compassion, kindness, discernment and wisdom. His achievements are many because he is able, no matter what the task, to adapt himself to the existing circumstances and conditions. Margaret's case is a good illustration of this, for she made a complete recovery and after six weeks was able to return home.

I believe this quotation from Carlyle fits very well our Dr. Beasley:

"Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand!"

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ELIZABETH ANNE McALISTER

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George P. McAlister  
(Noel Smith, ex-staff)

## THE LAMP OF TRUTH

by

JOHN RUSKIN

### Foreword by Margaret M. Gage

The passage quoted after this foreword is from the sixth edition (1880) of John Ruskin's book, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture." It is the concluding paragraph of Chapter II, "The Lamp of Truth."

In this chapter Ruskin writes of the architectural dishonesty which crept into later Gothic buildings, undermining the noble integrity of early Gothic. This caused a fatal weakness from within so that later Gothic, "deprived of all unity and principle," was swept away in the torrent of the Renaissance.

He writes that a building should express to the beholder its true structure and the genuine quality of its materials. It should show truthfully the quantity and quality of the labor bestowed upon it.

Ruskin does not believe that the real mode of support in a building should ever be concealed, nor that merely pretended supports should be used for decorative purposes as with non-functional flying buttresses. He decries the painting of surfaces to represent another material as when wood is painted to look like marble. He feels strongly that the care and devotion of hand work in wood and stone should not be replaced by cast iron or machine made ornaments.

Everything in a building, and especially in a church, should reflect the integrity of the architect and the builders. There should be no tricks, no vanities to catch the eye such as stone carved to look flexible or fluid instead of firm. Since architecture deals in masses, line should not be substituted for mass but subordinated to it. The whole effect must strive to be true to the limitations of the art of architecture, giving the observer confidence that he is looking at and entering into a building that is not in any way trying to deceive him. It must express in beauty of form the truth of its structural design from the strong foundations to the smallest detail of decoration. Unhappily, in later Gothic, deterioration set in and gradually its early integrity was sapped and finally lost.

### Concluding Paragraph of "The Lamp of Truth"

"So fell the great dynasty of mediaeval architecture. It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws—because its order, and consistency, and organization, had been broken through—that it could oppose no resistance to the rush of overwhelming innovation. And this, observe, all because it had sacrificed a single truth. From that one surrender of its integrity, from that one endeavor to assume the semblance of what it was not, arose the multitudinous forms of disease and decrepitude, which rotted away the pillars of its supremacy. It was not because its time was come; it was not because it was scorned by the classical Romanist, or dreaded by the faithful Protestant. That scorn and that fear it might have survived, and lived; it would have stood forth in stern comparison with the enervated sensuality of the Renaissance; it would have risen in renewed and purified honor, and with a new soul, from the ashes into which it sank, giving up its glory, as it had received it, for the honor of God—but its own truth was gone, and it sank for ever. There was no wisdom nor strength left in it, to raise it from the dust; and the error of zeal, and the softness of luxury, smote it down and dissolved it away. It is good for us to remember this, as we tread upon the bare ground of its foundations, and stumble over its scattered stones. Those rent skeletons of pierced wall, through which our sea-winds moan and murmur, strewing them joint by joint, and bone by bone, along the bleak promontories on which the Pharos lights came once from house of prayer—those gray arches and quiet aisles under which the sheep of our valleys feed and rest on the turf that has buried their altars—those shapeless heaps, that are not of the Earth, which lift our fields into strange and sudden banks of flowers, and stay our mountain streams with stones that are not their own, have other thoughts to ask from us than those of mourning for the rage that despoiled, or the fear that forsook them. It was not the robber, not the fanatic, not the blasphemer, who sealed the destruction that they had wrought; the war, the wrath, the terror, might have worked their worst, and the strong walls would have risen, and the slight pillars would have started again, from under the hand of the destroyer. But they could not rise out of the ruins of their own violated truth."

## TARONDA

by

BETTY LESTER, R.N., S.C.M.

Assistant Director in Charge of Social Service

Taronda has left us and all of those who loved her miss the presence of a smiling, brave little girl. Three years ago last November, her mother brought the five-year-old child to Hyden Hospital clinic and Anna May January, with her marvelous gift of insight, looked at her and knew what was wrong. Subsequent laboratory tests proved her right—Taronda had that dread disease—leukemia.

Taronda was admitted to Cincinnati Children's Hospital and after some weeks of treatment we brought her home in a state of remission. Her parents were so good with her—she was allowed to go to school, to play, and to do all the things a normal child could do, provided she rested a good deal and took her medicine. Every four to six weeks we took her for check-ups in Cincinnati where she quickly made friends with the doctors and nurses. For two and a half years she spent a very happy life.

One day I brought Taronda and her mother to Wendover to have tea with Mrs. Breckinridge and she sat quietly drinking her milk, smiling that lovely smile of hers, but not talking. When she got home she told everybody all about it and what a good time she had. Once when she, her mother, father, and big sister were eating dinner, Taronda told a story which her mother did not think was very nice and told her so. "Well," she said, "there is nobody here but us" and smiling sweetly, with a naughty look in her eyes, went on with her meal.

Last summer she had a relapse and had to stay at Children's Hospital for treatment. Then she came home for a while, but in September she got worse again. Poor Taronda, it was the week before the Leslie County Fair and she had looked forward to it for weeks. She did so want to go to the Carnival and have a good time with her friends. But, brave little girl, she went back to the hospital without fussing. Her eyes filled with tears when she was put to bed and we left her.

She did not come home again and in November—three years after she was first treated—Taronda died. Her mother was with

her. For a while her parents were very unhappy but one night her father had a dream. He told his wife in the morning that he and Taronda were in a big room and he said, "Taronda, let's go." She smiled and said, "No, Daddy, I'm not going back." This helped both him and his wife to be happy too.

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### **TIME IS BUT THE STREAM . . .**

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in.  
I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy  
bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin  
current slides away, but eternity remains.  
I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose  
bottom is pebbly with stars.

—Thoreau, 1817-1862

This is taken from my girlhood journal  
of some sixty-four or sixty-five years  
ago, where I had copied it from the  
original.

—M. B.

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Bella Vaughn in Fremont, California—November, 1964**

Can it be that two weeks ago today I was in Hyden and you took me for the wonderful tour from Mary Breckinridge Park to tea at Wendover? Well, that most enjoyable visit to Wendover and Hyden was unexpected and maybe that is one reason I enjoyed it so much. I like such surprises. I was wishing there was something I could do, especially for FNS. When I got back to California the card reminding us that Christmas would soon be with us had arrived, and I have mailed a small donation to Mr. Dabney for the Christmas fund.

The grand climax of my visit was tea in the living room at Wendover. It was all so familiar, with Mrs. Breckinridge in her chair, while we all sat around visiting. Mr. Funny was the only one of his family there, just as independent as ever, although, like his human friends who have added years, he just does not get about as briskly as he did when he ran up the hill at the hospital.

. . . .

### **From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson (Pete) in Trujillo, Peru—November, 1964**

Eric (*her husband*) and I were just delighted to read in the Bulletin of your investiture into the Order of the British Empire. We think it marvelously appropriate that you of all people should be so recognized. Our congratulations! Eric was very duly impressed—even more so than this American (me) because he knows the tremendous significance of being included on the "New Year Honours List"! We're proud to know somebody so included.

You can see that Eric is now growing tomatoes farther from the States than ever before—this time in the desert. And yet we're not all that far from the FNS. I gather one ex-FNS nurse was on the S. S. HOPE on its first cruise; its second port-of-call was here in Trujillo, and we are getting to know the American personnel that is now carrying on the project here.

**From Pete's Father—December, 1964**

At present I am trying to keep abreast of the children as they prepare to fly to Peru to be with their parents in Trujillo. The children are doing well at school—both on the honor roll—and can hardly wait to get into that plane. Clara-Louise is recovering nicely from an appendectomy at which two of the doctors of the S. S. HOPE, then in Trujillo, assisted. A Halloween Party, at Pete's home, the second day after the operation, went on without the hostess and Eric declared it a success. All guests of the HOPE—doctors, their wives, and the nurses—repeated the party upon Pete's return home.

. . . . .

**From Elda M. Barry, in Topeka, Kansas—Christmas, 1964**

I was sent home by jet plane on early furlough because of a health condition, and I am advised not to return to India to work. This will be quite a change after over thirty-five years in Vrindaban.

I am grateful to have had a small part in helping prepare better Indian nurses to help meet the health needs over there. My best contribution was perhaps in the graduate school of midwifery in our hospital over there. After finishing the course at FNS in 1946, I returned and established our graduate school of midwifery in Vrindaban.

I hope to come to Hyden for a visit, perhaps in the spring-time. I haven't been back since student days, but I do read the Bulletin from cover to cover. Blessings on you this Christmastime.

. . . . .

**From Martha Lady in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia**

—Christmas, 1964

I won't be getting a special Christmas letter out this year because my plans were changed. I'm having a new experience—learning about a hospital as a patient. I had surgery a little more than a week ago. I'm feeling much much better and plan to leave the hospital tomorrow. It has been rather interesting comparing hospitals here and at home. . . .

I am very proud of little Peter who came in at two weeks of age weighing 3½ pounds. I fed him by tube but his weight



went down to 3 pounds 3 ounces and he seemed more dead than alive. He was tougher than he looked and finally started to gain and there was no stopping him. I was quite attached to the little guy by the time he went home. I'm planning to follow him for a while.

. . . . .

**From Emily Campbell in Middleton, Wisconsin—Christmas 1964**

I am extremely enthusiastic about my job here—have been given enough freedom to hang myself, but let's hope I produce something instead. Besides my teaching responsibilities, I have one 40 bed unit (soon to be two 40 bed units) and in essence I will be defining the responsibilities of a "patient care" supervisor (vs. the administrative kind) and will be setting up these units as demonstration units of high level nursing care. There are many, many problems—it's hard to know where to begin—but the higher levels of administration have been wonderfully understanding and supportative. I really couldn't ask for more from them. I guess the next is up to me and sometimes I get overwhelmed! Think of you all often and wonder how things are going for you.

. . . . .

**From Zelda Pierson in Haiti—Christmas, 1964**

The poinsettias are very beautiful this year. They are nothing like the potted ones you see in the States. These grow like a tree and have huge blooms.

I have learned to ride my Tote Gate (rugged scooter) very well now, and I am also teaching myself mechanics. For extra curricular activities I raise ducks, English chickens, a polly parrot, have a dog, cat, and tame rabbits. I also have many flowers, banana plants, pineapple, coconut trees, and other fruit trees.

. . . . .

**From Primrose Edwards Bowling in Hazard, Kentucky**

—December 20, 1964

Charles and I went for our check-up last week and all was well, Charles having gained to 8 pounds 15 ounces. I want to take this opportunity to express both Bob's and my own very sincere thanks for the care shown to Charles and myself at

Hyden. I really feel that Charles would not have survived the ordeal of the hyaline membrane disease he had at birth had he not been given the wonderful attention, love and care he received from the staff at Hyden Hospital. We will always be deeply grateful to them.

We all had a lovely holiday in England. My parents were delighted with their grandsons. Steven thought my uncles were his grandfathers too, which quite amused them. It was certainly an experience to travel by jet. Steven thought we were on a rocket, probably hoping to go to the moon. The boys enjoyed visiting the old castles. I think they had thought they only existed in fairy tales. Robert found English teatime very nice—he ate enormous quantities of the thin bread and butter and fancy cakes. Dad never ceased to be amazed at their appetites, and he called them my little army.

. . . . .

**From Judy Pridie in Bristol, England—December, 1964**

I was very upset to hear about Jinny. I am so thankful I met her; she was a great character and I learned quite a bit from her. She will be a great loss to the FNS.

As for my news, the wedding is to be the 19th of December, not long now. We brought the date forward so that all my brothers would be home for it. I am getting very excited now, rushing around getting last minute things together, and getting packed up. We are going to be very busy as Bernard has just bought 30 calves to bucket-feed!

I wonder how dear Mrs. Breckinridge is keeping. Please give her my love. I often think of you, especially when showing my coloured slides of Kentucky. I find people are very interested in them.

I had a lovely long letter from Bonnie Whitman who was staying in Germany. The letter was full of news about the people out at Wolf Creek. It was great to hear it all.

My new address will be: Mrs. Bernard Halse, Gilclose, Bury, Dulverton, Somerset.

. . . . .

**From Doris Reid in Burt Lake, Michigan—December, 1964**

This year saw the fulfillment of a dream my twin and I had had for some time—a trip to Alaska. It was a quick and short

look, but one I shall never forget. Kate Warner, Julia Saigeon, and Dorothy and I drove Dorothy's camper from Richland, Washington, north into British Columbia, the Yukon Territory, and Alaska and back. Some days were long, some roads were rough. However, the trip was well worth it all. I hope you, too, can see our other State.

May your Holiday Season be happy and may God bless you all with a Healthy and Happy New Year.

. . . .

**From Frances Crawford in Farmington, Missouri**

—December, 1964

Once again I am sending season's greetings to you from Missouri. I arrived home on furlough in time for Thanksgiving with my family. I am thankful for the opportunities of the past two years in Nigeria. Because I was there to "relieve" and "help out where I was needed most," my assignments were varied. I worked in three of the five Baptist hospitals we have in Nigeria—doing some midwifery, supervision, work in the Pharmacy, and teaching in our Baptist School of Nursing. There was also opportunity to help in some well-baby clinics and maternity clinics, as well as various organizations in the local churches.

. . . .

**From Minnie Meeke in Northern Ireland—Christmas, 1964**

It's nearing the Festive Season and my thoughts go out to the mothers and babies in the Kentucky Hills. I hope they will get lots of toys and candy. Thanks for the Bulletins. The Summer 1964 one was superlative. The Investiture of Helen E. Browne was wonderful. Congratulations to Brownie and Betty Lester on obtaining recognition for their valuable services through the years to the FNS. The midwifery report was also wonderful: No maternal death and three deliveries of twins. I trust by now that you have got an assistant for Br. Beasley.

. . . .

**From Jerry White Byrne in Knoxville, Tennessee**

—December 17, 1964

We trust this past year has been a good one for you and all those working with you. Certainly, we cannot complain. Our

girls are growing with the customary rapidity of their years, eleven and twelve, and both have been doing a fair amount of horseback riding. They really love it. Laurie's our basketball star, both swim, and studies are getting their fair share of time.

We hope to have the cabin finished by Christmas. It's authentic all right, and my Scouts have already put in a bid for over nights.

. . . . .

**From Joy Broomfield in Cyprus—December, 1964**

My year has been very interesting. I am working as a health visitor to British Service families here in Cyprus. I have been to a lot of places in a short time—to Tripoli, Jerusalem, to Lebanon, and to Damascus in Syria, and to see the pyramids in Egypt—all very enjoyable. Next year I hope to see the Greek Islands but must wait and see.

. . . . .

**From Peggy Brown Elrington in Santa Fe, New Mexico**

—Christmas, 1964

Recently we moved to live "on campus" of the new branch of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, which was dedicated here on October 10. Bill (*her husband*) has been asked to be counsellor to the young men, in whom he is very much interested. We just have the freshmen this year. Bill is also teaching second-year Latin in a private school, so he is a busy man these days.

All the best to you in 1965.

. . . . .

**From Polly Merritt in Omaha, Nebraska—Christmas, 1964**

Blessed Season's Greetings to you all. Especially at this time of year I think of the FNS and all it has meant to me. I know that you all are still carrying on the work that I was privileged to be a part of those twenty months.

This is my second and last year at Grace Bible Institute. As it looks now, I will be going to a mission field but I don't know where yet. Along with my school classes and studies, I'm working week ends at a hospital near-by, in labor and delivery, but, of course, it is quite different from nurse-midwifery.

**From May Green in Devon, England—December, 1964**

Your letter arrived before I went to St. James Palace. The day before I went I had four incontinent patients to attend to and I thought to myself, "this is reality, and when I arrive at St. James Palace it will be like fairy land"—and it was. It was a thrill to be in the Palace and to meet old colleagues. After the presentation we had tea and I was one that was taken to sit with the Duchess. I spoke of work in the FNS, in which she showed interest.

When I left the Palace, my sister and I went to Dunny's (*Doris Dunstan*) flat in Chelsea where she had invited us to dinner, and a very nice evening we had in her delightful home. The next day I went to Peggy Tinline McQueen and spent the night with her. Dear Peggy has been very unwell with hypertension. I had hoped to see Betty Lester's sister while at Peggy's but the rain and fog made it impossible for her to visit. Please give my love and greetings to dear Mrs. Breckinridge and all the many FNS friends. I trust Mrs. Breckinridge is making steady progress. It would be wonderful if I could manage to visit you all, but one cannot make any definite plans. Anyway, here's hoping.

My thoughts are with you all and with all the Christmas cheer being sent to all the centers. I expect it gets to the centers very much quicker these days! Happy Christmas to you all and every blessing with the coming year.

. . . . .

**From Mary Nell Harper in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia**

—December, 1964

At this station I have very little midwifery to do. We do have a prenatal clinic but the attendance really fluctuates. Recently, almost every prenatal day we have had to do surgery and so the ones who did come didn't get the kind of service I would have liked them to have. The last delivery I had was some weeks ago. It was her first baby and she did really well. She was the second wife and the first wife looked on during the proceedings, nursing alternately her six-month-old twin girls. Twelve hours after delivery the new mother asked to go home and no amount of persuasion could change her mind. So out she walked, with another woman carrying the baby. I heard she had an

hour and a half to walk. And I also heard that she and the baby are doing well.

For a few days I am alone as the doctor was called away for a court case in the province capitol. This is the dry season and clinics have been up to 150 so there is lots to do. If we just had the time we could do a lot of Public Health work. I am sure if we could teach more we would have lots less disease. Yaws and all its deformities has been a terrible scourge here in the past. One fellow is away just now getting plastic surgery on his face. More could have the same with profit.

. . . . .

**From Arlene Schuiteman in Iowa City, Iowa—January, 1965**

I have completed one semester of work at the University of Iowa where I am taking two years of advanced training to prepare for teaching nursing to nationals overseas. The adjustment to university life has not been as difficult as I was anticipating; but it is a strenuous life. The immediate future seems to be laid out for me in the form of semester hours of work, but the work has been a stimulating and enriching experience. The Board of World Missions has encouraged mission representatives in Ethiopia to obtain permission for me to work there. Very recent word is that they are waiting for the right time to approach authorities concerning this.

Life at the University seems like a long way removed from life along the Sobat River in the Sudan. News from that far away place has reached me from time to time. Until late October, the news consisted of floods, starvings, imprisonments, tortures and deaths. Fighting continued between Northern Arab government forces and the large group of Southern Sudanese "rebels" who were hoping to force the government to federalize their country, thus giving the South more local self-rule.

I used the topic **Professional Nurse-Midwives** for an argumentative speech recently and convinced audience and professor!

. . . . .

**From Susan McKee in Broxburn, Scotland—February, 1965**

I've passed my Part II exam and am now a State Certified Midwife. I am supposed to be sailing home March 19, but I got a letter today saying the vessel I'll be on is strikebound in New

York! Assuming I do get home at the end of March, my father wants me to stay home for a couple of months, and then, if possible, I would like to work at Hyden Hospital as a staff nurse, starting in June.

I'm leaving here February 28, for Dublin for two weeks. Then I go to London to see friends and I'll probably stop in to see Matron Hawkins at BHMB. Then I'll make my way slowly down to Bristol and just "hope that my ship comes in"!

. . . .

**From Katherine Vandergriff in Trujillo, Peru—February, 1965**

Everything has been new and interesting this month. I look one way and see the sun set on the ocean, the other way I see these fantastic mountains. I have seen Pete Johnson three times now, but haven't had time to talk much with her. The weather is magnificent! We have many fiestas, and enjoy getting together with our Peruvian friends. The food is good, but very fattening. I live with a family consisting of two sisters and two brothers.

I see all kinds of families—very wealthy and very poor. Poverty seems to be the same wherever you are, but in the "barriatas" (slums), you see so much more in a concentrated area. The barriatas on the outskirts of Lima are the most shocking sight I have ever seen.

I am Advisor to the Director of the Proposed University School of Nursing but there is no Director yet so the Dean of the Medical School has me advising him. He will present plans to the Dean of the University. The University will then appoint a professor in the Medical School as Director of the Nursing School and I will be Advisor to this person. We have no nursing faculty and I have to prepare one. Our hospital is the best one around but there are not enough graduate nurses and auxiliaries give most of the nursing care. Linen is quite a problem and one thermometer is all we have on Pediatrics at the present. All in all these auxiliaries do quite well. They were trained on the HOPE when it was here.

. . . .

**From Marian Adams Frederick in Reading, Pennsylvania**

—February, 1965

Elizabeth (*her daughter*) loves the snow and enjoys sleigh riding. She looks so cute in her S.O.S. box, which is tied to the

sled. She is so teensie that only her head shows above the top. She has been walking for a month and her abilities have expanded to chair climbing and drawer opening, and running away post haste with things she should not have in her hands! How busy little beings can be; each awakening day is a new and glorious adventure.

Our sheep have done quite well this lambing season. Eight ewes have lambed so far, giving us fifteen lambs. In March there are three yearlings due, and two of them may give us twins. Both my husband and I derive a great deal of pleasure from working with the sheep. Please give our greetings to all.

### Newsy Bits

**Grace Frauens** writes that she is now administrative assistant to the chaplain at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania.

**Clara Sparks** is on furlough and is traveling around, speaking about her work in Burundi, Africa.

**Ruby Day** is in the mission field with the Sudan Interior Mission. Her mother writes that Ruby is at present studying language after which she expects to be working in a leprosarium, near Kano.

**Lorraine Lundeen** is home on a year's furlough, after being evacuated from the Congo last September.

**Martha Tempel** is doing public health nursing with the Mental Hygiene Clinic in Hastings, Nebraska.

**Jody LeVahn** writes: "I am spending this furlough taking a course in anesthesia. It is a little difficult to stay at the head end of the patient. I much prefer my part in OB, in Kentucky. I know that Jewell Olson is safely across the Congo border, but have not heard from her recently."

**Betty Hillman** writes from England that she is planning a visit to the FNS in April.

**Betty Palethorp**, who is home on holiday, writes that she has visited several old staff members: **Brigit Sutcliffe** and **Rosemary Radcliffe** at Rosemary's home in Iron Acton, and **Jo-Anne**



**Hunt Rossiter** in Bath; and hopes to see **Sarah Swindells Mills** and her new baby before returning to Kentucky in March.

### Weddings

**Miss Judith Joanna Pridie** and Mr. Bernard Halse in Bristol, England, on December 19, 1964. (See her letter in this column.)

**Miss Janet Carolyn Priebe** and Mr. Lawrence Mirtschin of Ropeley, Australia, on January 16, 1965, in Amapyaka, Western Highlands, New Guinea.

We send many good wishes to these young people for many happy years together.

### New Baby

To Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bane (**Bobbie Hunt**) of Rochester, New York, on November 4, 1964, a son named Troy Bradley and his birth weight was 6¼ pounds.

We send our heartiest congratulations to **May V. Green** who was presented her Long Term Service badge of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, by the Duchess of Gloucester at St. James' Palace on November 12, 1964.

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### READERS' MOTORING TALES—130

Driving inland from Aberdeen, I found it difficult to pass a car that was zigzagging across the road. When eventually I squeezed by, I stopped and asked the driver if he was drunk. 'I certainly am not,' he retorted. 'If you must know, I farm the fields on either side of this road and I'm inspecting my crops.'—**G. E. Lanning**

—*The Countryman*, Summer 1964, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

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## A LETTER FROM ALASKA

Written by Elihu Afton Garrison, a member of the FNS Beech Fork Committee, to James Mosley of Hyden, Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Garrison are in Alaska on a teaching assignment.

Dear James:

. . . We have been here for about four months now. We are enjoying our work here with the Eskimos. We saw our first Eskimo dance New Year's Eve. It surely is fun to watch them. They do a very primitive dance, just as they did hundreds and hundreds of years ago. We also had a wonderful Christmas. These people surely are nice people to work with. They used the school as a place for their Christmas gift exchange. They had boxes and boxes of gifts. It took one and one-half hours for them to exchange their gifts. Eunice and I received about \$75.00 worth of gifts from the Eskimos; most of them were ivory carvings. Eunice received a beautiful ivory bracelet and an ivory pen made in the form of a walrus. These people are expert carvers. Their ivory comes from the walrus tusks.

The main game we have here is the walrus and several kinds of seals, all sea animals and millions of birds (ducks, cormorants and many other types of water fowl). Plenty times we see flocks of ducks of over a thousand in one flock. The only land animals we have are the white fox and the ground squirrel.

I have killed one seal since I came up here. I have not gone out walrus hunting yet. They are hunted from boats. They are big critters weighing one-half ton or more.

Our principal and some of the natives went hunting Saturday and they wounded a big bull walrus. They went in to harpoon him and he met them with a slashing cut with his two- to three-foot ivory tusks ripping two big holes in their boat. So they had to run for their lives. The bull started to make another charge but one of the crew shot it several times in the face with a .243 high-powered rifle. Before it made its first charge it had been shot four times with a .270, several times with the .243 and a .222 and three or four times with a .30-06; so you see it takes something to stop one of them. It died and sank while they were getting help from another boat.

These boats are about 20 to 30 feet long, made of a hickory

frame covered with walrus skin. These boats are much more seaworthy than our aluminum boats.

We are in sight of Siberia, Russia. It is only about 35 miles away. This Bering Sea surely is a cold looking place now with ice just about as far as you can see.

You surely would enjoy being here during the summer. You could find plenty of relics of many kinds. Most of the tools of the primitive Eskimo were made of ivory. Now they use modern tools. I plan on hunting a lot of old relics this summer.

I thought you might like to have at least one primitive Eskimo tool to put with your Indian relics, so I am sending you a seal harpoon head made of ivory. This one is several hundreds or possibly thousands of years old. It was originally white. It darkens with age. This one is most likely well over a thousand years old.

A walrus skin rope is tied in the hole in the middle of the harpoon head. A thin piece of leather is run through the little slot and tied tight around the head. Then this head is slipped on the head of the harpoon shaft. The harpooner would hold the rope in one hand and the harpoon in the other. He would harpoon the seal and the shaft would slip back out of the harpoon head leaving it in the seal. When the rope was pulled the head would turn crosswise under the seal's skin, making it impossible for him to get away.

—Printed in *The Thousandsticks*, January 21, 1965  
and reprinted here with the kind permission  
of the editor.

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### BOAT NECKLACE

A little boy came down to the docks with his parents to greet his big brother who was returning from overseas duty. In the confusion, the parents couldn't see their favorite soldier but somehow the youngster managed to pick him out.

"There he is," the boy shouted, pointing up at the big transport.

"Where?" demanded his father.

The youngster pointed to a porthole in the ship. "Up there," he said, "with the boat around his neck!"

—*Modern Maturity*, December-January 1964-65

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The annual meeting of the trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year on Tuesday, June 8 at the Spindletop Hall near Lexington, Kentucky. The chairman of the Blue Grass Committee, which is a large one, is Mrs. F. H. Wright of Lexington who is also a vice-chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees. This meeting will celebrate our forty years of continuous work, which began in 1925. Elsewhere in this Bulletin there will be a brief special story about this.

Our Associate Director, Helen E. Browne, was in the East from January 19 to February 5 meeting important engagements on behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service. The best way to know about these is to let her tell of them in her own words. Here follows what she has written for this Bulletin:

### Brownie's Narrative

#### **New York:**

In the fall of last year, I was asked if I would appear on the "To Tell the Truth" program on television. I agreed to do this if it could be arranged while I was in New York in January. Our usual inclement January weather made it necessary for me to go the 125 miles to Lexington by jeep, and from there to take the train for New York, arriving on the afternoon of January 20. The TV program involved two mornings at the studio and the program was shown on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 27. The panel was too clever and all four members guessed that it was I who was telling the truth!

Vanda Summers had invited me for a long week end in Milford, Pennsylvania. Here I had a welcome rest in preparation for the following week. On Tuesday, January 26 I was the speaker at the weekly Members' Luncheon at the Cosmopolitan Club. Our courier, Pebble Stone, introduced me and I much enjoyed telling my fellow members about the FNS and answering their questions. On Wednesday I had the pleasure of dining with Miss Evelyn Peck, Director of the School of Nursing at St. Luke's Hospital, and her assistant, Miss Jane Lowther. It was a special

privilege for me to talk with the nursing students of the School from which Mrs. Breckinridge graduated in 1910. After dinner I spoke to an enthusiastic group of student nurses and enjoyed chatting with them later over coffee and cake. I then went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Alexander where I met Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, our National Chairman. We had a very pleasant evening and Marvin and I returned to the Club together. On Thursday I went to the Roosevelt Hospital to meet our courier, Jane Leigh Powell, who is in charge of the Research Laboratory and the heart pump for the hospital. Her laboratory is in the new wing of the hospital which was recently opened for patients. Leigh gave me a good tour of her department and it was a pleasure to see the well designed quarters and the good care given the animals.

In the evening Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, our New York Chairman, gave a lovely supper party to which she had invited members of the FNS New York Committee and their husbands. On Friday morning, I spoke to the girls of the Upper School of the Chapin School, during their assembly period. They were an interested and enthusiastic group and enjoyed seeing the slides of Kentucky. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Charles G. Berendsen, Headmistress of the School, and members of her faculty after my talk. On Saturday morning Pebble Stone and I drove to East Islip on Long Island where we had lunch with Mrs. H. B. Hollins, mother of our beloved old courier, Jean. In the afternoon we drove to Pebble's home at Lawrence where I spent the night. We lunched early on Sunday so we could get to town in time for the Memorial Service for Sir Winston Churchill in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. We picked up Gladys Peacock on the way. It was a thrilling service, climaxed by the national anthems of Sir Winston's two countries. Peacock and I went for dinner to the apartment she shares with Anne Winslow.

Monday, February 1, was the day of the annual meeting of the FNS in New York, which was held in the afternoon at the Cosmopolitan Club. Our Princeton Chairman, Mrs. Clayton Morris Hall, came to town early to have lunch with me as she was unable to stay for the meeting. We had a profitable time talking over her plans for a Princeton meeting in the spring. Members and friends gathered in good time for the New York

meeting. It is always fun to greet couriers and nurses and old friends who come to these meetings. Mrs. Horn opened the meeting by asking Mrs. Clarence J. Shearn, FNS Chairman of the Bargain Box, to present me with a nice fat check. The Bargain Box is the big project of our New York Committee. Details of this project may be found in this Bulletin on the page entitled "White Elephant." The members of the New York Committee were very pleased to have received recently a shipment of good English furniture which will be sold for the benefit of the FNS. I spoke to the group and showed slides, after which everyone enjoyed a delicious tea. A little later Mrs. Horn and old friends of the FNS gathered in the lounge of the Club to drink a toast to Mrs. Breckinridge. Marion Shouse Lewis, Vanda Summers, and I had dinner together before they had to leave for their homes in Pennsylvania.

#### **Philadelphia:**

Tuesday morning, February 2, I took the train to Philadelphia where our courier Fanny McIlvain met me and drove me to her home in Devon where I was warmly greeted by her mother, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, a former Philadelphia Chairman. The FNS Committee in Philadelphia had appointed Mrs. J. Jay Hodupp and Mrs. Ernest R. vonStark to head a committee for this year's benefit which was a party with a Chinese Auction. It was held at the Acorn Club in Philadelphia the day I arrived. Mrs. McIlvain, Fanny, and I went to the Club early so that I might have a visit with Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, our Philadelphia Chairman. We enjoyed a welcome cup of tea together while she told me of the good shipments which she has collected at her house and had her chauffeur transport to the Bargain Box in New York. The party was a great success and everyone had lots of fun at the auction which was conducted by Mr. Thomas F. Bright, husband of our committee member. I had the pleasure of meeting many delightful people, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Tull. He is the British Consul-General in Philadelphia. Four members of the New York Committee came by train for the party. They were Mrs. Horn, Mrs. Samuel Ordway, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, and our courier Pebble Stone. They all had such a good time they hope Philadelphia will invite them again.

After the party, Fanny's brother Gibson, and his wife Beatrice, took Fanny and me to dine with friends at the Racquet Club—a delightful ending to the day. The next two days were pure pleasure for me. Fanny and I, and her sister-in-law, Bea, spent an interesting time visiting Old Philadelphia and seeing the work that is being done to preserve the beautiful old buildings and the gardens surrounding them. We had a nice visit one evening with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Prewitt at their lovely home in Wayne. On February 5, I took the train to Lexington where Peggy Elmore met me and we drove to Hyden, arriving in time for the graduation of the Forty-eighth Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

I do want to take this opportunity to thank all those who showed me so many kindnesses on this winter's trip, and especially for the hard work done for the FNS by so many.

. . . . .

Doctor Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati, great radiologist, is planning his retirement. We take this occasion to thank him, from the depths of our hearts, for over thirty years of voluntary service to the Frontier Nursing Service. He has read and advised us on many difficult X-ray films that our medical directors sent to him, and always as a volunteer service. God bless you, Doctor Reineke, and give you every happiness.

. . . . .

We are delighted to tell our readers that special advice and assistance will be given us by Doctor Harold D. Rosenbaum and his Department of Radiology at the University of Kentucky Medical School. It is wonderful to have such friends.

. . . . .

Mrs. Robert A. Kimbrough, who has been a most valued member of our Chicago Committee, gives this brief report on two Frontier Nursing Service speaking engagements she carried in December:

"Just a quick note to report that in spite of a blizzard the Society of Daughters of Colonial Wars had their meeting December 8, and were a most warm and receptive group for FNS. Two women even drove in from Iowa!

"December 17th was a terribly cold day, but the women of St. Paul's Community Church, Homewood, Illinois, were undaunted. And again great interest in hearing about FNS. Many interested and interesting questions were asked."

Doctor Arthur A. Shawkey of Charleston, West Virginia, an old member of our National Medical Council, has just written us as follows:

"I had a pleasant occasion last evening, which I think you may enjoy hearing about.

"My daughter-in-law had a meeting of Alpha Omicron Pi members and councillors, for the evening, so others of the family dined out at the Family Night Dinner at the church. Coming home I came in back way from the carport, up the back stairs to my room. When just ready for bed, Sue came up,—'Would I go downstairs and tell the group about FNS?'

"Of course I would, and in pajamas and house robe. No time for thought or preparation, but armed with a bunch of Bulletins, . . . I went down. I gave them information, answered questions, and believe it well worth-while—in the interest of FNS . . ."

. . . .

On Thursday, December 3, Helen Browne spoke and showed slides to a joint meeting of the members of the Franklin County Medical Society and their wives at the Frankfort Country Club. The meeting was preceded by dinner and the host of the evening was Dr. Richard B. Holt, Assistant Commissioner of Health.

. . . .

Mrs. Willard Bowling (old staff Virginia Frederick) will show slides and speak on the FNS to the West Side Woman's Club in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on March 1, 1965.

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#### A Personal Note

This column, which I have edited for so many years, is being written on my 84th birthday. So many of you, our readers, ask me for news of myself that I am going to end on a personal note. My eyes have been failing for some time, in spite of the best medical eye doctor care, so that I can no longer read your letters or the newspapers. My wonderful associates read my mail aloud to me and I get a lot of news over my radio. I am no longer able to make trips to outside cities to meet and talk with all of you personally, and this is a great deprivation. My mountain committees have been so dear as to come to Wendover to an evening dinner and hold their annual meetings here with me.

As to my general health, it isn't too bad. In the Summer Bulletin of 1963, under "Before We Step into the Wings," I wrote about my operation in Lexington by a famous urologist for the removal of three malignant tumors from the bladder. I have

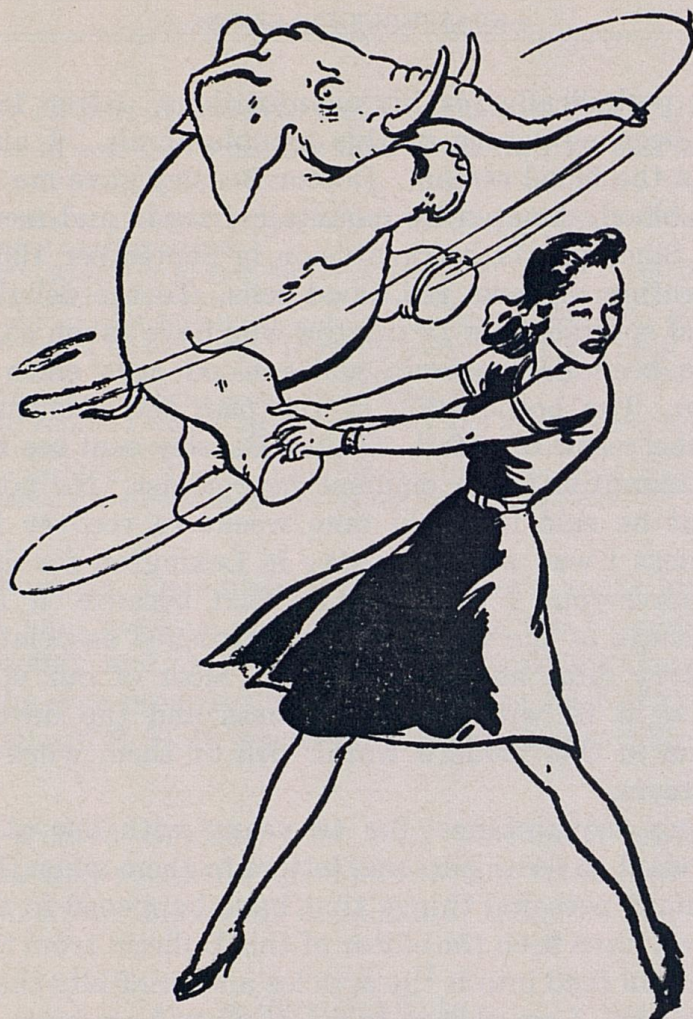


gone back periodically for his examinations. After 18 months there has been no return of this trouble at all. I also had a leukemia in the blood stream. Doctor Beasley gave me 14 transfusions of blood, donated by mountain friends and members of our staff. Since the 14th transfusion in September 1964 I have been generating my own red blood cells. To the delight of the fine medical specialists in Lexington who have taken care of me, there have been no leukemia white blood cells since the last transfusion. The botheration of the past few months for me has been the result of a fall. Doctor Beasley sent me by ambulance to Lexington to an eminent neurologist. No bones were broken, but he said it would take weeks to recover from the sprains unless I was willing to stay in Lexington for diathermy and what-have-you. I could not do that because, if I did not carry my share of the work, my overburdened associates would have to carry mine as well as theirs. Most of our staff work overtime, as it is, with the selflessness and the devotion not always seen in this modern world. All of them work as part-time volunteers.

My long acquaintance, for 40 years, with our old friends makes me want to write personal letters to them when they write us of poignant personal things that have happened in their own lives. Since I have been the editor of this Bulletin from the beginning, I can still feed into it the articles and brief bits that I know our readers like. I am always happiest when I am busy. Idleness has never agreed with me. So, add your gratitude to that of this old nurse that my days of usefulness are not yet quite ended. Affectionately, your truly old friend.

*Mary Breckinridge*

## 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 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 28, New York

## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
PEGGY ELMORE

We are most grateful to Dr. Ben Eiseman, Chairman and Professor of the Department of Surgery, University of Kentucky, for again coming to our aid when Dr. Beasley had to be away in January. Dr. Kent Trinkle, a surgical resident, came to Hyden during Dr. Beasley's absence, and we do appreciate all of his hard work.

. . . . .

On February 17, Mrs. Breckinridge celebrated her 84th birthday by allowing the men to take her out in a wheelchair to see her pets—the geese and the cat. Later in the afternoon a number of Hyden friends dropped in to wish her a Happy Birthday.

. . . . .

The Graduation Service for the 48th Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was held in St. Christopher's Chapel on Saturday, February 6, 1965, with Miss Mary Simmers, Hyden Hospital Midwifery Supervisor, as the guest speaker. A delicious tea, honoring the seven graduates, was held at Mardi Cottage following the service. We are delighted that four of the nurse-midwives are remaining on the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service—Gayle Lankford, Patricia Moseley, Nancy Sandberg, and Rachel Schildroth. Daphne Dunger left as soon as the class was over to return to her home in South Dakota, but Alice Campbell and Annie Voigt, both awaiting overseas assignment, stayed on at the hospital to help during the period between classes.

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The 49th Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on February 16, with seven students. Marilyn Houser, Phyllis Long, Edith Powers, and Lynne Shade have been on the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service for several months. The other three students—Mary Bliffen, Grayson, Kentucky; Ruth Hunter, Hamilton, Ontario; and Eileen Stark, Brainerd, Minnesota, are all on furlough from the mission field. Mary has been in Southern Rhodesia, Ruth in Nigeria, and Eileen in Brazil, and

all of them have known or worked with nurse-midwives who took their midwifery training here in Kentucky.

This class will be the first to enjoy the addition to Mardi Cottage which was finished just a few days before the new students arrived. The new bedrooms and bath upstairs are lovely.

. . . . .

It is with pleasure that we welcome a number of new people to the Frontier Nursing Service staff. At Wendover, Gail Shell is helping in the Post Office, Nancy Stidham is with Christine Morgan in the Record Department, and Agnes Lewis has Rose Mary Viars as her secretary. Dorothy Mauger, Alton, Illinois; Dorothy J. Snell, Middletown, New York; Carolyn Coolidge, Amston, Connecticut; Katherine Elliott, Glendale, New York; and Maria Sullivan, Fall River, Massachusetts, have all joined the nursing staff at Hyden Hospital. Also at the hospital, in the offices, are Wanda Keen and Anne Lawson.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Leslie Cundle when she had to return to her home in England in late December. We were also sorry to see Ruth Fischer leave us in January but she had the best reason in the world—she was being married!

. . . . .

The Courier Service has been very well staffed this winter. Kate Ireland had the help of Helen Omberg until mid-December. Jan Craig had to go home for Christmas but she rushed right back on the 27th so that we would not be too long without a courier at Wendover. Two students from Bennington College, Lydia Allen of Wiscasset, Maine, and Ellen Stark, Denver, Colorado, spent their non-resident term with the FNS and were here during January and February. Rebecca Cummings of Weston, Massachusetts, arrived on February 15, and she will be on hand to help break in the new junior couriers who will arrive around the first of March.

. . . . .

During the past three months various members of the staff have had the pleasure of entertaining members of their families and friends at Hyden, Wendover, and the outpost nursing centers. Among these, whom we all enjoyed, were Mrs. S. T. Beasley and Mrs. W. F. Omberg of Memphis, Tennessee, who spent the Christ-

mas holidays with Dr. and Mrs. Beasley and the children. Old courier Ricky Vanderwaart was at Wendover for a few days during her Christmas vacation and Grace Reeder of the old staff turned up on Christmas Eve, accompanied by half the apples from the State of Virginia!

Our only guests from overseas were Miss Margaret Illing, a public health tutor from the Royal College of Nursing in London, and Miss Jaqueline Demaurex, principal of a school of nursing in Geneva. Both of these nurses are spending this year at the School of Public Health at the University of North Carolina and came to see a bit of the FNS during their Thanksgiving vacation. Dr. M. A. Carnes of the University of Kentucky Medical Center has been several times to lecture to the nursing staff, and he brought Mrs. Carnes with him on his last visit. Mr. Hasty W. Riddle, Executive Secretary of the Kentucky Hospital Association, and Mrs. Riddle were welcome December guests. The Rev. William Burns, Rector of Christ Church, Harlan, has managed to cross Pine Mountain several times this winter to hold Communion Services in St. Christopher's Chapel.

Judith Adams, a senior student at the School of Nursing at Hartwick College, Oneonta, New York, spent two weeks in December observing the work of the Frontier Nursing Service for a special school project. In January, Martha Walden and Donna Kolberg, from the School of Nursing at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, were also with us for two weeks of observation. Wendy Schroeder of Louisville, Kentucky, a nursing student at the Kentucky Baptist Hospital, gave us three weeks volunteer work in February, during her school vacation.

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### VICE VERSA AND TERRA COTTA

A lady told us that she, with other tourists and a guide, was visiting a cave in New England. When they came out she overheard one lady say with satisfaction: "It is nice to be back on vice versa."

. . . . .

And then there was the seasick steamship passenger of years ago who finally landed on shore. He said: "It is good to be back on terra cotta."

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.****EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

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Miss Joan Fenton, R.N., B.S., C.M.; Miss Ann Russell, R.N., B.S., S.C.M.

## Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Evacuated April 1, 1960

## Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

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## Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

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## Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

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## Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Hettie Lake, R.N., C.M.; Miss Susan Kallal, R.N.

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.

. . . . .

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, or by freight or express to Hazard, Kentucky.

Gifts of money should be made payable to

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,**

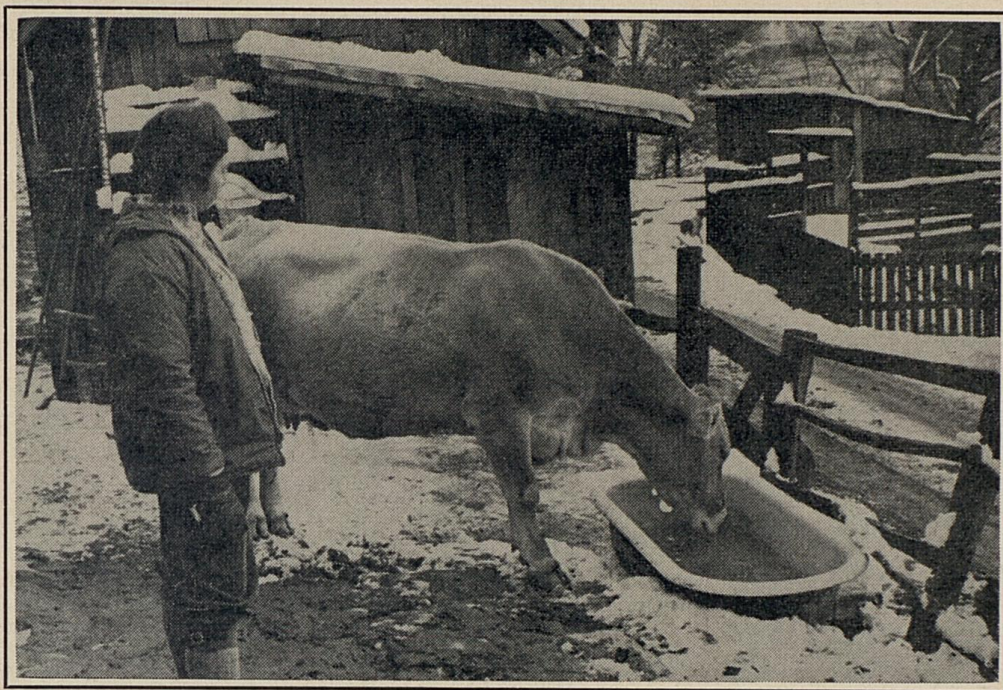
and sent to the treasurer

**MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY**

Security Trust Company Building

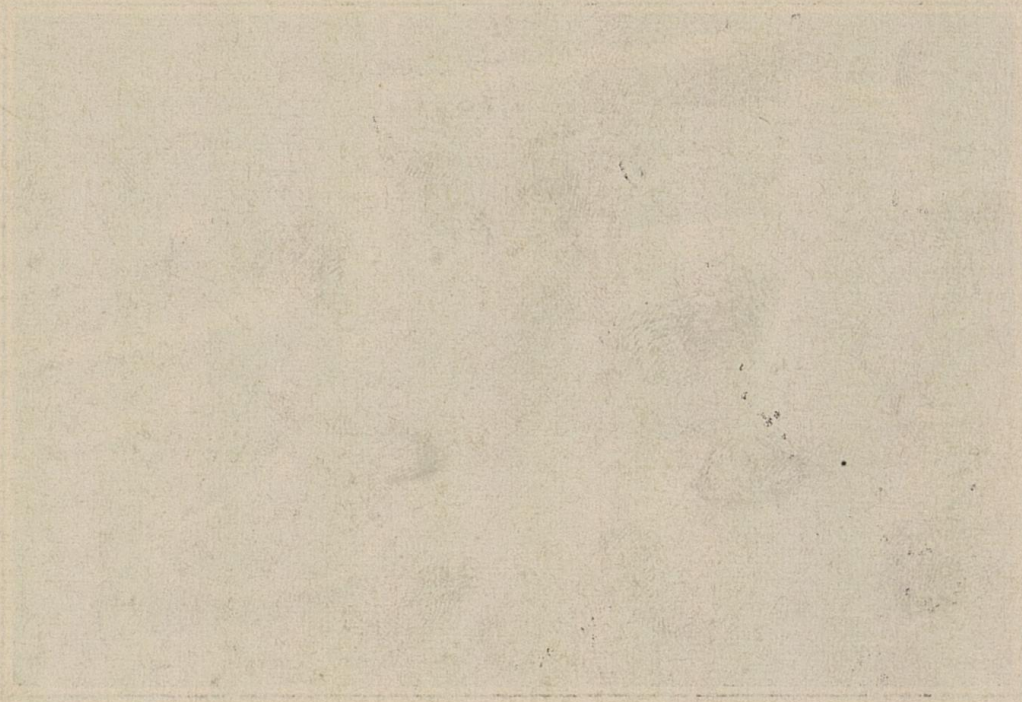
271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky



COURIER JANET CRAIG,  
watering Rose, one of the Wendover cows, January 1965

*Photograph by Phyllis Long*



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