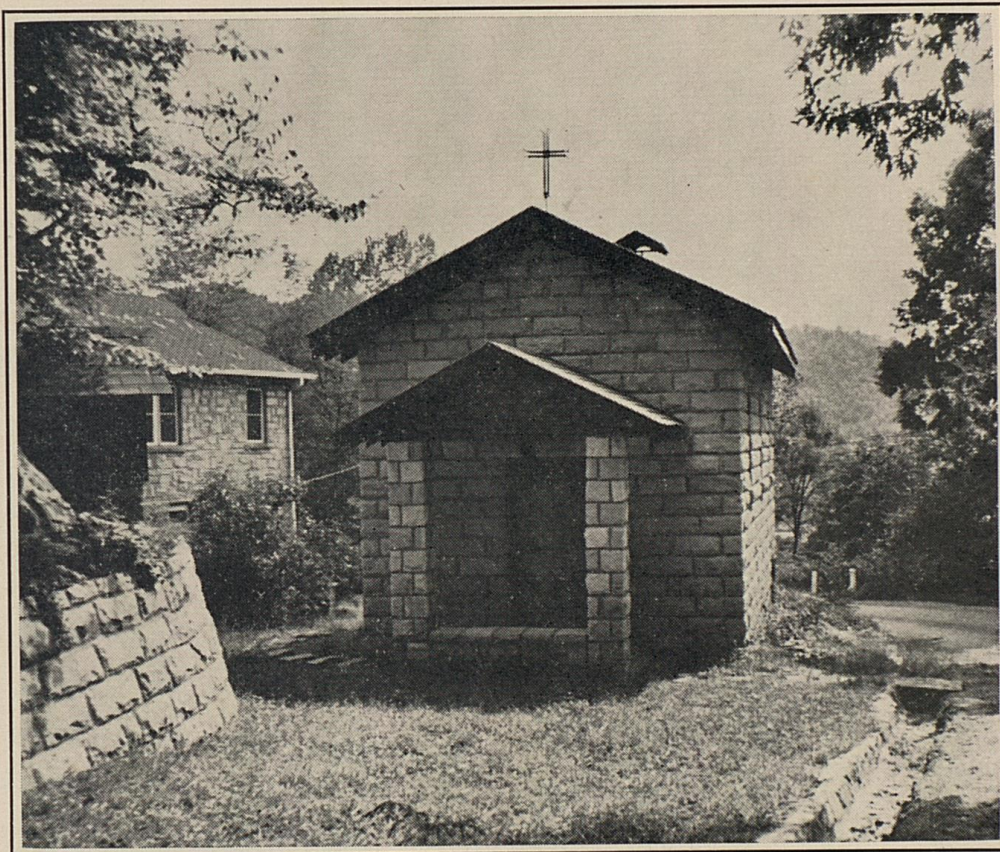


# FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 37

WINTER, 1962

NUMBER 3



ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL AT HYDEN HOSPITAL

On a Spur of Thousandsticks Mountain



The cover picture is a gift to the Frontier Nursing Service from the Eli Lilly Company through Mr. Thomas Ritman and Mr. John A. Kos (the photographer). These two gentlemen did an illustrated story of the Frontier Nursing Service, called The Song of Thousandsticks Mountain, in The Lilly Review of November, December, 1961. The Eli Lilly Company has given us several thousand reprints of this story, which has had much favorable comment. We shall be glad to send one of these reprints to any of our readers who write and ask for it.

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A builder builded a temple,  
He wrought it with grace and skill  
Pillars and groins and arches  
All fashioned to work his will  
And men said as they saw its beauty  
"It shall never know decay;  
Great is thy skill, O builder!  
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A mother builded a temple  
With loving and infinite care  
Planning each arch with patience  
Laying each stone with prayer  
None praised the unceasing efforts  
None knew of the wondrous plan,  
For the temple the mother builded  
Was unseen by the eye of man.

Gone is the builder's temple  
Crumbled into the dust,  
Low lies each stately pillar  
Food for consuming rust.  
But the temple the mother builded  
Will last while the ages roll;  
For the beautiful, unseen temple  
Was a child's immortal soul.

*Anonymous, Sunday, May 13, 1956*  
The Riverside Church, New York City



## SNOW BABIES

by

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

As I was finishing up my day's work in the clinic, I turned about and saw shy little Justus standing looking at me wistfully with his large brown eyes and an extended little hand with a note clutched tightly. In a soft, shy voice he said, "Mamma wants you to come quick."

I hurriedly scanned Martha's note, "I'm sure my time has come. P. S. Hurry right along."

I asked the courier, Timmy, to get the horses saddled while I changed.

As we started on our way up Sargos Creek, evening shadows began settling over the hills and valleys—over the silent hills with their rocky castles, the maples, oaks, and beeches which stood with their bare boughs beckoning to a sky with stars playing hide and seek behind grey, fluffy clouds. The first snow of the winter began dressing all her trees in glistening dresses of white and laying a carpet of white over the whole of Mother Earth.

My thoughts as we rode along were not so serene and peaceful as Mother Nature getting herself all decorated as for a ball.

I said to Timmy, "The baby will be there before we ever get to the mouth of Sargos creek. I wonder too if he has decided to turn himself in a sitting position instead of a diver's position."

Then I remembered that at one time I had suspected twins but decided that it couldn't be, as I was never able to hear two fetal hearts. But I did think at one time that I had palpated two heads.

In due time we arrived at Martha's. I rushed in expecting Mr. Stork to laugh in my face with a loud voice saying, "I beat you this time!"

Of course Martha wanted us to go right in to dinner.

"I specially cooked you a blackberry pie," were her welcoming words.

I felt that things were a little too imminent to sit, or even



stand, for blackberry pie. I hunted around getting things all set up to catch a little sister, perhaps, for Rodney. As it turned out, little Samantha arrived and I handed her to Timmy.

Timmy had just gotten herself settled by the fire with little Samantha when suddenly two more little feet appeared.

"Here, Timmy!" I yelled, "Put Samantha down and come get this one!"

Timmy said to me in an exasperated voice, "Where shall I put her, on the hearth?"

So we placed Samantha in her mother's arms, and little, three-pound Samuel arrived pale and wan. By this time Aunt Susie had arrived with a hot water bottle and "I'll bet you sure was surprised."

I put little Samantha and little Samuel in bed with their wonderful mother. Timmy and I sat down and had our blackberry pie, hot coffee, and all in leisurely fashion and with easy minds. The twins were left tucked in with a smiling, grateful mother.

We took our leave of the little family and prepared for our journey back home. But Cindy, my mare, seemed to say to herself, "You two have had all the excitement—now it's my turn to have some excitement for myself." And, nothing doing, I could not mount her. I called to Martha's husband, John, who unsaddled Cindy. We looked for the burr we were sure we would find. No burr could be found. Cindy was just having fun with us, so she eventually allowed me to mount. Away we went—Timmy on Marvin and I on Cindy who was feeling very gay and every now and then kicking her hind legs to the overcast, snowy clouds. We soon left the cabin nestled along the side of Sargos Creek and now covered in a mantle of white.

Between Cindy's spells of gaiety, Psalm 104 passed through my mind.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works. In wisdom hast Thou made them all: The earth is full of Thy riches."



## EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

We feel deeply honored to have been allowed to reprint the Presidential Address made by our own Dr. Francis M. Massie to the Southern Surgical Association in December 1960. We are sure that every one of our readers will rejoice in the reading of it.

Many have wanted to see the photographs of the outside and inside of St. Christopher's Chapel that we print now with the kind permission of the photographers. The poem on page 2 is one we have cherished for six years. In giving it now we don't foresee the time in which St. Christopher's Chapel would crumble away. Its 15th Century window has lasted already more than 500 years. The craftsmanship in stone and metalwork that went into the building of the Chapel is as fine as any done in the 15th Century. So long as the civilized world holds together, so long should St. Christopher's Chapel stand erect to the glory of God.

We like to link this Chapel with the words on our seal "For Mother and Child." We think, in fact we know, that a spiritual blessing goes out from the prayers and services held in it to help our mothers give care, with patience, to the training of their children.

It is always a pleasure to print stories written for the Bulletin by members of our own group. Two of these have been sent by former staff members. Jean Kerfoot, who wrote Ole Peter, is now back in the province of Alberta in her native Canada. Luree Wotton, who wrote A Special Day for the House in the Valley, is taking courses at Aurora College in Aurora, Illinois. Their thoughts turned back to the Frontier Nursing Service at Christmastime like homing pigeons when they sent us these unique bits for publication. Snow Babies is another of the contributions from the gifted pencil of Anna May January who has stayed with the Service for seventeen years. We particularly like the study of the blue jay called Copsy by our Trustee, Miss Margaret Gage. More than we can express we appreciate the kind things so many of you write us about this Bulletin, a few of which we quote under Our Mail Bag.



## A SPECIAL DAY FOR THE HOUSE IN THE VALLEY

by

LUREE WOTTON, R.N., C.M.

It was a happy house. It sat all alone in a pretty valley and looked out its front door to a rippling creek. It also had a nice family, with a mother and a father and two busy little girls. It was especially happy today, though, because it was such a special day. The House had known that the girls were to get a new brother or sister for quite awhile because mother had been getting ready. She had picked out the best of the baby clothes and had carefully washed them and put them in a clean box under the bed. The House had also seen her cutting up a big blanket to make four little blankets and carefully hemming each one. These she put in her special box. The House had been saddened when it saw her sigh because her new baby would not have anything new. Just the same, everyone had been looking forward to the day when the baby would come and now that day was here.

Mother had been really busy all morning but after lunch she just sat around. Now, at mid-afternoon, the nurses were coming down the path. The little girls seemed quite unconcerned but the House smiled to itself. It was really pleased to see the nurses bustle about. That meant it would not be long. The box was brought from under the bed and the first clothing carefully chosen and laid out.

Just at the edge of dark there was a very special and heart warming cry. Both mother and the House were especially happy because now there would be a little boy to live there. The baby was tenderly bathed and dressed, with the mother eagerly watching. The House nearly had to blink back tears of joy as the little wiggling bundle was placed in the mother's arms.

It was dark when the nurses left the House. The mother was sleeping quietly with a smile on her lips. The girls were chattering happily about their new baby. The aunt, who was staying for a few days, was busy in the kitchen and already good smells were coming from the pot on the stove.

The House watched the nurses leave; they walked down the



path, crossed the foot bridge and began to climb out of the valley to the road above. Just then the House noticed that the father was coming home from work. He stopped, spoke with the nurses, and then quickened his steps toward home. The little House gave a contented sigh as it watched him hurry toward the lighted doorway.

The House seemed to nestle down and breathe a thankful prayer as it prepared for its watch under the stars. It had truly been a special day.

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### FRANKLIN, THE OCEANOGRAPHER

Only those whose preference is yet for the sea on voyages to Europe will know the magic of the Gulf Stream, and perhaps question its mystery. This curious current which carries warmth, from west to east, even in mid-winter, was one of the many odd bits of science dipped into by Ben Franklin.

In 1769 Franklin was in London, serving as Deputy Postmaster for the Colonies. The question handed him was why ships from New York to England took about three weeks longer for the journey than did those which departed from the harbor of Boston.

In analyzing the mystery, Franklin had the help of his kinsman Captain Folger. They prepared a chart of the Gulf Stream showing both course and speed and indicating that east-bound ships from New York simply did not have the advantage of it. The chart was printed by the post office.

Sad to say, the British were skeptical, refusing to believe that "humble fisherfolk" could have any real knowledge. However, Franklin's findings have long since been confirmed by modern science, according to a full report on the Gulf Stream, written by Arthur C. Clarke, which appeared in a recent issue of *Holiday*.

—*The Colonial Crier*, Autumn 1961  
Colonial Hospital Supply Company  
Chicago, Illinois



## "SNOOKY" IN TURKEY

by

CAROLYN A. BANGHART, R.N., C.M., B.S.  
Dean, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Huguette Merchiers visited the Frontier Nursing Service in the spring of 1954 and remained with us for six weeks. "Snooky" was the name by which we all knew her. She had many experiences during this visit which subsequently helped her in setting up antenatal and well-baby clinics in some of the rural areas of Turkey, as well as in the city of Ankara. She was a member of the WHO Team (members were from Belgium, Scotland, and of course, Turkey) which had been invited by Turkey to assist in a beginning program of care for mothers and babies. Snooky remained in Turkey for five years. Being versatile and a highly qualified nurse-midwife, she filled many positions, including that of the teacher of graduate nurses training to be nurse-midwives, and teachers of midwifery. She even drew the plans for a nursing center and directed the building of it.

Snooky is now at work in her beloved Belgium where she is a regional supervisor in the *Oeuvre Nationale de l'Enfance*, an organization devoted to the care of mothers and babies. She is planning to visit the FNS again in 1962.

These are some of the photographs which Snooky gave me when I visited her in Brussels last year on my way back from the Congress of the International Confederation of Midwives in Rome. She was eager to talk of the years in Turkey, and of the great help the brief FNS experience had been in her work there.





"Snooky" lecturing to a class of graduate nurses at the university in Ankara. They were taking the course to prepare them to be midwifery teachers.

After an antenatal clinic in a rural district. The midwife is seen with some of the mothers, a grandmother, and two young boys. The midwifery kit is made of aluminum and was one of many provided by UNICEF.



A road in the pilot district. Except for the absence of steep, converging hills surrounding the creek bed, this could be a "road" in a district of the FNS. Transportation was accomplished on foot, donkey, or horse, and occasionally by motor car.



### HIGH WATER DELAYS BULLETIN

Wendover, March 1, 1962:—This Bulletin has been delayed because of high water during the last week in February. The flood we have had is in no way comparable to our 1957 flood, but the water has been high enough to block the highway between Hyden and Lexington at Manchester and between Hyden and Hazard at Wooton. This meant that only a small trickle of mail came in to Hyden, via Harlan, for two days—and this trickle did not contain the Bulletin proof. Also, Wendover has been isolated as far as vehicular transportation is concerned, making it impossible to get the addressed Bulletin envelopes out to the printer in Lexington. The Muncy Creek ford of the Middle Fork River is impassable and likely to remain so for several days. High water washed out the road over the Hurricane Creek culvert, effectively blocking our alternate exit. Water covered the road in front of Wendover, rendering it impossible to get a jeep even as far as the swinging bridge. Today the Middle Fork has returned to a normal “high tide” level, the envelopes can be taken to the swinging bridge by jeep, carried around the mountain to the highway, and then transported to the printer in Lexington by car. Normal mail service should be resumed today or tomorrow so we can get on with proof-reading the Bulletin, but there will be about a week’s delay in its publication.

—PEGGY ELMORE

---

### DID YOU KNOW?

There are only four places where our flag flies day and night—the United States Capitol, the grave of Francis Scott Key at Frederick, Maryland, the World War Memorial at Worcester, Massachusetts, and Fort McHenry, Baltimore, where the “Star Spangled Banner” was written. . . . Elsewhere military regulations require the furling of the flag at sunset.

—*Reporting From Washington,*  
Frances P. Bolton,  
Congressman, 22nd District, Ohio



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Susan Perry, New London, New Hampshire**

—September 20, 1961

Never have I enjoyed a six weeks more thoroughly than those that I spent with the Frontier Nursing Service last summer. Everybody was always so cheery and gay. It was a unique experience to be able to meet and work with some of the mountain people. It is not everybody who has a chance to meet people who so closely resemble the people who pushed our frontier westward.

—Christmas, 1961

I hope that all is well at the FNS. College (Colby) is just as good as ever. I see Mathilde Hunting quite often and we have a good time recalling all of our experiences with the FNS. Next year I am planning to transfer either to Simmons or to Columbia for Physical Therapy. I have been accepted at both. The whole family is going to New Hampshire next Thursday to ski until New Year's Day.

**From Mrs. James A. Barnes (Harriette Sherman)**

—November 20, 1961

Enclosed is a check which I would like to have put in the memorial fund for Jean. It is a little over twenty years since I knew Jean at Wendover and yet she is as close to me as though it were yesterday. You must feel her loss terribly. She was one of the kindest people I have ever known and I am glad I had the chance to know and work with her.

I often think of you all at Wendover and hope someday to be back—perhaps to bring a daughter. Betsy is ten and a half, and a horse fiend. Unfortunately we don't have the space to have one so she confines her enthusiasm to the local stable. Mimi is eight almost and very busy with school, et cetera, but Hank at four and a half is the busiest of all. He is giving me grey hair!

Saw Bubbles Cuddy Moore last January. She came out from New York where she was attending a pony club meeting, in the



middle of one of our snow storms, and we had a wonderful evening catching up.

. . . .

**From Birch Hincks, Boston, Massachusetts—December 4, 1961**

This is just a letter to catch you all up on what I am doing—particularly since the job I have is concerned with the welfare of children as is much of the FNS work!

As you know, I was interested in getting some kind of hospital job, and when I was with you last spring I was thinking in terms of medical social work. Shortly after I returned to Vassar after spring vacation, I ran across a job which really seemed perfect for me, even though it was not social work. I started working last July, and still I find the job fascinating. I'm working at the Boston-Lying-In Hospital, on a U. S. government study which is trying to determine why children are born with brain damage. Our study is being done in twelve hospitals in the country, but on a larger scale at the Boston-Lying-In than at any of the other hospitals. I am an "Obstetrical Observer" and I work on the delivery floor—observing and recording everything that happens to the patients during labor and delivery. This is interesting and exciting, and we quite often pinch-hit for the nurses in emergencies.

I see Alice Herman quite often at the hospital—she works on one of the floors of Richardson House, which is the private wing of the hospital.

. . . .

**From Alison Bray, London, England—December 13, 1961**

I thought you might be interested in the following tribute to Mrs. Breckinridge, written by my Baltimore friend who is about the same age, and to whom I took a copy of *Wide Neighborhoods*.

"I'm getting more and more fascinated with your Aunt Mary's *Wide Neighborhoods*. What a wonderfully rich experience her life has been; and what a courageous, fearless, intelligent and everything else person she was and is! I'm ever so grateful to have made her acquaintance."

. . . .

**From Ellen Ordway, Lawrence, Kansas—Christmas, 1961**

This year has been a very busy one for me but most enjoyable and stimulating. After a very full spring semester of course



work, research, meetings, talks, etc., I was ready to take off on a field trip to Mexico to collect bugs and enjoy myself. Despite almost continual rain for the six weeks we were gone, Mexico lived up to all expectations, and we did get a great deal of collecting done, as well as being able to cover a considerable amount of country. We spent most of the time on the east coast winding our way back and forth, on and off the plateau. After crossing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, we went through Oaxaca and north to Mexico City, where we (after five weeks of camping in the field) were able to spend two glorious nights sleeping in real beds and taking real showers. Even though it was soon evident that one day in Mexico City hardly gave us a chance to do and see all we wanted to, we again hit the road back to Kansas. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing this fascinating country even though it was a hasty trip. Perhaps there will be another trip next summer, and perhaps I can again get to see more of Mexico. I am hoping so anyway.

By the time you get this letter, I hope to be taking my "Prelim" or "Qualifying" exams which is the big event for which I have been studying for all these years. If I get through them in one piece, I can probably spend the rest of the year concentrating on the research work for my dissertation and thus eventually graduate from student to perhaps instructor classification. It will be a great day!

*(Ellen is studying at the University of Kansas for her Ph.D. degree.)*

. . . .

**From Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd, Jr., (Libby Boardman)**

—Christmas, 1961

I long to bring my daughter Molly to see you. She is just 16 and I know must wait awhile to come officially. She went riding this summer. A weeks pack trip to Norway. Those ponies would be perfect in your mountains—nothing fazes them!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch), Mill Valley,  
California—Christmas, 1961**

I was so sad not to have had a chance to really talk to Mardi Bemis Perry when she returned from Wendover last summer. I



saw her just briefly a couple of days before I came back here after a grand visit with mother in Chocorua. I would so love to have caught up with things and heard a first-hand account of you, etc. It is amazing how vivid my memories of the people and places are after all these years.

Now that Sambo is in school the better part of the day, I can help out a lot more at the shop which I thoroughly enjoy. I wish you could see all our pretty, gaily decorated bonsai this year.

. . . .

**From Victoria Coleman, Stockholm, Sweden—Christmas, 1961**

Greetings from the darkness of the great North. I must say that despite the lack of sunlight, Stockholm is a lovely city and her people have been more than warm and hospitable to me. The little Swedish that I have managed to pick up will be quickly forgotten, I am sure, but not the rest of this wonderful year.

I will be coming home next July and sincerely hope to visit Wendover before settling down to work again in Washington.

. . . .

**From Lucy Conant, Hamden, Connecticut—Christmas, 1961**

I am back teaching public health nursing at Yale and also working on my dissertation in Sociology. I've gotten to that stage. I continue to enjoy having a house and garden; and last spring added a second cat.

. . . .

**From Libby Bradford, Cambridge, Massachusetts**

—Christmas, 1961

I was very sorry to miss you at the Boston Preview. (I had to run an Auction at Radcliffe!) I am finishing up my last year at Radcliffe—my future, unknown! I wish I had the nursing qualifications to come back to the FNS and do something constructive along those lines.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert F. Muhlhauser (Ann Danson), Glendale,  
Ohio—Christmas, 1961**

We had a good Canadian vacation. Each young one had a guest which added to the island gaiety.



Bob and I went East in November and visited Sandy at Wellesley, Rick at Taft and saw my sister and her family in Scarsdale. A fun trip. Now we are looking forward to the holidays when the house will be full of gay young voices again.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Henry H. Meigs (Ellen Mary Hare), Philadelphia,  
Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1961**

We took the four boys to Wyoming this summer, and though the youngest is only 4½ we went on a week's pack trip that was a tremendous success. It is a wonderful life; and the ranch life and organization reminded me so much of Wendover.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Benjamin Reukberg (Nancy Harmon), Newburg,  
Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1961**

In August, we moved from La Fayette, N. Y., to Newburg, a small rural town of 300 people, located in south-central Pennsylvania. We were fortunate to acquire a century-old house, constructed of bricks which had been made here in Newburg. An interesting aspect of the house is its fireplaces, eight in all, including two large ones that had been used for cooking purposes. So far our major remodeling project has been the converting of a former summer kitchen into a library. The property also includes a smoke house, an outhouse and a barn, plus three small pastures, one of which Nancy has seeded in the expectation that we soon will be raising a steer for the family larder.

In September, Benjie began teaching at Shippensburg State College, where he is an assistant professor of political science. He is continuing to work on his doctoral dissertation which deals with the political functions of Soviet foreign policy doctrines.

Nati began kindergarten this fall, which means that Davie is now the "man of the home" each weekday morning, assisted by Beth who is also "Mommy's little helper." All three children try hard to help, with eager hands and mischief in their eyes. Such are the joys of life.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack), Decatur,  
Illinois—Christmas, 1961**

Yes, I did attend the Chicago meeting. Brownie made an



excellent talk, and the years slipped away fast. The Service is often in my thoughts. Our eldest son is in his senior year at Lake Forest Academy, which you probably know is where Mrs. Arpee's husband has taught for so many years. In fact, Jack is in one of his classes. Mrs. Arpee has been so good to Bob and me to help us feel at home on our few brief visits to the school, and, of course, we often talk about FNS. To catch you up briefly with news of my own family. We have four boys. Ronald is a freshman in the Mt. Zion High School here, and Larry is in the third grade. Robin is into everything as he will be two years old on the 16th.

. . . . .

**From Bronwen Jenny, Munich, Germany—Christmas, 1961**

I'm having a wonderful year in Munich. I spent August in Scotland with a friend hitch-hiking all around. I have almost finished my first semester at the University of Munich. It is a wonderful city—theatre, opera, museums, concerts all the time, and so near the beautiful Alps and ski country. Mum sent me the article about Brownie in the Boston Herald—said the pre-Christmas sale was great. Also said you can't find water for the well. I hope you have a good Christmas, find water, and that Bess' feet are well.

. . . . .

**From Anne Kilham, Providence, Rhode Island**

—Christmas, 1961

Right now I am employed by a city planning company here in Providence. I am drafting, drawing maps and learning a great deal about Providence. Painting and drawing is consuming most of my spare time.

. . . . .

**From Fanny McIlvain, Devon, Pennsylvania**

—December 29, 1961

Joan McClellan left the middle of December for Kenya, where she will be for at least two years. Her address is c/o American Consulate General, Post Office Box 30137, Niarobi, Kenya. She seems very well and seemed to enjoy her home leave, spending part of it with a friend in New York—most of it with us.

Alice Ford is coming tomorrow evening for the week-end.



She hasn't been over for a couple of months, so it will be fun to see her. She never changes—is just as she was at Wendover.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Dandridge Franklin Walton (Theresa Nantz),  
Bowling Green, Kentucky—Christmas, 1961**

We have bought a new house which we are thrilled to death with. It is a split level on a dead end street. Having had one dog killed and a baby about to become a toddler we were glad to leave the busy street we were on. Sarah Halley is growing by leaps and bounds, pulls up in her playpen, and is trying to crawl. She and our new dog, another bluetick coon hound, keep me quite occupied. I think so often of you **all** and the wonderful experiences I had as a courier. Wouldn't trade it for anything.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edmund H. Booth (Betty Pratt), Norwich,  
Vermont—Christmas, 1961**

I wish I could see you. I haven't changed about my thoughts of the FNS and my memories of when I was down there. I hope that one of my daughters will get to you sometime. Right now Lisa is taking the first term of her Junior year in Paris. If all is well, we all plan to meet her on a 17-day jaunt to London, Paris, and a week of skiing starting December 20. I hope these horses behave themselves while we are away! This spot is a regular deer run and has plenty of land for pastures and hay.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. McLennan Morse (Margaret McLennan), Santa  
Barbara, California—Christmas, 1961**

All is well with me and I am looking forward to having my two boys, daughter-in-law and new little grand-daughter with me for Christmas. Maybe she will be a future courier!

. . . . .

**From Mrs. M. Tyson Gilpin (Catharine Mellick), Boyce,  
Virginia—December 11, 1961**

With Christmas just two weeks off, I know that Wendover right now is even more like Christmas than on Christmas Day itself—with all the planning, preparing and wrapping that I so loved, the year I was there, and well remember. What your



Christmas means to those children in the mountains meant everything to me, too. I know, too, how sad and hard this year will be for all of you without Jean. She loved it so and did so much for everyone. She will be terribly missed.

The children come home from school next week. Tys from Princeton, a freshman this year which we can hardly believe ourselves. Drewdee from Concord Academy's 10th grade which she is thrilled with; and we are delighted about, so all is well.

Tyson and I did go abroad last March with Mother and Daddy and had a whirl for three weeks. My sister is living in Zurich—gave us the excuse—so we took in Paris, London and Rome and I never had such fun. Still haven't quite gotten over it and it does give me itchy feet to travel.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Bruce McC. Putnam (Amy Stevens), Wayland,  
Massachusetts—Christmas, 1961**

You must have heard by now that we are still in the east. Bruce is working for Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Industrial Research) here in Cambridge, and so far seems to like it. In July (after looking at 75 plus houses) we bought a new one (between two old ones!), but it wasn't ready until September 12th. I am still trying to recover, and settle details of the house, which will take forever, it seems! 'Twas great to see the Branhams, Freddy and Brownie at the Preview! Jinny came up for a brief lunch one day—all too short.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Edgar B. Butler (Sally Taylor), West Hartford,  
Connecticut—Christmas, 1961**

Our boy Bill was shipped overseas December 15th but did manage to get home for 20 hours en route from Texas.

. . . .

**From Mrs. James B. Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will), Bing-  
hampton, New York—Christmas, 1961**

Though it has been many years since my days in Wendover, they remain the most marvelous memories. I do hope my oldest daughter, now 16, will have the same wonderful opportunity. I would give anything to be able to see you all at Wendover, but



I don't think I'll ever get that far South. However, I think of you all very often.

. . . . .  
**From Martha Woodworth, Dover, Massachusetts**

—Christmas, 1961

It would have been fun to have been home for the tea. My mother said there were some excellent slides. My regards to all dogs, horses, cows, the parrot, chickens, pigs and, of course, the jeeps! Some year I'd like to be at Wendover for Christmas.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),**

**Lansdowne, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1961**

We are impatiently waiting for our grandson to arrive home for Christmas. He was born July 4 and is currently helping (?) his parents study and teach Math at University of Wisconsin. Our second boy, after a thrilling summer studying in Ghana, is now a Senior at Macalester and considering the ministry. Stephen is very happy as a Junior at Maryville—delighted with new President and a marvelous Chaplain who my husband knows well and admires greatly. Marjorie is sixteen and thinking of Maryville also. She hopes to visit Stephen there at spring vacation. I am at present director of an experimental project working with unmarried high school age Mothers and their babies—fascinating, and oh, so sad!

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Job Darbin Turner, Jr. (Ann Preston),**

**Lexington, Kentucky—February 20, 1962**

Enclosed is my check for two memorials: one for the Jean Hollins fund, and the other in memory of Doctor Josephine Hunt. Jean was so kind and patient with me when I was a Junior Courier in 1938. I have always associated her with that happy summer I spent at Wendover. Her death was a shock to me and a real loss to the FNS.

Doctor Hunt brought me into the world and cared for me with shots, pills and advice from then until I was married. My tribute to and affection for her can best be expressed through this small contribution to further the aims of the FNS.



**From Mrs. Henry P. Glendenning, Jr. (Nancy Ingersoll),  
Paoli, Pennsylvania—February 20, 1962**

It seems that with children one never has time for news of others. One is always feeding, changing and entertaining within one's own four walls. Edward and John, at three and two, have more energy than a herd of rhinoceroses and about the same amount of grace! They are great fun and exhausting.

I read in the Bulletin that you have the same well problems. We share them with you. I think of the Hospital every time our well goes dry, which is often.

Henry and I are off tomorrow for a skiing trip in Europe for three weeks. I hope it will be a rest, but climbing mountains usually isn't. We are certainly looking forward to it, although it is very sad leaving the children. (*See Babies.*)

**From Mrs. Henry H. Meigs (Ellen Mary Hare),  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—February 22, 1962**

We are flattered that you want to know about our baby. You will be more enthused, perhaps, when you hear that we have a girl who can be a courier in 1980! We have named her Eugenia, after an aunt and grandmother, and are calling her Jenny, as was my grandmother. (*See Babies.*)

I only hope that there will be some remotely rural areas left, plus a horse or two, by that time. Actually, the New Frontier may be the moon, and all young people may be clamoring to get off by themselves into Space! It is fantastic to think of being a courier in the way I was, and at the same time thinking of John Glenn's hurtling around the world in his capsule. To me, he seems braver than any man in history; but others might say his bravery is relative—other adventurers in the past had equally dangerous things to overcome, given the world of their time.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

**Marion E. S. Lewis** and Lillian Brice left New York last Tuesday, February 13, on the S. S. Ryndam for four months' travel abroad. Their ports of call will include Rome, Venice and Florence, Italy; Barcelona, and Madrid, Spain; Lisbon, Portugal; London, England; Edinburgh, Scotland; Dublin and Cobh Eire, Ireland. They are due to arrive home June 13th.



## A WEDDING

Miss Constance Cunningham Calhoun of Louisville and Mr. David Irvin Pursley, Jr., of California, in Louisville on December 30, 1961. We send a thousand good wishes to this young couple for every happiness.

. . . . .

## BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lee Hooley (Abigail Arnold) of Glendale, California, a son, Erich, their first child, in August, 1961.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Schriver, Jr. (Linda Branch) of Pinedale, Wyoming, a son, Patrick Allen, on August 14, 1961.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Steele (Candy Dornblazer) of San Jose, California, their third child and third daughter, Heather Noelle Steele, on December 14, 1961—weight: 6-pounds, 8-ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Llewellyn Clemmitt (Ann Wigglesworth) of Washington, D. C., a son, Richard Wigglesworth Clemmitt, on December 19, 1961. This young man weighed 6-pounds and 13-ounces.

Born to Major and Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis (Pam Dunn) of West Point, New York, a girl, Catherine Carson Ellis, their second daughter and fourth child, on January 14, 1962. Baby Catherine weighed in at 8-pounds, 2½-ounces. She is not only the daughter of a courier but the great-niece of our Mrs. Breckinridge.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Glendenning (Nancy Ingersoll) of Paoli, Pennsylvania, a girl, Anne Nicoll Glendenning, on January 13, 1962. Nancy writes:

"We finally have a courier; and what a fat, cute little one she is! I never thought I would like a girl as much as my two boys, but she is heavenly."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Meigs (Ellen Mary Hare) of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, a daughter, Eugenia Meigs, on January 14, 1962. She weighed 8-pounds and 8-ounces. Her four brothers are delighted with their baby sister.



## OLE PETER

by

JEAN KERFOOT, R.N., C.M.



Peter was a dog. That fact in itself may not be very remarkable, but Peter was a rather remarkable dog. For one thing, he was one of the best known canines in the area around Stinnett, Beech Fork and the upper Middle Fork. Wherever he went there would be comments, "Thar goes ole Peter, Ah remember him when Ah warn't but a young'un." Folks remember some of his adventures too—some ended in triumph and others did not. Rumor has it that in the latter case he used simply to hop into the saddle with his current nurse and ride away with a lofty look at his adversary.

I first discovered his riding talents one day when the Middle Fork was decidedly in an ill mood. It had rained almost steadily for a week and the muddy torrent swirling down the valley bore little resemblance to the sparkling stream seen in prettier weather. Peter was escorting Flicka and me on our rounds and had sagely found swinging bridges to cross instead of getting



wet. Though still a strong swimmer at the age of 15, he did hate to get his tummy wet, especially on a cold day. So when we came to a ford with no swinging bridge, Flicka kindly consented to let him borrow her long legs to save himself a dunking. With visions of a writhing, squirming armful of dog to try to hang onto, while Flicka picked her way among the invisible rocks hidden by the murky water, I hoisted him onto the saddle and proceeded to climb up behind. To my amazement he sat there, perfectly at home, while we forded the river; then easily balanced himself to Flicka's swaying run-walk as we continued gaily and dry-shod on our way.



Flicka and Jean Kerfoot—but without Peter\*

Peter must hold the record for the number of different "Bosses" he had over the years because instead of belonging to one certain nurse, he was part of the center and as such was passed from the departing nurse to the incoming one along with the jeep, the horse, the cow, and the family folders. As a result



he never took any of us too seriously, perhaps considering by the time I knew him that he was "of age" to run his own life. He accompanied whichever of us he chose, and if he spied an attractive lady dog on a far-off creek he simply stayed to visit as long as he felt like it—often greeting us on our return with much tail wagging and "Oh-oh-oh"ing, having come back by a short cut through the mountain!

Another of Peter's accomplishments was his singing. Well do I remember my first FNS Christmas, when several of us who worked at Hyden Hospital were invited by the Beech Fork nurses to have dinner with them. After dinner some of the girls produced an accordion and a clarinet and we prepared to sing some carols. But Peter and his current companion, Tinker, brought down the house and incidentally drowned out our attempts by singing their own version—in a different key!

Peter was a dog—yes. But he was also a real character and a part of the FNS. He will be long and fondly remembered by his many neighbors and friends.

\*This photograph by Don Rutledge was first printed in *Maclean's* Magazine of April 8, 1961

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### AN OLD VALENTINE

I found in my desk tucked carefully away  
 A dear little Valentine of yesterday  
 It was yellowed with age and tattered the lace  
 But I made out these words, "I love you, dear Grace."

—Written by a little girl when she  
 found an old valentine tucked away  
 in her mother's girl-hood desk.

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### TEMPUS FUGIT

"Around the World in 80 Days"  
 Jules Verne, 1828-1905

Three times around the world in 4 hours, 56 minutes.  
 February 20, 1962



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### Presidential Address\*

## WHAT THE SOUTHERN SURGICAL ASSOCIATION MEANS TO ME

FRANCIS M. MASSIE, M.D.

*Lexington, Kentucky*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One year ago I was so surprised at my election to this high office that I could not find words to express my thanks to you. I said then that tomorrow I might think of an adequate speech of acceptance. Tomorrow is now! Good or not, this is my humble acceptance of the honor you have done me. When I look at the names of the men who have been president of this association, I can only shake my head and wonder.

My ambition for office, my desire for status, my love for prestige have never been great; never in my wildest dreams have I been carried to such a point that a fall would hurt my pride or bruise my soul. My personal ambition has been about level with that of my friend Jess Willoughby, fellow Kentuckian, name-dropper extraordinary, beloved of all who knew him. Jess of the snow-white hair, blue eyes, ruddy face and magnificent voice, was at one time jailer of Letcher County, Kentucky. Time to run again for the office of jailer found Jess a prisoner in his own jail. His offense had been the making of a little "moonshine" and selling it to his friends, whose name was legion, during those times that tried men's souls, known as the Prohibition Era. The "revenoors" didn't agree that this was a harmless and worthy occupation.

Jess sent word to the electorate that he would make a campaign speech from the jail on the Saturday afternoon before Tuesday election day. Some five or six hundred people were gathered together that day when Mr. Willoughby appeared at a barred, second floor window and thus addressed the crowd: "My friends, you know me as a plain man whose heart and soul

\* Presented during the banquet of the Southern Surgical Association, Boca Raton, Florida, December 6-8, 1960.



have been dedicated to the good of the people of Letcher County! Though I have been all over the world and have known and been friends with the world's great, all I love is in Letcher County. I remember when I was with Teddy Roosevelt. I was one of the 'Rough Riders,' as you well know. We were galloping up San Juan hill that day with Teddy, when the color sergeant's horse stumbled, throwing rider and colors into the dust. Quickly I dismounted but Teddy was quicker. He caught up the flag and throwing himself back in the saddle cried, 'On! Men, we'll run the Spaniards off the hill!' And that we did. That evening around the campfire Teddy put his arm around me and said, 'Jess, my boy, for what we've done today, one of us will be president of the United States.' And I said, 'Teddy, I don't want it, you take it. All I ever want to be is Jailer of Letcher County.' "

This business of being elected to the presidency of almost anything brings many opportunities to serve. Your friends and acquaintances look at you with new eyes. You can almost feel them say, "This fellow must have something we've never been able to see. Let's ask him to do so-and-so." They do ask you and you accept. In a phrase familiar in our community it brings us other "bears to skin." Many years ago when my friend Webb Asher was a young man, he and two others went way up to Canada on a hunting trip. Their guide brought them on the evening of the first day to a cabin in the woods. The cabin stood in a clearing about 50 yards across. While the guide and the other two boys were straightening up the cabin, Webb went for a walk, without his gun. At the edge of the woods he ran smack into a bear—a mama with two cubs. Instinctively he turned and ran for the cabin. This was the wrong thing to do. One of the cubs was ahead of him. Mama, mistaking Webb's intention, followed him and was gaining on him at every leap. As he neared the cabin with *Bruin* close upon him he saw, thank God, the door was open! Just as he was about to make it, he tripped and fell sprawling over the cub. The bear's momentum carried her over our hero's prostrate form and through the door into the cabin. Webb jumped to his feet, slammed the door from the outside, and called to his companions: "Boys!, you skin that one while I go get you another one!"

In this, my *brief passage into the sun* I speak particularly



to the newer members of this society and to those here who aspire to be members, when I try to tell you a little of what this association has meant to me over the past 25 years. What I am about to say to you has not been said on like occasions. Perhaps because it is not considered in good taste to express, in public, words of affection and respect for one's *mother*; but I remind you I am speaking to younger brothers, sons of our same *mother*, the Southern Surgical Association.

I do not claim that the virtues I am about to describe are owned only by us and by our society but I am sure that they are what gives the Southern Surgical Association traditions, grace, character!

Long ago I ceased to be embarrassed, or even self-conscious, in any discussion of spiritual values. It is of spiritual values I would speak to you today. What is there about this, our organization, which sets it apart? What is the spirit of the Southern Surgical Association? Why do we think this organization sets ideals above aims?

When we first come to these meetings we feel an aura hard to define. The scientific sessions are a part, but these can be matched and, in the opinion of some, exceeded in other societies; the friendly and informal spirit, too, is no exclusive gift of our society. Always at these meetings hard work is in constant evidence—work that doesn't count hours or weeks, or week-ends, or fringe benefits or social life or any of those manifold distractions and superficial rewards that dilute our energy and gnaw at our purpose. The *loafer*, the surgical dilettante would never feel comfortable in this organization. Truly, *For toil the gods sell everything*.\*

To those who think the Southern Surgical Association is trivial, and I assure you there are some who do, I can answer that there will always be some who do not realize that "Man cannot live by bread alone" and that work alone makes *Jack* a very dull boy to his associates and somewhat of a bore to his friends. These meetings are not trivial. They are gracious interludes in a schedule of hard work; they are sweet relief from constant responsibility:

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre—doth greatly please." \*\*

\* Wm. Harvey. *De Motu Cordis*. 1628.

\*\* Spenser. *The Faerie Queene*. 1595.



Even the medieval monks in their severe ascetic monasticism realized the healing qualities of rest and relaxation after long and tiresome tasks. At the end of transcribing in Latin seemingly endless manuscripts—those lovely things illuminated by red and gold capitals—they often would add *Nunc scripsi totum. Pro Christo da mihi potum.*\* For those of you no more familiar with Latin than I, the translation, in all sincerity, and with no thought of irreverence is *Now I have finished writing the whole thing. For Christ's sake give me a drink.*

Work is essential but others work as hard as we do. What then is the quality that really sets us apart; the costly spike-nard in the jar of alabaster?

Not so long ago I was present when a distinguished member of this society was introduced as the principal speaker in honor of a celebrated occasion. He was introduced, as nearly as I can remember, with these words: "We have asked our speaker here today, not because he is a great teacher, though he is that; not because he is one of the South's finest surgeons; he is that, too; not even because he is an excellent speaker, though he is certainly that as you will soon discover; but we have invited him here because he is a person; a warm and generous man, who for more than 30 years has never forgotten that his patients are people, not numbers. His life has shown that it is possible to practice the keenest and most scientific surgery with kindness, with good manners, with charm; that a gentleman is first of all a gentle man!" As those words come back to me now, I can think of no better expression of the spirit of the Southern Surgical Association.

A few years ago one of our great researchers said to a class graduating in medicine, words we will do well to recall, for we, too, are still students: ("Every person that comes to your wards, or dispensary, everyone that calls at your office or sends for you as a doctor does so because he has a private individual sickness or worry. Rich and poor, white and black, wise and foolish, each comes hugging his own fear or sorrow. It is your task, your hard, lifelong task, to give each his meed of personal understanding and individual thought. I say this is a hard task, because I am talking about understanding, not mere sympathy

\* Bartlett's Familiar Quotations 11th Edit. p. 957.



nor the easy dramatics of a so-called 'bedside manner.' I am calling for expert service to the mind and heart of the patient in addition to the expert service to his body. Dealing successfully with people is an art. It has to be learned. It calls for technic. It takes brains and it takes practice. The best physicians are constant students of character.")\* This, too, is a part of the spirit of the Southern Surgical Association.

There is here, too, the right blend of youth and age, not as opponents or even as opposites, but as friends. Inevitably and rightly there are differences in points of view and differences of opinion and these differences are here too seldom expressed by the younger men. Awe and respect for one's elders have no place in the search for truth. ("In short, if youth is not quite right in its opinion, there is a strong probability that age is not much more so. Does a man find he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right? Mankind, after centuries of failure, is still upon the eve of a thoroughly constitutional millennium . . . Age may have one side, but assuredly youth has the other. There is nothing more certain than that both are right, except perhaps that both are wrong.")\*\*

Another quality of somewhat sterner stuff than these adds strength and backbone to our organization. This quality more than any other will help us to resist those pressures which regimentation, governments and the forces of society may put upon us. This quality is the spirit of liberty, the freedom to be ourselves, best expressed in a person to person relation with our patients. More than 16 years ago one of the great voices in the history of American Jurisprudence expressed this quality in words so eloquent they cry aloud to be repeated here. Judge Learned Hand was addressing a group of immigrants recently admitted to citizenship in our United States of America. He said in part "We sought liberty, freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought; this we now believe that we are by way of winning. What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes;

\* Corner, George: "The Anatomist at Large," Basic Books, 1958.

\*\* Stevenson, R. L.: "Crabbed Age and Youth."



believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it. And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will; it is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few. What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it," says Judge Hand, "I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded; the spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who near 2,000 years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten; that there *may be* a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest."\* And I shall add the spirit of liberty is the spirit of the members of this, the Southern Surgical Association, when they reach down into the ranks and raise to their highest honor one undistinguished by fame or position simply because they like him and believe him to be honest. It is this spirit which renews our faith that "The only success is to be a success as a person."\* It is this spirit which bids us lift up our hearts and pledge again faith in our beloved profession.

If the conclusion of this address sounds to you flowery and romantic, it is because I *am* flowery and romantic. But I beg to remind you that our clear-thinking, hard realists would chain us to the earth with their cry, Be realistic! *They* are the ones who are bound to their times and customs and quickly grow old-fashioned. For us, the romantics, you and me, the world is always new and there *is* no time!

But there is something over and beyond all these things—something we feel and know but which we can hardly put into words. Can it be the presence of our ladies, who lend to these meetings charm without insincerity, grace without exhibition-

\* Hand, L.: *The Spirit of Liberty*. New York, Alfred Knopf, 1953.



ism, beauty without self-consciousness? I think we are now coming close to the heart of it; but I like to think it is not the presence of these ladies at our meetings so much as it is their beneficent and civilizing influence in the other 362 days of our year, which brings distinction to our association. Because of you, ladies, we can say, each to his own in the words of Rostand's tragic and immortal hero,\* "Through *you* I've known the spell a gown can bring." Because of you something of the fragrance and spirit of *The Old South* still lingers here to sweeten our world with kindness, courtesy and charm; to make us almost believe that chivalry and romance are not dead; to remind us that truth and honor are more lasting than personal ambition; the affection and respect of our neighbors more satisfying than prestige or fame "When the shadows lengthen and evening comes and . . . our work is done."\*\*

And now a lighter touch, a story; a favorite of our friend, Dan Elkin, of sweet and gracious memory! This story seems appropriate because most of you by this time must think that I will "sure look a lot better when I have quit talking." Four or five old cronies used to meet several times a week to play poker in the back room of the village saloon. They never wore coats or neckties, shaved no more than once a week, worked never, and drank often and long. One afternoon Hank, one of the cronies, did not show up because he had died suddenly. The following day the friends went around to the village undertaker's to pay their respects. There lay their friend in his casket lined with white satin. He had been shaved, his hair brushed, and he was dressed in a new suit, clean shirt and necktie. As they gazed solemnly down one was heard to say, "Hank sure looks a lot better since he quit drinking."

\* Rostand—Cyrano de Bergerac, Act V, Scene VI, Chas. Renauld translation, N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1899.

\*\* The Book of Common Prayer. Prot. Epis. Church in the U. S., N. Y., Thos. Nelson and Sons, 1935, p. 594.



### OUR MAIL BAG

**From An Old Friend Overseas:** I have just finished reading the Autumn copy of the Bulletin, and was entranced by the account of the living room in the Big House. I can now picture you all there at 4 o'clock for tea. What those walls could tell us if they could only speak of the joys, hopes, and dreams, and I expect too, sometimes of fears. It must be a wonderful room . . . By-the-by—Uncle Jamie's Pickles would fill more than a crock. You would have enough to feed several families all the year.

**From A Friend in New Jersey:** One of the things I did last week was to devour the Quarterly. It is such enjoyable, entertaining and inspirational reading. I cannot tell you too often how much I enjoy it.

**From A Friend in Massachusetts:** My admiration for the work done by the Frontier Nursing Service is unbounded.

**From A Friend in Kentucky:** How I have enjoyed the fall issue of The Quarterly. The description of your living room made me feel I had been there.

**From A Friend in Norfolk, Virginia:** I read your Bulletin with much interest and especially the Autumn number with its vivid description of your living room. And how touching is the story of eleven year old Joe.

**From A Distinguished Greek Scholar:** I always read the FNS Bulletin from cover to cover.

**From A Past President of the Needlework Guild of America, Inc.:** You, as Editor of your Quarterly Bulletin, have turned out a booklet so interesting that many of us have for years eagerly read it from cover to cover.



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Joyce Stephens in South Cerney, England**

—December, 1961

My Thanksgiving letter did not reach you this year, as just at that time babies were popping in all directions. Neither could I get to the Re-union at Watford—I was on a midwifery case that day, too. There are many changes in the mountains, and many familiar friends have gone. Elsie (the dear little old barn woman at Flat Creek) writes every Christmas, giving me all the news in a most endearing way.

Neddy Metcalfe writes fascinating letters from the Congo. She is teaching native nurse students, in French, and finds it very hard to get her little Congolese girls to concentrate. Very best wishes to you all for all that is good in 1962.

. . . . .

### **From Mary Nell Harper in Dembe Dolo, Ethiopia**

—December, 1961

It is difficult to believe one whole year has passed since we began our midwifery training in Kentucky. It is a wonderful memory—that snowy Christmas Eve, and the part of it we students spent with you at Wendover, and it was a blessing to have the midnight service in St. Christopher's Chapel.

I have been back here almost six months and these have been busy times. We are coöperating with the Government in a vaccination program for yellow fever—about 100,000 people should be vaccinated. To-day I "caught" my 39th baby since July. I wish the best for all of you.

. . . . .

### **From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Chattanooga, Tennessee**

—December, 1961

My heart skipped a beat just now when I opened my mail and found a portion of the Magazine Section of the *Courier-Journal*, dated June 11. "Hossback to Jeep" brought back, with a torrent, all of the joy that I remember of Wendover—those



days are still lovely in my memory. The "Big House" looks just the same, and that second-story window makes me homesick. I still love the mountains with a passion—from the whole back of our house there is a view quite similar to those you have at Wendover, and my thoughts are with you often.

Our girls are almost grown now. Ellen and Terri are both tall girls. We do not see too much of them, what with all of their school activities and parties. Teenagers do have fun with a capital F. Jim (*her husband*) is still with TVA and enjoys his work here. I have been working for court reporters for five years, and have an office at home which I thoroughly enjoy. It reminds me of working at Wendover as I can see the lovely mountains from the window. The red birds fascinate me during the winter. There is an apple tree right outside the window, and if I am in good rhythm, the birds sing along with the typewriter. Please give everyone there my love, and if anyone comes to Chattanooga, please ask them to stop in. The lakes are something really special.

. . . .

**From Rosalie Edmondson Jouvenat in Mexico—December, 1961**

We are reading *Wide Neighborhoods* aloud. It is my second reading. Frank is enjoying it, and I enjoy it as much as the first time. The years have brought many changes. For me, the best change is having a devoted husband and much happiness.

. . . .

**From Dr. and Mrs. James M. Fraser in Montana—December, 1961**

We have accomplished two important things this past year. We added one child to our family and we have moved to Montana to stay for a while. Our oldest, Bonnie, is in her second year at Maryville College in Tennessee, and Terry, who was born at Hyden is in Whittier College in California. It does not seem that long ago that we were with you.

. . . .

**From Nancy Newcomb Porter in Birmingham, Michigan**

—December, 1961

This is the time of the year that I remember the FNS the most from my work there. The giving and sharing by the FNS



and all their friends to the children and families in the area. I hope I may visit one day and bring my husband and children. Our eight-year-old, Sue, is entranced by horses—maybe in another ten years it will be all jeeps rather than horses. A joyful holiday season and a wonderful New Year to all.

. . . . .

**From Minnie Meeke in Northern Ireland—December, 1961**

This is Northern Ireland again, thinking of you all in and around Wendover. Congratulations to you on getting the Nutting Award for your services in the Kentucky mountains.

The Bulletin cover with the picture of St. Christopher's Chapel is beautiful, and the window looks magnificent. I get a lot of news in the Bulletin which I really enjoy reading—thank you so much for sending it.

. . . . .

**From Margaret Prescott Fehr in Portland, Oregon**

—December, 1961

After a very enjoyable year in Red Deer, Alberta, Gene (*her husband*) and I resigned our positions and packed our belongings, and headed for Portland, Oregon, and Warner Pacific College. There is a certain amount of apprehension connected with such a move, but we are now happily settled in Portland and are enjoying our stay. I am nursing at Providence Hospital, and also nurse at the College. Gene is taking a full load of classes. We have renewed acquaintance with several Canadian friends, and have appreciated their kindness to us.

. . . . .

**From Ivallean Caudill in Unalakleet, Alaska—December, 1961**

Life here is very busy and interesting. I feel that at last I have arrived. While I plan to make trips elsewhere, those will be offshoots from Alaska. Time flees as a snowflake before a Unalakleet wind heading for the Bering Sea. Koyuk is my farthest outlying village, and my best loved of the four. It has a population of 150-200 people, with a teeny store, post office, church and school. It lies a few plane miles from Shaktoolik, and unlike the other villages rests on the hillside beside the Koyuk River. There are beautiful evergreen trees all through



the village and on the hillsides surrounding. The other three villages are on completely flat land by the Bering Sea, with a view of mountains in the distance. When I fly to Koyuk the plane lands on a strip which has been bulldozed out of the hill, and looks rather like a jeep road. If one were not used to Kentucky jeep roads in the hills, it could be quite a nerve-shaking experience. People from the village come running to meet the plane, with mail and out-going passengers. I never have to worry about help with my supplies—everybody grabs something, and off we go slipping and sliding down the hill to the school where I hold my clinics. Periodically I have a visit from a doctor to help with medical problems. He stays from Monday morning until Wednesday afternoon. We see sick people all day and check eyes for glasses in the evenings.

No one need fear that I shall go hungry here, or fail to cook properly for myself. The neighbors invite me out so much, that I have to diet when I am at home or else I will soon reach the size of a black bear!

. . . .

**From Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters in**

**Marshfield, Wisconsin—December, 1961**

It is now more than two years that we have been in Marshfield, and those years have treated us well in good health, good jobs for both of us, with Ann working full time at the Public Library, and Henry at the Doege Medical Center.

Bill is now a full Naval Aviator, a jet pilot, lieutenant in the Marine Corps, presently stationed at Santa Ana. George graduated from Princeton in June, then with three of his room-mates spent the summer touring Europe. He is now in Greece, spending the year teaching at the American Farm School in Salonica. Next September he plans to enter medical school at Columbia University. Mary-Alice, after finishing her sophomore year at Carleton College in Minnesota, spent the summer at home working as life guard at the municipal swimming pool, and is now taking her junior year under the Sweet Briar Plan at the University of Paris.

We have been happy to have several friends from the Philippines and from New York State visit us here during the year, and hope that any of you who are ever in this area will look us up.



**From Isabella Dougall Marraine in Winter Haven, Florida**

—December, 1961

I carry on here in public health work which I really do like, yet I am rather looking forward to the time I will retire which will be in about two years. I have been alone but not lonely since September. Ione is teaching in Melbourne, about 100 miles from here, and does not mind driving home for week-ends. Peter has now been almost one year in the Air Force, stationed at Carswell and attending Texas Christian College where he is taking history. Greetings to all.

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**From Josie Finnerty in New York—December, 1961**

After taking many tests and much waiting I finally was notified in October that I was registered as an RN in New York. I went to Syracuse for two weeks vacation in November, getting back to New York just before Thanksgiving. I thought of all of you and hoped to call that evening, but I had to work overtime. Next year I hope to go home for my vacation, and to visit you later in the year. With best wishes to all for 1962.

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**From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—December, 1961**

We had a lovely FNS reunion this year on Thanksgiving Day. Nineteen "old girls" all thinking of you and the FNS—its people, the hills and creeks, the horses and dogs, and not forgetting the staff. They all signed the College Christmas card which I send to you with all our love.

I always think of Kentucky especially at Christmas time. I remember going up Hell-for-Certain one Christmas night with Charlie S. It was very icy and Pam's ice nails must have worn smooth. All at once, on the slick rocks outside Hiram Begley's house down we crashed—my leg was under the horse, and I don't know why it was not broken. Charlie jumped off his mule and came to my assistance. He insisted I ride his mule while he rode Pam for the rest of the journey. We arrived at the house in good time to deliver the baby, and Charlie was full of praise and gratitude and said if he had not been "carrying that thar' Christmas bundle for the baby, he would have caught Miss Kelly and not let her fall."



(Old Staff members who signed the card are: Ellen Marsh, Ada Worcester, Marjorie Jackson, Eileen Grogan, Doris Dunstan, E. J. Macdonald, May Green, Ethel Mickle, Edith Mickle, G. W. Dennis, Sara Swindells, Brigit Sutcliffe, Peggy McQueen, Betty Hillman, Alison Bray, Eve Chetwynd, Nora Kelly and her sister Violet, and "Mum" Cundle, mother of Anne and Judy who are with the FNS now, who visited the FNS last summer.)

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**From Bridget Gallagher in Woolwich, England**

—December, 1961

As Christmas draws near my thoughts go to all at Wenderover, and I can picture the busy scenes in the Big House living room when everyone is gathered to help decorate. I think Wenderover is at its best at this time of year, especially when the snow lies thick under the pine trees across the river. Unfortunately I was unable to get to the Thanksgiving Re-union at Watford this year. I am continuing to do district nursing at Woolwich and we have been especially busy during these winter months—the weather has been reasonably mild thus far. This brings my love to all and best wishes for much happiness in the New Year.

. . . . .

**From Dr. and Mrs. Paul E. Adolph in Bishaftu, Ethiopia**

—December, 1961

It has been wonderful to have the opportunity to visit this beautiful country of Ethiopia. One delightful day we visited Her Majesty's Waifs' Home. The place is tidy and spotless, in spite of having 101 children and 2 babies. During our tour I carried one baby in my arms. At present we are spending a week at the lovely Rest Home of the Sudan Interior Mission. There are cottages on the side of a hill surrounded by huge mountains overlooking a deep crater lake. We hope to spend Christmas south of Addis Ababa. Loving greetings to you all.

. . . . .

**From Leona Carlson in Kiowa, Colorado—December, 1961**

Many friends helped me with my preparations for going to Portugal. The trip across the Atlantic was very pleasant, especially since my cabin mate was also headed for Portugal to learn the language. Friends there helped us to find a Portuguese



home in which to live and a tutor, and we soon learned to speak simple sentences.

In the spring a back injury made it necessary for me to return to the States. After five months of treatment and increasing activities, I am now able to work as a staff nurse at Denver Presbyterian Hospital, and I hope to return overseas before too long.

. . . . .

**From Jean Kerfoot in Okotoks, Alberta—January, 1962**

Life at home has many advantages but is not nearly as interesting work-wise as the FNS. I miss midwifery, but even more so the district work and the people. My slides are much in demand. I was flattered to be asked to show them to the local chapter of the Alberta Association of Registered Nurses.

I am doing general duty nursing in a 65-bed hospital, 13 miles from here, and am living at home. We have many chronic patients during the winter and the maternity department gets lively at times, especially as two of the doctors live fifteen miles from the hospital. Please give my greetings to all.

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**From Bessie Waller in Bournemouth, England—January, 1962**

How very nice to hear from you again—my thoughts went right back to the old days in Kentucky. I read of all the changes in the Bulletin, and I am so thankful to Mrs. Breckinridge for having me out to take part in her wonderful work. It was a wonderful way of spending my nursing career. I see Denny and May Green occasionally. How lovely it would be to pop in and see you all, but I must be content with sending my thoughts and love.

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**From Ruth Offenheiser Morgan in Stockton, Illinois**

—January, 1962

I often think of you and all the FNS. My three bundles of energy leave me little time for letter writing. Joel will be ten years old in May and is in fourth grade this year. Janet was six in December and is in kindergarten; and Barbara was four in December and feels she is quite old enough to go to school! Jakie (*her husband*) is in the laboratory of Kraft Foods here



in town, and likes the work. We hope to visit Kentucky this summer, and will count on a visit with you.

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**From Ruth May in Mary's Harbour, Labrador—January, 1962**

I think of all of you so often and hope things are going well. It was such a treat to see you last summer, even though it was such a short visit. My hospital is not too busy just now as transportation is very difficult. There have been continual high winds and much of the ice in the bays over which we travel in dog teams has broken up despite very low temperatures. It is frustrating to know there are people who need care, and not to have any way of reaching them, or of getting them here. A Government official has been staying here for a few days, and I have been telling him how very much we need a road. At present there is no road of any description in any part of my district (which extends for about 100 miles). There are not even any creeks one might drive up, Kentucky style! Please remember me to all my friends.

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**From Emily Stewart in St. Mary's, Ontario—February, 1962**

I am back in Canada and will not be returning to Africa. At the present time I am working in the maternity department at my training school. I continue to remember and to use much that I learned at FNS. The greatest benefits I received were for my work in Africa. During my last 2½-year period there I delivered over 600 babies with no maternal death, and very few fetal deaths. I trained a native woman who, during my absence one time, delivered a breech presentation with a well baby and mother; so you see the FNS reaches out.

I do hope your staff and students have a profitable year of service and keep well and happy.

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**Newsy Bits**

**Gertrude Bluemel** writes: "January should see me headed east and on to Africa, back to my work in Nigeria."

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**Mary Ruth Sparks** went on a whirlwind 17-day trip to



Europe the beginning of January. She writes: "The biggest part of the tour was in Spain where we went through the large cathedrals, museums, art galleries, and the palaces of Moorish Kings, many of them still furnished with lovely courts of flowers and pools. I had to read up on my history."

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**Arlene Schuiteman** was home for an all-too-short holiday from her work in the Sudan. She writes: "A three months holiday does not allow for the luxury of visiting all of one's friends. It was wonderful to be home for the holidays. Some of you will be interested to hear that my sister, who had been so ill on my last furlough, with toxemia, had no difficulties at all when her baby boy arrived last week."

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Our sympathy goes to **Lois Harris Kroll** on the death of her father last year. Lois writes: "He was 86, and I am glad he was ill for only four days following a stroke."

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### Wedding

**Miss Lucille Knechtly** and Mr. Bige Sizemore on January 20, 1962, at the Muncy Creek Baptist Church. (See Field Notes.)

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### New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Witt III ("**Shot**" **Tucker**), a son, born December 8, 1961, in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He is Frank A. Witt IV.

To Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bane (**Bobby Hunt**) of Medina, New York, a son, born January 30, 1962. He is Todd Bryan Bane.

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## SAYINGS OF OUR CHILDREN

Small boy to his mother, upon discovering a hole in one of his socks: "Mommie, my socks are coming plumb barefooted!"



## COPPY

by

MARGARET M. GAGE

In southern California there are many kinds of birds. They love to come to the gardens that are quiet. Some are migrant and some stay all year round. One of the permanent residents is beautiful in color but not particularly welcome. He is the western blue jay, larger than the eastern type and also more aggressive and unpleasant. He has a raucous voice. He is bold and brash. He chases the timid small birds away, often wounding them severely. He greedily eats anything in sight. It is little use putting out a bird feeder as he monopolizes it to such an extent that the other birds have little chance to feed. No one stands up to him except the mocking bird who is so brave he will even attack a trespassing cat. There seems to be a continual cold war between mocking birds and blue jays. They both claim property rights in my garden and are forever issuing ultimatums and counter ultimatums. Happily the humming birds pay no attention to them. Like living jewels these dart and whirl merrily in a world of their own. Perhaps they are too small for the Great Powers to notice.

The first day I saw Coppy I glanced away again thinking he was just another jay. Then I noticed his odd movement—no crisp boldness in hopping across the lawn, but a dragging and a slow uneven lurch. As he drew nearer I saw one wing was not neatly folded, but was open and limp. I rose from my chair on the patio to see him better. He immediately turned and made for the bushes with a queer lifting speed. It was uncanny. I realized that since he evidently could not fly he had invented a sort of levitation. That was how he got his name, Coppy—short for Joseph of Copertino, a seventeenth century saint who frequently levitated.

As the sunny fall days proceeded toward the rainy season Coppy became tamer. He was slow to make friends, was quiet and gentle and not at all like the other blue jays. He seemed to avoid their company. His character was changing. I would often see him amicably pecking in the grass with a flock of smaller birds. He did not try to chase them away nor did he behave



with the least aggressiveness. They, on their part, accepted him as one of themselves. Suffering was teaching him not only courtesy but a friendly awareness of the rights of others.

At teatime he would come up on the patio and share our cookies. He preferred home made ones. At close range I saw what was the matter with him. One wing was partly torn from the shoulder. One leg was crooked. He grew to trust me more and more but he would never let me touch him. He would take food from my hand and sit beside my chair to eat it. He would climb up a vine nearby to play hide-and-peek with me. He had many charming little ways. I forgot he was a jay. He became a friend. His only real touch of greediness was for cheese. That was his favorite dish and he liked it with crackers in proper style. One day I laughed aloud at his attempts to pick up a piece of cheese and a cracker at the same time. He worked at it with concentration and persistence. Each time he had the cheese in his beak and tried for a cracker from the basket the cheese dropped. Then the cracker dropped as the cheese was regained. But he wouldn't give up. I cheered him on and told him I knew he could do it. And at last he did. In triumph he glided across the lawn to his favorite bush. It was the nearest thing to flying I had ever seen him accomplish. I was proud of Copsy. I hope the cracker and cheese tasted to him like heavenly ambrosia.

As fall slid imperceptibly into winter as it does in California, Copsy became weaker and listless. He continued his visits at teatime but not so regularly. He would sit for long spells doing nothing. Perhaps he was meditating. Then he would rouse himself and make friendly overtures again. He became interestingly lovable. I looked forward to his limping approach and was troubled when he did not appear.

After the first big rain I never saw him again. I kept hoping for a week or two that he would return, but finally I had to accept the probable fact that he must have died.

I missed Copsy. He had fought the good fight against his own harsh jay nature and had won to peace at the last.



## "BE NOT SILENT"

by

ELISABETH ACHELIS

Pageant Press, Inc., New York. Price \$3.00.

### I

"Be Not Silent" is the autobiography of a remarkable woman, Miss Elisabeth Achelis, who was 82 years old in January of this year. In 1930 Miss Achelis founded The World Calendar Association and was its active head until her retirement in 1956.

Miss Achelis, the younger of twins, was born of a wealthy New York family and was reared in the conventional atmosphere of her generation. As children she and her sister both rebelled at the difficulty they had in establishing separate identities. In later years, Miss Achelis deeply regretted her lack of formal education. When she was forty-five, she found herself free from family responsibilities and began her search for something to which she could give herself completely for a more worth-while life. Her search was ended when she heard a lecture on calendar reform. However, she was disturbed by the 13-month plan then advocated without really knowing why. Later she heard of the 12-month and equal-quarter plan and was attracted to the "beauty, order, symmetry, and equalized arrangement." There began the intensive study which led to the activities that have occupied "the calendar lady" ever since—work directed to reform the calendar along "scientific, mathematical, and ethical lines."

Miss Achelis has taken the proposed World Calendar before the League of Nations, the United States Congress, the United Nations. Time and again action has been deferred on the grounds that there were more urgent matters, although the plan has had the support of many nations and many distinguished people. She is still optimistic that 1967, when both old and new calendars begin on Sunday, January 1, will see the adoption of The World Calendar.

Miss Achelis feels that The World Calendar is a real and practical movement for peace, and that with it "mankind will expand to increased spiritual awareness and oneness." The World Calendar is based on mathematics and has religious and scientific significance; it is foresquare—symbolic of the earth



with its four seasons, four cardinal points, four principal winds, four elements. The World Calendar would begin every year, every quarter, every week, with Sunday. Each of the four quarters has equal value. With arithmetic as a pattern, the calendar is a completely scientific measurement of time. The last day of every year is World'sday, which Miss Achelis feels would draw the nations of the world closer together. This World'sday, and a Leap Year Day added in mid-year every four years, are both between regular weeks and in no way interfere—a device similar to the International Date Line. She regards The World Calendar as “a miracle of the twentieth century, guiding the world toward a better way to order and to peace.”

In recognition of her work, Russell Sage College awarded Miss Achelis the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters in May 1961.

Reviewed by Peggy Elmore

## II

This little book—“Be Not Silent”—speaks out to all mankind, nations, churches, even the trees of the forest and God's creatures on this earth. As the author, Miss Elisabeth Achelis, so aptly points out, we seem to be going asunder in all directions; away from the laws and order and harmony and stability of this Universe which was created by a Master planner—our God.

In these days, if we could but remember that all were created by God, but they are not alike—therein is a lesson. We can and must live in harmony. Heaven forbid that we all become alike, whether we be yellow, white, black or green. Herein is a great lesson—one only has to look at the pine growing gracefully by the sturdy oak in perfect harmony—the pine doesn't have to become like the oak, or vice versa.

As the author so vividly points out, let us all not lose our individuality. Let each state keep her own mores, customs and laws. So should every nation, cherishing their heritage, loving their country, be willing to live in harmony with all nations.

In these days of conformity, some denominations feel they must all pour themselves into a uniform jelly mold, in order to be effective. Why? This nation was founded on the motto “In God We Trust.” Let us not forget that there are many paths in



the forest, most of them good. Why let most of the paths become overgrown with weeds in order to conform with one or two?

Pondering over this book, one begins to wonder if someone will come up with the idea that really there should be only one West wind; North, South and East winds should, if possible, manage to conform or become like the West wind.

The World Calendar is representative of the Divine and natural laws of the Universe—addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division; the four winds; four seasons, etc. So perhaps in 1967 the World Calendar will be adopted. May there be more harmony, order and stability among nations—not alikeness. Let each nation cherish her own heritage and tradition. May there be more justice and law. May America be a nation that leads with a Kindly Light, and may that Light be a beacon to all nations with The World Calendar, sponsored by Miss Achelis, symbolizing the laws of the Universe.

Review by Anna May January

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### **YOUR BORROWED BOOKS**

We are your borrowed books,  
Borrowed but not returned;  
Our life in careless hands  
Of strangers, to be spurned,  
Is one to blast our looks,  
Exiled in lonely lands.

Your borrowed books send you their love most true,  
And dreams of their return to home and you.

—Contributed



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of Trustees, members, and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will be held on Tuesday, June 12, at the Louisville Country Club. It will be preceded by a luncheon at 12:30 p.m. Mrs. M. C. Browder has succeeded Mrs. Marshall Bullitt as Chairman of the Louisville Committee. With her associates on the Committee she is in charge of all arrangements. We look forward, as always at our Annual Meetings, to the happiness of seeing again many old friends.

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*The New England Journal of Medicine* is celebrating its Sesquicentennial in 1962. On page 50-51 of the January 4 issue is a delightful editorial about the *Journal's* sesquicentennial and immediately below it an editorial on the Frontier Nursing Service. We are deeply moved, and greatly humbled, by the tone of this editorial and by the fact that it should be placed so intimately in the heart of the *Journal*. Thank you, Editors.

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The annual meeting sponsored by the **New York** Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service was held again this year in the Ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club, through the courtesy of Mrs. Walter Binger, with its Chairman, Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, presiding. The weather was good and the attendance so large that extra chairs had to be brought into the Ballroom to accommodate everyone. Our Associate Director, Helen E. Browne, made the report on the Frontier Nursing Service and showed delightful new colored slides to an enthusiastic audience. We have received numerous letters of praise with such expressions as "Miss Browne's talk was perfectly delightful and the slides were beautiful"; "Brownie's talk was splendid, touched on the worldwide influence of the Frontier Nursing Service. I know people wanted to hear that." Mrs. George J. Stockly presented Brownie with a check for \$2,500.00 from the Bargain Box to the FNS. The meeting was followed by tea, as always in New York, a social hour we cherish. The members of our fine New York Committee made everyone so very welcome.

Brownie stayed in New York at the Cosmopolitan Club until



Tuesday, January 30, meeting a variety of engagements social and professional. Old friends, both nursing and lay people, were most kind to her.

In **Philadelphia** this year there was a meeting of the Philadelphia Committee which alternates each year with a big annual meeting. This took place at the Acorn Club on Wednesday, January 31, with our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, presiding. Twenty-three members of this wonderful Committee attended the luncheon and meeting. Two of our former Philadelphia couriers were having babies and couldn't come! Mrs. Clifford B. Lull, Secretary and Treasurer, reported that Philadelphia's share this past year of the proceeds from the Bargain Box sales were \$2,703.00. This Committee helps the Frontier Nursing Service by collecting articles for the Bargain Box in New York. They are delivered to Mrs. Drinker's garage. Whenever there is enough to fill her station wagon, then her chauffeur drives them to New York. Mrs. Drinker wrote us that "Brownie made a wonderful speech from a new angle, which everybody found interesting."

Mrs. Drinker read the following telegram when she had opened the meeting. She sent it down to Kentucky to be printed here.

"Greetings to the great lady of the Frontier Nursing Service Mary Breckinridge. The many branches of the Needlework Guild of America, Inc. have considered it a great honor to contribute Guild garments over the years to your wonderful and outstanding Frontier Nursing Service. Congratulations to you and to your staff and to all who carry on this service, helping those who look to you for their physical and spiritual life from generation to generation. God bless you always.

HELEN O'BOYLE HAMME, National President,  
Needlework Guild of America, Inc."

Brownie stayed with our friends Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvaine, and old courier Fanny, in Devon until Monday, February 5, when she left Philadelphia for **Washington, D. C.** There she was the guest of our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (old courier Marvin Breckinridge) until she left on the C & O for Lexington the early evening of Thursday, February 8. She had many social and professional engagements on the Tuesday and Wednesday. But the big event was a luncheon meeting in the Terrace Room of the Shoreham Hotel, sponsored by the Chairman of the Washington Committee, Mrs. Gordon Loud, and her associates. From all sides we have enthusiastic reports



of the success of this meeting. Between two and three hundred people had taken tickets. Lady Ormsby Gore, wife of the British Ambassador, was so gracious as to attend the luncheon as chief guest of honor. The British Counselor, Mr. P. S. Rankine, was also present. Other distinguished guests of honor were Dr. Boisfeuillet Jones, Special Assistant to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare for Health and Medical Affairs, and Mrs. Jones; Dr. John Parks, Dean of the Medical School and Medical Director of George Washington University Hospital; Miss Marjorie Philbrick, Liaison Officer for Medical and other Professional Personnel, from the Office of Public Services in the Department of State; Miss Margaret Thomas, Nursing Consultant of the Children's Bureau; and Dr. John Washington, Chairman of the Staff of The Children's Hospital in Washington.

Back in Kentucky on Friday, February 9, Brownie visited the Medical Center at the University of Kentucky in **Lexington**, to report on FNS activities to Dr. Edmund D. Pellegrino, Chairman of the Department of Medicine and a member of our Medical Advisory Committee. Miss Sue Kern, Director of Nursing Service, gave her a personally conducted tour of the new University Hospital which is to open this spring. A visit to the College of Nursing followed where faculty members, Miss Lane and Miss Hill, were kind enough to give their time for discussion of their program. Dr. Marcia Dake, Dean of the College of Nursing, entertained Brownie for luncheon. It was good to renew acquaintances with these good friends of ours at the University, all of whom have visited us in the mountains.

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Let us now hark back to Philadelphia. We have been deeply interested in an article from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of January 8, 1962, entitled "Concert Honors Henry S. Drinker":

"A testimonial concert in honor of Henry S. Drinker, noted lawyer, amateur musician and patron of the arts, at Haverford College Sunday afternoon marked the dedication of the College's Henry S. Drinker Music Center. . . . This program and the dedication comprised a deserved tribute to a man whose versatility and accomplishments hark back to the days of Franklin, Jefferson and Hopkinson. The octogenarian has written authoritative books on legal ethics and Johannes Brahms, to cite but two subjects. He has been active in the fields of education, the fine arts, literature, philosophy, business. Perhaps his most enduring monument will be his translations of hundreds of vocal works of Bach, Mozart, Schuetz, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven,



Hugo Wolf and others. . . . Tribute was paid Drinker by two longtime friends. George Pownall Orr, who presided, said he has 'enriched the lives of thousands in music, art and law through his monumental works.' Randall Thompson, composer, called Drinker's 'an almost superhuman record, whose achievements are a monument to the validity of music as a way of life. . . .'

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On December 1, 1961, Mrs. Harold I. Meyer, State Chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service Committee of the Illinois Daughters of Colonial Wars, held a pre-Christmas meeting of the Daughters. The result to the FNS was a wonderful shipment of toys, and many kind greetings.

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Mary Woodmansey recently spoke to the Sisterhood of the Christian Church in her home town of Fort Benton, Montana. Her enthusiasm about our work and the pictures she had taken during her stay with us last summer were so graphic that she stirred quite an interest there in the FNS. Mary, a student at the University of Montana, came to us under the AOPi Social Service Scholarship and worked with Miss Betty Lester, Assistant Director in charge of FNS Social Service. Mary is deeply interested in the FNS and we are happy that she is planning to return to us again this summer. A delightfully illustrated article on her ten weeks experiences with us appears in the Winter 1961 issue of *To Dragma* of Alpha Omicron Pi.

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We will now move Down Under. Our great and good friend, Dr. Lance Townsend, Chief of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the University of Melbourne, writes us that he has added the post of Secretary of the Victorian Bush Nursing Association to his busy life. He succeeds his late friend, Dr. George Simpson. Of Dr. Simpson Dr. Townsend writes, "He was a wonderful man and not only was he interested in Bush Nursing but also he was instrumental in founding the Flying Doctor Service in Australia in association with the Reverend John Flynn."

We have also heard from our delightful guest of three years ago, Miss Elsie Whicker, Superintendent of the New South Wales Bush Nursing Association. Miss Whicker mentions that 1961 was the Jubilee of the Association and says, "Looking back over



fifty years of the Association's work, one can be grateful for wisdom and help all along the way."

Another distinguished Australian who has visited the Frontier Nursing Service is Miss Edith Francis, Superintendent of the Victorian Bush Nursing Association. We have recently learned that Queen Elizabeth II bestowed on Miss Francis the honor of Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. We extend our congratulations to Miss Francis on an honor well deserved.

*Mary Breckinridge*

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#### JUST JOKES

One of the heads of the Federal Income Tax Bureau looked up to find a stranger seated opposite him.

"What are you after?" snapped the tax man.

"Nothing at all," the visitor assured him. "I just thought I'd like to look over the people I'm working for."

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A business college displayed a poster offering "A Short Course in Accounting for Women."

It has now been withdrawn. Someone wrote across it, in a bold, unmistakably masculine hand, "There is no accounting for women."

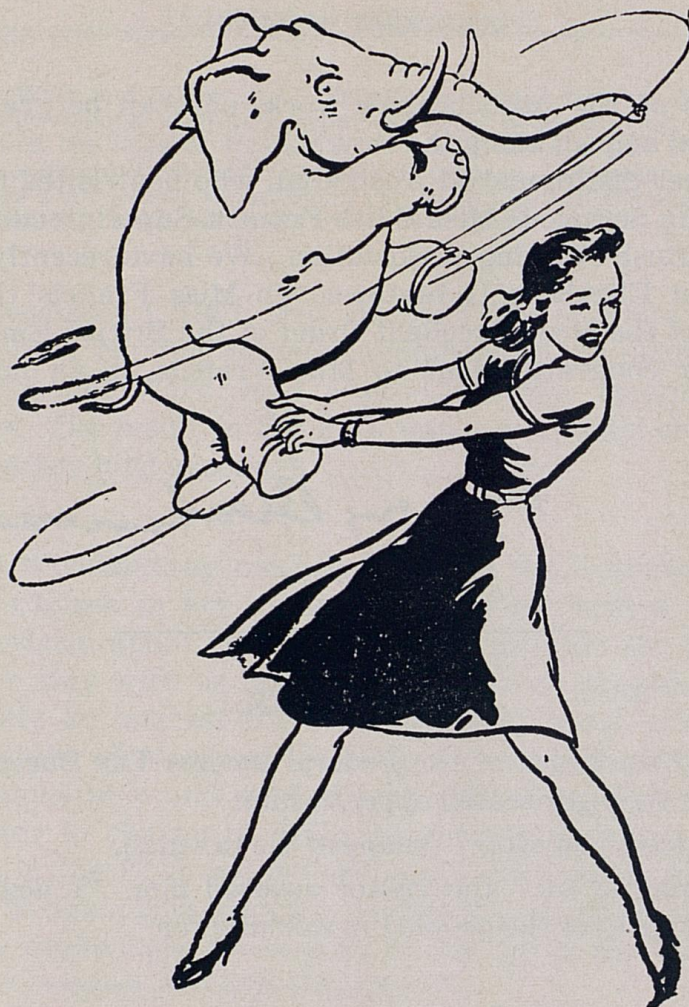
. . . . .

"And now," said the teacher to her civics class, "who can tell me how the president of the U. S. is picked after an election?"

"I can," said Billy. "The president is chosen at an electrical college, composed of state delegates, each of whom has one volt. That is why a large proportion of the citizenry is usually shocked by the result."



## 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

At the Ladies Night program of the Hyden Lions Club on Thursday, December 7, Olive Bunce was presented with the Lions Club Community Service Award "in appreciation of the invaluable services and coöperation extended," for her work in the Wolf Creek Community with school children, old people, and with the Soil Conservation Service. Also honored for their services to Leslie County were Mrs. S. M. Meador and Mr. A. D. Mattingly.

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The Third Annual Community Carol Service was held in the Hyden Baptist Church on December 22, 1961. The churches of Leslie County and the Frontier Nursing Service joined in presenting A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols for the pre-Christmas pleasure of the whole community.

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Our readers will remember that the first service held in St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden Hospital was a Christmas Eve Carol Service in 1960. Again this year the staff and many of our friends gathered in the Chapel at 11:30 on Christmas Eve to "salute the happy morn" with carols and prayers. The Service was led by Helen Browne, and the Lessons were read by Carol Banghart, Harriet Jordan, and Betty Lester. Dr. Francis Brewer, Sally and George Brewer, and Esther Reesor sang "O Holy Night", and Mr. Robert Veley of the Hyden Presbyterian Church pronounced the Benediction.

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Several members of the FNS staff had the pleasure of attending the wedding of Lucille Knechtly (Thumper) to Mr. Bige Sizemore in the Muncy Creek Baptist Church on Saturday afternoon, January 20. Betty Lester was maid of honor and George Wooton was best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Ratliff.

. . . . .

Helen Browne attended a meeting of nurse-midwives and



representatives of the National League for Nursing in New York in early January. The meeting was for the purpose of discussing the education and the need for the nurse-midwife.

Carolyn Banghart spoke and showed the FNS slides at a meeting of the Student Nurses Association of North Carolina in Durham on February 20. Carol was the guest of Emily Campbell who had spent several weeks with the FNS in the summer of 1961.

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Three members of our staff left the Service in December. Mary Young returned to her home in California; Helen Trachsel plans to go to Bolivia as a missionary nurse; and Sheena Pickard has gone home to England to complete her midwifery training. Florence Wright, who has been doing volunteer nursing at Hyden Hospital and Brutus, left in early March for a holiday before returning to India.

We are delighted to welcome to the nursing staff Linda Cheney of Westboro, Massachusetts; Shirley Sadler of Hazel Park, Michigan; June Moore of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Edna Johnson of Siren, Wisconsin.

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The Courier Service has been well staffed this winter. Kate Ireland has been in several times to see how things were getting along. Susy Sogg stayed on into January and Jane Clark of Dover, Massachusetts, who was here three years ago, is spending two months as senior courier. Old courier Hought Barber was with us for a week in late January. The junior couriers are Jay Hutchinson of Concord, Massachusetts, and Lyn Sprogell, North Wales, Pennsylvania. These two girls are students at Bennington College and are spending their two month non-resident term with the FNS. Lyn and Jay leave us about the time this Bulletin goes to press. The junior courier for the spring period is Patricia Napier of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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Three resident pediatricians from the Cincinnati Children's Hospital, Drs. John Partin, Wesley Alexander, and Joseph Cionni, accompanied by Dr. Edward Crowley, a dental surgeon, were here in February for another of their valuable pediatric clinics. We are deeply grateful to them and to Dr. Carl Yapple of Harlan



Miners Hospital, Dr. David B. Stevens, Lexington, and Dr. Beverley Mead and Dr. H. S. Whitaker of the University of Kentucky Medical School for special clinics and lectures at Hyden Hospital.

. . . . .  
A couple of weeks before Christmas three nurses from the Ireland Army Hospital at Ft. Knox, Major Mary L. Blaney, Major Kay Meyer, and Captain Jeanne Suppler, braved icy roads to deliver to us the marvelous new toys collected by the nurses at Ft. Knox for the children's Christmas. Unfortunately these delightful guests were only able to stay one night, and we hope they will come back when the weather is more coöperative. Lt. Maureen Hanson, also of Ft. Knox, and Miss Margaret Caine of Madison, Wisconsin, spent a night at Hyden Hospital in late January.

Mr. George Hackett, head of the Associated Press in Kentucky, was with us for three days in January while he gathered material for his story of the FNS which appeared recently in Sunday papers around the country.

Mrs. Beulah Tramel of Chattanooga, Tennessee, spent a few days at Wendover between Christmas and New Year, the guest of Madeline Gamble. Harriet Jordan's mother, Mrs. Harry Jordan of Woodside, California, was at Hyden for a week in February. Harriet has as her guest now Miss Renee Beauregard, San Francisco, California, who was with her on the S. S. HOPE last year. Mr. Peter Mennell, H. M. British Consul from Cleveland, Ohio, honored us with a two day visit in late February. As we go to press we are anticipating with pleasure a visit from Miss Hope McCown of Ashland, Kentucky, our own "Sister Hope."

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He thought he saw a Kangaroo  
That worked a coffee-mill:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Vegetable-Pill.  
"Were I to swallow this," he said,  
"I should be very ill!"

—*Sylvie and Bruno* by Lewis Carroll



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Evacuated April 1, 1960

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

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



**FORM OF BEQUEST**

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

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

**HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE**

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

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

. . . .

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.

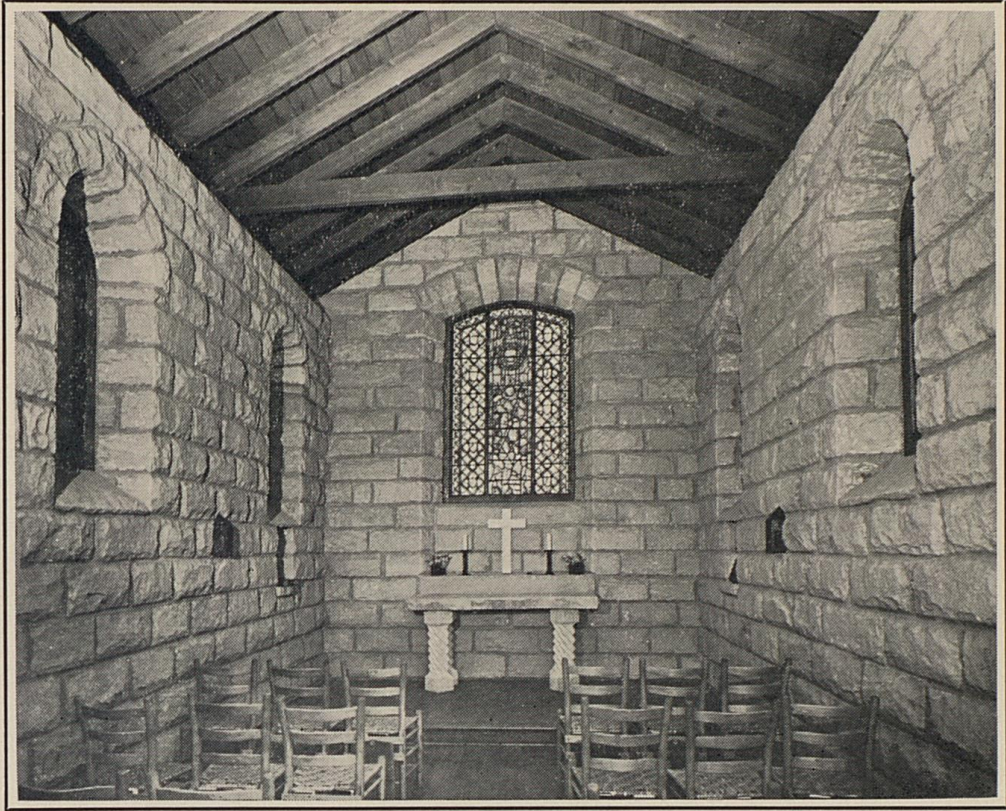
### DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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  
Lexington, Kentucky





St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden Hospital

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