

Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 39

Autumn, 1963

Number 2



CHARITY—1863

See inside cover

This cover picture of CHARITY is exactly one hundred years old. It is an engraving from *Gunns Family Physician* by John C. Gunn, M.D. of Louisville, Kentucky, which was published in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was printed by E. C. Middleton. The original picture was by M. Calisch.

We salute the Ohio Valley and its two great cities!

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published at the end of each Quarter by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.,
Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year

Editor's Office: **Wendover, Kentucky**

VOLUME 39

AUTUMN, 1963

NUMBER 2

"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,
under Act of March 3, 1879."

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John Fitzgerald Kennedy

May 29, 1917 — November 22, 1963



There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . .
Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 5

ROSEMARY

It comforteth the hart and
maketh it merrie, quickeneth
the spirits and maketh them
more lively.—Gerard

As for Rosemary, I lette it run all over my garden walls,
not onlie because my bees love it, but because it is the herb
sacred to remembrance and to friendship, whence a sprig of it
hath a dumb language.—Sir Thomas More

The Samson Press, Woodstock
Drawing by Gwenda Morgan

SPECIAL DELIVERY AT CHRISTMAS

by

PATRICIA WARE, R.N., S.C.M.

I picked up my bags and stepped out into the cold morning air. The gusty wind was chasing grey clouds across the sky. Bare branches waved a welcome from the trees. A lovely day . . . Christmas Eve . . . that special intangible Christmas feeling spicing the air. Our parties for children had already been held, with Santa putting in a very welcome, if somewhat premature appearance. The sick and the old and the shut-ins had been remembered by the gifts sent to us from many kind friends.

And now Pat and I were setting off very early to make our calls, in order that we should have time in the evening to prepare for the morrow . . . important preparations for on Christmas Day we hoped to hold open house at Brutus, for all members of the FNS who could come to us. And we were hoping very much to attend the Christmas Eve midnight Carol Service in St. Christopher's Chapel at the hospital.

I went by jeep to visit an expectant mother whose baby was due at any time. Cheerfully, Sally greeted me, "Been having a few pains—but nothing much!" We both grinned; a Christmas Baby? Looking at the sky which was becoming ominously overcast I cautioned her to be sure to call us in plenty of time. Somewhat regretfully I relinquished hopes of attending the Carol Service.

That evening Pat and I worked with a will, putting the final tinsel touches to the tree, and baking cookies and pies. I made a dressing and carefully stuffed the turkey. All went well until I came to sewing up the bird, and then I had a problem . . . all I could find was an embroidery needle! I have never been much of a needlewoman but I am proud of that particular piece of sewing . . . After almost an hour, I had a beautiful end-to-end anastomosis!!

The snow was falling, softly, quickly. The stars studded the heavens and the moonlight silvered the snow-clad mountains. Meanwhile we set our cookies and pies to cool; wrapped our turkey in foil and set it in a roasting pan, on the table, and then, as though at a pre-arranged signal, the telephone rang. Sally's

husband calling from a neighbor's house . . . Sally was in labor!

Loading our bags into the jeep, we set off. We had to "make haste slowly" as the roads were slick and the snow still falling. However we had ample time. Sally, heeding my warning, had sent for us early.

And so, we all sat by the wide window in the house on the hill and watched the Dawn of Christmas on a wondrous white world. "Happy Christmas, Happy Christmas," we wished each other.

And a very Happy Christmas it was, when at 4:30 a.m. Sally gave birth to her baby. With a strange feeling of the rightness of things I delivered Catherine Diane, a very healthy 9½ lb. girl. I felt that bells should be ringing. Well of course, within our hearts they rang indeed.

Later, when everything had been done, we left the happy family, mother and father, and two sleeping children, and the precious little Christmas Gift, and set off home. We drove even more slowly now, as tiny particles of snow froze to our windshield, making it necessary for us to stop and scrape the ice away every hundred yards or so. It was very cold and we were anxious to get home. Our anxiety was not lessened by the fact that we had remembered leaving the turkey on the table . . . and the dogs in the house! Surely they would have had their Christmas dinner when we returned. Would the two chickens we had in the freezer thaw out in time instead?

On reaching home safely at last, we walked into the kitchen and there—on the table, was the turkey—not so much as sniffed at! We made some coffee and relaxed with contented sighs. A turkey, a fresh fall of snow, and a baby—what more could we ask for Christmas.

SO WHAT'S THE USE

The little first-grader came home from his first day of school.

"Ain't going to go to school tomorrow, Mom," he announced.

"Why not, dear?" his mother asked.

"Well, I can't read and I can't write and the teacher won't let me talk, so what's the use?"

—*Modern Maturity*, June-July, 1962

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE OLDER COURIERS

by
MARION SHOUSE LEWIS

It may be many years since you have returned to the hills. When you come you will find much, happily, that is different; much, blessedly, that is the same. Arrival at Wendover is still up Pig Alley, now, of course, almost always by jeep. The Garden House, despite the addition at the Pig Alley end, looks about as it did. The jeep shed has been enlarged. The pigpen, the mule barn, the cow barn, the maternity barn, SingSing and the Pebble workshop, all are as they were, with perhaps a bit more "spit and polish" evident. By the horse barn is a horse lot above the garden. Here the grooming and currying is done out of the way of the truck and the jeeps. This barn is much as it was, though the hay loft has been heightened and enlarged.

The shrill, endless cacophony of the chickens continues in the chicken lots. Now, at this time of year, the glorious blue of the morning glories lights up the somber garden side of the horse barn, and spills down the railing of the cabin porch, spreading its beauty across the place and to any casual passer-by on the road below. The tool house still stands unobtrusively in its old place, with the ancient wash house beyond it. Below them, a fine walk of mellowed, aged brick, brought from the torn-down building that used to house the Hyden bank, leads from barn to cabin.

The Hut, a double bedroom on the hill below the Upper Shelf, not far from where the old dog run used to be, is unobtrusive but most useful for housing sturdy young guests. The Upper and Lower Shelves look as they did from below. Of course, the addition of bathrooms has made them much more livable, but the Upper Shelf is still heated only by coal fires. The Big House is not visibly different. Within, on the second floor, a lavatory where the old linen cupboard used to be, and, downstairs, the enlargement and glassing-in of the back porch off the kitchen making a second dining room are the only changes.

Lucile Hodges has worked tirelessly on the hillsides below the Upper Shelf and the Big House. Brownie's rose garden shows the fruits of many hours of tender, loving care. Men have been

cutting and weeding steadily. The whole place has a well kept, cared-for appearance but it has not changed.

There are, of course, no longer the leisurely or hurried horseback trips to Hyden. Now the couriers go in three mornings a week by jeep on shopping trips. Coming to Hyden or having guests is now no big event for the outpost center nurses or for Wendover. Instead it is a usual occurrence. Too, the patients are much more mobile which tends to enlarge clinic attendance enormously, especially at Hyden Hospital.

The Bowlingtown and Confluence Centers are now no more. Lucile kindly arranged for me to go with her in Walter Begley's boat all the way down the lake to the dam at Buckhorn. It is a beauty filled journey, especially at this time of year. The lake is narrow, as one thinks of lakes, and follows, of course, the confines of the river, gentle curve on gentle curve and sharper bend on sharper bend. Here a fence post, half submerged, there a hay rake, abandoned in a former field, now a jungle for fish—all stand mutely telling of what was before. The trees come down to, and in many cases, into the water. And the hills, the stark, steep heartbreakingly beautiful hills, at this season in full leaf and heavy with their annual utmost in luxuriant growth, look down at the waters.

The new center, Wolf Creek, is reached by going a "piece" on the Hazard road after driving up Hurricane! Kate Ireland has done wonders with its level pasture land. Indeed she has done wonders with all the Service pasture lands. One's first view of the center is the pasture with the buildings in the background. The center itself is patterned after the older FNS centers, but its living room has a large picture window that encompasses the broad and beautiful upland valley in which it stands.

The Service is truly now in large part on wheels. Its "fleet" consists of 23 jeeps, a Ford truck, the Ford station wagon-ambulance and Jean Hollins' fine Pontiac, reserved for trips to Lexington. This was given the FNS by Jean's sister Hope. Some of the Staff have their own cars which they garage in Hyden. There are still horses at the centers, but they are mostly for an occasional trip if the weather has made the roads impassable jeepwise. There are neither horses nor cows at Hyden any more.

The student midwives and the hospital nurses come to Wendover to ride. Indeed, no place now is left near the hospital where one can ride without constant alertness for cars and trucks that removes the real joy of any horseback pleasure jaunt. Hospital Hill is crowded. On a clinic day the cars, trucks and jeeps are legion. There has been much in the Bulletin about the St. Christopher Chapel so I shall not try to describe it here except to say that it is lovely and most fitting. It stands where Mac's "wee stone house" used to stand.

Mrs. Breckinridge looks better than I have seen her look in years. She comes down for luncheon, then does the chickens with Clinton's help and greets the cats and the geese. She appears again at tea and enlivens it with her marvelous and seemingly unlimited supply of anecdotes and ideas enriched by her eighty-two years of embracing life while bracing it.

Of the older staff members, Anna May January is at Hyden now as clinic nurse. She is still the same, quiet and frail looking but with the iron determination, the gentle, discerning heart and the helpful spirit that endeared her to so many of us at Wendover when she was there. Betty Lester, gallant Betty, whom all the mountain people know and love, is busy with the social service office and all its endless ramifications. She keeps everyone au courant with all the news of the people living in the Service territories. Dear Agnes Lewis is, as ever, meticulous, hurried, gay and gentle. Maintenance alone, now, is a full time job and she has much more than that to handle. But she is always ready to enter into any sort of fun, and can be lured into an occasional Saturday night bridge game when she throws her watch away and plunges into the intricacies of no trump! Lucile keeps the Service purse strings in order as of yore. Then, in her free time, she goes cheerfully and quietly about the place, turning its rough hillsides into charming vistas, walking the dogs, feeding the cats, and keeping a watchful eye out for any small and helpless stray animal. On Sunday afternoons she often walks down to The Clearing to give Frontiersman VII hand-picked fresh greens. And how he loves them! Peggy Elmore, calm and competent, in addition to her never ending secretarial duties puts out a weekly Service newsletter, "Tidbits", relating the comings, goings and news of the FNS staff. She is also in charge of the jeeps, quite

a headache of a job which she handles very well indeed. Brownie (Helen E. Browne), with her quicksilver, cool honesty and instant, sympathetic sensitivity firmly encased in objectivity, turns her fine mind to any administrative problem, and without interfering, guides and gentles. Kate Ireland comes and goes, gay, efficient, helpful and interested. Juanetta Moore Morgan is back in Agnes' office and bringing with her her bouncing sense of fun and pleasant helpfulness. Alabam Morgan and Ethel Bledsoe are pillars of strength and cheer in the culinary arts. Hobert Cornett, now foreman, is as loyal, steady and competent as ever.

There are many new faces, some of whom have been at Wendover for several years holding highly responsible positions. They are all gay, pleasant and friendly, and individually and differently delightful. The couriers who were and are here are blithe spirits. They seem a bit more mature and much wiser than I felt as a junior. However, the world they have grown up in is perhaps more conducive to an early shouldering of maturity.

The bulldozer is busy on the Wendover side of the river, carving out a road from the new high school to The Clearing. Here, Becky Jane Morgan still lives with her son, although Lewis is dead. She has had a stroke, but can sit up in a wheel chair and is tenderly cared for by Opal, her daughter-in-law. Anne Cundle, the Wendover nurse, goes to see her every day.

Rounds, as we knew them, are made no longer. Instead the couriers go, for a week or so, to any center needing them. The other centers they visit on one-day trips at some time or other during their six weeks service period.

Tea is still a highlight of the day at Wendover. The magnificent and terrifying wood and coal stove still commands the kitchen flanked by a smaller electric one, but a huge window fan keeps that room much cooler during the summer months.

Though physical changes have necessarily and happily come to Wendover, the spirit of the place is still the same. It has the enduring qualities of selfless service, of happy cooperation and of constant zeal under which we all enjoyed working. And no matter how far out, nor into what unchartered seas our individual craft have sailed we can always find here the quiet harbor we remembered where a warm welcome awaits us and where we may redis-

cover why the Service has always been so close to and so dear to our hearts.

POLITE BABIES

by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Manners Makyth Man

William of Wykeham, 1324-1404

When Breckie, my little son, was in his second year we began playing a game of manners. I would say, "Breckie, please lend me your ball." If he gave it to me I would bounce it a few times and give it back, saying, "Thank you."

Breckie was fond of playing with my bunch of keys. He liked to shake them and to hang them on door knobs. Before long he would hold out his hand, saying, "Boppie, please lend Baby yo' keys." When he said, "Thank you," I would reply, "You're welcome." Before he was two years old he had picked up the "You're welcome," and our first game of manners had become routine. Once, when Breckie was near the end of his third year, he came by me in that jog-trot run of the toddler with a large kitchen knife in one hand. I sprang forward and gently disengaged the knife from his fingers. As he turned reproachful eyes upon me he made this remark, "You didn't say 'please.' You gwabbed."

OUR MAIL BAG

From a Member of the National Medical Council: The Spring Bulletin, as always, is a beautiful job, material and editing.

From a Member of our National Nursing Council After a Visit to FNS: The true belief I hold that nursing is an art and skill is demonstrated daily as your nurses hold clinics, work at the hospital, and visit patients in their homes.

From a Branch Secretary of the Needlework Guild of America: Think your work is simply wonderful—Read all your booklets from cover to cover. God bless you all.

From a Friend in California: We received such a very friendly note from Miss Browne in acknowledging our recent donation to the FNS. It must be this spirit that pervades FNS for in every issue of the Bulletin (which I read thoroughly) one senses this, from those who have been there years to the new visitors.

From a Friend in Kentucky: The Bulletin takes precedence over all other publications at our house. The recent issue sparkles. The annual report is impressive.

From the Chairman of the Blue Grass Committee: Once anyone has received this matchless little publication for a year, to be without it is an unnecessary privation.

From a Friend in Michigan: I am a shut-in and enjoy reading about the wonderful work of FNS.

From a Friend in Virginia: *Wide Neighborhoods* . . . what an amazing book!

INFORMATION PLEASE!

Several of our subscribers have written us not to bother to send a receipt, because their cancelled checks are receipts. Our auditors require that a numbered receipt be sent to every subscriber. The duplicate carbon copies are audited annually.

"SENGIN'"

by

ANNE DeTOURNAY, R.N., C.M.

"She went sengin'" was the casual reply I received from a twelve-year-old boy (the eldest of the children) when I inquired as to the whereabouts of his mother. I was making a sixth week post-partum visit at this mountain top cabin home on this glorious fall day and was in a mood to accept, graciously, anything untoward that happened on my district visit today, but I must admit that this information tendered in an off-hand manner worried me. Why would a 'new' mother leave her baby at home at 2:00 in the afternoon and just go out singing? I learned, during an aside conversation, that she went singing on the mountain side and not at some neighbor's home. Thoughts of possible p. p. psychosis or nervous breakdown started a slow spin in my mind until I ventured another question. "Did she go out to sing songs?" "Naw" came the reply and I was suddenly treated to a rare occurrence. Three of the older children laughed, the others grinned in appreciation of the big joke. After a pretty measured look, possibly to make sure I wasn't just 'fooling' him, the oldest brother disappeared around the corner and a short while later presented me with an assembly of yellowish tan roots which had been pierced through and were suspended like a string of beads, for the purpose of drying. He informed me that these roots were called 'ginseng'—and if you go out looking for these plants (which make themselves fairly easy to locate during the fall because of characteristic red berries that appear on them at this particular time of the year) you have gone 'sengin.' The mother with her husband returned home with quite a nice 'strike.' He held a modest sized basket of numerous three and four pronged roots, which I learned would still weigh in pretty high after the drying period. With a practiced eye he judged he would get about twenty-five dollars for that day's effort.

Later I mentioned this incident to the neighbors living near us and found everyone was thoroughly familiar with the plant, prongs, berries, et cetera—but to this day I have not been fortunate enough to find someone who could tell me what kind of medication is made from this ginseng or the 'blood' root, yellow

root, black snake root, ad infinitum, as the stories were related to me.

Footnote by the Editor: The wild herbs, or yarbs as they are still called by the older mountaineers, are interesting not only to botanists but to nature lovers. Those that have medicinal uses are doubly fascinating to doctors and nurses and lay students of folklore.

Mrs. DeTournay's charming story and some inquiries about medicinal yarbs that we have received from others, put us in mind of an old collection of studies we had made many years ago. These were given us by an old friend who knew the yarbs and their use expertly. They were illustrated by two different friends who could make beautiful drawings from nature. We found that in a Quarterly Bulletin of Summer 1941 we published eight of them with the pictures. In a Quarterly Bulletin of Summer 1946 we published another eight of them with pictures. We still have unpublished ten of them with the pictures. We also have, at our printers, the cuts for the first sixteen which can be cheaply reprinted. It is our intention in our Winter Bulletin to give the whole series of twenty-six—pictures and stories. We are sure that this will delight a great many of our readers. The Winter Bulletin is chosen for this series because it gets in the mail the first of March and most of the pictures were made of the yarbs in the spring.

WHISTLING AND WORKING

"Stop it!" cried the boss irritably to the office boy. "I won't have you whistling at your work!"

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said the boy. "I wasn't working."

YOUR CHARACTER?

The surest way to injure your own character is to attack that of another.

Contributed

GRASSY CREEK CLINIC

by

ANNE CUNDLE and KATE IRELAND



We thought that you might like a report on our first Grassy Creek Clinic which we held last Thursday, July 11th. The Grassy people had held a working on the previous Saturday and the clinic was in pretty good shape; fancy odd bits of wallpaper, linoleum on the floor, and a wire fence on the porch to keep the small children from falling off. The roof has been patched, but there is still some chinking to be done. They have provided a cupboard, shelves, two tables, and benches for the people to sit on. Everyone was on the porch, waiting for our arrival, and they had even nailed up the brand new sign showing the clinic hours. We gave 19 shots and worm medicine and vitamins to many others. They were all very excited and pleased to see the FNS back again.

Footnote by the Editor: Grassy Creek is one of the neighborhoods that was a part of the old Confluence district served by the Frances Bolton nursing center. The clinic itself had been built by the people living on Grassy Creek. After the nursing center was taken over by the U. S. government and pulled down

in behalf of the Buckhorn Dam reservoir, the Grassy Clinic fell into disrepair. This summer Anne Cundle, the Wendover nurse-midwife, with the help of Kate Ireland, started regular visits down the river to the Grassy Creek Clinic. To avoid the river, rarely fordable down there now by jeep, they had to go all around Robin Hood's barn and come down Grassy from the upper end on a rough road. These clinics have been regularly kept since this first one, with alternate clinic days on the opposite side of the river on Wilder Branch. When Kate is not here another courier or staff member goes with Anne. Needless to say, these old patients are received at Hyden Hospital and its medical clinics when they can get there.

COURAGE

The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully.

Thomas Carlyle

HIDING PLACE

Student: "May I borrow your blue tie?"

Roommate: "Why the formality?"

Student: "You've hidden it in a new place."

LOST IN THOUGHT

Maybe the reason some people get lost in thought is that it is unfamiliar territory to them.

Contributed

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Alison Bray, London, England—October 21, 1963

I do hope you are feeling really better now. I was glad to read your own report on yourself in the Bulletin. It was a splendid Bulletin and as always I read it all the way through, and was particularly amused by the "Receet for Washin Close" and the little boys' stories!

I am extra busy now with my temporary job, helping run another conference which has to do with old people's welfare. I only do two days a week at present, but will have to do more and more as the time of the conference draws near.

From Mrs. W. G. Ellis (Pamela Dunn), in Turkey

—November 8, 1963

We are settled in a lovely apartment with a gorgeous view. We never expected to find anything like it. The water is beautiful and clear but the garbage gets dumped there so we can't swim. Too bad—it would be ideal. My maid is cute, small and works hard. We had a jumble of misunderstandings in the beginning but we stuck each other out and everything is fine now. She's quite good with Catherine and that's most important. Catherine is a handful. The children have made friends and are no longer discontent. Turkey is interesting.

We have a good time shopping locally for fresh fruits and vegetables and hot bread—delicious! Catherine and I take daily walks on the back streets and for awhile were called "donkies" by the children but now they seem to be warming up to us and I feel like the Pied Piper with my troupe of about ten little children chattering away in Turkish. I carry my dictionary with me and we exchange words. They walk me home. I couldn't be happier that we decided to live four miles out where it's supposed to be inconvenient. It's not that way at all for us. The neighborhood is quite nice, the people are friendly and I don't worry about the children at all. The fishermen drag their nets if close by, the ships pass right by us and when it was warmer

we enjoyed watching the sailboat races. Sometimes the children rent a rowboat. We don't miss TV at all but the one thing we do miss is a good news broadcast. We try to get BBC on short wave but it fades in and out so much we miss a lot. Our newspaper comes a day late. When everything happened in Viet Nam we just had a trickling of news and it was agonizing, waiting for a thorough coverage.

Just finished reading "Before We Step Into the Wings." It was so interesting reading your report of everything and I so thoroughly enjoyed your quote from Cynthia's letter. It is indeed good to know you are back at Wendover.

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

McLean, Virginia—September 10, 1963

I certainly appreciate your letting me know of Mrs. Breckinridge's condition. I am sure that she is taking this trial with her usual spirit, and with faith undaunted.

We have just returned in time for school, after three lovely weeks camping in a tent on the shore of Squaw Lake, New Hampshire. Sophia and one small dog went along, to be joined by Mary when her camp closed. Wendy had a "baby-sitting" job nearby.

Our two oldest (James and Amy) are attending college in the Bay area of California and they enjoy having my mother and brother close at hand. We will see them when we go out to a Mortgage Bankers Convention in San Francisco the end of this month.

My European jaunt last spring is still recalled with extreme pleasure. I visited friends near the North Sea in Holland, in Bad Godesberg, Germany, and then spent almost two weeks seeing the sights of Bavaria and the Tyrol with Munich as base-of-operations. The overseas flight is so comfortable and quick that it is hard to believe that another continent is at hand. I can't wait to return to all the friendly places I visited!

From Mrs. William L. Helm, Jr. (Eleanor Lloyd),

Weston, Massachusetts—September 18, 1963

We have just returned from a superb summer. A few weeks

on Martha's Vineyard in July with Bill's family and then on to the mountains where we have always gone with my family. The children all adore it and are quite independent now that they are getting so elderly—ten, eight and six! My family were all there and survived the summer and all the grandchildren. We had a pony in the spring but sold it before going off on all our trips as the children are really a bit young. And the pony was a bit too spirited. It was large enough for me to ride, so I had a lovely spring.

.

**From Mary (Muff) Stone, Bradford Junior College,
Bradford, Massachusetts—October 3, 1963**

Our preliminary assignment in English composition was a critical essay. It was supposed to be a two-page affair, but I got completely involved and wrote a six-page paper entitled "The Merits of the Frontier Nursing Service." The teacher read excerpts to the class. This, of course, inspired a deluge of questions which I had great fun answering. I also went to a meeting for Community Clubs where they asked for reports of past experience. Again, most of the meeting centered around the FNS, strictly due to everyone's genuine curiosity and interest. I've never experienced such a response to the FNS as has resulted amongst the girls here whether they already know of it, or become infatuated with the idea through the immediate discussions.

This coming summer I'm delving into the possibility of working on an Indian reservation. My current interest, while I'm free enough to fulfill it, is to work in different parts of the country with different types of people. My sociology course is especially exciting and alive to me because it backs up this chain of thought.

.

From Claire Hoddup, Norton, Massachusetts—October 3, 1963

I had a wonderful summer with the FNS. It was quite rewarding and I learned to do more things that I never imagined I would be doing. But it was a lot of fun besides. Everyone is fascinated by what I tell them of the FNS. So many people have never heard of it and its wonderful work—I just love talking about it.

From Mrs. Parker Montgomery (Jan McMillan),

Katonah, New York—October 17, 1963

We are in the midst of a bad drought. My fourth grade group (I teach a small course in tree conservation) has been barred from our fall "walk in the woods" which is a big disappointment. Many trees have died. Our reservoirs are almost empty and the Katonah Village fire whistle sounds several times a day.

Our Katy at sixteen months sits a horse better than she climbs stairs—and having two older brothers is bound to make her hardy, so I feel she may be a courier some day.

From Carley Clark, Denver, Colorado—October 23, 1963

With Thanksgiving just around the corner, I remember our wonderful and most exhilarating ride with Anne Cundle [*Wendover nurse*] through the high river—with little Pippen aboard one of our saddles and Dan prancing erratically around. It was quite a morning! My Wendover experience certainly left many, many wonderful memories with me—memories and appreciations.

At present I am living in Denver. A long-time desire fulfilled and so far all has certainly lived up to my expectations. There really is a wonderful something about living in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains—already they are snow-capped and especially at sunset they make the most magnificent backdrop for the city. A friend from home and I drove out here early in September. Right off we found a really ideal apartment with a large, spacious and airy outside porch, and in one of the nice older sections of Denver. There is very much of the small-town atmosphere all around.

Job hunting proved to be a bit more difficult than either of us had anticipated, but we fully enjoyed our period of unemployment and took full advantage of the summer-like weather and the wonderful countryside that is all around. The aspen in their autumn golden shades really rival some of New England's fall color. Anyway, my job hunting couldn't have had a more pleasant ending. I am now working for Dr. Delbert Philpott, who is an electron microscopist with the Biochemistry Department of the University of Colorado Medical Center. A good deal of my

work will entail taking pictures, developing, printing and enlarging them. So I regard this as a step in the right direction to fulfilling a long-time desire to become a photographer!

I've loved getting the Bulletins—it amazes me how so many of the FNS people I knew have scattered to all ends of the globe.

From Mrs. Bruce McC. Putnam (Amy Stevens),

Wayland, Massachusetts—October 24, 1963

I am now at the Christmas Preview, sitting at one of the luncheon card tables writing this. Lunch is over for the second day and most of the food is gone! Mardi Perry's lunches are always marvelous. I am doing the salad this year—really fun. You've never seen anyone so distressed about twelve avocados that wouldn't ripen on time! Fortunately, I got some others by the time yesterday morning rolled around. Anyhow, it is great to work with the FNS Boston group—the next best thing to being at Wendover.

The baby is so cute—the light of my life—and so grown-up because she wants to do everything the others do. She has very blue eyes, while the other two have "Daddy's" brown eyes. Dickie is **all** boy—imitates his father at every possible minute and is most beguiling.

I read the last Bulletin from first to last printed word—it really keeps one posted.

From Mrs. Richard S. Storrs (Frinny Rousmaniere),

Oyster Bay, New York—November 8, 1963

Ayer is living in one-half of a quonset hut in Princeton, New Jersey, where her husband finishes his graduate-school study at the Woodrow Wilson School for International Affairs. Ayer is studying German and has a job at the local Presbyterian Church and is becoming quite a gourmet cook!

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Jinny Branham has had a rugged time this fall. First, she underwent major surgery and was recovering satisfactorily when she had to have an emergency appendectomy which was followed by complications. Jinny was thrilled to recover sufficiently in time to attend the Christmas Preview in Boston and to help

display her beautiful FNS pictures. She and Freddy Holdship went on with Brownie to Providence, Rhode Island, where Jinny showed the FNS slides for Brownie's talk.

Leslie Foster is at Mary Hitchcock School of Nursing, Hanover, New Hampshire, and is loving every bit of it.

Sue McIntosh Lloyd is "starting slowly" toward getting a teacher's certification so that she can eventually teach in a city public school.

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We extend our tenderest sympathy to Betsy Schadt Shelton (Mrs. Carl F. Shelton) in the death of her husband, after a long illness.

WEDDINGS

Miss Nancy Walker of Concord, New Hampshire, and Mr. Edgar William Seeley, United States Navy, on August 14, 1963. Nancy is staying with her parents at St. Paul's School, Concord, while her husband is overseas.

Miss Victoria Post of Wayland, Massachusetts, and Mr. George Alfred Ranney III, of Libertyville, Illinois, on October 26, 1963. Mr. Ranney is at the University of Chicago Law School.

Our very best wishes go to these young people for every happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. Ehrlich (Selby Brown), of Bedford, New York, a son, Timothy Brown Ehrlich—their third child—all boys—on September 23, 1963. He weighed in at 7 pounds, 12 ounces. His mother writes:

We have another medical director! He is utterly charming—as are all babies—strong and healthy and hungry as a bear. I am anxious to get Timmy home where I can feed him on demand and have him to myself. The boys are so thrilled to have a brother and I can't wait for them to see him. There is just nothing like an infant!

Born to Dr. and Mrs. William R. MacAusland, Jr. (Franny Baker), of Dedham, Massachusetts, a son, Samuel Slade MacAusland, on October 30, 1963. He weighed 7 pounds, 1 ounce. Franny writes:

A new baby boy! He's great and so good. We don't seem to be very good about producing girls for the FNS.

Baby Samuel has three brothers and two sisters.

A MEMORIAL TO A CHRISTMAS TREE

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

The Big House at Wendover was dedicated on Christmas Day 1925. I got a small Norway spruce in Lexington to honor the occasion. It came by rail to Hazard and one of my mountain friends brought it over on horseback the thirty miles from Hazard to Wendover. After the big Christmas party for the children, and the dedication, I had the Norway spruce planted at Wendover at the side of the bridle path above the gate. It was to be a perpetual memorial.

This little Christmas tree flourished, tall and beautiful, and was nearly thirty-eight years old at the time of the flood on March 21, 1963. The backwash from the swollen Middle Fork River tore down the bank on which it grew and washed out the earth around its roots. The dying tree had to come out to restore the bank.

"Ave atque vale." Hail and farewell.

SUBMERGED FOREST

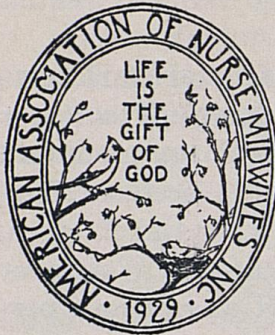
During the strong, continuous east winds last January, partly as a result of the building of new groynes, the submerged forest off the coast at Borth, Cardiganshire, was revealed; it presented a remarkable and evocative picture. Normally only the tops of the stumps can be seen at low tide. The trees, between 4000 and 6000 years old, first grew in a fen formed on boulder clay: it has been proved by pollen analysis that the oldest are alder, followed by birch and pine. Then came the subsidence, or more likely the rise in sea level caused by the melting of the polar ice-caps, and the formation of the storm beach on which the village of Borth stands. Finally, behind the shelter of the beach, there was built up the famous raised bog of some 2000 acres known as Borth Bog or Cors Fochno.

—Douglas B. Hague, Cardiganshire.

The Countryman, Summer 1963, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

Annual subscription for American readers \$3.50
checks on their own banks.

Published quarterly by *The Countryman*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E. C. 4.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, October 5, 1963. Members and guests were entertained with a buffet luncheon by the Frontier Nursing Service. Among the guests present were Dr. and Mrs. Louis M. Hellman and Miss Ada Williams from Brooklyn, New York; Dr. Mary P. Fox, Health Officer for Leslie County, two public health nurses from Knott County, Kentucky, and Dr. and Mrs. Rogers Beasley of Hyden, Kentucky and students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Dr. Louis M. Hellman, Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the State University of New York in Brooklyn, was the guest speaker. His subject was the future of the nurse-midwife in the United States. Dr. Hellman gave an excellent description of the nurse-midwifery program at the Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn where some seven thousand deliveries take place annually. He went on to discuss ways in which the nurse-midwife may be able to help with the care of mothers in the large urban areas, and pointed out that the time will be when there will not be enough obstetricians to give the care mothers should have. He is in favor of setting up neighborhood clinics which would be run by nurse-midwives who would have obstetrical consultants available. A stimulating discussion followed the speaker's address.

The Frontier Nursing Service was delighted to entertain the guests from Brooklyn over the week-end, so that they might see something of the work the FNS is doing in a rural area.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Martha Lady in Southern Rhodesia—August 1963

Our days are getting hot which probably means the end of our winter and the beginning of the difficult time of year. It is hot, terribly dry and dusty, and windy and everything is brown. It should not last long for me if time flies by as it has in the last few months. I am hoping to go to the Capetown area for a holiday in February. I had five deliveries last week when I was on call, so we are still in business here! The interesting one was the mother who came in on her bicycle from her home, about fifteen miles away. We admitted her to the delivery room, and I barely had time to check her before the baby came. It was all just a big joke to the mother, and I still do not see how she managed to ride the bicycle! The other mothers were quite impressed—one thought she should have walked, but then she would never have made it in time. Please give my regards to everyone there—I think of you often.

. . . .

From Bridget Gallagher in Woolwich, England—August 1963

I learned from Peggy McQueen that you had to spend weeks in hospital in Lexington, and do hope you are feeling strong again. The arrival of each Bulletin is quite an event. I look forward to it very much, as it keeps me informed of the whereabouts of many of the old staff members, and of course the current events in the FNS are always of great interest. Your picture on Doc which appeared in an April issue of the *Nursing Mirror* was lovely. I was so thrilled when I opened the magazine and saw it—it seemed to bring Wendover a little nearer. All good wishes for your health and my love to all.

. . . .

From Gertrude Bluemel in Eket, Nigeria—August 1963

In May I spent two very pleasant weeks with the Beasleys in Liberia. Dr. Beasley was Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service when I was there, so we were friends from Kentucky days. It was good to talk with the doctor on African

midwifery problems as well as various tropical conditions and diseases. One day I went with him to a leper colony to distribute clothing to the patients. Leprosy is still rampant in many parts of Africa, and I saw many cases of crippling and deformities because of it. Another time I visited a Lutheran Hospital at Zorzor, near the Guinea and Sierra Leone border. Here, Esther Bacon, a product of the Frontier Nursing Service, has been a nurse in the hospital since 1941, and there is little she does not know about the area or the people. Without a resident doctor, she was helping to manage a 24-bed hospital which contained 120 patients the day I visited. Where did they put them all? Everywhere, on the beds, under the beds, in the hallways and under the trees, and what was left over found homemade beds in little mud huts built in a circle around the hospital. In addition the hospital conducts a large out-patient clinic.

. . . .

From Della Int-Hout in Phoenix, Arizona—September 1963

I am so sorry to hear about Mrs. Breckinridge's illness, and wish I were there to do something for her. She was my counselor and friend for so many years. It is good that she is home at Wendover again, where there are so many that love her.

I have made a desert garden which is very attractive with cactus and Palo Verde. I covered the ground with decomposed granite—gold color—and have placed colorful rocks against which are the small cacti, like the fish hook and lace cactus. My love to you all.

. . . .

From Dr. and Mrs. John Sinning in the Cameroons, Africa

—October 1963

Please extend our greetings to all FNS friends until such time as can write separate individuals. The flight to Africa was filled with pleasant surprises. Fort Lamy in Tchad was our first primitive city. We stayed in a white-washed cement, three-story hotel with very cold air-conditioning. It had a well tended garden of flowering trees and bushes, overlooking the wide River Chari—wide now due to the rainy season. With the help of some American scientists we were able to order a truly delicious French dinner. The next morning we flew to N'gaoundere. It

was a large plane with only five passengers, of whom two were children who asked for a drink. We nodded happily and received delicious fruit juice. Drinking water is at a premium. The doctor's first act upon arriving at our cottage was to heat two kettles of water which must boil for ten minutes, and then run through a filter which takes half a day. As you casually brush your teeth, think of our boiled and filtered water, used sparingly! Language is a great barrier. The natives speak some Fulani, but mostly dialects and no French. The sales people some French and native dialects, and the missionaries are mostly Norwegian who speak some English and French. Think of us once in a while at evensong.

. . . .

From Vera Chadwell in High Wycombe, Bucks., England

—October 1963

I am very happy in my new territory and enjoying the stimulation and variety in my administrative post. Bucks. is a beautiful county and a good one in which to work. I am buying a cottage in Great Kingstree, so I will be busy decorating, and fixing up the garden after I move in.

. . . .

From Nora Kelly in Watford, Herts., England—October 1963

I was so pleased to get the Bulletin, and I cannot tell you how much your little article meant. I am sure everybody who reads it will be profoundly moved by it. "To take the mountain easy" is something which, if we could only train ourselves to do it, would benefit not only our personal lives but everyone with whom we come in contact.

I am retiring from my post as Matron of Watford Maternity Hospital on November 30th, which event I face with very mixed feelings, but it is something I have to do. I have no doubt something will open up for me a bit later on.

I hope one day to come to "Mary Breckinridge Day" in Hyden. It was a joy to meet the Beasleys on their way from Liberia to Kentucky, and I am sure to have Rogers back with you will mean a great deal to the Service.

We are looking forward to our little re-union on Thanksgiving Day here. I think of the day when Wallie and I set out

from Confluence about 7:30 a.m., riding to Wendover for Thanksgiving Dinner. After dinner, we had photographs taken—you remember that big group we had taken on the river bank, to illustrate nurses on horseback. Then about 5:00 p.m. we set off to ride back to Confluence. It snowed on and off all the way, but we had a wonderful day and were greeted by Mrs. England with a lovely hot meal and a roaring fire. It was one of those days which will always stand out in my memory.

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From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Chattanooga, Tennessee

—October 1963

I was startled to read in the latest Bulletin that you are now a member of the clan who can rejoice that they have been "arrested." It was good to know that you had such marvelous care, and were able to see so many of your dear friends. Take care of yourself, because people like you are scarce on the face of the earth, and, I love you.

My youngest and I had planned to come to Wendover this summer, but we never got started. It is just as well as the first week of vacation I fell and broke my left patella. It has cut down terrifically on my activities, but physical therapy is getting it bending at last, and though I limp, can now walk without a crutch. My oldest daughter graduates from high school this year, and all talk here is about where she will go to college.

I so hope the mountains of Kentucky are as lovely as ours this month. Looking out of my kitchen window the words of Edna St. Vincent Millay always come to mind: "Lord, I do fear Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year." October has always been my favorite month.

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From Vivian Bougher in Angola, West Africa—October 1963

The other night we heard your voices on "Voice of America." It came over the air at 7:30 p.m. on October 1st, just after the news broadcast, so it could not have been at a better time. I could almost imagine I was there with you all in the living room at Wendover.

My two-month mid-term holiday is about over. It was lovely down at Lobito, on the coast, but I did have to spend one week

in bed, with my first bout of malaria. Next week I will be nursing one of my colleagues who has to undergo major surgery. Please give my greetings to all I know.

. . . .

From Audrey Williams in Bodmin, Cornwall, England

—October 1963

At present I am having a riding holiday, and staying at a small village on the edge of Dartmoor. Several of the villages keep just one cow. I have been out this morning helping to catch Arabella, who belongs here, and decided to run off when she was being brought in for milking. This is ideal country for riding as the Forestry Commission have areas which break up the vast expanse of the Moor.

My district has been fairly quiet this summer—no visitors having unexpected babies! We were warned by County Hall that the wife of one of the mail train robbers was about to have a baby, and thought to be in Cornwall, but we have heard no more. Best wishes to all.

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Newsy Bits

A Wedding

Miss Winifred Ann Jacobson and Mr. Paul Leonard Nelson, in the Howes Memorial Chapel, Evanston, Illinois, on September 28, 1963. The announcement of this wedding arrived at our Hyden Hospital on the very same day that Winnie brought her new husband to visit the FNS, so we were able to give our good wishes to them both, in person.

. . . .

New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Potter (**Helen Trachsel**) in Cochabamba, Bolivia, on October 9, 1963, a son named Timothy John. Birth weight 8 lbs. 1 oz.

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ernst (**Kitty Macdonald**) of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, on October 21, 1963, a daughter named Rosemary Ann. Birth weight 6 lbs. 7 oz.

We send congratulations to the happy parents and all good wishes for a good life for the lucky youngsters.

. . . .

To **Ruth Peninger** (Penny) of Enid, Oklahoma, we send our love and deep sympathy for the loss of her father and her mother in August of this year; and to **Adine Stephens** we send our heartfelt sympathy on the loss of her father in Monticello, Kentucky, on September 24, 1963.

BOY AND GIRL

A 12-year-old lad rushed home after school one Friday afternoon, a new light in his eye. He made a bee-line for the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello," he said. "Jane? Can you come to the movies tonight?"

There was a moment's silence, then a slightly crestfallen, "O.K. I'll call you tomorrow."

"Well, what was that all about?" asked his mother. "Who is Jane? And, by the way, dear, may I suggest it's not very flattering to ask a girl out the same day you call. You ought to ask her some time in advance."

"Really?" asked the surprised boy. "How long in advance?"

"Well," smiled his mother, "if you wanted to see her tonight, you should have asked her yesterday."

"But, jeepers, Mom," answered the boy, "I didn't even like her till this morning!"

Contributed

MEGALOPOLIS, U.S.A.

If you live anywhere along the eastern seaboard from New Hampshire to Virginia, your hometown may be part of Megalopolis, U. S. A. The Greek word for great city is now used to describe the almost unbroken flow of towns, cities, and suburbs that have joined to create a unique urban complex 500 miles long.

Megalopolis is covered by the National Geographic Society in its most recent map, "United States—Washington to Boston." The new map, which includes 74,000 square miles, records more citification than can be found for any equal spread of real estate.

Megalopolis is the most populous, richest, busiest, and most heavily traveled region of modern America. Its factories produce one quarter of the nation's manufactures. Its harbors handle half the imports by sea. In its cities lie the country's financial and managerial centers, publishing and broadcasting headquarters, the largest libraries, museums, and art collections—plus the seat of the federal government.

Reprinted from *Science Digest*
February 1963

LEGAL ELOQUENCE AND THE HORSE THIEF

A locally prominent horse thief was in miners' court up in the Black Hills, caught dead to rights. Just as they got set to do business, a sharp young lawyer that had just hit camp asked to defend Jake. Since they figured to hang Jake anyhow, they decided a little extra entertainment would be just fine.

So the stranger took off his coat and went at it for a couple of hours. The floweriest language them hills ever heard rolled out of his mouth. When he finished there wasn't a miner that wasn't rubbing his eyes and swearing he could lick any man who wrongly accused Jake.

Jake was released and that night the young lawyer visited him. Suddenly he fixed Jake with an accusing look and demanded the truth.

Jake fidgeted around a while like he was having quite a struggle and finally said, sort of slow and choked up, "I allus believed I stole that hoss. But sence I heard you down there today I—I just don't think I coulda."

Source unknown

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

In Memoriam

JOHN M. BERGLAND, M.D.
Baltimore, Maryland
Died in September 1963

MR. GEORGE BOWLING
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in August 1963

MRS. WILLIAM H. COFFMAN
Louisville, Kentucky
Died in June 1963

MRS. W. GARLAND FAY
Miami, Florida
Died in July 1963

MISS FRANCES W. JANNEY
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Died in May 1963

MR. JASPER MORGAN
Stinnett, Kentucky
Died in October 1963

MR. CHARLES WOODS
Thousandsticks, Kentucky
Died in September 1963

MR. WILLIAM CURTIS WOOTON
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in November, 1963

It seems to us that the verses in *Crossing the Bar* are well suited to those who have crossed during these last few months. To none are they more applicable than to our Charter Trustee, **Mrs. William H. Coffman**. Although she died at the home of her daughter and only child, Mrs. James L. Moss, in Louisville, Anne Payne Coffman was a Scott County woman. She was also a deeply loved cousin of mine and as fine a person as I ever knew. Mrs. Coffman was widely known as a civic and philanthropic leader. She helped found the Frontier Nursing Service in 1925 and was its only recording secretary until a few years before her death at the age of 91. Her mind continued clear and young until within a few weeks of her death. Her interests continued also in the things for which she had worked during most of her long life, such things as the Kentucky Historical Society, the Georgetown Library, the Filson Club, to all of which she gave documents of great historical value. Her interest in the medical arts began during the lifetime of her husband, Dr. Coffman, when she helped establish the Scott County health unit following World War I. A member of the Presbyterian Church in Georgetown, she taught Sunday School there for 60 years. She had an understanding love for children and those cared for by the Frontier Nursing Service were always dear to her heart.

Mrs. Coffman was the daughter of Judge George L. Payne and the granddaughter of George W. Johnson, provisional Governor of Kentucky under the Confederacy, who died of wounds received at the battle of Shiloh. Many of her ancestors had

helped to shape the history of the United States and Kentucky. She followed a gallant tradition. We in the Frontier Nursing Service were privileged indeed to be served by such a Trustee over a long period of years.

In **Dr. John M. Bergland** we have lost a man who was a member of our National Medical Council from its inception and the first chairman of our Baltimore Committee. This Committee, as he formed it, was composed of the most distinguished medical names in Baltimore at a time when those names were among the most distinguished in the world. Our meetings in Baltimore were attended not only by many such professional people but by representative lay people as well. All of them gave immense encouragement to our early beginnings. We have rarely known a happier or more devoted marriage than that of John and Alice Bergland. After her death his life was so saddened that we can only rejoice with him that they are together again. We honored and loved them both and extend our tender sympathy to their children and grandchildren. A memorial fund for Dr. Bergland has been added to our Endowment by a member of his family.

A number of other Frontier Nursing Service friends have died in the evening of their lives. Among them was **Mr. Charles Woods**, one of the most useful men in our part of the world and one of our best friends. He and his wife, Edith, who survives him, were of the greatest help to the Frontier Nursing Service in its early days at Thousandsticks and Bull Creek. They took care of the nurse-midwife's horse when she stayed for hours in their neighborhood attending patients and of the nurse herself when she had to spend the night. They were instrumental in building our Bull Creek Clinic. There was no job too difficult for them to tackle in our behalf. Charlie Woods served his community as a school teacher for twenty-eight years. He was a member of the Hyden Baptist Church for fifty-one years. **Miss Frances W. Janney** was a member of our Minneapolis Committee from its inception and a dear, most hospitable friend. Many happy memories throng my mind when I look back upon the days when we saw a good deal of her and shared in the enjoyment she spread around her. **Mr. Jasper Morgan** was a member for years of our Beech Fork Committee here in the Kentucky mountains. A good man has gone to his reward. **Mrs. Fay**, the

widow of Colonel W. Garland Fay, was an old supporter and friend of the Frontier Nursing Service. She was so kind as to leave the Service a legacy in her will.

Mr. George Bowling of Hyden did not die in old age but in the prime of life and in the full swing of his career. He was a great master mason, a truly great craftsman. It was he who built St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden Hospital that houses the 15th Century stained glass window of St. Christopher. The craftsmanship in his stone work is as good as any that the 15th Century itself produced. Mr. Bowling was a good and deeply kind man. To his wife and children, who formed a devoted family circle around him, we extend our deepest sympathy.

In the fall of the year we have lost our great and good friend, **Mr. Curt Wooton**. He died at the age of 88. His long life was marked by a high degree of patriotic and personal service. In 1897 he enlisted in the United States Army and served in the Spanish-American War, taking part in the battles of San Juan Hill and Santiago. He was the last surviving charter member of the Hyden Presbyterian Church which was founded in 1894. We want especially to record that Mr. Wooton was a devoted friend of the Frontier Nursing Service from the time we began our work in 1925. One of our nurses in the Twenties said that she never asked him to do anything that he didn't do. Mr. Wooton is survived by one brother, nine children, thirty-four grandchildren, and sixteen great grandchildren, in whose loss we are privileged to share. One likes to think that lives like his may be carried forward by younger generations, now that he has gone to his reward.

M. B.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

As Christmas approaches it is a pleasure to read in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* that the Kentuckiana Alumnae Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority has begun its week of bridge games at the homes of members for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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We were happy to learn that our Trustee, Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., of Glenview, Kentucky, had spoken on the Frontier Nursing Service at a meeting on August 20 of the Women's Missionary Society of her church.

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Our good friend, member of our National Medical Council, Dr. John Rock, has been honored by Harvard University. A permanent chair has been endowed and is to be named for Dr. Rock, who is Harvard professor emeritus of gynecology. Dr. Rock is now director of the Rock Reproductive Clinic in Brookline, Massachusetts, and is a world renowned authority on human reproduction.

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We delight in reporting that a portrait of Dr. Francis M. Massie, a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service, as well as of its National Medical Council, has been unveiled and hung at the University of Kentucky Medical Center. Dr. Ben Eiseman, chairman of the Department of Surgery at the University, said, "We hope this is the first of a number of such portraits that will ultimately hang on this wall in the auditorium of the Medical Center. It is most fitting that the first should be of Dr. Francis Massie, who has done so much for our school and is beloved by many in this community."

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On January 15, 1964, Helen E. Browne, Associate Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, will have the honor of speaking at a dinner meeting of the Indiana Obstetrical and Gynecological Society in Indianapolis.

Some of our Committees Beyond the Mountains have arranged for FNS meetings that will take place early in the new year. The first of these, Cincinnati, will be held at the Queen City Club the afternoon of Tuesday, January 28. Our Trustees, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan and Mrs. J. B. Hollister, are co-chairmen for this occasion. Those of you who live in and around Cincinnati will receive invitations and we hope you will plan to be there. Helen E. Browne will be the speaker for the FNS and will show colored slides.

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The New York Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. N. Horn, will hold its annual meeting, through the courtesy of a member, at the Cosmopolitan Club the afternoon of Monday, February 3. Helen E. Browne will represent the Service and will give a report on its work. I know that all of you in and around New York will attend this gathering if it is possible for you to do so. This fine New York Committee has done wonderful work for the Service at the Bargain Box with excellent financial returns to us, bless them.

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Our fall meetings Beyond the Mountains were all carried by my Associate, Helen E. Browne. I have had most enthusiastic letters from all the places she visited and all the groups to whom she talked. The best way to handle these meetings is to let Brownie tell about them in her own words. Here follows her story.

Detroit

On Sunday, September 29, I flew to Detroit where our new Detroit chairman, Mrs. William Wotherspoon (courier Mary Bulkley) met me and drove me to her home for dinner with her family and courier Margie Watkins. Later in the evening Mary drove me to Mrs. Charles Hodges, chairman emeritus, with whom I stayed in Grosse Pointe. On Monday Mary had a luncheon at her home. Among her guests was our courier Ann Young Robinson and Mrs. Jim Bulkley (Mary's sister-in-law) who offered to show slides for me at the meeting the next day. In the evening Grace Hodges, Mary and I drove out to Bloomfield Hills where

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Booth had opened Cranbrook House for the meeting at which I spoke to the juniors and seniors from Bloomfield Country Day School and the Kingswood School, Cranbrook. They were an enthusiastic group of young women. Mr. Booth introduced me, and reminded us of the many times he had introduced Mrs. Breckinridge at Cranbrook House. On Tuesday, October 1, we had the Grosse Pointe meeting in the ballroom in the beautiful home of Mrs. Joseph B. Schlotman on the Lake Shore. Our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson of Washington, D. C., gave everyone a lovely surprise by being present at the meeting. She just happened to be visiting a relative in Grosse Pointe. Mrs. Schlotman greeted all those who attended the meeting, and served a delicious tea. Grace Hodges had a dinner at her home that evening to which she had invited members of the Detroit Committee. I was especially pleased to have the opportunity of talking with Mrs. Alvan Macauley and Mrs. Lyn McNaughton who have both been good friends of the FNS for many years. On Wednesday, I flew back to Lexington where I had an engagement to speak the next day to the Kentucky State Student Nurses who were having their annual convention. It was heartening to see the enthusiasm displayed by the young nurses, and to observe the businesslike way in which they conduct their meetings.

Boston

On October 18, I flew to Boston to attend the annual Christmas Preview organized by our hard-working Boston Committee. Mr. Roger Branham, father of our courier, Jinny, met me at the airport and drove me to Hingham where I spent the week-end, so that I might help Jinny (still convalescing from recent surgery) with her FNS pictures. We went into Boston early on Tuesday, so that we had time to get the pictures hung before the sponsors' party that evening. Mrs. Richard Higgins, Boston Committee Chairman, had mounted a map of the world in which I stuck pins, showing the countries in which graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery are working. This was a good talking point during the next two days. Lots of people who came to shop at the Preview were interested in learning more about the FNS. The Preview committee, headed by Mrs. Robert Lawrence (courier Patsy Perrin) are to be congratulated

on the efficient way in which it was all organized. The stores and shoppers all seemed happy. On the second day when people were enjoying the delicious luncheon provided by Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (courier Mardi Bemis) and Mrs. Douglas Alexander, I had the honor of cutting the FNS cake, a donation from the bakery department of S. S. Pierce Company. Some very clever person had made the FNS seal in the frosting on the cake. On Wednesday evening Hanna Higgins had a dinner party at her home in Dedham, so that we could talk over some Boston Committee business. It was a profitable evening for us all.

Providence

I had a courier escort on Friday, October 25. Freddy Holdship had arrived at Hingham, so she drove Jinny and me to Providence to the home of Mrs. C. A. Robinson, our Providence Chairman. The meeting that afternoon was at the Providence Arts Club. Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (courier Lucy Pitts) secretary of the committee, took me to lunch with FNS friends at the Club before the meeting. A good crowd turned up, and Jinny showed the slides for me. Tea was served and we had a delightful social hour following the meeting.

Chicago

Thursday, October 31, I flew to Chicago where our Chairman, Mrs. David Dangler, met me and took me to her home in Lake Forest. Mrs. Paul Church Harper (courier "Tips" Stevenson) dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat, as she would be unable to get to the meeting the next day. Mrs. Kenneth Boyd joined Mrs. Dangler and me for dinner that evening. The meeting was held on Friday, November 1, at the Fortnightly Club of Chicago. To everyone's delight there were three past chairmen of the Chicago Committee present: Mrs. Frederic Upham, Mrs. Donald R. McLennan and Mrs. Kenneth Boyd. Lots of people stayed for lunch following the meeting. In the afternoon I had the pleasure of attending the symphony concert with Mrs. Dangler. Mrs. Edward Arpee (courier Katherine Trowbridge) took me to her home for dinner, after which we went to see her daughter, Harriet, and her two lovely children. Early Saturday morning Katherine drove me out to see Mrs. Charles S. Potter (courier Barbara McClurg) at her farm in Libertyville. Barbara is Vice-

Chairman of the Chicago Committee. She has three charming children. After a very enjoyable visit with Barbara and her family, Katherine drove me to the airport where I took a plane to Newark. Marion Shouse Lewis with her mother, and Vanda Summers met me and we drove to Milford, Pennsylvania, where I had a lovely three-day visit with Vanda.

New York

I was in New York twice on this trip. First on October 28, when I attended the new members dinner at the Cosmopolitan Club. This was real fun as I had been asked to take part in the after dinner entertainment, and my role was to be on the amateur "What's My Line" show. The panel consisted of Emily Kimbrough, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dorothy Stickney and Dr. Leona Baumgartner. I was introduced to the panel by Virgilia Peterson Paulding, the Master of Ceremonies, as a new non-resident member who offered services. Then the questions started! Emily Kimbrough finally nailed it down to the fact that my services were usually offered in the bedroom in the home. After guessing that I might be an obstetrician, a pediatrician or a family doctor, Miss Skinner finally said: "You are not an obstetrician and not a pediatrician, you just must be a midwife!" The audience was highly entertained.

My second time in New York was on November 6, when I accepted the invitation of Dr. Robert T. Potter, to speak to the International Grenfell Association at their dinner meeting at the Union Club. It was a fascinating evening for me, as I heard the report by Mr. Arthur W. Bingham, Jr., Chairman of the Board, as he told of his visit to Labrador and Newfoundland during the year; and after I had spoken and showed slides of the FNS, we were shown slides of the Grenfell Mission area.

I spent that night with our courier Jane Leigh Powell and took an early plane for Lexington the next day, and so back to Wendover. I do want to say a heartfelt thank you to all the FNS friends who gave me such a warm welcome in the various cities I visited this fall.

We take great pleasure in printing the following letter from Dr. Robert T. Potter to Helen Browne:

Dear Miss Browne,

On behalf of the Grenfell Association of America I want to express our thanks for your excellent illustrated talk on the Frontier Nursing Service at our meeting on Wednesday, November 6th. We were very interested to hear of the history and present scope of Mrs. Breckinridge's Service, particularly because of the obvious parallel with Dr. Grenfell's work in Newfoundland and Labrador. Your nursing stations are very comparable to ours. The nurse-midwife is the key person in both areas.

I hope the future will see further interchange between the two services. We benefited from and enjoyed your visit tremendously.

My wife joins me in sending personal thanks and best wishes to you.

Sincerely,

ROBERT T. POTTER, M.D.

. . . .

Now there only remains to wish all of you, our readers, a Merry Christmas and a truly Happy New Year.

Mary Breckinridge

MOTHER AND SON

Mother was telling her small son about the good times she had when she was a little girl—riding a pony, sliding down a haystack, and wading in a brook at the farm.

"Mother," he said at last with a sigh, "I wish I'd met you earlier."

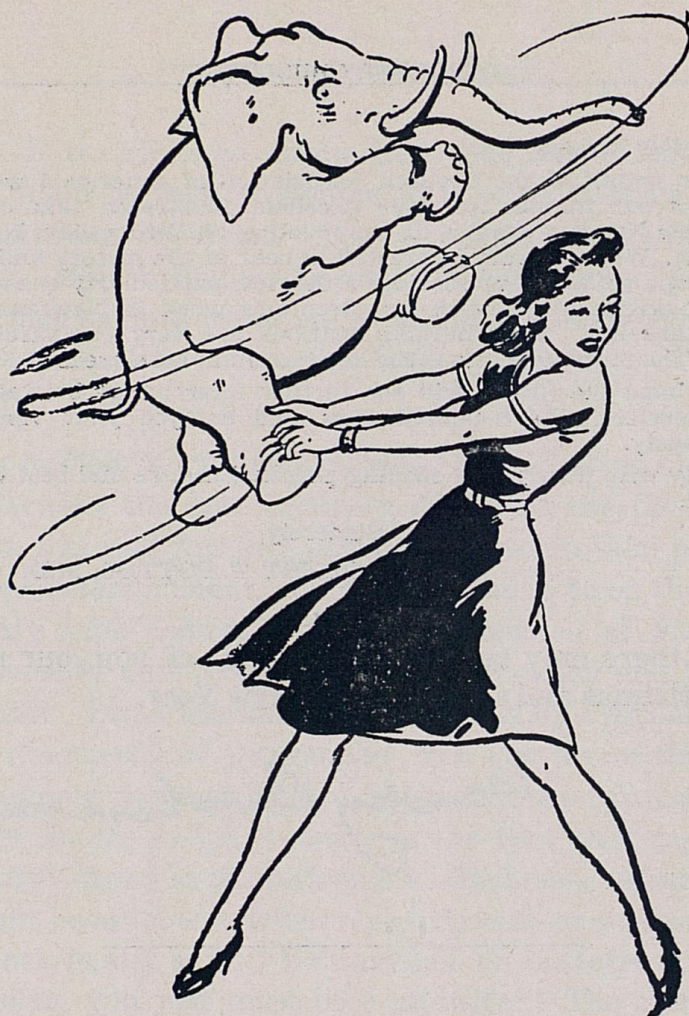
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HAPPINESS

Happiness is a wonderful thing—the more of it we give to others, the more we have left.

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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

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FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The second annual MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY began at 10:00 a.m. on Saturday, September 28, 1963. The bands played, the horses pranced, the crowds gathered, the floats were lined up, and the parade began its march through Hyden to the Leslie County High School a mile away. Two FNS nurses on horseback led the parade and other members of the staff, in jeeps and station wagon, joined the line. The Hyden Elementary School had a "little red schoolhouse," complete with pupils and a teacher in the costumes of many years ago. The Brutus float had the oldest "baby" from that district and the youngest. The Red Bird float duplicated the mountain, on which the center is located, in beautiful autumn foliage and a replica of the center perched on the side of the mountain. The Wolf Creek float had an excellent reproduction of a wolf and Flat Creek had two young children in the saddlebags that formed the central portion of their float design. The Hyden Glee Club, the 4-H Club, the Hazard and Manchester High School bands, and many other groups, participated.

At the High School, Mrs. Breckinridge reviewed the parade from a platform high on the grounds of the school. Then she took her place in the door of the log cabin on the Beech Fork float to hear the program in her honor. Mr. Paul Cook was Master of Ceremonies and the Rev. Benton Deaton gave the Invocation, followed by Mr. Frank Burns singing "Jesus Walked This Lonesome Valley." Judge George Wooton welcomed the guests and Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley brought Mrs. Breckinridge greetings from all over the world. The two bands played again and the Glee Club and the Hurts Creek Church Choir sang. The principal speaker was Mrs. Breckinridge's cousin, the Hon. John B. Breckinridge, Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. After the program, a delicious "dinner on the grounds" was served.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY was again sponsored by the Leslie County Development Association of which Mr. Paul Cook is chairman.

In the Summer Bulletin we announced to our readers the glad news that Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Rogers Beasley and their family would be back in Hyden on October 1. It is wonderful to have them in the FNS again and they are both as busy as ever.

. . . .

In mid-September, three resident pediatricians from the Cincinnati Children's Hospital, Dr. John Herbst, Dr. Ralph Seaton, and Dr. Cornelius E. Healy, held another clinic at Hyden Hospital and a couple of the outpost nursing centers. Mrs. Herbst and Mrs. Seaton accompanied their husbands to Hyden.

. . . .

Our wonderful Hyden Hospital Auxiliary under the chairmanship of Mrs. E. N. Farmer, raised the money to cover the floors in the downstairs of Hyden Hospital with tile. It looks lovely and we are most grateful.

Our kind friends at the Abbott Laboratories in North Chicago, Illinois, have again sent us several hundred dollars worth of drugs for our patients who cannot afford to buy them. The magazine published by Abbott will feature the Frontier Nursing Service in an issue in early 1964.

We are also grateful to St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, for the gift of ten baby cribs. Some will be used in Hyden Hospital and others will be used in the clinics of the outpost nursing centers.

. . . .

We have had the pleasure this fall of entertaining several of the local Frontier Nursing Service Committees at dinner meetings here at Wendover. The Beech Fork Committee had its annual meeting on the 18th of October. The Flat Creek, Red Bird, and Hyden Committees met in November, and a great deal of important business was transacted at each meeting.

. . . .

At the request of Dr. John Rock, the fertility expert from Boston, with whom the Frontier Nursing Service has been working for several years, and with the permission of the Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, the FNS is participating in a television documentary which NBC will produce this winter on "David Brinkley Specials." The director of

the program, Mr. Stuart Schulberg, Mrs. Judith Williams, the researcher, and Mr. Richard Norling and his camera crew spent the first few days of November in FNS territory. Dr. Rock flew in for one night and it was delightful to see him again.

. . . .

As this column goes to the printer, Hyden Hospital is in the turmoil of surgical clinic. These clinics, which are of tremendous help to our patients, and of great interest to the staff, take weeks of preparation, and everyone at Hyden Hospital has been hard at work for days to make the final arrangements. The surgeon, Dr. J. B. Holloway, Jr., from Lexington, arrived on the Wednesday with a resident from the University of Kentucky Medical Center, Dr. David Klein. The doctors screened the patients on the Wednesday afternoon and chose sixteen to be operated on Thursday and Friday. The rest of Dr. Holloway's team arrived late Wednesday in time to organize their supplies for the following day. Miss Mary Ellen Amato has brought another surgical nurse, Miss Peggy McFadden, with her this year. Mrs. Helen Carpenter is the anesthetist and she will be joined for the second day of the clinic by another anesthetist and old friend, Mrs. Christine Williams. We appreciate all the work done by this group, and all their kindnesses, more than we can express.

. . . .

We are happy to welcome the following nurses to the Hyden Hospital staff: Lois Anne Voigt, Concordia, Missouri; Alice Campbell, Barneveld, Wisconsin; Gayle Lankford, White Bluff, Tennessee; and Rachel Schildroth, Grundy Center, Iowa. It is good to have Christine Morgan on the Wendover staff—in the Record Department. Elsie Maier, who completed the course in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in July, returned in September and is now the nurse-midwife at the Red Bird Center. Anne DeTournay, of the ex-staff, passed through to spend a night with us in November and was prevailed upon to stay several weeks and help us out with midwifery at Hyden. It's good to have both Elsie and Anne back.

Olive Bunce, who has been with the Service for many years, was called home in early November because of the very serious illness of her father. Alice Herman has gone to Beech Fork to

take over Olive's post. Lynne Hey returned to her home in England in October and Lena Gray left Wendover to go back to her home in Tennessee in mid-November. Lois Kitzman had come to the FNS last summer on a temporary assignment while she waited for a visa to India. Her visa was granted and she left in October, but she tells us that she will be back to take the midwifery course on her first furlough. Margaret Willson was accepted for admission to the Midwife Teachers Training College in England and she left in early November to have a holiday with her parents before beginning at the College in December. We are so glad that Maggie will be back with the FNS along about August of next year.

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We have been fortunate in having a full complement of couriers during the autumn. Valerie Greene stayed on with the new junior couriers Corinna Harmon, Pleasantville, New York, and Sheila Reath, Wayne, Pennsylvania. Kate Ireland was in for brief visits each month, and as we go to press, we are expecting Leigh Powell to spend Thanksgiving week-end with us. Leigh has only missed spending one Thanksgiving at Wendover since she first came some ten years ago. It will be good to have her back.

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We began our Christmas preparations in early November and we have been able to start sending the toys, clothing, and candy to the outpost nursing centers before Thanksgiving. The two Keuka College volunteers, Eleanor Jones of Weston, Massachusetts, and Christine Irwin of Sterling, New York, arrived on the 16th. They had a brief introduction to Christmas preparations—FNS style—before they went to Beech Fork and Wolf Creek to be useful while one of the nurses from each of those centers came in to help with surgical clinic. Ellie and Chris will return to Hyden and its annex of "Santa's Workshop" the latter part of the month. For many years Keuka College has sent us two students during their field period and we do appreciate all their help.

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We have had the joy of entertaining several FNS Trustees at Wendover this fall. Miss Margaret Gage of Santa Monica,

California, spent two short weeks with us in early September. Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville was able to be with us for MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY. Mrs. Lyndon King of Minneapolis came down in October for her first visit since she did volunteer work at Hyden Hospital in the early Thirties. Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain of Devon, Pennsylvania, with her daughter, old courier Fanny, and Mrs. J. B. Baker of Downingtown, gave us a delightful few days in late October.

Mrs. Carter Stanfill and her daughter, Caroline, of Lexington, Miss Prudence Darnell of Louisville, Mr. Robert Montague of Frankfort, and Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall Prewitt and their baby daughter of Mount Sterling, were guests for MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY. Helen Farrington of the old staff and a friend camped in The Hut for one night on their way back to Vermont from a vacation in the Smoky Mountains. The Rev. John Lohmann of Lexington has been so kind as to come up twice for a Communion Service in St. Christopher's Chapel. Mrs. Lohmann and their small daughter accompanied him on one visit and once he brought Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Zigelbaum of Lexington with him.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis M. Hellman of New York City, and Miss Ada Williams of the Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, spent a week end at Wendover when Dr. Hellman gave the address at the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. Dr. W. F. Bulle, the Executive Secretary of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod Mission Board, came in for a flying visit in October. Miss Sarah McCormack from the Commission for Handicapped Children in Lexington brought three of her colleagues from Louisville up for a week end in early November.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Clair of Waban, Massachusetts, could only stay for lunch, but Mr. Clair, a consulting engineer, was able to give Agnes Lewis a wealth of useful advice on several of her problems. Dr. Jorge Deju of the Division of Maternal and Child Health of the State Board of Health, and his administrative assistant, Mr. Jim Roberts, were with us for a couple of days in late November. Dr. Margaret Lane, who has been overseas in Pakistan for some years, is with us for the last two weeks in November. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Jones of Weston, Massachusetts, were at Hyden Hospital for one night when they brought

their daughter, Ellie, and Christine Irwin to join the FNS. A number of the staff have had members of their families and friends with them during the autumn, and as we go to press Mrs. James Carson Breckinridge (Miss Dorothy) has just arrived to spend two weeks with Mrs. Breckinridge and all of us at Wendover.

It was lovely having them all.

Our Thanksgiving Day staff reunion will be held at Wendover after this Bulletin has gone to press. At the same time many of the old staff in England will be holding their reunion too.

Letter from Olive Bunce's sister, Edith. Dated November 18, 1963:

"I am writing for Olive to tell you that our Father passed away this evening. It was very peaceful and we are all thankful he was not called to suffer too much."

My fair lady's a dear, dear lady—

I walked by her side to woo.

In a garden alley, so sweet and shady,

She answered, 'I love not you,

John, John Brady.'

Quoth my dear lady,

'Pray now, pray now, go your way now,

Do, John, do!'

Yet my fair lady's my own, own lady,

For I passed another day;

While making her moan, she sat all alone,

And thus and thus did she say:

'John, John Brady,'

Quoth my dear lady,

'Do now, do now, once more woo now,

Pray, John, pray!'

from *Mopsa The Fairy*, by Jean Ingelow, 1820-1897

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Evacuated April 1, 1960

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(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Barbara French, R.N., C.M.; Miss Bonnie Whitman, R.N.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

My colleagues have done more editorial work than I have on this Bulletin. Their voluntary service is of such great value that I want to make special mention of it here.

M. B.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946, and October 23, 1962 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 4369), of

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1963.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., 271 West Short Street, Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., chairman; Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor



MUNCY CREEK FORD
of the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River
In Winter

Photograph by Anne Cundle



GRANDCHILDREN OF MRS. BECKY JANE MORGAN
Photograph Taken by Old Courier Fanny McIlvain in 1945

