

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 39

SPRING, 1964

NUMBER 4

May this BIRTHDAY
be a sign
Of the joyful days
to come,
And all happiness be thine,
In thy heart and in thy home!



A BIRTHDAY CARD OF THE 1880's

See Inside Front Cover

The Frontier Nursing Service was born in a private dining room in the Capitol Hotel in Frankfort, Kentucky, in May 1925. The little girl who received this card is now in her eighties.

M. B.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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CONTENTS

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Legend of the Flat Woods	<i>Hope Muncy</i>	19
A Tribute to A Lady	<i>Marion Edwards Shouse</i>	23
American Association of Nurse-Midwives	<i>Helen E. Browne</i>	39
Beyond the Mountains		47
Editor's Own Page		22
Field Notes		51
Fifty Thousand Leopards	<i>Oryx</i>	38
First Rose of the Spring at Wendover		31
Go, Lovely Rose (Verse)	<i>Edmund Waller</i>	2
I Remember, Jim . . . (Verse)	<i>Patricia Ware</i>	17
In Memoriam		41
In Memory of My Friend Flicka (Illus.)	<i>Doc, as told to Molly Lee</i>	29
Mrs. Dewey Gross, Sr.	<i>A Photograph</i>	Inside back cover
Old Courier News		25
Old Staff News		33
On Saying Goodbye	<i>Patricia Ware</i>	3
Our Mail Bag		5
The Seneca Indians	<i>Frances P. Bolton</i>	40
Urgent Needs		7
Urgent Needs Are Truly Urgent	<i>Virginia Branham</i>	6

BRIEF BITS

A Plea for A Sinner (Verse)	<i>Source Unknown</i>	32
Children and Chickens	<i>Contributed</i>	18
Family Records	<i>The Countryman</i>	21
News About Wide Neighborhoods		28
Open Door	<i>Contributed</i>	16
Polite Little Girl	<i>Modern Maturity</i>	55
The Giant Horseman	<i>The Countryman</i>	46
White Elephant		50
Will She Ever Raise Him?	<i>Contributed</i>	55

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose —

Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die — that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Edmund Waller, 1606-1687

ON SAYING GOODBYE

by

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

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
on Bullskin Creek, Brutus, Clay County

There are many times in life when we have to say "Good-bye." To people, to places, to possessions. Sometimes it is easy, a mere wave of the hand. Sometimes it is so hard that the word will not come, and silence and the tears in our eyes must speak for us.

As I write this, the time approaches for me to say my own "Goodbyes." In two weeks' time I will sail for England. Meanwhile . . .

Look around. Look at the mountains. It is winter. Bare trees in the cold earth, wind swaying the leafless branches, waiting perhaps for a fresh fall of snow to blanket them; and for a cardinal to light, in scarlet relief against the white.

But soon, it will be spring, and oh, spring on the mountains is lovely, with the young green of the leaves, the purple-pink haze of the redbud, and the delicate perfection of the dogwood.

Then summer, hot and deep and gloriously green, changing subtly into fall, covering the mountains with a burnished beauty of red and gold.

Think of the people. For two years you visit them, "doctor them," lecture them, become exasperated by them (and vice versa to be sure), marvel at their warm heartedness and generosity, . . . love them!

So now, go up to the barn and say "Hi" to Pam, the brown and white cow. Never thought you could milk a cow, but it's wonderful what you can do if you try. (Though Pam probably still has doubts about your ability.)

Walk to the next stall. "Hello Merrylegs." Stroke the strong silken neck and black mane, and remember the rides you've had together, and whisper to your horse that you wish she had the wings of Pegasus and could fly the Atlantic.

Then down the hill to the jeep. Maybe the door doesn't fit too well, and the top leaks when it rains, but at least it "gets you there," bumping along creek beds, fording the river; through

the slippery sucking mud after a heavy rain, over the slick ice in winter, through the choking summer dust . . . and reflect that it is marvellous that you are trusted with a jeep at all considering that you — er — disabled a couple.

But then, these people that you work for and with, at the hospital and Wendover, are pretty wonderful. From the moment you arrive, feeling kind of lost and lonely and even wondering why you are here at all, they make you one of them. Everyone knows your name while you are vainly trying to remember even one of theirs. Make you feel immediately a part and not an onlooker, make you belong!

Turn now—and look at the white house on the hill. For two years it has been “home.” Remember the time the pipes from the water tank froze up and had to be thawed with an acetylene torch; remember the time you turned painter, and happily and inexpertly “brightened up the kitchen.” Remember Christmas, and trimming the tree by the light of the fire in the big stone fireplace; and remember summer . . . and sitting out on the porch, the branches of the trees swaying in the gentle breeze, a rustling, musical curtain of green, with the sunlight glinting through in dappling gold.

Remember . . . remember . . . The Hard Days. When you were so tired, life seemed all work, those awful records still to be written up, the jeep wouldn't start, and old Beckie's blood pressure was sky-high because she refused to take her pills! . . . The Good Days, when you were walking on air, the charting was done, and Beckie had decided to take her pills for this week anyway!

Look around, and remember, and know that you never will be able to say Goodbye. Oh, you'll pack your cases, you'll board the ship and you will sail the Atlantic. But these people, these places and these things which you have loved are a part of you, and will remain with you, thank God, wherever you are, for ever.

OUR MAIL BAG**"YARB LORE"**

From a member of our Chicago Committee: I am enjoying the last bulletin with the pictures and uses of the herbs, because I spent many Sunday afternoons with our maid, searching for many of those pictured, in the knob back of our house in Somerset, Kentucky.

From an authority on wild yarbs: What a charming article on the common medicinal plants!

From a member of our Boston Committee: The Bulletin is fascinating—as always—the story of the herbs I am sending on to my daughter-in-law. . . . Again thank you for all the Bulletin says to me each time it comes.

From an old friend in Louisville, Ky.: I was quite charmed with the article in the issue for Winter 1964 on "Yarb Lore in the Kentucky Mountains." At one time in my life I was blessed by having a very precious Great-Grandmother. She was a deep-country woman, born and bred and spent her life in the real country where doctors and store medicine were practically unknown. One of my recollections of her was at the various seasons of the year, she went out into the woods and gathered roots and herbs and the bark of certain trees from which she made her "bitters," salves, tonics, teas, etc. that she used to keep herself well and strong; and eventually enabled her to live to a ripe old age.

From the Director of The Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library in Pittsburgh:

A copy of the issue for Winter, 1964, of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service has come to my desk. I have been much interested by your editorial on pages three and four and in the treatment of "Yarbs" on pages 5-17. . . .

I would also inquire as to what happens to the original drawings after the plates have been made? Of course they should be preserved. This library has the largest collection in the world of contemporary botanical art and illustration. The collections number in excess of 4200 water colors, many hundreds of black and white drawings, prints, etc. If there is any question about the preservation of these original drawings for posterity, I commend your consideration of their being deposited here subject to whatever restrictions you and your organization may care to place on them. . . .

We do endeavor to establish here as complete a record of this type of material as is possible.

URGENT NEEDS ARE TRULY URGENT

By VIRGINIA BRANHAM
Senior Courier

On my return to Wendover, Agnes Lewis asked me to proof-read the Urgent Needs—reading it with a fresh viewpoint. I asked her for simplicity's sake why one couldn't say that the Hyden Hospital plant was on 40 acres of mountain land rather than 40.38. She looked up with surprise, "But it is 40.38 acres and this is a permanent record." That ended that inane question.

The needs of a rural nursing and medical service run the gamut from A to Zed. How nice it would be if they were all fascinating, intriguing items. My imagination was caught by a laboratory specimen incubator. The X-ray darkroom repairs and new developing tank—I can see the doctor examining X-rays, and both he and the nurse who took them being ever grateful for the new equipment.

There are other equally needed items. However, they are not all as heart warming. A new cover for a septic tank at Red Bird could hardly be called exotic, but is urgently needed. Ah! Earlier on that list is an examining table for the clinic (with pad and stirrups) that is more appealing. But what of the one there? I guarantee "hits plum guv out"!

Anyone who has been dependent on his own water supply more than appreciates good wells and water tanks. In a land of no fire departments, where one sees bare chimneys as a stark reminder, a corroded water line from tank to fire hydrant is frightening. Also, if Agnes Lewis says water tanks cannot be kept watertight—they cannot.

Having lived in the Cabin, I read with interest of the chimney caps for various fireplaces "to prevent gusts of soot from blowing down chimney"—that is almost British understatement. Before coming here I had never seen soft coal—nor known what soot really was.

"Betty's Box"—the name alone stopped me! At last Social Service has ample room for all the Grab that is shipped from outside by the many friends of the FNS. There is space for unpacking, sorting, and storing this needed used clothing. (There is always a special need for clothing for the school children.) Betty Lester is justly proud of "Betty's Box"!

The sewage treatment plant is a staggering item and number one on the Urgent Needs. Oh, if only just "a new cover—septic tank" were needed! Unfortunately, such is not the case at the Hospital plant.

I am picking at random but all of the items tell a tale. At Wendover, the fencing was damaged by the flood and the coal house on the Upper Shelf demolished in a storm. The retaining wall opposite the jeep shed is a **must** with so much driving in icy and slick weather. While re-reading Urgent Needs, I am impressed anew by the scope of the FNS and the diversity of its needs.

URGENT NEEDS

HYDEN HOSPITAL PLANT

This consists of a number of buildings located on 40.38 acres of mountain land. The principal buildings are the Hospital and Annex; Joy House (residence of the Medical Director); Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; Mardi Cottage (quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery); St. Christopher's Chapel; an oak barn; employees' cottages; and smaller buildings. Some of the most **urgent needs** for this boundary are listed below:

1. **SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANT FOR HOSPITAL AND HAGGIN QUARTERS:** steel tank, with equipment installed in it; sewer lines (500'); electrical wiring to plant, etc.—materials and labor—estimated.....\$8,000.00 to \$10,000.00

2. **LECTURE ROOM IN ANNEX:** 3-rooms in Annex thrown into one large room for Frontier Graduate School lecture and study room. The faculty and students are delighted that they no longer have a combined classroom, living room and dining room in Mardi Cottage.

Carpentry work, painting, tile, etc.....	\$1,537.07
Classroom table	44.58
Split Bottom Chairs—1 dozen @ \$5.00 each	60.00
Blackboard.....	40.00
Window Shades—7 @ \$4.00 each.....	28.00
Bulletin Board	20.00
Electric Wall Clock.....	10.00

Materials, labor and furnishings..... 1,739.65

Note: Whether you can give all of this or just a chair or window shade, we shall be most grateful.

3. **ANNEX CREOSOTED—TRIM PAINTED:** (last done in 1958)—materials and labor—estimated.. 600.00

4. BETTY'S BOX: 3-room cottage repaired and painted and cupboards installed. Designed for Betty Lester to use for unpacking, sorting and distributing all our gifts of used clothing. This is a godsend for Betty and all her helpers—materials and labor.....	424.08
5. BEDPAN WASHER AND STEAMER: quoted @.. Note: Our hospital has never had a bedpan washer and sterilizer and needs one very badly.	990.00
6. STEPS UPHILL TO HOSPITAL: (steep mountain path used by clinic patients); wooden steps, locust posts (supports) and iron rails—materials and labor.....	225.73
7. METAL CHAIRS FOR HOSPITAL WARDS: 10 @ \$15.90 each.....	159.00
8. FIBERGLASS (WASHABLE) ROCKING CHAIRS FOR WARDS: (so that mothers can rock their babies)—2 @ \$29.95 each.....	59.90
9. WASHING MACHINE AND DRYER: (largest size)—for babies' clothing, hospital blankets, etc. Washing Machine—quoted @.....\$189.95 Dryer (especially needed in winter)— quoted @..... 209.00	398.95
10. LABORATORY SPECIMEN INCUBATOR: (slightly used).....	125.00
11. X-RAY DARK ROOM REPAIRS AND NEW DEVELOPING TANK:	188.64
12. NEW FORMICA TOPS FOR OLD BEDSIDE TABLES: 12 tops @ \$7.75 each.....	93.00
13. LIGHTS FOR DELIVERY ROOM: 3 dental lights (purchased from U. S. Division of Surplus Property) installed over delivery table—materials and labor.....	33.41
14. PILLOWS FOR WARDS: 10 @ \$1.67 each (on sale).....	16.70

**MARGARET VOORHIES HAGGIN QUARTERS
FOR NURSES**

1. TRIM OF STONE BUILDING (INCLUDES WOODEN, SCREENED PORCHES)—PAINTED: last painted in 1958. Must be painted before winter—materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 800.00
2. FIRE ESCAPE OFF THIRD FLOOR: materials and labor.....	75.00
3. LIVING ROOM—DRAPERIES AND SLIP COVERS: for 1 large sofa, 2 small sofas, 2 chairs, and two windows—materials and the cost of making them—estimated.....	215.00
4. NURSES' SITTING ROOM—DRAPERIES AND SLIP COVERS: for large sofa, 2 chairs, and 1 window—materials and the cost of making them—estimated.....	80.00
5. KITCHEN CABINET SINK—REPLACED: stainless steel, 2-bowls with double drainboards and wooden cabinet—materials and labor—estimated.....	700.00
6. WASHING MACHINE: (for staff laundry) largest size—quoted @.....	189.95
7. BLANKETS:—ALL-WOOL SECONDS: 1 dozen @ \$6.00 each.....	72.00
8. METAL HOUSE FOR GARBAGE CANS:	39.95
9. WINDOW SASH BALANCES—REPLACED:	45.60

MARDI COTTAGE

Quarters for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

1. **MARDI COTTAGE—ADDING SECOND STORY:**
A new roof has to be put on. While doing this, we need to convert the low attic space to a full second story, with air space above it; insulate the building; add three bedrooms, a bath and a large storage room; creosote the house and paint the trim. This addition will enable us to take more students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.
—cost of remodeling—estimated.....\$10,000.00

2. LIVING ROOM AND 5-BEDROOMS RE-PAINTED: —materials and labor.....	187.71
3. BED SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES: —3-sets @ \$31.50 ea.....	94.50
Note: In quoting us on these, the local dealer and the manufacturer have both given us their profit.	
4. NEW WASHING MACHINE: largest size—quoted @.....	189.95
5. FLOOR LAMP FOR LIVING ROOM: —quoted @..	22.50
6. VACUUM CLEANER: rebuilt.....	52.40
7. FIRE SCREEN:	10.00
8. BEDROOM MIRROR:	4.98

JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence were met by the Helen Newberry Joy Fund.

WENDOVER

1. BIG LOG HOUSE—SCREENED PORCHES—REPLACED AND ENLARGED: These wooden porches were built in 1925 and are no longer repairable. We badly need more room, especially for committee meetings and staff dinners. We plan to enlarge the porch off the living room and enclose it with windows for year-round use. It must have a concrete foundation and floor for termite control, and a new roof and screen wire for the upstairs sleeping porch. We estimate the cost of materials and labor @.....	\$ 3,000.00
2. GARDEN HOUSE CREOSOTED AND TRIM PAINTED: This building was last painted in 1959. To protect the wood, it must be painted this summer—materials and labor—estimated....	750.00
3. KITCHEN AND EMPLOYEES' DINING ROOM PAINTED: materials and labor.....	129.49

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| <p>4. BIG LOG HOUSE—CHINKED: chinking between logs replaced—original chinking loose and some missing. This work necessary to make building warmer and cut down on heating costs. Cement and labor.....</p> | <p>291.64</p> |
| <p>5. REVOLVING CHIMNEY CAPS: Essential to prevent gusts of soot from blowing down chimneys. 1 for Mrs. Breckinridge's room; 2 for offices and 1 for guest room in Big Log House; and 2 for Upper Shelf bedrooms—6 quoted @ \$75.00 each</p> | <p>450.00</p> |
| <p>6. REBUILDING ROCK RETAINING WALLS OPPOSITE WORK SHOP AND JEEP SHED: Essential for maneuvering vehicles in icy and inclement weather—materials and labor—estimated.....</p> | <p>500.00</p> |
| <p>7. COAL HOUSE FOR UPPER SHELF—DEMOLISHED BY STORM: Holds coal for open fireplaces that are the only means of heating staff bedrooms—concrete block foundation, boxed and stripped, and a new tin roof—materials and labor.....</p> | <p>293.37</p> |
| <p>8. SMALL CONCRETE BLOCK BUILDING: (9½' x 20' x 8' high)—for collection of tin cans, bottles, etc., until they can be carted off to county dump, six miles down river. (One end to be partitioned off for Mrs. Breckinridge's geese and goslings.)—materials and labor—estimated.....</p> | <p>500.00</p> |
| <p>9. CABIN—PORCH REPAIRED: concrete block supports, new flooring and lattice under porch—materials and labor—estimated.....</p> | <p>200.00</p> |
| <p>10. CABIN—TRIM PAINTED: paint and labor—estimated.....</p> | <p>125.00</p> |
| <p>11. BOARD FENCE IN FRONT OF WENDOVER: (damaged by flood)—needed for continued proper appearance of place—materials and labor</p> | <p>53.38</p> |
| <p>12. SMALL VACUUM CLEANER: for cleaning furnaces at Wendover and outpost centers—essential.....</p> | <p>24.95</p> |

13. BEDS—HOLLYWOOD TYPE: replacing sagging coil springs and felt mattresses. (The local dealer and the manufacturer, in quoting us on these beds, have both given us their profit.) Frames, box springs and mattresses—3 sets quoted @ \$40.45 each.....	121.35
14. ADDING MACHINE: quoted @.....	179.14
15. BLANKETS: all-wool seconds; 6 quoted @ \$6.00 each.....	36.00
16. CROW BAR:	6.95
17. ALUMINUM ROASTER:	5.95

JEEPS

Two new jeeps needed to replace The Gosling at Hyden Hospital and Nameless at Wendover. These jeeps are not safe. Due to their old age, the cost of repairs is not justifiable.

1—New Jeep—heavy duty—after trade-in of old jeep—approximately.....	2,000.00
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THE GEORGIA WRIGHT CLEARING

1. ELECTRIC PUMP UNIT INSTALLED ON WELL, SUPPLYING WATER TO CARETAKER'S COTTAGE AND TO BULL BARN: replacing hand pump—pump unit, hot water tank, pipe connections to house; 500' of pipe line to bull barn—equipment, materials and labor.....\$	588.18
2. CHICKEN WIRE FENCE AROUND YARD: Caretaker's family have chickens and cannot have a blossom patch without this fence. Posts, wire and labor.....	65.63
3. HEIFER BARN—TWO STALLS RE-FLOORED: lumber and labor.....	47.58

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial

1. CENTER PAINTED: last done in 1959—work to be done by free local labor—materials only—estimated.....\$	125.00
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2. INCINERATOR: built of concrete blocks with pipe for grates—materials and labor—estimated	75.00
3. WATER TANK: 1-iron hoop replaced; hoop and labor—estimated.....	40.00
4. WINDOW FAN: necessary so that small bedrooms upstairs can be used in hot weather.....	19.95
5. STAINLESS STEEL—FLAT WARE: service for eight.....	29.88
6. GLASS CHURN:	6.95

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial

1. NEW WATER TANK: Cypress water tank installed when center was built in 1930 can no longer be made watertight; and it is essential that we conserve every drop of water when the spring is dry. Tank quoted @ \$1,232.00, plus transportation and erection costs—estimated total cost.....	\$ 1,400.00
2. WATER LINE FROM TANK TO FIRE HYDRANT—REPLACED: galvanized pipe (installed in 1930) is so corroded on the inside that there is not enough pressure on the fire hose for protection—pipe, fittings and labor—estimated..	300.00
3. CENTER PAINTED: Last fall the paint was peeling and we scraped off all loose paint and applied one primer coat over bare wood to protect house during winter—must be painted this summer—materials and labor—estimated.....	600.00
4. BLANKETS: all-wool seconds; 8 @ \$6.00 each....	48.00
5. BOUNDARY LINE AND PASTURE FENCE: one side of fence replaced—locust posts, wire and labor—estimated.....	75.00
6. SMALL PRESSURE COOKER: quoted @.....	13.95
7. VACUUM CLEANER:	77.00
8. BED SPRINGS AND MATTRESS:	31.50

Note: In giving us this quotation the local dealer and the manufacturer have given us their profit.

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial**

1. **NEW METAL ROOFS ON HORSE BARN, MANURE BENT, CHICKEN HOUSE AND TOOL HOUSE:**—material and labor.....\$ 434.50
2. **REVOLVING CHIMNEY CAP FOR LIVING ROOM FIREPLACE:** to prevent gusts of soot from blowing down chimney—cap and installation—estimated..... 75.00
3. **DEEP FREEZER:**—quoted @..... 249.95
Caring for the garden is recreation for the center nurses and they would like to preserve the products of their labor.
4. **LIVING ROOM EASY CHAIR (ROCKER):** replacing 35-year-old chair not repairable..... 30.44
5. **CURTAIN MATERIAL:** for 2-bedrooms—10 yards @ .50 per yd..... 5.00
6. **PAINT:** for living room, waiting room, 2-bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom—volunteers did the painting..... 48.25
7. **LIVING ROOM SOFA:** maple sofa with cushions quoted @..... 109.95
8. **BED SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES:** 2-sets @ \$31.50 ea..... 63.00

Note: In giving us this quotation the local dealer and the manufacturer have given us their profit.

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER**Clara Ford**

1. **NEW WATER TANK:** Cypress tank installed when center was built in 1928 can no longer be kept watertight. New tank quoted @ \$1,001.35, plus transportation and erection—estimated total cost.....\$ 1,100.00

Note: Red Bird can use a smaller tank than Brutus because it has a deep well pump and is not entirely dependent on the spring.

2. CENTER DRIVEWAY: washed-out section of road filled in with mixed concrete (too steep to hold gravel)—work done by volunteer committee members—1-load mixed concrete.....	97.25
3. HEATING WAITING ROOM AND CLINIC: This is our only log center and without insulation the furnace has never kept this end of the house warm enough. In recent years, with sub-zero weather, patients have suffered and pipes have frozen. At the last Committee Meeting it was decided to build a chimney at the side of the waiting room and install a heating stove. The chairman gave his time in lining up the work and supervising it.	
Chimney—materials and labor.....	\$195.68
Heating stove.....	60.00
	255.68
4. EXAMINING TABLE FOR CLINIC: with pad and stirrups—material and labor—estimated.....	50.00
5. PAINT FOR LIVING ROOM: put on by volunteers	9.64
6. SCREEN WIRE REPLACED ON PORCH: materials and labor.....	34.45
7. NEW COVER FOR SEPTIC TANK: materials and labor.....	59.50
8. FURNACE: new tilt grate—grate and labor.....	15.35
9. HEAVY DUTY BASKET GRATE FOR LIVING ROOM FIREPLACE:	16.50

**WOLF CREEK NURSING CENTER
Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial**

1. BOILER REPAIRS: motor for circulating pump overhauled; new damper, controls and labor.....	\$ 161.25
2. ROCK WALL—AT GARAGE: built higher to keep road from washing and water from pouring over onto walk to clinic—cement and labor—estimated.....	100.00
3. WATER PUMP—NEW PARTS: water seal, gasket, air volume control and motor repaired—parts and labor.....	94.74

4. HEAVY DUTY BASKET GRATE FOR LIVING ROOM FIREPLACE:	16.50
5. KITCHEN SINK DRAIN PIPE: changed to prevent frequent blockage—pipe and labor.....	29.45
6. SLIP COVERS FOR TWO EASY CHAIRS: materials and making—estimated.....	25.00
7. SCREEN WIRE FOR PORCH: 1-roll—30".....	12.95
8. CURTAIN MATERIAL—3-BEDROOMS: 12-yards @ .50.....	6.00
9. COVERED WASTE CAN FOR CLINIC:	4.95

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER
“Possum Bend”—Frances Bolton

This center was at Confluence for 32 years. It was evacuated in 1960 under orders of the United States Government. The site is now an access area for the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir and the buildings have all been torn down by the Government. The new Frances Bolton Nursing Center has not yet been relocated. The money given the Frontier Nursing Service by the United States Government for these buildings, is invested in government bonds, with the interest added to the principal annually.

OPEN DOOR

Patient with influenza, telephoning her physician: “Doctor, I am at death’s door.”

Physician: “All right. I’ll hurry down and open the door for you.”

—Contributed by Patient

I REMEMBER, JIM . . .

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

I remember, Jim, how you used to say . . .
"I wish I could go wi' you-uns to-day . . .
Up to the mine to look at the spring . . .
. . . I'd like to do that more'n anything.
Then down to the tank to check it and see
The water's as high as it ought to be.
And then, if you all could take the time,
And didn't mind a bit of a climb,
We'd ride to the Flat Woods, to cliffs that knock.
We'd go up and find the old Singing Rock.
And there we might spread a picnic table . . .
. . . Oh I'd love to go . . . if I was able!"

But you weren't able to, were you Jim!
Confined to your sick-bed with wasting limb.
Many moons your frail old form withstood
Cancerous cells which ravaged your blood.
I remember the stick above your bed.
A notch for every transfusion, it read.
Forty-two pints were pumped into you
. . . Yet still the Dangar came shining through!

I remember your Story-teller's art:
You yarned of these hills of which you're a part.
Your humour so kind and, oh so dry,
The twinkle there in your keen old eye.
I remember your hope when life grew dim.
I remember . . . well I remember . . . Jim!

But now you are free, Jim, free of pain.
You never will need more blood again.
Ride to the Flat Woods, and climb to the spring,
Feel the hot sunshine, and hear the wind sing.
And we'll meet again, I know that too,
Go ahead, Jim . . . till we go with you.

FOOTNOTE

James Davidson was affectionately known as Jim Dangar Davidson. He was born on Dangar Branch which flows down from the Flat Woods into Bullskin Creek in Clay County. For many years he had lived on Bullskin near the Brutus post office and near our Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center. Jim Dangar was an honored member of the FNS Brutus Committee. The nurses who served there were devoted to him and had an immense admiration for his gallantry. This poem by Patricia Ware expresses the sentiments of every nurse who had the privilege of caring for him during his long terminal illness.

Elsewhere in this Bulletin we print "A Legend of the Flat Woods" by Hope Muncy. This story is based on the facts given her by Jim Davidson who was intimately acquainted with the Flat Woods.

Our old friend died on November 22, 1962, but his name has itself become a legend. As long after his death as March, 1964, Joe Creason related some of the stories that Jim had told him, in his column in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Among Jim's other gifts was that of a raconteur.

CHILDREN AND CHICKENS

A six-year-old girl made an Easter visit to her great aunt's orchard farm in the Shenandoah Valley. She delighted in the baby chicks. When she returned on another visit in June, she called out, "Oh, Auntie, the baby chicks are all teenagers."

Her four-year-old brother watched with interest when several hens and a rooster were let out of a chicken house. He said, "Auntie, which of the hens is the rooster's wife?"

—Contributed

A LEGEND OF THE FLAT WOODS

by

HOPE MUNCY

Secretary to the Medical Director

Based on a story told her by Jim Davidson

The young man was known as Mike because his long, difficult Greek name was impossible for his neighbors in this new land of his to pronounce, let alone remember. The horse's name was Terpsichore, for Mike alone needed to know her name. They had reached the plateau known as the Flat Woods, and Mike was preparing to stop for his noon meal, usually purchased at the last little general store before making the climb to the plateau. He unloaded the two packs from Terpsichore's back and removed her bridle and saddle, allowing her complete freedom to graze at will. She never wandered far from Mike, and often came back to him even before he voiced his command, so nearly could she communicate with her master. The two packs were much lighter on this return trip from selling small, hard-to-get items at the lonely farms scattered up and down the creeks feeding into the Middle Fork of the Kentucky and the Red Bird River. Mike's customers all liked him; they liked his jolly manner, his merry, black eyes, and his smile as sunny as an Aegean sky. It wasn't easy for either Mike or the people to understand each other, but they managed to strike a bargain—a ribbon for a coin with a buffalo on it, and perhaps a yard or two of lace if the haggling went along all right. Everybody enjoyed themselves immensely, the children most of all, for Mike's wares were like a treasure trove from the Arabian Nights.

The site Mike chose for his meal was incredibly, breathtakingly beautiful. There had just been a shower and the whole wood was brimming with colors from the wild flowers and the myriad shades of spring green. In the center of a natural, grassy amphitheatre, and from beneath a lichen-covered grey rock, gushed a cold, clear spring which formed a moss-edged pool. Near the edges of the pool crowded small ferns and bead lilies, which reminded Mike of the saphodel of his native land. His lunch table was a moss-grown, anemone-strewn log, and here he

placed his can of sardines, greengage plums, and crackers and his pocket knife.

After a final drink from the spring for both Mike and Terpsichore and an azalea blossom for his hat band and a dogwood blossom for the little mare's bridle, the man and the horse were on their way across the expanse of the Flat Woods. Mike stopped again, dismounted and left the trail through a laurel thicket. He soon came to a small promontory at the top of which were several large boulders, some precariously balanced atop the others like a vast Stonehenge. Half hidden by creepers and fern was a small stone wedged in the crevice of a rock; when he removed this a perfect cache, complete with a rocky shelf was revealed, and stacked on the shelf were coins—some gold, but mostly silver. Mike emptied his pockets of the coins he had collected on this most recent trip into the mountains, putting the gold in one place and the silver in another. Very soon now he would have enough money to send across the sea for his Maia and then his happiness in the New World would be complete. The paper money and copper coins were returned to his pocket and he made his way back to the patient Terpsichore.

They were nearly out of the mountains when the pain in Mike's right side began. He urged his little mare along at an unaccustomed pace, and she, feeling the anxiety and unease of her rider, arched her neck and proved her worth. By the time they reached the small town on the Cumberland where Mike lived, waves of nausea swept over him and his body was racked with pain. Poor Terpsichore was in a lather, and Mike could barely rub her down and tend to her needs before going into his small house and falling on his bed.

The next day Mike was dead, and his Maia never heard of him again. She remained at her uncle's farm near the sea, just poor kinsfolk, until she could bear her grief no longer. One morning the fishermen found her lodged in their nets.

It has been fifty years since Mike last crossed the Flat Woods on that perfect spring day. To this day, nobody has found his small cache of silver and gold coins that meant so much to his future happiness. The plateau known as the Flat Woods is a strange place where strange things happen, this flat tableland formed by several mountains huddled together creating an un-

dulating, rocky, and forest covered region of about six square miles. There are places here that a hunting dog won't go, no matter how fresh and tantalizing the aroma of the quarry, and a horse will shy and skitter away, sometimes unseating an unwary rider. But the strangest thing of all is to go and sit by a certain woodland pool when the flame azaleas and the dogwood blossoms streak the underbrush, and the fern and bead lilies are reflected in the quiet mirror of the pool—and listen! Is it from within yourself? Is it your own heartbeat that becomes louder and louder until the whole Flat Woods reverberates with the sound of it? Or is it the echo of a great heart that thrills and throbs in its memory of unfilled dreams, blotting out the song of the birds and the soft sighing of the wind in the pine trees.

FAMILY RECORDS

According to information given me by an old inhabitant of Naseby, the village was noted in the last century for the longevity of its people. When Ann, daughter of Luke and Sarah Wilford, was born in August 1812, seven of her great-grandparents and four grandparents were still living near by. Mary Wilford, who died in December 1814 at 93, left five sons and two daughters whose united ages amounted to 444, 35 grandchildren and 32 great-grandchildren: she was aunt to 15, great-aunt to 68, great-great-aunt to 108 and great-great-great-aunt to six. A farmer named Corby is reputed, at the age of 70, to have cut a perfect new set of teeth which served him well till his death at 93.

—N. I. Spriggs, Leicester

The Countryman, Spring 1964, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

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Lincolnshire woman, of a fault-finding neighbor: "Niver mind her. When she dies she'll rear up an' say they heven't laid her out raight."

The Countryman, Spring, 1964

EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

The poem used for *In Memoriam*—"It may be in the evening when the work of the day is done"—is a very old one. When I was a young girl, soon after the turn of the century, I went for a visit of a few days with one of my girl friends. Her father said he wanted to read us some verses that he thought we would like. In his deep, rich voice he read a poem, one verse of which I have used for *In Memoriam*. I do not remember from what book or paper he read this.

Many years later in London in April 1929, I bought an anthology called *Sunset and Sunrise* by Cecilia, Lady Boston. In this book I read the verse I had first heard read to me in my girlhood. I have reprinted it from this book. The only signature given in the book is the initials B. M. I think all of this will be of interest to you who are constant readers of this Quarterly.

I want to add a few lines about myself for those of you who are so kind as to write me because I cannot always take the time to answer your welcome letters. It takes someone else's time, as well as mine, for me to handle my mail. My eye sight is failing. My letters have to be read aloud to me and I cannot read my replies before signing them. I am grateful that, at 83, I am still able to edit this Bulletin and carry a few hours of work every day. Whatever I can do is that much less for my wonderful colleagues to carry. The Frontier Nursing Service, as a charity, is able to give its devoted staff less than half of what they could get in government jobs or in institutions beyond the mountains. Thus, our staff are volunteers for more than fifty percent of their time. So much of the funds that we receive from you, our subscribers, and from Endowment income, has to go into costs of replacement and maintenance that this sacrifice on the part of our staff is essential to our solvency. As an old-fashioned woman, as well as an old one, I have a deep dread of debt. It comforts me to know, as we approach our fortieth birthday, that we are solvent. This solvency is due to two things. First, your generosity, and second, the amount of time given on a voluntary basis by our staff.

Very sincerely your editor,

Mary Breckinridge

A TRIBUTE TO A LADY

by

MARION EDWARDS SHOUSE

FOREWORD by the Editor: Mrs. Noel Rawnsley, whose sketches of yarbs have attracted wide attention, is the person to whom this tribute was written some twenty-three years ago. Mrs. Shouse Lewis, a young girl then, met Mrs. Rawnsley in Washington on her way to or from the Kentucky mountains. We did not publish the tribute then because it might have been of some embarrassment to Mrs. Rawnsley. Now, years after Mrs. Rawnsley's illness on the Isle of Capri and, we presume, her death, we think those who enjoyed her yarb sketches would like to read the impression she made on a young girl many years ago.

She came into my life briefly, and gently, like a new mist rising from a long familiar valley, clothing it for a time with a charm strange and wistful, then vanishing, to leave the well loved vista a little more beautiful, a little further reaching than before.

I was to meet her at an art gallery, and over the telephone I had told her that she would know me because I would be wearing green. She gave me no clue as to her appearance, and yet, the moment I saw her I knew her as one knows an old and well loved friend. For she was a picture that we have all known since childhood, a picture that youth dreams about, a picture that tempers the thoughts. She was Whistler's mother to the life: standing, not sitting, but in the same long silks; tall and incredibly fragile, yet with an air of agelessness about her that only the full years of an understanding spirit can sustain. And her frail lace cap, black of course, with the gay little rose, that must be there, pinned precariously to its side almost brought tears to my eyes.

It is not often that twenty-seven and seventy can bridge the gap, especially when there are infinite differences of birth, background and nationality to overcome. And yet I can truly say that not for one moment over the hours, those all too brief hours that I spent with her, was I conscious of any pause, or faltering or failing in the warm interest and real affection which she had inspired from the moment I met her.

It was not that she was a refugee, fled from a comfortable

home with an aging husband, leaving everything that she owned in the world behind. It was not that her three boys were fighting, perhaps even dying at the moment in the far corners of the earth, it was not that her country was sorely pressed, that all that she had been shaped from was in imminent danger of destruction; it was none of these things, for one would as soon strike her as pity her.

There are some few mortals who seem to be shining silk all through, as opposed to the cotton with an occasional finer thread of which most of us are woven. It was not that she was not of the earth, but rather that there was a further scope of vision, a finer more selfless outlook, a deeper, simpler compassion. Perhaps rather she was of the earth at its best: like a refined composite of its strengths and beauties in their entirety rather than in their separate parts. As one says of a man: he is granite, or oak, or of a woman: she is heather, or brambles, so one might say of her: she is all the elements so wedded as to become an embodiment of the strongest while yet retaining the humbleness of the gentlest.

Probably I shall never see her again. I hope desperately for her sake that she may soon return to the distance from which she had so rudely to flee. But this I know, that though our acquaintance lasted only for a few brief hours she left something with me that has stood beside me since, something which I shall never lose.

Even to the lowliest of mortals it is given to know when the wings of greatness brush past, leaving an essence which brightens the heart and refreshes the spirit. And through the years ahead, not only each time I hear great music, or look on the masters, or read the words of the immortals, but too, each time that my spirit is oppressed and that I feel narrow, and mean and small, the thought of this lady will raise me like a gentle hand on a weary forehead, smoothing the pain away.

It was a privilege to meet her even in passing, for which I am deeply and humbly grateful, and I hope that to her may come back a tiny segment of the joy that knowing her gave me.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Frank R. Little (Sally Foreman),
Mill Valley, California—March 8, 1964**

We have embarked on a new adventure and are remodeling a 50-year-old farm house in the heart of town. We decided we needed a larger house for the children and the tribes they bring home. They love it—the old fashioned banister railing that provides a good sliding, various “hideouts” under staircases and a huge basement playroom. We have completed the kitchen, back porch and dining room in Victorian style, and are now working on the living room and staircase. It is quite a challenge and as you can imagine, quite hysterical at times.

The year has been quite good to us—very little illness. Karen now 7½, loves her new school—second grade—ballet and going to the Ranch Club to ride. She desperately wants her own horse and I hope someday we can grant her wish. Rick, on the other hand, likes horses from the ground or the kind on the merry-go-round! He has really turned into a typical 5-year-old boy—cowboy, tree climber and bug collector all in one. He goes to nursery school three mornings a week and is most excited about attending kindergarten in September.

Mother and Dad (Walter Foremans) wrote about the tea in Cincinnati which they attended and had such a lovely time seeing all FNS friends. How I wish we could have been there! The children and I will be visiting in Cincinnati this summer and I hope we can get to Wendover. I would adore to see you all again.

. . . .

From Alison Bray, London, England—March 30, 1964

Now we are getting to the final stages of preparation for the Conference. Over a thousand people have applied to come. I go to Torquay on April 14th and the whole thing will be over by the 18th. I'll stay on until the end of the month to help with the clearing up. Our friends from Baltimore arrive in England on

May 5th and I hope to spend ten days or so in Switzerland with the younger one, probably at the end of May.

. . . .

From Charlotte (Carley) Clark, Denver, Colorado

—April 14, 1964

I'm enjoying Denver as much as ever. In early February the research grant which I was working under ran out and wasn't renewed, so I decided that this presented the ideal opportunity to try out the life of a "ski bum" for awhile. So, for the past two months I've had a most wonderful time up in Aspen, where I saw a good deal of Bron Jenny. Now I'm back in the job-hunting process in Denver.

I loved getting my copy of the FNS Quarterly—so good to hear bits and pieces about all of you.

. . . .

From Mrs. Edgar B. Butler (Sally Taylor), West Hartford,

Connecticut—April 16, 1964

I'm finding my job as President of the Connecticut Valley Girl Scouts pretty much a full-time one.

Judy and Jim are living with us now until they get settled. They had a wonderful experience in Europe for three months while Jim was on the U. S. Olympic Nordic Ski Team and competing on the European Ski Circuit. Now they're naturally anxious to get settled down. Judy picked up a teaching job immediately while Jim is still interviewing for permanent work. Life is very full, but that's the way it should be.

. . . .

From Mrs. Paul C. Harper (Tips Stevenson), Lake Forest,

Illinois—April 27, 1964

Paul and I were in Africa for a couple of months. On our way back we stopped in Florence, Rome and Madrid so that I could finish some work on my Master's degree, in art, which I get in June. It's been a long job but worth the effort, for it has qualified me for my present position in the Art Department at Lake Forest College. My eldest son, Peter, is also at Lake Forest—a junior—so we have quite a studious household!

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Lulu Ireland (Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey) is the second in her family to be first lady of Metropolitan Opera in Cleveland—her mother was the first. Lulu has just finished the presidency of the Visiting Nurse Association and is on the boards of the National Health Council and the National Committee for Homemakers. She's Joint Master of Fox Hounds for the Chagrin Valley Hunt, has her private pack of beagles and trains Labrador Retrievers—all of this in addition to being a busy wife and mother!

Sally Foster is working with the Peace Corps in Rio de Janeiro as a "slum area visiting nurse" and also helps part-time at the urban health center there.

Corinna Harmon is working in a little dress shop in Boston, owned by two young ladies who design and sell dresses.

Carlyle Carter is going to a French school in Canada this summer.

.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to **Emma Coulter** (Mrs. J. B. Ware) in the loss of her mother; to **Marion Weir** (Mrs. Edward Knight) in the recent death of her father; to **Sally Bingham** (Mrs. A. Whitney Ellsworth) in the tragic death of her young brother; and to **Mary Bulkley** (Mrs. W. W. Wotherspoon), Chairman of our Detroit Committee, in the loss of her mother last month.

WEDDINGS

Miss Roberta Fulbright of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Edward Thaddeus Foote, II, of St. Louis, Missouri, on April 18, 1964. Bosey is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. James William Fulbright. Lucky Mr. Foote is a full-time law student and a part-time newspaper reporter.

Miss Sandra Gray of Louisville, Kentucky, and Dr. William M. Schreiber of Nashville, Tennessee, on May 9, 1964. Dr. Schreiber is an internal medicine resident at Vanderbilt University.

We send our very best wishes for every happiness to these

young couples; and our warm congratulations go to these lucky young men.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Christie, Jr. (Peggy Barker), Evanston, Illinois, a girl, Margaret Moorhead, on February 20, 1964. She weighed eight pounds and three ounces. Her mother writes:

Margaret is a delight—chubby, bright-eyed, and her father's own daughter.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John DeMaria (Anne Kilham), Rehoboth, Massachusetts, a son, Nikos, on March 16, 1964—weight seven pounds and fifteen ounces.

We wish for these fortunate babies every good thing that this life can hold.

NEWS ABOUT WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS

Harper and Row, Publishers of **WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS** by Mary Breckinridge, wish to announce the eighth printing of this book in early July of this year. It will be, as before, on sale at all book stores. **WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS**, which was on the best seller list the first six weeks after its first edition came out, has now sold over 10,000 copies. The royalties from this book go to the Frontier Nursing Service.

The Frontier Nursing Service has some copies of the seventh printing of this book on hand at Wendover, Leslie County, Kentucky. We shall be glad to mail postpaid autographed copies to anyone anywhere in the world upon receipt of \$4.50 per copy. We can prepay the postage without loss because the Frontier Nursing Service receives an author's discount on each copy.

WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS is an autobiography. Not only does the book give a thrilling account of early Frontier Nursing Service adventurous days, but it relates such things in Mary Breckinridge's own life as had a bearing on what was to become the Frontier Nursing Service.

IN MEMORY OF MY FRIEND FLICKA

by
DOC

As Told to Molly Lee, R.N., S.C.M.



FLICKA AND MOLLY LEE

Stable companions, partners in crime, a way of life, all these things we have been in our hey day.

Flicka and I spent several years together in our "old days" at Confluence. Happy, useful, carefree, days of summer, when we dozed lazily in the heat of the day. Pleasant work-a-days on district in the mistiness of early morning or in the balminess of evening, rich with the songs of frogs, crickets, and katydids and the sparkle of fireflies.

We went well together; she with her beautiful running walk, which even I, with my long legs, had to stretch to match her pacing.

In winter we would wade stolidly through the often-swift river, sometimes breaking thin ice at the edges, and emerge on the far bank with tails brittle with icicles. Flicka was a fiesty,

spirited mare and this spurred her like a whiplash. We wore ice nails in our shoes and developed the skill of travelling in very icy conditions, when necessity demanded. Flicka had a very nasty experience once in the ice, returning from district work, after the river had raised suddenly as it is wont to do. She floundered through the hidden ice floes, lost her footing, and was carried downstream, fighting the tide. The nurse who was riding her had an even worse time. She was clad in heavy winter riding uniform and only kept afloat by holding on to Flicka and swimming alongside her. They emerged eventually at different places, shaken and exhausted, but still game.

Flicka loved to run and as some of her would-be friends will vouch, did so on occasions, to their chagrin.

One day in the fall, coming home from Grassy clinic, we two trusty steeds were left standing, in the creek bed, while our riders picked up walnuts on the bank. Flicka started to edge gently away, then walk, then trot, towards home! I, nothing loath, followed closely on her heels. She broke into a gallop and we ran neck to neck. It is said by those who saw the finish, as we dashed through the river on the last lap, that there was nothing to choose between us! How we did laugh to see those two nurses trudging back, carrying our saddlebags, which we had discarded along the way!

To do her justice, Flicka had an innate sense of responsibility with the young or when carrying precious cargo. A child up on the saddle or an armful of garden produce made her as safe as the most proverbial mule.

She was also a show horse and had won the three gaited class many times with her previous owner-rider, our late friend Curt Wooton. Later with the Service, we would travel via Bull Creek and the ridge trail to Hyden, for the annual horse show, visiting overnight in Aunt Hattie's Barn. Joining our old friends, Camp, Marvin, Bobbin, Trigger, and Kemo, we would parade, all spruced up, to the schoolground and go through our paces in the hot dusty arena. Flicka always acquitted herself well, lending animation to the field and winning most of the classes.

My own highest honour occurred on September 22, 1962, when I carried in my saddle the lady in whose honour the day was named—Mary Breckinridge Day. She was mounted at the

head of the drive on the new high school campus, waiting to review the parade. As the cavalcade turned in over the concrete bridge, I flung up my head and acclaimed them. Flicka, my old friend, Kemo and Trigger, replied with rallying whinnies and pranced up the slope to join us and escort us to the platform of honour.

In the realm of memory, friendship will always hold high honour and in this day of my own semi-retirement, while I enjoy the freedom of Wendover, I nobly salute my erstwhile friend, Flicka.

FIRST ROSE OF THE SPRING AT WENDOVER

From a record kept in Mary Breckinridge's Day Book
for the past twenty years.

Note that fifteen of the first roses bloomed in May and only five of the first roses bloomed in April.

April	21	Tuesday	1946
April	22	Sunday	1945
April	27	Tuesday	1948
April	28	Wednesday	1954
April	30	Wednesday	1952
May	3	Friday	1957
May	4	Saturday	1963
May	6	Sunday	1951
May	6	Wednesday	1959
May	7	Thursday	1953
May	8	Sunday	1955
May	9	Monday	1949
May	9	Wednesday	1962
May	9	Saturday	1964
May	10	Wednesday	1950
May	12	Monday	1947
May	12	Saturday	1956
May	14	Wednesday	1958
May	15	Monday	1961
May	19	Thursday	1960

A PLEA FOR A SINNER

"Dear Mr. God, please listen:
Since I had to give him up.
Please take good care of Tippy, Sir;
He's such a little pup.

Mother says You called for him
And he just had to go;
I wonder if he misses me
Cause, gee, I miss him so.

I know You'll treat him awful nice
But he's really lots of care,
And if it's rainy out-of-doors
He'll track mud everywhere.

He'll sure get into everything
If you leave him just a crack;
But, Mr. God, if he bothers You
I'd be glad to have him back."

—Source Unknown

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by

HELEN E. BROWNE

From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson in Moorestown, New Jersey—March, 1964

The movers are taking all my possessions out of this house, as I am getting ready to fly to Lima, Peru on April 9. Eric (*her husband*) will meet me there, and then on to Trujillo where we will be living for the next few years. Our address will be Casilla 560, Trujillo, Peru. Do please tell any FNSers to look us up, if they are in the area.

Our children will stay in Moorestown, with friends, until the end of the school year. They will fly to Peru for the summer holidays, and then fly to Connecticut where they will enter the Kent School. We are so pleased they have been accepted there. My very best to all of you, especially Mrs. Breckinridge.

. . . .

From Virginia Landis in Adi Station, Congo—March, 1964

I arrived back in Congo the latter part of February. I certainly enjoyed and appreciate my six months training at Hyden. No one but a nurse-midwife working in a developing country can measure the value of such a course. In a few minutes it will be time to tube-feed a premature baby brought to us yesterday from a village 8 miles away. The baby weighs 3 lbs. 7 oz. and has pneumonia at just one week of age. I will always remember the graduation speech given us by Miss Lester. Please give my greetings to all.

. . . .

From Olive Bunce in Bermuda—March, 1964

This is a glorious place and the beaches are wonderful. I am more than content to spend my spare time swimming and lying on the beach.

We have quite a problem here with diabetes among the colored population. Most of the mornings are taken up with insulin injections and supervision of diets. My patients are all so

delightful and very friendly. My first colored baby is due this week-end. All good wishes and good luck to you all.

.

From Donna Kossen Anderson in Minneapolis, Minnesota

—March, 1964

Dennis and I were married in Minnehaha Baptist Church on a bitterly cold day in January. Luckily my parents flew from Michigan the day before, as all planes were grounded on the 25th, because of a severe blizzard. I am working at Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children and attend the University of Minnesota evening school, and Dennis is attending Bethel College in St. Paul. He is looking forward to Seminary. We have a small apartment on the shores of the Mississippi and the scenery is lovely, but cannot compare with Wendover! Greetings to each and every one of you, and especially Mrs. Breckinridge.

.

From Ethel and Edith Mickle in Felixstowe, England

—March, 1964

We came here just before Christmas. We are in a large house with nine bedrooms and located near the sea. Fortunately the top floor has been converted into a flat which we have rented to a clergyman's widow. We hope to take one or two elderly people. I was interested to hear about the alterations in the Annex. The new classroom will make a world of difference for the students. I do miss my mothers and babies, but there comes a time! We think and talk of you all often and send best wishes to all the FNS.

.

From Mary Nell Harper in Dembi Dollo, Ethiopia

—March, 1964

We have been very busy with surgery since January, and it is so warm to get all scrubbed and bundled up in surgical clothes these days. But, it is the time when people can come to us for treatment and when they have some money. Sometimes I wonder if I will float away in perspiration, doing my duty! The most interesting case was a woman who claimed to have been pregnant for five years, and indeed her abdomen was very large. The growth was an ovarian cyst and we were able to count eleven

liters of fluid from it and much more spilled over. She did so well and went home yesterday—a very grateful woman.

I expect Spring is beginning to show its signs. It brings back many memories of the beautiful Kentucky countryside. The blooming of Spring is something I shall never forget. Please give my greetings to the staff.

. . . .

From Patricia Ware in Kent, England—March, 1964

You probably saw Carol and Judy at Easter and heard the news from Baltimore. I had a lovely time while I stayed with them—they were so good to me. We sailed on March 22, and for the first couple of days while we were near the coast the boat rolled and pitched quite a lot—I lived on hard candy! The rest of the ten days I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. We were at sea for Easter and I thought about you all gathering at Wendover. The sea was always beautiful—the weather variable. I sunbathed one day and the next it snowed. We reached Manchester Ship Canal on April 5th. England never looked so beautiful; even the dirty, smoky chimneys at Runcoon seemed to have a special charm.

Now, I am in harness again, working at the Kent and Canterbury Hospital until September when I hope to go to College, in preparation for work with the Methodist Mission in Africa. God bless you all.

. . . .

From Mary K. MacMillan West in Rockledge, Florida

—April, 1964

The children are all thriving. David, at 7, is enjoying school, loathing girls, and eagerly awaiting his 8th birthday so he can be a Cub Scout and play Little League ball. Ann has blossomed out at kindergarten. She is fascinated by arithmetic and reading and cannot understand why Ricky isn't. Ricky is the quiet dreamer, very artistic and imaginative. He is the perfect example of "still waters run deep." Joe is the mischief maker of the crew. His escapades are too numerous and constant to enumerate. They run the gaunt from painting my cream colored car with red paint to adopting every stray cat he sees. I wish you could come and see us all—never a dull moment I can guarantee! Please give my love to all.

From Marian Adams Frederick in Reading, Pennsylvania

—April, 1964

With Elizabeth and Rodney half my day is taken up; the rest goes toward sheep care, lamb raising and working outside. Our spring has been late, but arrived with a bang yesterday. The buds opened so fast and the barn swallows arrived, so spring is indeed here. Elizabeth is growing up so fast. She tries hard to sit up by herself and is busy inspecting the world around her. She is so soft and cuddly and now weighs 14 lbs. 4 oz., and is finally growing some hair. It is so hard to believe she will be 4 months old tomorrow. How wonderful life can be with a young one to care for and to raise to womanhood.

We have a house guest who has been a pen pal of mine for 18 years. She is Sadayo Fujita from Tokyo. She is in this country studying horticulture and flew east to visit me. She is a wonderful little person and has been a great help with housework and the care of the animals. In fact I have been thoroughly spoiled.

. . . .

From Meta Klosterman Maguire in Chattanooga, Tennessee

—May, 1964

I saw the FNS on television one night, and it was just enough to make me good and homesick. If anyone missed hearing from me around Christmas time, it was for a good reason. I am beginning to think I am the proverbial cat with nine lives. On the 18th of December, which was a bitter, bitter cold night, Jim demolished his car in an intersection accident. He, our eldest daughter and myself were in the car. It really was fortunate that I was the only one hurt because split seconds either way, the man driving the other car, or I would have been killed. To make a long story short, it got my ribs on the surgery site and broke my collar bone. Frankly, it has been the most painful of all the things that have happened in the last three years, and it doesn't seem that I am ever going to be pain free, because it has messed up a lot of nerves. However, I can still eat three square meals a day and work and run like mad!

I was scheduled to go to Nashville on the 19th of December, and later on to Chattanooga to work on the Hoffa trial. Of course, I was not able to beat the typewriter at the speed required for such work, so they had to find someone else to do it.

About the middle of January I decided to change jobs, and came to work as secretary to three Circuit Judges. I have been completely at ease from the first moment here, and I work for three of the finest men I have ever known. Life is very exciting and colorful in the Courthouse.

Our home life is filled with excitement these days because Ellen is graduating. She is going to Siena College in Memphis in September and is very excited about it. She and her father are going to Gatlinburg this week where Ellen will receive a Savings Bond as second prize in a statewide essay contest. Naturally we are very proud of her. Please give my love to everyone.

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From Greta Wiseman in Frederic, Wisconsin—May, 1964

I do want to let you know how very much it has meant to me to be back with the Service these past few months. Thank you for making this possible. The time was very valuable and I have learned so much and thoroughly enjoyed the work and everyone on Hospital Hill. FNS is certainly blessed with a wonderful staff. The little Chapel is magnificent and a wonderful addition. With many thanks for all the FNS has given me over the years that has made my ministry in Pakistan so much more effective.

NEWSY BITS

Wedding

Miss Donna Kossen and Mr. Dennis Anderson in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on January 25, 1964. (See Donna's letter.)

New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Twiss (**Vivienne Blake**) a daughter, born on July 29, 1963. Vivienne writes: "Our third child is an absolute sweetie whom we have called Alice. She was born in an American Mission hospital in Eku, Nigeria."

To Mr. and Mrs. David Palmer (**Harriet Jordan**) a daughter, born on March 17, 1964. She has been named Kathleen Anne.

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We send our loving sympathy to **Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson** on the loss of her mother. Mrs. Schiefer died in March, following a fractured hip.

FIFTY THOUSAND LEOPARDS TO MAKE COATS AND HANDBAGS

The present fashion for leopardskin coats, hats, and handbags is seriously depleting leopard stocks in East Africa and threatening its future as a wild animal there. The fashion has led to the development of a huge illicit trade in leopard skins based on a highly organised network of poaching and smuggling. The only hope of stopping this abominable trade seems to be to knock the bottom out of the market by killing the demand. The Fauna Preservation Society has written to all the leading fashion writers in this country stating the facts about the leopard situation, and also to the chairman and members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers asking for their help in discouraging the fashion.

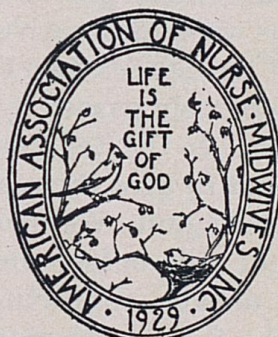
A full-sized leopardskin coat takes from five to seven skins, and it is estimated that 50,000 skins a year are being sent from East Africa alone to supply the trade. Of these only about 500 animals are killed legally, by licensed shooting, or by game wardens on control work. The rest are poached, by methods usually involving cruelty. Nooses and large box traps baited with meat are commonly used, involving the slow death of the leopard in the sun, or perhaps spearing when it is near death; spring-jawed traps are less widely used because they tend to spoil the skin; baits are doped with poison, including cattle dip, and the animals die in agony. As usual, the man who does the job gets very little. An up-country African who poaches a leopard (at considerable risk) may get no more than 20s. (£), but the receiver may get £50 or £80 a skin for running a consignment through, and the price in London or New York may be £100 or very much more. At least one of the top furriers in London finds the prices too high for his customers. The Americans are the biggest buyers, followed by Britain, France, Italy, and Germany and considerable numbers also go to Yugoslavia, Russia, and even China. Illicit trading in leopard skins is now reckoned to be the most profitable and skilfully organised racket in East Africa. The lorry carrying 300 skins which was recently captured was not considered exceptional. Somalia used to be the centre of the trade; now Addis Ababa is also an important centre, and large

numbers of skins pass through Isiolo in the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya hidden under goat skins or bananas on lorries, or under sacks on a pack-train of camels.

In Africa the serious reduction in numbers of the leopard is already being felt in agricultural areas. Leopards are the chief predator on such crop-raiding animals as the baboon and bush pig, and when these reach plague proportions, as has already happened in some parts, the African farmer and smallholder receives a practical lesson in the importance of predators in general and the leopard in particular.

—*ORYX*, The Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 1, England

ORYX is a fascinating quarterly. Membership in the Society is only two pounds annually and includes *ORYX*. Your editor, a life member, suggests that you write for an application to the Secretary, Lt. Col. C. L. Boyle at the above address.



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

The thirty-seventh annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will be held at Wendover, Kentucky on Saturday, October 24, 1964. The guest speaker will be Dr. Laman A. Gray, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, University of Louisville, Kentucky. The subject of Dr. Gray's address will be "Cancer in Women."

The Frontier Nursing Service will be glad to offer hospitality to out-of-state members of the Association who can plan to attend the meeting. Official notices of the meeting will be sent members in July.

Helen E. Browne, Secretary

THE SENECA INDIANS

We are still trying to resolve the problem of life for the Seneca Indians of New York and Pennsylvania whose land is being inundated by the construction of the Kinzua Dam in the Allegany Indian Reservation. Their land is being taken with no regard for the honor of upholding the first treaty made by the United States in 1794 when George Washington solemnly pledged to the Senecas, "that in the future you cannot be defrauded of your lands, that you possess the right to sell, and the rights of refusing to sell your lands." "Hear well, and let it be heard by every person in your nation," Washington wrote Cornplanter, Half Town and Great Tree, chiefs of the Senecas, "that the President of the United States declares that the general Government considers itself bound to protect you in all the lands secured by you by the treaty."

The Senecas did not sell their lands; they are being taken ostensibly for the purpose of building a dam to protect from flooding a vast area extending 200 miles south of Pittsburgh. The dam is being built at this site although there were alternative sites suggested which would not have affected the Seneca Land. Several weeks ago a bill (H.R. 1794) was unanimously passed by the House to authorize the payment of \$20 million to the Senecas for the loss of their land, homes, barns, etc., and to give them a tolerable amount with which to start life all over again. We had hoped this bill would be speeded through a Floor vote before the Senate became embroiled in the civil rights debate. Unfortunately, the matter has become entangled in the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee where the Subcommittee on Indian Affairs cut the House-approved amount by 64 per cent—down to \$9 million. It is certainly hoped that the full committee or the Senate itself will do some soul-searching and finally come up with the full amount approved by the House to give these people a tolerable new start in life. Something must be done soon as some 700 Senecas will lose their homes by next October.

—*Reporting from Washington,*
Frances P. Bolton, Congressman, 22nd District, Ohio
March 21, 1964

In Memoriam

- MR. WALTER BAKER
Essie, Kentucky
Died in March, 1964
- MR. RICHARD H. COLE
Hartford, Connecticut
Died in September, 1963
- MRS. BURT HOWARD
Asher, Kentucky
Died in April, 1964
- MRS. CARL M. JACOBS
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in July, 1963
- MRS. PRESTON JOHNSTON
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in April, 1964
- MRS. WILLIAM V. JUDSON
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in November, 1963
- MR. CLARENCE L. KERR
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in April, 1964
- MRS. HOWARD HALE McCLINTIC
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Died in September, 1962
- MRS. FRANCIS M. MASSIE
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in January, 1964
- MRS. LEWIS MORGAN
Wendover, Kentucky
Died in December, 1963
- MR. HARRY S. ROBINSON
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in March, 1964
- MISS HELEN ROCHESTER
ROGERS
Rochester, New York
Died in May, 1964
- MRS. FREDERICK W. SCHIEFER
Rochester, New York
Died in March, 1964
- DR. WILLIAM H. WEIR
Cleveland, Ohio
Died in February, 1964
- MRS. C.-E. A. WINSLOW
New Haven, Connecticut
Died in November, 1963

"It may be in the evening
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the setting sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of **My Feet.**

Therefore, I tell you, watch
By the light of the evening star
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar:
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come."

—B. M.

Many of the friends whose passing we commemorate here were in the evening of their lives. The door was on the latch in their homes. **Mr. Walter Baker** was a charter member of our Beech Fork Committee where he served the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center over long years. **Mr. Richard H. Cole** was a charter member of our Hartford, Conn., Committee where he retained always his initial and generous interest in the Frontier Nursing Service. **Mrs. Carl M. Jacobs** had long honored the Cincinnati Committee with her membership and left a lovely record of her kindness in many hearts. **Mrs. William V. Judson**, who retained her young mind up to the age of ninety, was a charter member of our Blue Grass Committee. She never failed in her interest and her good will. **Mrs. Frederick W. Schiefer** of Rochester, N. Y., was, like her husband, a member of our Rochester Committee for many years. She was also the mother of one of the finest Social Service Secretaries we ever had, Clara-Louise Schiefer, now Mrs. Eric Johnson. We were in frequent contact with Mrs. Schiefer and valued her as a devoted friend.

In the death of **Mrs. Preston Johnston** of Lexington, Kentucky, the Frontier Nursing Service lost one of its original incorporators and, until her last illness, the most devoted of Trustees. In looking back over our early years we feel at every turn the impress of her radiant personality, and the kindness of her great heart. We do not write of the public achievements and distinctions of our Trustees. But Mrs. Johnston's experiences in organizing and handling many public enterprises made her of extreme usefulness during the formative years of the FNS. Her sense of humor, the sparkle she put into everything she did, her delightful

approach to other people whose merits she put ahead of her own,—all of this combined to create a personality that is forever unforgettable. She was a loved kinswoman of mine and I look forward to the time when I shall be with her again.

Mr. Clarence L. Kerr of Lexington, Kentucky, was for many years, before his last long illness, a Trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service. He was, like his father before him, a great horseman, and he was known as a judge of gaited horses. He acted as our volunteer agent in the Blue Grass for the purchase of saddle horses. This meant that he not only inspected the horses offered to us for sale but took them to his training barn to stay as his guests until he had had a chance to try them out and recommend them or discard them. These services were so gladly given by him that he deprecated our gratitude. His only desire was to serve. Mr. Kerr was also a partner in the Kerr Brothers Funeral Home and an ambulance was always at our disposal if we needed one for a patient in Lexington. He was a grand old gentleman.

Although **Mrs. Howard H. McClintic** died sometime ago, we only learned of it in recent months. Mrs. McClintic was not only a charter member of our Pittsburgh Committee but one of the people who helped to bring it into being in 1929. During our early years we saw a good deal of her and were always inspired by the beauty of her character and by her willingness to be helpful to us and to other charities in the value of which she believed. She was a gentlewoman of the old school.

Mrs. Lewis Morgan, of Wendover, Kentucky, affectionately known as Becky Jane, was the widow of the late Lewis Morgan who had been the caretaker at the FNS property known as The Clearing. Mrs. Morgan was a member of the Wendover Committee from the time of its inception. She was also the deeply devoted friend of everyone in the FNS who knew her. It is rare to know anyone for nearly forty years and to find that you cannot recall one single unkind thing that she ever said or did. On her mouth and in her heart there was no guile. She was, in the truest sense of the word, a great lady.

In the death of **Dr. William H. Weir** of Cleveland we lost a distinguished member of our National Medical Council. Some thirty-four years ago this great gynecologist became interested in the work we were doing and helped us in the planning of some

of our activities. We are sure that when he crossed the barrier of death that all the trumpets were sounding on the other side. **Mrs. C.-E. A. Winslow** of New Haven, Connecticut, cherished the Frontier Nursing Service over a long period of time. Her interest began with that of her husband, the late C.-E. A. Winslow, one of our most honored trustees. Much has been written about Mrs. Winslow's public career, which was one of great usefulness, but it is of her social charm that I think in my recollections of her. I was welcomed more than once in her home in New Haven where she was a most gracious hostess. She was always a most understanding friend.

Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, one of our most devoted trustees and the first chairman of our Rochester, N. Y., Committee, has died in May. It is fitting that she, after her long terminal illness, should die in early May in the bloom of the year. There was a quality of eternal youth in Helen Rogers who had given earlier years without stint to the bloom of life in others. Helen Rogers was a great-granddaughter of Col. Nathaniel Rochester, founder of the city of Rochester. Like her ancestor, she was a great pioneer, not only in her native city but in work overseas during the first World War and in more than one national endeavor. As a person, she had great intellectual capacity along with a high code of mental integrity. We honored and loved her.

Not all of those who have left us were in the evening of their lives. **Mrs. Burt Howard**, a member of our Beech Fork Committee, was only in her forties when she was killed in an automobile accident. This caused widespread distress among her neighbors and friends. Her body was buried in the Howard Cemetery where the bodies of so many of her husband's family have been interred.

In the death of **Mr. Harry S. Robinson** we lost one of the most vital members of our Cincinnati Committee. When his wife became co-chairman of this committee, serving with Mrs. Roger K. Rogan and Mrs. John B. Hollister, he shared in this interest of hers as he had shared every interest of their happy life together. What the breaking is of a tie like theirs can be realized only by those who have gone through such grief. We have no doubt but that he is still sharing this life with her. As Tennyson said, "They see with larger, other eyes than ours."

Mrs. Francis M. Massie of Lexington, Kentucky, was a part of the Frontier Nursing Service in so many ways that it is difficult to enumerate them all. She was a member of our Blue Grass Committee, the mother of a courier, the hospitable hostess often to our staff, the wife of our loved Trustee, Dr. Francis M. Massie. She has died at the height of her useful and happy life. She was one of the people that we liked and admired most in the world. We shall miss her until we too cross over into that real world of which this world is but "the bounding shore."

To the families of all these friends of ours we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their grief. We conclude with the last lines of Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*:

"The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

POSTSCRIPT

Mr. Fawbush Brashear of Wendover, Kentucky

Died May 13, 1964

This true friend of ours, a member of our Wendover Committee from its inception, was also our nearest neighbor. Our ties with him, and with his wife and children, were among the strongest in the whole life of the Frontier Nursing Service. But I first knew them all in 1923 when I was riding through Eastern Kentucky and partook of their hospitality. Early in FNS days we helped persuade Mr. Brashear to become the first chairman of a volunteer Fish and Game Club. This was because of his deep concern for all animal life. He was the only veterinarian in our territory and one of the most useful men in the world. Never shall we forget his gentleness in the handling of our cows who had trouble in calving and with other livestock. Mr. Brashear was gentle and kind in his relationships with people too, greatly liked in his neighborhood, deeply loved in his home. Our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy to his wife, his children, and his grandchildren.

M. B.

THE GIANT HORSEMAN

Within easy walking distance of the village of Killin in Perthshire, in a clearing beside Loch Tay, stood a substantial pile of water-worn boulders, all at least fifteen feet high. This landmark, widely known as "the cairn of the giant horseman" or "the grave of the big knight," was naturally the focus of many local stories. The chief character was the "knight" himself, sometimes mounted on a mighty charger and sometimes on foot, but always clad in shining armour and never less than seven feet tall. As to who he could have been, or how the name of the place originated, tradition had nothing to say; nor was there ever a question of excavating the cairn or interfering with it in any way, perhaps because it was regarded as holy ground. Many people claimed to have seen the horseman, and it was said that no birds sang in the clearing where the cairn stood.

Then one day about fifty years ago a gang of men arrived on the scene with orders to straighten out some of the many dangerous corners on the moor road round the loch. The new stretch of road would run right through the clearing, and the cairn would have to be demolished and removed. As it happened, I was present as a fascinated youngster when it was being pulled to pieces stone by stone. In the heart of the mighty heap some attempt had been made to build an arch, and below this was something that might have been a crude stone coffin of a most unusual size. Rough stone slabs, forming the top, bottom and sides, were held together by their own weight.

Reverently, but with a vast and undeniable curiosity, we lifted off the massive cap stone and looked down on the remains of the occupant. All the clothing and most of the bones had changed almost to dust but, until touched, retained much of their original shape, which was that of the largest being of human kind I have ever seen. Lying beside the bones, and in a similar state of decay and corrosion, were pieces of metal which could have been a breastplate and shield, and in a prominent position the much rusted remains of what looked like a pair of gigantic spurs.

—J. M. Barron

The Countryman, Spring 1964, 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.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

As we go to press, the Trustees, Members, and Friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will be gathering for their Fortieth Annual Meeting, which will take place at the Louisville Country Club, Louisville, Kentucky, Wednesday, June 10, 1964, following luncheon at 12:30 p.m.

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With our strong Anglo-American ties, and our deep interest in mothers and babies, we have been especially delighted to hear of the four babies born to the British Royal Family this spring.

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We are honored to be able to announce that the British Ambassador will make the Investiture of the Order of the British Empire to Miss Helen E. Browne at the Embassy in Washington on Thursday, June 11. Brownie will fly from Louisville to Washington after the annual meeting on June 10 to receive this Investiture.

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From The Rev. W. F. J. Philpot, St. Stephens, South Godstone, Surrey, England, in a letter of February 3, 1964:

"Our congregation here in South Godstone, England, had the great pleasure of hearing one of the members of your nursing staff, Miss Margaret Willson, speak of the history and the work of your pioneer service. We would like to record our appreciation of her account to us and assure you of our prayerful remembrance of your work."

Margaret Willson is on educational leave, attending the Midwife Teacher Training College in Kingston, Surrey.

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At the Washington Committee meeting on March 11, Carolyn Banghart, on leave for a year's graduate study at Johns Hopkins University, spoke about the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and its graduates serving in many parts of the world.

This meeting took place at the home of our Washington Chairman, Mrs. Gordon Loud. In telling us about it, our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, wrote as follows:

"Carol Banghart spoke extremely well and with a different emphasis from Brownie when she speaks to a larger general

public. Her talk was graceful and intelligent and several members spoke to me afterwards and said how well she spoke and how interested they were in her development of midwifery in general and the FNS graduates in particular."

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The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, held its annual tea for the benefit of the Bargain Box on Wednesday, April 29. Mr. and Mrs. N. Holmes Clare again opened their lovely home for the party. Guests brought donations of silver, china, jewelry, and other valuables which were sold for the benefit of the FNS Bargain Box. Co-chairmen of the party were Mrs. W. Harvey Reeves and Mrs. Clarence J. Shearn, Jr.

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The latest honor that has come to our loved Lexington surgeon, Dr. Francis M. Massie, was his election to Senior Fellowship in the American Surgical Association in recognition of his contributions to his profession and community. Dr. Massie is the first person in the Association's eighty-six year history to be named a Senior Fellow without first going through the organization's ranks as a Fellow.

.

Helen E. Browne and Katherine Vandergriff attended the annual convention of the Kentucky League for Nursing in Louisville on March 19 and 20.

Helen Browne will go to Detroit, Michigan, the end of May to speak to the Greater Detroit Chapter of the Lutheran Women's Missionary League on the invitation of Mrs. Leona M. Meyer, President of the League. On June 8, Brownie will be the guest speaker at the monthly meeting of District No. 2 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses, in Lexington.

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We want to express our appreciation to the following publications for the articles about the Frontier Nursing Service:

Nursing Mirror, England
February 21, 1964 and March 27, 1964

Abbottempo
March 1964

National Observer

March 9, 1964

and to *Good Housekeeping*, May 1964, for their article on nurse-midwives.

Our Delaware Trustee, Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, gave a \$10,000.00 Endowment to the Frontier Nursing Service in memory of her grandmother. She asked for suggestions as to how this Endowment could be used, indicating that she would add to it from time to time. We suggested to her that the income be used in the support of a Memorial Nurse. We print herewith Mrs. Boden's letter in reply:

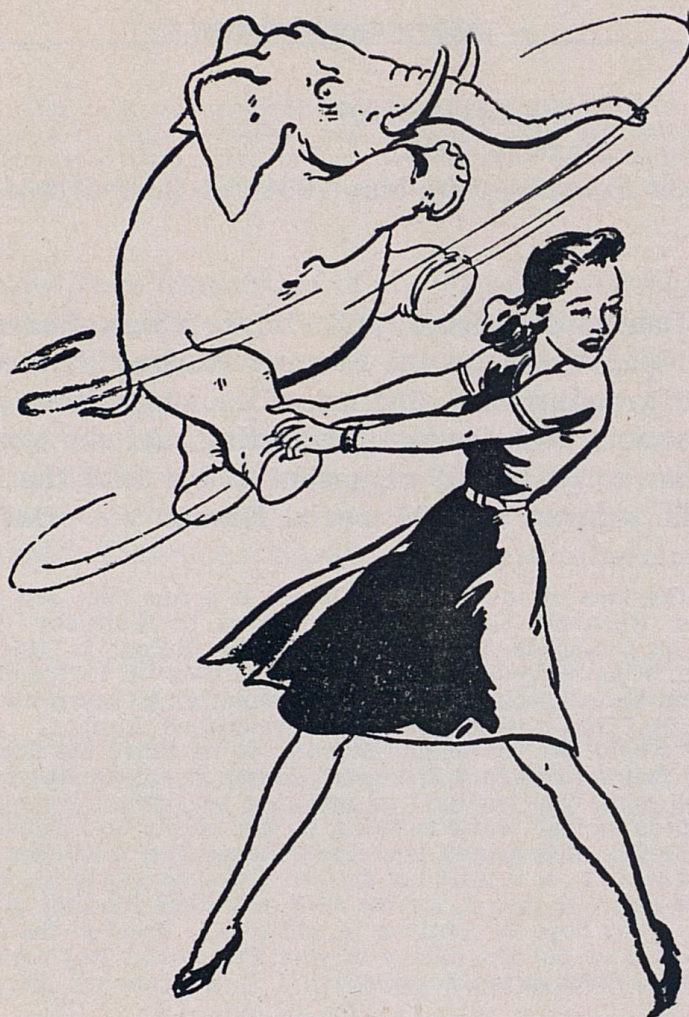
"The idea of the Memorial Nurse is a fine one. My grandmother, Elizabeth Canby Bradford, went to Kentucky (Louisville) as the bride of Dr. Alexis Irenée duPont in 1875. My mother, Alice Eugénie duPont, was born there in 1876 and grew up with Alice Trabue until, when a young girl, they returned to Delaware. That is why Alice Trabue was called 'Aunt.'

"I would like the memorial nurse to be called the *Elizabeth Canby Bradford duPont Memorial Nurse*. It is long, but without the full name you wouldn't be honoring her—there are so many Bradfords and so many duPonts in our family and I loved my grandmother dearly and she really raised me, until her death when I was 17. If it were not for *her*, I wouldn't have the money, nor the desire to give it, for the FNS and other good things I can do. It is my hope to continue to add to this Fund in the future. . . . So please put the money in your Permanent Endowment in grandma's name as you suggest."

I cannot conclude this column without extending my grateful regards to all who read it. Some poet has written somewhere, "Just the act of being kind is all this old world needs." You all, our friends, are so very kind.

Mary Beckwith

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

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees held its spring meeting on Saturday, April 18, and the FNS had the pleasure of entertaining the Committee at Wendover again this year, with members of their families. Last year it was hot and dry and the air was filled with the smoke of numerous forest fires. This year the weather cooperated, and the mountains looked their best.

The National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., arrived on the Wednesday before the meeting. Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington; Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris; and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Comstock, and their daughter Nancy, Louisville, all arrived in time for dinner Friday evening. The Comstocks had to return to Louisville after the meeting on Saturday, but Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Wright, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Heyburn, Louisville, who arrived Saturday morning, remained with us until Sunday.

President and Dr. Francis Hutchins of Berea came just for the day Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr. of Louisville. Dr. Francis M. Massie and Dr. Carl H. Fortune drove up from Lexington with Mr. Homer L. Drew. We had the joy of having the whole group for lunch after the meeting.

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We are deeply grateful to our Trustee, Mr. A. B. Comstock, of Louisville, for the gift of a new Ford truck from the Mary Parker Gill Fund. The old truck was just about to fall apart and had to be replaced. The new truck is one ton, with dual wheels on the rear, which will make it much safer for transporting the Service's horses and cows.

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A very welcome addition to the newborn nursery at Hyden Hospital is a wonderful modern incubator, the gift of the South Miami Hospital in Miami, Florida. It is most useful and we do appreciate it.

Mrs. Cleveland Marcum, Chairman of the Sewing Circle of the Red Bird Committee at the Clara Ford Nursing Center, was honored at an art talent show at the Clay County Library on Saturday, April 18. "Miss Celia" is a fine artist and has taught for many years in the Clay County schools.

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Two members of the Hyden Hospital Auxiliary, Mrs. Edward Farmer (the chairman) and Mrs. Wade Morgan, have been very busy on behalf of the FNS this spring. In addition to helping Betty Lester unpack and sort all of the clothing sent us, Faye and Anne have taken on the planting around the Hospital grounds. They have taken out old, scraggly bits of shrubbery from the front of the Hospital and have planted new shrubs and lots of flowers—some of which were donated by other Hyden friends. Everything looks lovely and we do appreciate all their hard work.

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We are most grateful to the girls in the Future Nurses Club at the Leslie County High School for the help they are giving us at Hyden Hospital. The girls come up in rotation every evening from 4:00 to 8:00 p.m. and answer the telephone, thus relieving the busy clinic nurses of that chore.

.

Two pediatric residents from Cincinnati Children's Hospital, Dr. Mary Gable and Dr. Darrell Whipple, spent two days with the FNS in early March. Clinics were held at Red Bird, Flat Creek, Beech Fork, and Hyden Hospital, and the two physicians saw dozens of our young patients.

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Ardith Clair, the research worker for the American Cancer Society, is leaving Wendover this month to spend the summer at her home in Massachusetts. She will return in the late summer to complete the Survey. To date eight hundred women who have had babies with the FNS have been interviewed and that data tabulated. An additional four hundred patients have been traced but they have moved from FNS territory and will not be included in the Survey. The completed Survey will include interviews on some two thousand patients.

We were sorry to lose Patricia Ware from the FNS staff when she returned to her home in England this spring. We miss having her at Brutus and we will miss her occasional contributions to the Quarterly Bulletin. (See "I Remember, Jim . . ." in this issue). Nancy Leland, who has been at Brutus since Tricia left, must herself leave soon as her mission board has assigned her to go to New Guinea this summer.

We welcome to the nursing staff Marjorie Mauger, Alton, Illinois; Edith Powers, Tillsonburg, Ontario, Canada; and June Witt, Mequon, Wisconsin. Edith and June are in the Hyden Hospital clinic and Margi, an American nurse who took her midwifery in England, is at Wolf Creek. She will be with us until August.

We are, as are most nursing services here and abroad, very short of nurses and nurse-midwives. We know that our staff sometime feel like chessmen as they are moved hither and yon to meet each crisis that arises. So it is with double pleasure that we await the arrival of three members of the old staff. Helen Farrington will return to her old Beech Fork District for the summer to practice what she teaches in the winter at the University of Vermont—public health nursing. Carolyn Banghart and Margaret Willson will both be back with us in August. Carol has been working on her master's degree at the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health and Maggie has been studying for the Midwife Teachers Diploma at the Midwife Teachers Training College in Kingston, Surrey, England. We are expecting great things from all these knowledgeable people!

. . . .

The courier department has been brimming with activity this spring. Penny Anne Caldwell, Louisville, Kentucky, joined Laura Riley at Wendover in late March. Old courier Marion Shouse Lewis turned up for two weeks in April and was marvelous help to Mrs. Breckinridge in the initial preparation of this Bulletin. Old courier Jane Clark arrived in late March, bringing with her Susan White of Pleasant Valley, New York. Sue immediately went out to Flat Creek to help with spring cleaning at the center and Jane went over to Hyden Hospital to help Liz Palethorp with a myriad of chores. One of these included the unpacking and inventory of the contents of a Casualty Clearing

Station—a front-line army hospital recently acquired from Government Surplus. Sue and Jane painted most of the interior of Flat Creek and the courier room at Wendover before they had to leave the middle of May.

Jinny Branham arrived on May 1 and is deep in a project dear to Agnes Lewis' heart—the repair and redecorating of the two bedrooms, two baths, and the hall of the first floor of the Annex at Hyden Hospital.

Old courier Pebble Stone has just arrived for her first visit in some years. Pebble will be with us until after the annual meeting in June. Two new junior couriers, Elizabeth Valsam of Dover, Massachusetts, and Diane Ness of Garden City, New York, will arrive before the end of May.

. . . .

Four guests from overseas have visited our part of the Kentucky mountains this spring. The Rev. George D. Brown, who is in this country to do graduate work at the Virginia Theological Seminary, spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Beasley whom he had known when they lived in Liberia. Mrs. Fumie Kobayashi was from Japan where she is Chief of the Public Health Nursing Division of the Ministry of Health in Toyko. Dr. K. Bentsi-Enchill is the Consultant Obstetrician-Gynecologist to the Ministry of Health of the Government of Ghana. Miss Bela Banerjee, a nurse-midwife from India, can hardly be classed as a guest. She is spending a month with us and has been of enormous help at the Hospital. Miss Banerjee had known our friends Mr. and Mrs. Burton Rogers of the Pine Mountain Settlement School for many years and we had the pleasure of having the Rogers for lunch when they brought her to Hyden.

Carolyn Banghart and Judy Gay drove down from Baltimore to spend a bit of the Easter week end at Hyden and Wendover. Mrs. Breckinridge's nephew, Lt. Colonel James T. Breckinridge, his wife and three children were also welcome guests over the Easter week end. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald B. Moir and their two attractive boys, Rob and David, flew down from their home in Dedham, Massachusetts, for a three-day visit in April. Mrs. Moir is the chairman of the Boston Committee's Christmas Preview Benefit this year.

Our Trustee, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Glendale, Ohio, was

a most welcome guest for a brief May visit. She brought with her Mrs. Nancy Stride and Penny Anne Stride, a newly graduated nurse, from Toronto, Canada. Betty Anne Bradbury, of the old staff, came down from Cincinnati with a friend, Ruth Postema, for one night in May. Betty wanted most to see something of her old district in the Confluence area, and she found it hard to believe all the changes she saw. Old courier Ruth Harrison Venable, her husband, John, and her mother, Mrs. E. W. Harrison, spent a Sunday evening with us recently. We had the pleasure of entertaining for tea one afternoon the members of the United States Public Health Team who spent two weeks conducting a health survey in Leslie County.

Many other friends were in our territory this spring but unfortunately space does not permit us to mention them all.

WILL SHE EVER RAISE HIM?

A woman in her eighties had a sixty-year-old son who had always been puny. When a neighbor asked about his health and received the same reply, "Puny," the neighbor's little daughter said, "Mother, I don't think she will ever raise him."

—Contributed

POLITE LITTLE GIRL

Auntie—"And were you a very good little girl at church this morning, Sallie?"

Sallie—"Oh, yes, Auntie. A man offered me a big plate full of money, and I said: 'No, thank you.'"

—*Modern Maturity*
April-May, 1964

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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.

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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 coöperate 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
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and sent to the treasurer**

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY
Security Trust Company Building
271 West Short Street
Lexington, Kentucky



MRS. DEWEY GROSS, SR., AND HER MARE, PEARL

For 20 years Mrs. Gross has carried the mail on horseback between Causey and Cinda. She still carries it three times a week, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Mrs. Gross has been so kind as to allow the Frontier Nursing Service to take and print this photograph because she loves us as we do her. She is a neighbor at one of our outpost nursing centers.

Photograph by Virginia Branham

