

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

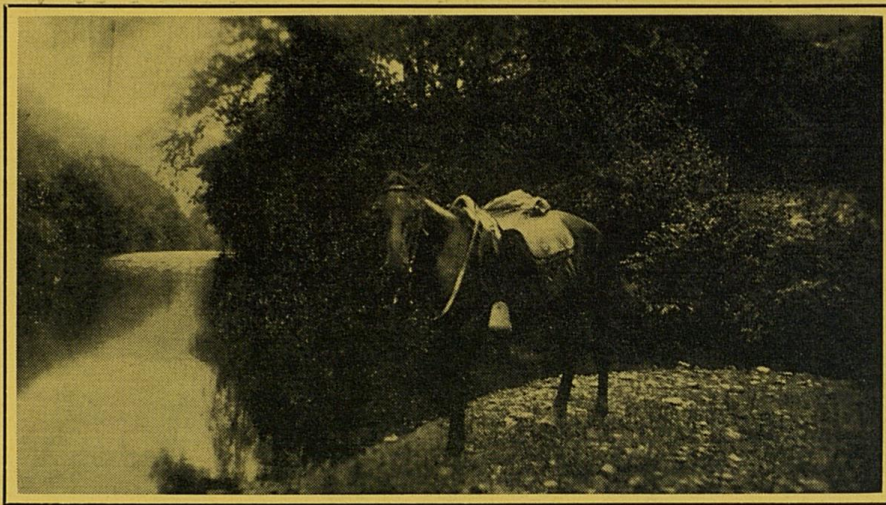
VOLUME 38

SUMMER, 1962

NUMBER 1

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT





AN OLD FRIEND

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year

Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

VOLUME 38

SUMMER, 1962

NUMBER 1

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

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CONTENTS

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Baby Welcomes Me Back	<i>Anne DeTournay</i>	46
A Letter From "Down Under"	<i>Lance Townsend, M.D.</i>	57
Annual Report		2
Before We Step Into the Wings	<i>Mary Breckinridge</i>	20
Beyond the Mountains		55
Cancer Survey Report	<i>Noel Smith</i>	53
Crown	<i>A Photograph</i>	Inside Back Cover
Field Notes		59
Fourth of July, 1962	<i>Contributed</i>	35
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery—Class of 1961	<i>A Photograph</i>	18
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery—Class of 1962	<i>A Photograph</i>	19
In School (Verse)	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	24
Jeepers Creepers	<i>Patricia Ware</i>	43
More About Dolphins (Illus.)	<i>Margaret M. Gage</i>	25
Old Courier News		37
Old Staff News		47
Our Mail Bag		28
Over the Hills and Far Away	<i>Molly Lee</i>	29
Whippoorwill	<i>Mordaunt Elrington</i>	21

BRIEF BITS

A Sad Story of Two Doors	<i>The Des Moines Register</i>	27
An Old Singing Game	<i>Hope Muncy</i>	45
Dickory Dock	<i>The Countryman</i>	36
Fighting Forest Fires	<i>Science Digest</i>	56
Reporting From Washington	<i>Frances P. Bolton</i>	52
The Merrill-Palmer Institute Citation		54
Translocation as a Means of Preserving Wild Animals	<i>Oryx</i>	34
White Elephant		58

REX B. POTTER
Certified Public Accountant
Lexington, Ky.

To the Officers and Trustees
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated
Lexington, Kentucky

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have examined the balance sheet of the Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated, as of April 30, 1962, and the statement of revenue and expense for the fiscal year then ended. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards, and accordingly included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

In our opinion, the accompanying balance sheet and statement of revenue and expense present fairly the financial position of the Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated, at April 30, 1962, and the results of its operations for the fiscal year then ended, and were prepared in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year.

Respectfully submitted,

/s/ REX B. POTTER
Certified Public Accountant

Lexington, Kentucky
June First
Nineteen Sixty-two

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
for the Fiscal Year
May 1, 1961 to April 30, 1962

PREFACE

As has been our custom since we were one year old, we present our annual report of the fiscal affairs and of the field of operations of the Frontier Nursing Service to its trustees, members, and subscribers.

We have, as in previous years, divided our report into two sections. One section is about money, and one section about work.

Under the heading of Conclusion, we tell something of what the year has meant to us.

I.

FISCAL REPORT

Our annual audit is so detailed, and therefore so voluminous, that we do not print it in full. The figures that follow are taken from the Exhibits and Schedules of the last audit. We have divided these figures into four categories. The auditor's own Balance Sheet is the first category. The second is his list of Endowments and Reserves. The third category covers all Revenue Receipts. The fourth category we have put into two columns—to the left the Expenditures of the last fiscal year taken from the audit, and to the right the Budget accepted by our trustees for the current fiscal year, based on last year's expenditures.

Under a fifth category, called Inventory, we account for all our properties. All five categories are given in sequence on the following pages.

BALANCE SHEET

As at April 30, 1962

ASSETS

Cash on Hand—Petty Funds.....	\$	505.00
Cash in Banks:		
First Security National Bank—General Account.....		20,722.46
First Security National Bank—Social Service and Alpha Omicron Pi Account.....		1,681.77
First Security National Bank—Staff Payroll Account....		1,664.27
First Security National Bank—Frances Bolton Building Fund.....		587.89
Peoples Bank, Hazard, Ky.—Organization Account.....		1,799.72
Total Cash.....	\$	26,961.11
Temporary Loans.....		250.00
U. S. Treasury Bonds (Frances Bolton Building Fund).....		23,000.00
Realty, Buildings, Equipment, Livestock.....		434,394.55
Endowment, Memorial, Reserve Fund Investments at Original Cost, in hands of:		
First Security National Bank, Lexington, Ky.....		1,332,744.47
Liberty National Bank & Trust Co., Louisville, Ky...		85,250.83
Morgan Guaranty Trust, New York City.....		185,000.00
Bankers Trust, New York City.....		137,496.50
Total Investments.....		1,740,491.80
Total Assets.....		2,225,097.46

LIABILITIES

Accrued Payroll Taxes Withheld.....		2,019.97
Endowment, Memorial, Reserve Funds.....		1,740,491.80
Total Liabilities		1,742,511.77
Net Worth		482,585.69
Net Worth represented by—		
Contributions and Income from Organization to April 30, 1962.....		6,160,258.69
Less:		
Expenses Paid from Organization to April 30, 1962.....		5,677,673.00
Net Income—Organization to April 30, 1962.....		482,585.69
Total Revenue Receipts.....		6,160,258.69
Total Endowment Receipts.....		1,740,491.80
Total Monies Collected.....	\$	<u>7,900,750.49</u>

STATEMENT OF ENDOWMENT AND RESERVE FUND
 April 30, 1961 and 1962

Designated Funds—Income Restricted	April 30 1961	Additions During Year	April 30 1962
Joan Glancy Memorial Baby's Crib.....	\$ 5,000.00		\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83		85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial No. 1.....	15,000.00		15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial No. 2.....	185,000.00		185,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	16,000.00		16,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00		2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby's Crib.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby's Crib.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Norah Oliver Shoemaker Memorial Baby's Crib	5,000.00		5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Memorial.....	2,393.51	\$ 142.78*	2,536.29
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown	1,000.00		1,000.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00		12,750.00
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and its Endowment.....	63,555.91	2,786.02*	66,341.93
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....	1,953.70		1,953.70
Jane Short Atwood Legacy.....	7,500.00		7,500.00
Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., Fund.....	10,800.00		10,800.00
Sub-totals.....	\$ 423,703.95	\$ 2,928.80	\$ 426,632.75
Designated Funds—Income Unrestricted			
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00		10,000.00
Fannie Norris Fund.....	10,000.00		10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,127.36		3,127.36
William Nelson Fant, Jr., Memorial.....	78,349.52		78,349.52
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Fund.....	1,100.00		1,100.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial.....	1,000.00		1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	26,375.00		26,375.00
Elisabeth Ireland Fund.....	22,457.50		22,457.50
Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Richard D. McMahon Legacy.....	943.23		943.23
Anonymous—General Endowment	137,496.50		137,496.50
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford in Memory of her two children.....	10,000.00		10,000.00
Hattie M. Strong Memorial.....	10,000.00		10,000.00
Beulah Bruce Brennan Memorial.....	2,000.00		2,000.00
Anna Rosina Gooch Memorial.....	16,625.00		16,625.00

* Income added to principal.

STATEMENT OF ENDOWMENT AND RESERVE FUND
April 30, 1961 and 1962
(Continued)

	April 30, 1961	Additions During Year	April 30 1962
Jeannie B. Trull Legacy.....	33,253.33		33,253.33
Elizabeth B. Perkins Legacy.....	152,970.44		152,970.44
Frances Kendall Ross Legacy.....	17,100.00		17,100.00
Elizabeth Sherman Lindsay Memorial.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Helen N. and Beatrice A. Wilson Fund.....	5,000.00	5,000.00	10,000.00
Sophia Cogswell Stiger Memorial.....	23,401.42		23,401.42
Charles N. Kavanaugh, M. D., Memorial.....	1,000.00		1,000.00
Margaret C. Breckinridge Legacy.....	3,000.00		3,000.00
Mary Hallock Armstrong Legacy.....	2,000.00		2,000.00
Winifred Irene Leckie Memorial.....	1,000.00		1,000.00
Lena G. Anderson Legacy.....	7,078.50		7,078.50
Eliza Davitt Hartley Legacy.....	150,000.00		150,000.00
Cordie M. Williams Legacy.....	250,000.00	208,254.25	458,254.25
Lisette Hast Legacy.....	10,944.00		10,944.00
Edward S. Jouett Legacy.....	1,000.00		1,000.00
Herman Bowmar Fund.....	1,000.00		1,000.00
Mrs. Henry James Legacy.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Jean Hollins Memorial Fund.....		5,002.00	5,002.00
Anne Steele Wilson Memorial Fund.....		1,460.00	1,460.00
Mary Churchill Humphrey Fund.....		1,001.00	1,001.00
Sub-totals.....	\$1,431,925.75	\$223,646.05	\$1,655,571.80
Reserve Accounts:			
Mrs. Louise D. Crane.....	4,000.00		4,000.00
Mrs. Frederic Moseley Sackett.....	10,000.00		10,000.00
Mrs. Eliza A. Browne.....	16,000.00		16,000.00
Winfield Baird Fund.....	18,000.00	(6,000.00)*	12,000.00
Lillie McGinnes.....	2,500.00		2,500.00
Harriet H. Grier.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Maurice S. Miller.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Lelia A. Morgan.....	5,000.00		5,000.00
Eliza Davids.....	6,000.00		6,000.00
Bertha G. Wood.....	12,500.00		12,500.00
Doris A. Farrington.....		4,920.00	4,920.00
Mrs. E. A. Codman.....		2,000.00	2,000.00
TOTALS.....	\$1,515,925.75	\$224,566.05*	\$1,740,491.80
* Total—Additions for Year (Above).....		\$224,566.05	
Add: Transfer Deduction.....		6,000.00	
Total Cash Additions for Year.....		\$230,566.05	

REVENUE RECEIPTS

Statement of Donations and Subscriptions Paid

May 1, 1961 to April 30, 1962

SUMMARY:	Contributions	Benefits and Bargain Box	Totals
Alpha Omicron Pi.....	\$ 4,357.77		\$ 4,357.77
Baltimore Committee.....	813.00		813.00
Boston Committee.....	14,832.35	5,800.00	20,632.35
Chicago Committee.....	15,189.50		15,189.50
Cincinnati Committee.....	8,335.50		8,335.50
Cleveland Committee.....	14,388.44		14,388.44
Daughters of Colonial Wars.....	4,325.65		4,325.65
Detroit Committee.....	5,939.83		5,939.83
Hartford Committee.....	1,549.50		1,549.50
Kentucky:*			
Blue Grass Committee.....	6,236.50		6,236.50
Louisville Committee.....	5,308.00		5,308.00
Miscellaneous Kentucky.....	2,833.15		2,833.15
Minneapolis Committee.....	1,140.50		1,140.50
New York Committee.....	19,117.48	2,528.40	21,645.88
Philadelphia Committee.....	5,348.40	2,671.60	8,020.00
Pittsburgh Committee.....	14,019.47		14,019.47
Princeton Committee.....	658.50		658.50
Providence Committee.....	1,565.00		1,565.00
Riverdale Committee.....	1,077.00		1,077.00
Rochester Committee.....	1,933.18		1,933.18
Washington, D.C., Committee.....	6,731.20		6,731.20
Miscellaneous.....	12,928.21		12,928.21
Totals.....	\$148,628.13	\$11,000.00	\$159,628.13
Less Transferred to Endowment.....			8,462.00
			\$151,166.13

*Total for Kentucky \$14,377.65

OTHER REVENUE RECEIPTS:			
Fees for Graduate School of Midwifery.....		7,941.13	
Payments from Patients:			
Income from Nursing Centers.....	12,848.78		
Medical and Surgical Fees.....	4,759.91		
Hyden Hospital Fees.....	11,016.49		
Hospital Clinic Fund and Supplies.....	11,136.97	39,762.15	
Wendover Post Office.....		5,229.56	
Income from Investments—Regular.....		84,927.11	
Income from Investments—			
Frances Bolton Nursing Center.....		927.81	
“Wide Neighborhoods”—Royalties and Local Sales....		451.29	
Livestock Sales.....		687.49	
A. C. Program—U. S. Treasurer.....		269.27	
Expense Reimbursement—Confluence Center.....		812.48	
Miscellaneous.....		88.68	141,096.97
TOTAL—ALL REVENUE RECEIPTS.....			\$292,263.10

LAST YEAR'S EXPENDITURES AND THIS YEAR'S BUDGET

	1961-1962	1962-1963
I. FIELD EXPENSE:		
(Hyden Hospital, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Wendover, and five Nursing Centers)		
1. Salaries and Wages*	\$111,450.54	\$112,500.00
2. Medical Director and Relief	6,666.64	10,000.00
3. Dispensary Supplies (See Note 1)	29,339.77	30,000.00
4. Running costs; Food—minus board of residents; cows, fuel, electricity, laundry, freight and hauling, et cetera	36,744.06	36,500.00
5. Feed and care of 12 horses and mules (See Note 2)	6,297.85	6,500.00
6. Jeeps (21), Truck, Station Wagon Ambulance	7,761.29	8,000.00
7. Maintenance of Properties	12,664.81	13,000.00
TOTAL FIELD EXPENSE	\$210,924.96	\$216,500.00
 II. ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSE:		
1. Salaries, Accounting and Auditing, Office Supplies, Post- age, Telephone and Telegraph, Printing, etc.	\$ 38,871.41	\$ 42,600.00
III. SOCIAL SECURITY TAX:	\$ 4,818.96	\$ 5,000.00
IV. SOCIAL SERVICE:	\$ 13,641.43	\$ 13,600.00
 V. GENERAL EXPENSE:		
1. Insurance (Fire \$322,500.00 Coverage), Employer's Lia- bility, full coverage on truck, 21 jeeps, and station wagon	\$ 7,429.80	\$ 8,500.00
2. Quarterly Bulletins (covered by subscriptions)	5,625.03	5,500.00
3. Record Department	3,239.00	4,000.00
4. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Doctors and Nurses for study and observation, professional books and magazines	978.29	1,000.00
5. Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses beyond the moun- tains	2,097.58	1,300.00
	\$ 19,369.70	\$ 20,300.00
TOTAL RUNNING EXPENSES	\$287,626.46	\$298,000.00
NEW LAND AND BUILDINGS, EQUIPMENT AND LIVESTOCK ADDITIONS	\$ 26,055.09	
TOTAL	\$313,681.55	

* Wages for maintenance charged to Wages Category.

Note 1: Approximately 1/3 of supplies relayed to Districts.

Note 2: Four animals belong to FNS employees, who must ride to work.

LAND, BUILDINGS, LIVESTOCK AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

INVENTORY

Our auditors set a value of \$434,394.55 on these holdings, after adjustments. Among the major holdings are the following:

Hyden

A stone Hospital, one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and the frame Annex, a Memorial to "Jackie" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director, a gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; Mardi Cottage, the Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; The Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; St. Christopher's Chapel; two water tanks; two employees' cottages; and outbuildings such as garages, work shop, pighouses, forge, pump house, and two fire hose houses.

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Big House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"), the Old Cabin and the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Upper and Lower Shelf; the Ham-Way Hut; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller buildings such as the cow barn, cow hospital barn, mule barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, pump house, jeep shed, two fire hose houses, two water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

Georgia Wright Clearing

A caretaker's cottage and barn, extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade; two wells.

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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

Evacuated April 1, 1960, by orders of the Government of the United States in behalf of the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir. Relocation site not decided on as yet.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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

Log building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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

Frame building and oak barn; jeep shed; fire hose house; walled-in spring; water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Wolf Creek; Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; two-jeep garage; deep well and pump; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Subsidiary Clinics

Six small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Wilieford Memorial), Coon Creek (Coy Maggard Memorial), Mudlick, Leatherwood, and Cutshin.

Livestock

Eleven horses; one mule; one registered Guernsey bull; eight cows; four heifers; registered Hampshire brood sow, and four pigs; over two hundred chickens.

Equipment

Equipment includes: twenty-one jeeps; one Ford station wagon-ambulance; one three-quarter ton truck; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital equipment and furnishings; dispensary supplies; and household furnishings and equipment at Hyden, Wendover, and the five outpost centers, variously located in a seven-hundred-square mile area.

II. REPORT OF OPERATIONS

The data in this section are supplied by the record department of the Frontier Nursing Service; by records kept on guests and volunteer workers; and by the social service department.

1.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

During the first three months of this past fiscal year (May, June, and July) the Frontier Nursing Service had no resident Medical Director. Our wonderful Dr. Rogers Beasley had left us for his return to Africa. No one who hasn't gone through it can fully understand what it means to handle a hospital and numerous outpost stations without a fulltime physician. Our gratitude to the nearest available physicians and surgeons who helped us out is unbounded. In August we were delighted to welcome Dr. Francis Brewer, and Mrs. Brewer, and are happy to say that this fine physician and deeply kind man has been our Medical Director since then.

We are grateful in fullest measure to the staff of the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati for the three wonderful pediatric clinics they held in our area during the past fiscal year; and the Children's Hospital for free care given our children. The annual spring surgical clinic held by Dr. J. B. Holloway and his team, which is of the utmost value to us, did not come until May this year and does not come in this year's accountability.

We extend our warm thanks to the Kentucky Commission for Handicapped Children for free care given the patients we refer to them. Our thanks go too, as they do each year, to Dr. H. G. Reineke of Cincinnati who reads Frontier Nursing Service x-rays for us as a courtesy; and to Dr. Carl Yapple, pediatrician at the Harlan Memorial Hospital, and Dr. David B. Stevens, Lexington orthopedic surgeon, for the many clinics they have held at Hyden Hospital. A number of our needy patients have received courtesy care from physicians in Louisville, Lexington, and Hazard. We want to extend our deep gratitude to Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., a member of our National Medical Council, of the Miners' Hospital in Hazard and to Dr. E. W. Schaeffer of the Red Bird Hospital at Beverly for unending courtesy and

kindness to the patients our nurse-midwives have referred to them. To Dr. Ziel we extend special thanks for taking over the lectures to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in the absence at any time of our Medical Director. Dr. Ziel gives his services for these lectures and holds them on his free afternoon.

Our very special thanks go to the Kentucky State Department of Health for the kindness of its Commissioner, Dr. Russell E. Teague, and the directors of its divisions. Dr. Helen B. Fraser, Director of the Bureau of Maternal and Child Health, has been especially helpful to us. Our gratitude goes out in fullest measure to the Kentucky Board of Nursing Education and Nurse Registration and its Executive Secretary, Mrs. Marjorie C. Tyler, for the consideration they have shown our Frontier Nurses.

2.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Hyden Hospital—with 27 beds and 12 bassinets, 2 incubators—was occupied 6,285 days last year by 1,174 patients with a daily average of 17.2 patients at a cost per patient day of \$14.30. Of the 1,174 patients cared for at the Hospital during the fiscal year, 235 were sick adults, 493 were obstetrical patients, 152 were children, and 294 were new born. There were 16 deaths in the Hospital, of which 5 were new born. There was no maternal death. The out-patient department, with the Medical Director's clinics, received a total of 11,258 visits.

3.

DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts operated by the Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and five outpost centers, we attended 10,300 people in 2,232 families. Of these, 4,698 were children, including 2,059 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 22,716 visits and received 23,903 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes to 1,246 sick people of whom 5 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 4,970 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, polio, et cetera, and sent 1,573 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district

nursing only and does not include midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives along with their district nursing. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

4.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under the supervision of their instructors) attended 334 women in childbirth and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Of these 334 women, 2 were delivered by the Medical Director. There were 332 live births and 5 stillbirths; 5 deliveries of twins; 263 new cases admitted; 401 closed after postpartum care; 2 miscarriages. There was no maternal death.

Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the Medical Director and the nurse-midwives were called in for 36 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 20 live births, 1 stillbirth, and 15 emergency miscarriages (10 early, 5 late). There was no maternal death.

Outside-Area Cases

There were 135 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these, 28 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside-area patients move into one of our districts or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver 17 such patients of 17 live babies, with no maternal death.

5.

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The School admits two classes annually in January and July. Seven registered nurses are taken in each class of six months duration. The forty-fourth class which opened July 1, 1962, is now in attendance. When its work is completed on December 31, the School will have sent 243 nurses, qualified as midwives and

in our frontier technique, to render service all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, including Alaska; the Philippines, India, Thailand, South Korea, Canada, France, the Middle East, and in parts of Africa and South America.

6.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund and Other Grants)

During the past fiscal year the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service has given financial aid to 293 families or individuals as follows:

- Provided medicines for 4 patients
- Paid for diagnostic x-rays for 6 people
- Bought glasses for 12 patients (New Eyes for the Needy Fund)
- Paid dental bills for 1 patient
- Provided orthopedic brace for 1 patient
- Provided bus fare for 10 school students
- Paid all or part of city hospital bills for 22 patients
- Paid doctors' bills for 11 patients
- Bought stove for 1 destitute family
- Gave groceries to 34 families—a total of 98 orders
- Provided school clothes and shoes for 17 children
- Provided monthly allowance for 1 business college student
- Provided seed potatoes and garden seeds for 18 families
- Paid boarding school expenses for 3 children
- Paid tuition fees and travel expenses for 1 student at the vocational school
- Paid ambulance bills for 30 trips with patients
- Paid laboratory fees for patients at Lexington Clinic, Hazard Clinic and Miners' Memorial Clinic. (Any patients who can pay do reimburse the Service.)

Many patients have been transported to and from the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden to the outpost centers. In addition there were:

- Trips to Lexington with 50 children to the clinics of the Kentucky Commission for Handicapped Children, 15 patients to Lexington hospitals, and 18 to the Lexington Clinic and other doctors.

- 18 trips to Cincinnati Children's Hospital with 49 patients
- 8 trips to Hazard with 12 patients to the Hazard Memorial Hospital, Mount Mary Hospital and the Hazard Clinic
- 3 trips to Danville to the Kentucky School for the Deaf with 3 children
- 1 trip to Manchester with children to the annual clinic of the Kentucky Commission for Handicapped Children
- 4 trips to Houston Mission School with 4 students
- 1 trip to London with 1 patient for admission to the Tuberculosis Hospital
- 4 trips to London with patients to the Tuberculosis Hospital Clinic
- 1 trip to the Oneida Hospital with 1 patient

More general service and aid have been given to other families and individuals as follows:

Clothing and bedding distributed to needy families (including 8 that were burned out) and books to local schools. Service and time given in coöperation with the American Red Cross, Welfare and Health Departments, County Judges, Vocational Representatives, Frontier Nursing Service Medical Director, District nurse-midwives, and the Hospital staff.

7.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Fifty-one couriers and other volunteers worked for the Service for over 1,000 days.

8.

GUESTS FOR OBSERVATION AND STUDY

As in other years the Service entertained guests, for observation and study of its work, from all over the world. These came not only from North America, but from Europe, India, South America, South Africa, and Australia.

9.

CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas, and clothing to those that

needed it. Our local district committees provided free trucks to carry supplies from Hyden to the outpost centers, and were helpful in many other ways. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for the children, with Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and Christmas carols. All of this was made possible by the generous response of hundreds of people to our annual request card for the children's Christmas.

III.

THIRTY-SEVEN YEAR TOTAL

It will be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole thirty-seven year period of work.

Patients registered from the beginning.....	55,475
Babies and toddlers.....	23,297
School children.....	9,592
Total children.....	32,889
Adults.....	22,641
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	13,410
Maternal deaths, 11 (9 puerperal, 2 cardiac)	
Inoculations.....	226,524
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	24,251
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital.....	185,855

* For 32 years and 6 months. The FNS Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

CONCLUSION

In concluding this report of our 37th fiscal year we look back over a long vista of time. Some of those who lent their name and their support to the Frontier Nursing Service in its infancy are still with us today. But many more of these early friends have gone to "the land o' the leal." All of them believed in the solid fact that a demonstration in the care of the rural mother and her child was desperately needed and all of them believed also that such a demonstration would help rural mothers and their children the world over. This belief extended itself to our patients who have given a coöperation in this demonstration of more value than we can begin to tell.

Our figures, both in the fiscal section and in the report of operations, speak for themselves and we hope you, all of you, will study them. We remain financially solvent in spite of most

depressing expenses brought on by crawling mountains, wells, walls, pipes, et cetera. We have again gone through a fiscal year, our tenth, without the loss of a single mother in childbirth. In working for the rural child and his mother it is essential to take them both up before the child is born, to carry them safely through the hazards of childbirth, and to protect them afterwards, especially during the child's early years. Since the young child is part of his family, this intensive care includes the health of the family and its neighborhood. The registered nurse who has qualified to become a nurse-midwife, and works under medical direction, lies at the heart of our demonstration. The Frontier Nursing Service is the only organization in all of North America where nurses are given graduate training in midwifery in a rural area, in order to train them for such work in other rural areas.

Now what about the other rural areas where dozens of these nurses are now serving? From Mozambique in Africa to New Guinea, the largest of the islands of Asia, they carry forward our program for the care of the rural mother and her child.

There is another aspect of the work which will give you, its supporters, immense satisfaction. The frontier technique we have developed continues to be studied by professional guests—doctors, nurses, and nurse-midwives—from far-flung corners of the world. They are sent us by national and international agencies, just because they have a special interest in the well-being of their rural citizens. In many instances they have told us, or afterwards written us, that they have used our techniques in their own countries. This means that you and our patients and our staff are helping mothers and children whose names we will never know. This leads us to express our gratitude yet once again to all of you who make this program and its vast extension possible. Thank you all, every one of you, very much.

MARVIN BRECKINRIDGE PATTERSON
(Mrs. Jefferson Patterson), Chairman

EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director



FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

Frontier Nursing Service, Hyden, Kentucky

Class of May 1961

Mary Nell Harper, Ethiopia
Helen Trachsel, Preparing for Overseas
Betty Mantay, S. Cameroons
Joanne LeVahn, Congo Republic

Front row:

Elaine Douglas, Eritrea
Martha Lady, S. Rhodesia
Jewell Olson, Uganda



FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

Frontier Nursing Service, Hyden, Kentucky

Graduation Day, Class of May 1962

Left to right, back row:

Esther Reesor, Brazil
 Susan Hershberger, FNS Staff
 Helen Browne, Associate Director, FNS
 Grayce Brumbaugh, Nigeria
 Mary Dadisman, Nigeria

Middle row:

Mary Breckinridge, Director FNS
 Mary Hollingsead, Preparing for Overseas
 Betty Palethorp, FNS Hospital Superintendent
 Carolyn Banghart, Dean, School of Midwifery

In front, kneeling:

Martha Tempel, Cameroon Republic
 Barbara French, FNS Staff

BEFORE WE STEP INTO THE WINGS

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Many years ago one of our little girls here in the mountains was asked what she had done during her school vacation. She said, "I didn't do nothin'—Jest had peace and satisfaction."

This is the third of the reflections I have written on ways when I was young in contrast to the life of today. At 81 years of age I look with peace and satisfaction out of my windows at Wendover upon the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River and the trees. I have lived here years longer than anywhere else in my roving life and I often repeat, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; . . . I have a goodly heritage." One thing that makes me deeply content is the innate courtesy and kindness, the genuine goodness, of the overwhelming majority of my fellow citizens, and especially of what we used to call "the young things." I want to testify to this before I step into the wings because there is such an outcry everywhere about juvenile delinquency. Last year the juvenile delinquents were numbered in the thousands and the juveniles who were not delinquents could have been numbered in the millions. It seems to me always to have been true that minorities among peoples create most of the problems of mankind.

There are, of course, more juvenile delinquents today than there used to be because there are more people. For example, in the year 1800 the population of New York City was only 60,489. With something like ten million inhabitants today there needs must be many more delinquents in New York, including those among the young things. It is amazing to me that so many millions of young things face the hazards of this uncertain age as sanely as they do.

It seems to me that the worst problem we face today is the same one that man has faced from the dawn of history. This is pride and its love of personal power. There is no one of us who looks honestly into his own heart who does not find segments of this satanic sin lurking there. Men do like to compel other men to do their will. This compulsion does not always come from a single dictator, although it is particularly horrid and dangerous when it does. But whenever any group says, as it were, "We believe this to be right, and we are going to make **you** do it," then and there we get compulsion. This pressure to force conformity upon the minds and the customs of other men may come from government, at any level, from authorities in education, or from social groups. Its tendency is to enforce standardization upon others. Arnold J. Toynbee, in his remarkable work, *A Study of History*, gives the reason why civilizations have risen and fallen since history began. A civilization has growth so long as it allows diversification. The enforcement of standardization marks the beginning of its decay. Our Euro-American civilization is so recent that we should welcome diversity and should dread, above all things, the compelling conformity of standardization. Freedom and friendship come from the same root. Peace and satisfaction can come only to those whose friendship for others leaves them free.

WHIPPOORWILL

by

BRIGADIER MORDAUNT ELRINGTON, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C.
(late British Army)

Being the only male present at a luncheon party in the midwifery school, FNS, I was naturally cautious of the trend the conversation might take. The graduates were nearing dispersal, for the most part, to the less favored quarters of the globe, there to bring knowledge, skill, and comfort to backward peoples. As is the way with intelligent, dedicated women, the talk was of anything but the objects of their devotion so I soon felt at ease, despite my ignorance of things American in general, and Kentuckian in particular.

From across the table came the question with faint incredulity in the voice, "Did you say you've never heard the whippoorwill?"

Fortunately, my wife, ex-FNS staff, had told me to what realm of nature the whippoorwill belonged, with much the same reverence as she had mentioned the Cardinal. On our way into Kentucky one of this latter breed had resented our picnic intrusion into his oak-ringed glade; his papal eminence had displayed indignation in colourful song, little knowing what a thrill he was affording us. But the whippoorwill, 'umm, well. . . . Mind you, various of our charming hosts at Wendover had tried to remedy this lack in my experience: once, indeed, before supper we had gone out to peek with taut ears into the groves on the mountain side; we had even awakened at 4:00 a.m. intent on hearing the elusive cry, but Moses the bullfrog had always won.

It was therefore a question not to be answered casually, and so, thoughtfully crumbling the delicious cornbread, I replied, "I have not heard or seen a whippoorwill—yet."

Amid a buzz of voices around me I heard my wife, Peggy, accepting a spontaneous invitation to supper the next evening, also a quietly spoken enquiry from one of the staff aimed in my direction, "Would you like to go over the ridge at the edge of dark?" With outward calm and inward alarm I expressed willingness.

The next afternoon, or more correctly as we were in Kentucky, the next evening, we made ready to proceed by jeep to

the Hospital at Hyden for tea, by way of the court house, Elam's Store, and other delightful interruptions. Peggy warned, "You had better bring your blue jeans; I've got mine." Having faith in her judgement, though dubious of the propriety of such nether garments for supper, I carried hers and mine. In Hyden a mighty storm arose that blasted the houses and nearly swamped all traffic; on Hospital Hill trees were blown down and telegraph wires wrecked.

At the end of an excellent supper someone recalled the primary reason for our second appearance at Mardi Cottage. "Oh!" exclaimed one of our hosts whom we learned to know as Molly, "I must go and saddle the horses, and you follow on to the barn when you're ready." Realizing what was toward and the lateness of the hour, I was anxious to cut the cackle and come to the horses; so, donning our jeans, we found Molly in the gloaming. I watched Peggy neatly mount a near-white horse, "Kemo," whose colour proved a valuable visual aid later, while I climbed post-prandially up and onto a good sixteen hands of horse known as "Doc." Off we went towards "the trail," led by Molly a-bare-back on a game little worker called "Tony."

The first part of this adventurous ride set the tempo, so to speak, of our memorable running-walk: up precipitous paths overhung by overgrown bushes overloaded with rain-water, our honest steeds snorted their way to Stable Rock. This amazing out-growth of stone was a natural hide-out for precious horses during the depredations of old-time marauders. Up, up we rode over huge boulders, with an occasional dive into dripping foliage. The trail, in so far as I was concerned, was a myth; yet Peggy had been wont to ride it years ago in the black dark on delivery calls! Always before us rode our trusted guide on Tony, often stopping abruptly to remove a fallen tree or negotiate a way round the impassable.

As the horses clambered and climbed over slithering rocks and invisible snags, the valley to our left became gradually swathed in a mist that soon, against the sheer tree-clad sides of this mountain of Thousandsticks, swelled to a phantom sea, threading the creeks with silver-white. Still up and on ahead the crest outline was just discernible, and to our right glowed the translucent gold of after-light. As we halted at each obstruc-

tion, only the rasp of horse breath or the creaking of leather was audible. At times we sat with indrawn wonder, motionless, straining to hear. The stillness of this lovely night, now bedecked by stars above and myriad fire-flies all around, was pregnant with a quality that inspired awe in our hearts and quietude in our souls.

A faintly discerned movement from Molly in front, and a gentle "Tch" from Peggy alongside, and the silence of the forest night was broken by a single cry of "Wheep-p'r-wee . . eel." No words of mine can describe the sound of that weird, arresting call with its trailing, elongated note; though we waited awhile wanting more, none came.

Our banter at little nothings had ceased, and in ritualistic manner we resumed our ride to the crest of the mountain. There we suddenly came out of the jungly groves on to what proved to be Maggard's Branch road, closely lined with bushy trees and lit by stars. At that very moment, as we were gratefully agreeing that I could now say I had heard at least one whippoorwill, a chorus of song broke on our ears, and the mountainsides seemed to re-echo the chanting threep-threep of the night-singers. Without difficulty we made out the song of no less than six whippoorwills, who continued to oblige with encore after encore to the bass accompaniment of an old hoot-owl.

In wonder and delight we stood. I sensed the relief that Molly was feeling because her desire to please, and our hopes which she had worked so unstintingly to fulfill, had in these last moments been so grandly rewarded. I turned to see on Peggy's face a radiant happiness as she drank in the beauty of the night; and yes, I think each of us felt a glow of gratitude to God for all His wondrous world.

It would ill become me to end this romantic ride without a word to Kemo, Tony, and Doc. We had dismounted at the road and lingered for the last sounds of song before turning their heads for home, down the dark and storm-hewn descent. But it was the horses who led us sure-footed and, when re-mounted, carried us most patiently through streams, ditches, a broken bridge, a cemetery, and a drain, as well as past other unconventional obstacles, and finally delivered us safe, tired, and happy on Hospital Hill.

IN SCHOOL

I used to go to a bright school
Where Youth and Frolic taught in turn;
But idle scholar that I was,
I liked to play, I would not learn;
So the Great Teacher did ordain
That I should try the School of Pain.

One of the infant class I am
With little, easy lessons, set
In a great book; the higher class
Have harder ones than I, and yet
I find mine hard, and can't restrain
My tears while studying thus with Pain.

There are two Teachers in the school,
One has a gentle voice and low,
And smiles upon her scholars, as
She softly passes to and fro.
Her name is Love; 'tis very plain
She shuns the sharper teacher, Pain.

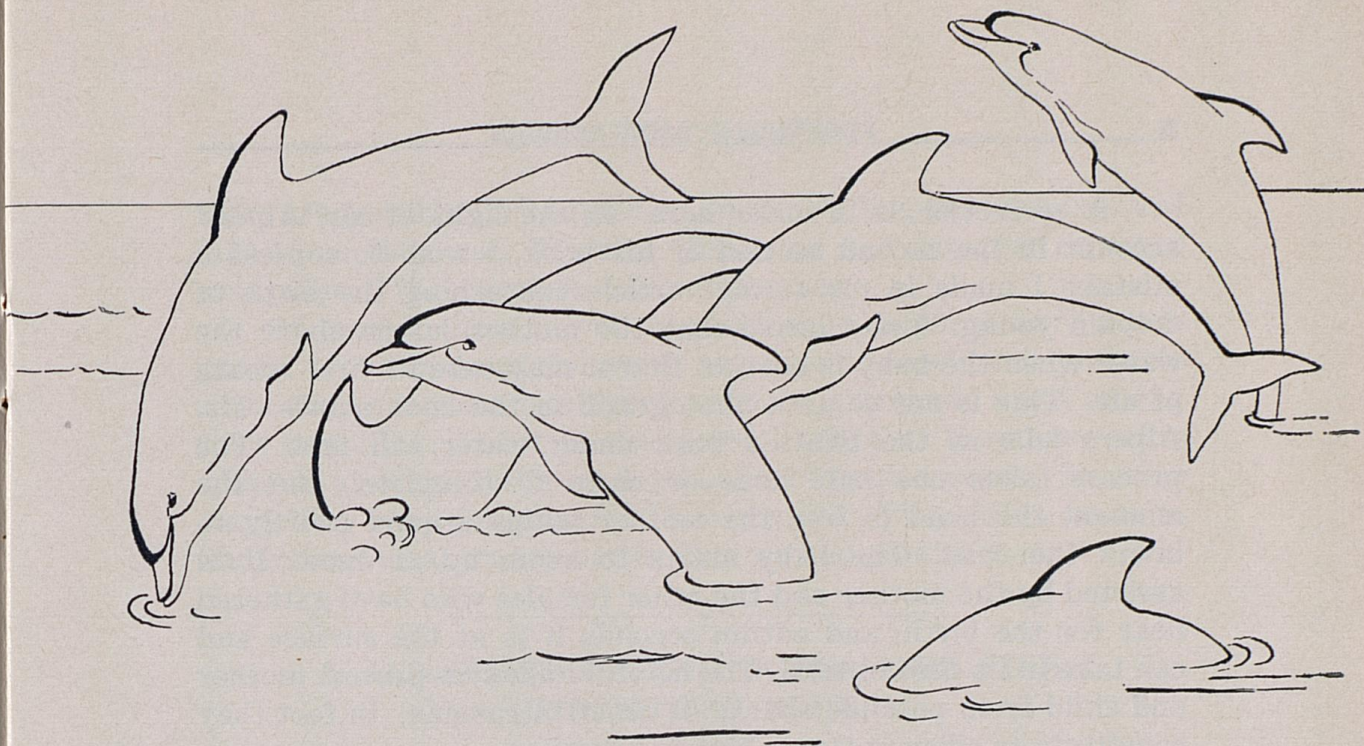
Or so I sometimes think; and then,
At other times, they meet and kiss,
And look so strangely like, that I
Am puzzled to tell how it is,
Or whence the change which makes it vain
To guess if it be —Love or Pain.

They tell me if I study well,
And learn my lessons, I shall be
Moved upward to that higher class
Where dear Love teaches constantly;
And I work hard, in hopes to gain
Reward, and get away from Pain.

Yet Pain is sometimes kind, and helps
Me on when I am very dull;
I thank him often in my heart;
But Love is far more beautiful;
Under her tender, gentle reign
I must learn faster than of Pain.

So I will do my very best,
Nor chide the clock, nor call it slow;
That when the Teacher calls me up
To see if I am fit to go,
I may to Love's high class attain,
And bid a sweet good-by to Pain.

—*What Katy Did*, by Susan Coolidge
Published by Roberts Brothers in 1872



M M GAGE

MORE ABOUT DOLPHINS

by
MARGARET M. GAGE

More and more scientific interest is being taken in dolphins, in their amazing sonar capacity and their possible language. A number of books and articles have come out dealing with these subjects, and with the intelligent playfulness of dolphins. Since a year ago when the writer of this article submitted one on the same subject to the Quarterly Bulletin,* she has read many of these publications. An especially entertaining book by Antony Alpers, published by Houghton Mifflin, is called *Dolphins, the Myth and the Mammal*. This includes an historical background from Greek and Roman literature, a sketch of dolphin family life and a touching account of a wild female dolphin who made friends with the bathers on a New Zealand beach at Opononi in 1955. She swam in every day to play with them, much to the joy of all concerned, until her accidental death a year later. She was called Opo.

*Summer 1961

A correction is in order here. In the light of Mr. Alpers' account in the second section of his book, I wish to confess a mistake I made in my former article concerning the birth of dolphin young. I had heard that the mother jumps above the water when the baby is born so that it may take its first breath of air. This is not so as a photograph in the book shows. Mr. Alpers tells us the baby is born under water tail first. The process takes one half hour or more to complete. But the moment the head is free the mother whips around swiftly to break the cord. The baby starts to swim up at once. It is assisted by the mother and the other females who have gathered near for the birth, and within seconds it is at the surface and can take in its first breath. The helpful midwives protect mother and child from possible sharks or other intrusions. In fact they constitute an efficient Ocean Nursing Service.

There is an interesting research project going forward at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in the Los Angeles area. A large tank has been installed and two bottle-nosed dolphins, performers from Marineland of the Pacific, have been borrowed for an indefinite period. Splash and Spray traveled inland to their new abode by truck, demurely draped in long wet sheets. They conducted themselves with resignation during the journey but were uproariously happy when they slid into those thousands of gallons of salt water at the end of the trip.

They are being studied at Lockheed for two purposes—their sonar system for valuable tips to the Navy, and their language for its possibilities in interspecies communication. Dr. John J. Dreher, a research psychologist and also a professor of linguistics and psychoacoustics at the University of Southern California, is working on the speech angle, as is Dr. John C. Lilly in the Virgin Islands. Dr. Dreher loves dolphins and has unusually good rapport with them. He and his co-workers at Lockheed are doing everything they can to give Splash and Spray a happy life as they observe, record and learn from them the intricacies of dolphin vocalization. The sonar sounds they make are different from their communication signals. Dolphins, by the way, have different "dialects" in different parts of the world. Their basic sounds, however, are recognizable. At least twelve of these have been recorded and tabulated. Dr. Dreher thinks

there are possibly forty different ones including the various vocal inflections they use. He also thinks he has detected repeated groupings of these sounds, like our phrases.

Of course, there is yet no proof that dolphins have a language in our sense of the word, but experts consider it probable since they are most intelligent animals, extremely vocal among their own kind; and it is considered likely that they have a life span of at least thirty and perhaps forty-five years. In some ways they may be brighter than we are. They often seem to understand what we say better than we understand them.

A SAD STORY OF TWO DOORS, ONE PINK, THE OTHER BLUE

LONDON, ENGLAND (AP)—There are two small but important rooms at the atomic energy establishment at Winfrith.

One room is for male members of the staff, the other for females.

One room is pink, the other is blue.

Unfortunately, the pink room had a blue door. And the blue room had a pink door.

This led to some confusion.

As the employee magazine at the establishment tells it:

“Serious-faced senior officers converged on the conference room where, after hours of searching thought and discussion, three possible lines of action emerged—to change the doors over, to repaint them, or change the fittings inside the rooms.”

Decisions were taken and appropriate orders were issued. But the lines of communication got crossed somewhere.

One morning last week some carpenters arrived, changed the doors and left.

Now the pink room had a pink door and the blue room had a blue door.

Everything was perfect—until after lunch. Then a gang of painters arrived and painted the pink door blue and the blue door pink.

The magazine concluded: “For all we know the committee is still sitting on the problem.”

—*The Des Moines Register*
Tuesday, July 17, 1962

OUR MAIL BAG

From a Distinguished Artist: Thank you for the wonderful "Song of Thousandsticks Mountain," which I have put in your *Wide Neighborhoods* for preservation.

From a Friend in Worcester, Massachusetts: Your Frontier Nursing Service Bulletin is fine and so interesting. I always read it from cover to cover.

From a Trustee in Rhode Island: As usual when the Bulletin arrives I sit down and read it from cover to cover. Also as usual I enjoy it very much and wonder at all you accomplish, with many handicaps, wells, etc. I hope the water supply is sufficient now.

From a Friend in Georgetown, Illinois: I do so enjoy every copy of the Bulletin. You would think I had been connected with the work there at sometime the way I devour each copy when it arrives.

From a Friend in Memphis, Tennessee: I want to tell you how I enjoy your magazine. . . . I even read the letters from those who have worked with you!

From a Friend in Los Angeles, California: I have enjoyed the articles in this year's Bulletins. In the Winter 1962 issue I thought "A Special Day for the House in the Valley" was such a beautiful little story.

From a Friend in Philadelphia: I just love the Frontier Nursing Service, and feel that I keep in touch with it through the Bulletin which I read from cover to cover.

From an Unknown Friend in York, England: In the past ten days I have read *Wide Neighborhoods* from cover to cover and am entranced. . . . One is left just spell-bound. I have never read anything which so impressed me.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

by

MOLLY LEE, R.N., S.C.M.

It was Indian Summer in the Kentucky mountains; golden sunshine by day, with intensely blue sky behind the whole of nature's brilliant fall colors, and cool nights of cricket song.

Carol Banghart and I had planned a horseback holiday that would enable us to visit some of the outpost nursing centers, two of which have since been demolished by the Buckhorn Dam project. By using mountain trails, creek beds, and only a few gravel roads, we hoped to be able to travel like the early nurses—in the heart of the hills.

It was with keen anticipation that our little cavalcade set off from Hyden, followed closely by our Gordon setter, Holly. Doc and Streamline stepped briskly along the three miles of highway to Muncy Creek, which flows down to the wide ford of the Middle Fork. We were in time for supper at Wendover, when the horses were fed and installed in the big log barn. We spent a pleasant evening by the huge log fire in the Big House and had the luxury of sleeping in the guest room with a coal fire and all the fantasies of the flickering shadows.

Fresh with the joy of the open road, we set off in the blue-gold morning, up Hurricane to Grassy Gap. There on the ruins of the old schoolhouse, where Judge Begley taught Alabam, we picnicked on the squared off logs. There was a pleasant track Trace Branch to Coon Creek but the mud was hock deep all the way on to Wolf Creek.

The new Margaret Durbin Harper Center lies at the far end of a valley, set amongst the converging wooded hills, with a new green pasture reclaimed from marshland—a beautiful sight as one rounds the last bend in the road. At that time, the remodeling was still unfinished and the two nurses were using the little cabin across the creek, which had been decorated for them at the great Working when the kind neighbors had engineered the footbridge over the creek. The barn was stout, comfortable, and practical, housing the two horses, which are used in the rough areas, and a cow, which was providing milk for the local school too.

Next morning the workmen were already busy on the new center when we left. One of them directed us through the woods right outside the center, over a mountain ridge to Cutshin Creek. There were fallen trees across the trail in places and a steep ascent to the summit. The descent was just as steep, with homesteads tucked into the trail which led down Lane Branch to Cutshin. Now we were looking for a way over the next mountain ridge to Wooton's Creek and turned up Birch Bottom in the creek bed only to find that there was no way through. It was really surprising how few people, living on good roads, knew much about the creek and hill trails. Someone tried to persuade us to take the hair-raising black-top Hazard highway to Mackintosh!

At Cutshin post office and store we had encouragement for the first time. Mrs. Wells, a customer who lived at the head of Maggard's Branch and rode her stout little horse down the branch for groceries, showed us the way. We passed her house where her husband was busy shaving Grandpa, aged 86, out on the porch.

From there we went through a field leading into a little lane down Polls Creek, where we saw several mothers who had come from that area into Hyden Hospital for delivery. The hills seemed higher and steeper here and the farms more spacious. There were big, airy barns with tobacco drying and the land had the look of prosperity. Down along the road in a cornfield was a young man of 74 working. He came over to us as we approached and said that he had been watching several days for us. Kurt Wooton, Streamline's owner, had told him we were planning to pass that way and he, Jim Roberts, was pleased to meet us. He was another signpost along our unmapped way and directed us from the fire warden's station on Polls Creek, sharp right up Bear Branch. This was a very long, pleasant valley, winding gradually up and up with farther views and a house high up on the mountain in the middle of a tobacco field. There were many nice homes and a brave new pink one. Holly, after her kind, flushed a cock pheasant who was parading his brilliant plumage. She is well used to travelling with the horses and is a great companion.

Near the top of the hill we passed a geodetic marker 1492

feet above sea level. Shortly after there was a left fork to the ridge, where a large stone building, now a home, used to be the schoolhouse. The steep descent on the far side was vivid with the sourwood's reddened leaves. It was just the place for a picnic. We took off saddles and bridles, hitched the horses with a length of baling string, and all enjoyed the repast in our separate ways. On the trail again we went down the second fork of Wooton's Creek, down through narrow fenced trails to flat bottom land with tobacco harvested, out on to the road at Floyd Wells' second store.

The engineers were building a new bridge and new highway on main Wooton's Creek. Here again we met several old friends. After a false start up Cain Branch, we were redirected up Camp Branch, a good logging road. At an old corn crib we mistakenly turned left, but some boys showed us how to pick up the trail again by climbing almost vertically up the hillside. Down the other side, the trail ended in brambles and it was nearly the edge of dark and rain began to fall. Following tracks we picked up the trail again and soon the continuation of the road we had left which became Mackintosh Creek. It was not far to the Hazard Road and Kurt Wooton's barn. Mr. Wooton, a first-class rider in his eighties, was Streamline's owner and gladly asked us to come in and stay the night. The horses were bedded warmly and ate their fill of hay. We were fed from home preserves before a roaring fire and slept beneath a fine selection of home-made quilts. Our host had breakfast ready by 6:00 the next morning. It is an admirable custom of the mountain people to go to bed early and be up betimes. We groomed the horses, bade farewell, and were away early down Cutshin to its junction with the Middle Fork at Dry Hill. Here were signs of the approaching dam, houses being torn down or moved higher up the hillsides, all the way down river past Hell-for Certain Creek to the Confluence Nursing Center.

The Buckhorn Dam, some twenty miles down river from Confluence, was being built to control floods on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Two of our nursing centers had to close because of it—Bowlingtown because the valley was to be flooded and Confluence because it was too close to the flood level.

At this time the nurses were still at Confluence. James

was shoeing Flicka when we arrived and quietly asked how our tires were wearing! We stayed for a few hours to feed the horses and have a wash and brush up after the dusty roads. After lunch we set off down river for Bowlingtown. Most of our old friends and neighbors had gone and the river banks were deserted except for one or two rugged pioneer families. Once we saw a solitary mailman on a mule across the far side, intensifying the loneliness of a long stretch of tree-cleared river bank.

Turning up into the steep woods with sprays of autumn colors, we came over Shoal Mountain to Elkhorn and it was dark by the time we reached the river. The broad crossing was made by the light of the stars and the careful skill of the horses. It was a truly lonesome valley to Bowlingtown—no friendly lights until we reached Allan and Mary Belle Gays. Here there was a warm welcome and, as always, a real cup of tea, and a barn and feed for the horses. The Gays were almost the last of the pioneers to leave the valley.

Next day, after climbing up to Raven's Rock lookout on top of the mountain, with the Indian graveyard and strategic overlooks up and down river, we reluctantly said goodbye to the Gays for the last time at Bowlingtown and set out across the river to the old road up Leatherwood and over Panco Mountain to the Brutus Nursing Center. It was Hallowe'en and a few obstacles had to be overcome on the way. A young couple riding double on a mule, gaily decked in paper hats, called a cheerful "Howdy."

Sunday was a day of rest and Monday dawned blue and fair. Bridie Gallagher, who was at the end of her Far West holiday, came with us on Kemo when we headed up Crane Branch to explore the Flatwoods. The topography of the Flatwoods is unique in this area. It appears like a plateau on top of a series of mountain ridges, so that it is possible to go several miles in almost level woodland on top. Many are the tales that old Jim Davidson recounts of people lost all night or of ghosties. There is still a school here of nineteen pupils up to the eighth grade who climb up from various creeks below each school day to spend the day in a clearing in the woods. There have been farmsteads on top, not so many years back, where one woman told me she had spent the happiest years of her life.

It was a perfect day for exploring, intensely blue skies, brilliant sunshine, all the beauty and mellowness of autumn, yet with a nip in the air. After following several trails and picnicking in the warm sunshine, we headed home by another trail which led through cornfields still in use, past ruins of former homesteads, down a woodland path which gradually petered out. We scrambled down over rolling stones and brush on foot trying to pick a path for the horses, and came out of Hoot Owl Hollow to the main part of Jack's Creek, as the new moon smiled on us from above. At the white schoolhouse we turned left to Hiram Cornett's and it was here again that we found true mountain generosity. The firelight was flickering in the still unlighted house when Bridie, who knew the family, called to them in her rich Irish voice. Hiram, knowing how far from home we were, immediately said, "Come down and stay the night," but seeing that we couldn't, he forthwith sent the boys to go fetch the mule and he, himself, led us up the steep rocky Spurlock Fork in the fast gathering dark.

Up on the edge of the Flatwoods, where more than one wayfarer has roamed all night, he left us with his flashlight on the trail down. In the dark, thick woodland, with one light ahead, feeling like a rabbit in a burrow, one could hardly imagine that this was the same route that Mrs. Breckinridge and others used to travel from Red Bird Center to Brutus, not so many years ago. Doc, our gallant, stalwart trailblazer, led safely down to Danger Branch, by which time the stars were lighting the creek-bed trail and the homely lights of the cabins were welcoming us back.

There was a well earned rest for the horses next day and on Wednesday we started back to Hyden with cloud, sunshine, and high wind. Bridie came half-way on Kemo to Sizerock, Ned's Fork, and Hell-for-Certain. We picnicked and parted on Cucumber Branch, then rode along in the creek before turning off to climb the logging trail to the ridge. Up there it was still beautiful with all the fall colors of the maple, beech, oak, sycamore, and Farewell Summer. The great flat mossy rock on top overlooks the snake fence trail to Bull Creek, down which we wound our way, past the lower school, Thousandsticks post office, and

houses at the head of the hollow, over the ridge trail behind the Hospital to the shelter of Aunt Hattie's Barn.

This had been ten days of pure pleasure in the great wide out-of-doors, with the most faithful companions mankind can wish to have—a horse and a dog—and all along the way a greeting and a welcome.

There is something compelling about any mountains anywhere, but the wooded hills of Kentucky, touched with the last of the light of the sun, have a special magic—vital, inspiring, Eternal.

TRANSLOCATION AS A MEANS OF PRESERVING WILD ANIMALS

WHITE OR SQUARE-LIPPED RHINOCEROS

Early in 1961 a number of white rhinoceroses were captured in the West Madi area of Uganda for movement to the Murchison Falls National Park. Half a dozen calves were roped without loss but adults proved less easy to rope and were more susceptible to injury. Successful drug immobilization of even adult males of the southern white rhinoceros has been achieved. The drug renders the animals extraordinarily tractable, so that on recovery (expedited by the administration of small quantities of antidote) they will walk into crates with almost no coercion.

This drug-capture method may greatly facilitate the capture of the large ungulates and enable a complete revision to be made of costs, losses and feasibility of handling of the larger animals.

—*Oryx*, April 1962

ORYX, the Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, is a fascinating quarterly. Membership in the Society is only one pound annually and includes *Oryx*. Your editor, a life member, suggests that you write for an application to the Secretary, Lt. Col. C. L. Boyle, The Fauna Preservation Society, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N. W. 1, England.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1962, AT WENDOVER

As the outpost and hospital nurses were arriving to join the staff and guests on Wendover terrace for a gay picnic supper celebration, two messengers from Mars alighted. They landed in a Jeep-Jet wearing most becoming Martian uniforms of ultra-modern cut. Was it diplomatic courtesy that they were mainly red, white and blue? They ceremoniously delivered to Brownie a message from their Commander-in-Chief of the Futuristic Nursing Squad. Brownie read aloud the following interplanetary document:

On this truly historic day
We bring you greetings from far away.
We've come from our home among the stars
On a flying trip from the Planet Mars.
We're Castor and Pollox, the heavenly-twins,
(We even have identical grins!.)
Our Chieftain — Major Astraness
Sends greetings to the FNS,
To say — and 'tis sincerely meant —
If *ever* you are heavenward-bent,
Then call at Mars, first on the right.
We'd love to have you "take the night."
We've plenty of room at the Mars Motel.
But now, alas, we must say farewell.
Our return is via Route Milky-Way.
With good wishes from the Squad — Good-day!

Then off they went. We were sorry to see the leave so soon, but glad sometime later to be joined by Patricia Ware and Pat Stevens of Brutus who had been unaccountably delayed!

There were two other unexpected guests among us who were so early that no one saw them arrive. These were from the past. Priscilla Mullins had come to Wendover from Plymouth via Cleveland. Her shy suitor, John Alden, it was whispered was the reincarnation-in-reverse of John Adams. They were a handsomely dressed, although completely tongue-tied couple. It would be rude to call them dummies.

The festivities started with an eloquent and generous welcome from Mrs. Breckinridge which embraced the people of all nations and particularly the two visiting Pakistan doctors in their colorful saris.

With Kate Ireland as a most able master of ceremonies there followed a lively evening. First came a game of patriotic quotations. Everyone was given a word label and asked to find

among the crowd the others in her sentence. It was like living Scrabble. Then we all sang the British and American national anthems, the United States Marine Corps Hymn and "My Old Kentucky Home." After that delicious charcoal-grilled hamburgers were served with all the trimmings, potato salad, lemonade and watermelon.

After the picnic a portion of Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was read by Margaret Gage in honor of our silent guests from the past. Then there was more singing of old songs, dancing and general merry-making until even the youngest decided it was time to start for home among the fireflies.

—Contributed

DICKORY DOCK

I had been troubled with mice in the kitchen; and though I tried all types of trap, keeping a cat and filling up holes as fast as they were made, the mice always came back. One night, disturbed by their scrabblings but still half asleep, I suddenly thought I would get the alarm clock—one of the old-fashioned sort—and put it on the kitchen floor. Its loud tick reverberated through the boards, and in the morning there was no sign of a mouse. The following night I rewound the clock and put it back on the floor, with a second one alongside and some tempting cake; this remained untouched. I now keep both clocks on the floor, ticking merrily, and have not seen another mouse.

—A. B. Quine

—*The Countryman*, Spring 1962. 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.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. George M. Watts (Weezie Taylor),
New York City, New York—June 2, 1962**

I look back and think of the FNS with much affection. Betsy Parsons and I were Couriers, around Christmas, and other times in 1930 and 1931.

Since I lost my husband in 1955, the years have been too busy for me. However, I have been able to keep a bit in touch with the FNS, through the New York Committee's January meetings and their annual spring party. Generally, Mrs. Breckinridge gives a talk at the January "get-together" and I was most disappointed that she was not at the last meeting. However, Miss Browne spoke finely instead and is a delightful personality.

The reason that really keeps me in New York is the management of a piece of real-estate property that I inherited from my husband. It has eight apartments and seven stores. This has kept me busy, but I always find time to visit my mother very often in Hartford, Connecticut.

My daughter, Edith, is now ten-and-one-half years old and goes to Chapin School. She is really a darling, and already rides horseback.

. . . .

**From Ayer Storrs, Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York
—June 20, 1962**

Each new copy of the Bulletin makes me feel happy because it's wonderful to hear the FNS news. The one summer that I spent in the forests and mountains of Kentucky working with all of you wonderful people meant more to me than I could possibly imagine then—it seems that I am even now reaping benefits and only beginning to appreciate how much the FNS means. Once again, thank you!

The news on the home front (for both ex-courier Storrs) is that Nick (23) is teaching school in Switzerland and is soon to return to the states. After an exciting two years of work and travel, David (18), just graduated from high school, will spend

one year at school in Europe before going to Harvard. Ginny (15) is an ardent tennis player at school in Virginia and is learning to ride in preparation for a future summer (hopefully) in Kentucky. Nancy (12) is her usual active self.

I am majoring in International Relations at the American University in Washington and having a wonderful time. I was interested to see that Bosey Fulbright was and will be with you again. I met her in Washington and was most impressed. She must be doing a marvelous job. Now that school is finally out for the summer, I have an opportunity to go back to some of the reading that I haven't had time for. The first book I reached for was *WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS*, fantastically good. I had almost forgotten how exciting, inspiring and beautifully written it is.

. . . .

From Mathilde Hunting, Rochester, New York—June 20, 1962

It was fun for us to read about Harriet Arpee, because her parents were visiting us the day before the Bulletin arrived. Mrs. Arpee is one of Mother's best friends (from Smith days).

I miss the FNS, Wendover, and Wolf Creek now that the summer is here. It must be very pretty there now. I'm spending this summer in art lessons, golf, and banjo lessons. We are going to the Ontario Shakespeare Festival in late July. I think now that I will find college at the University of Rochester.

I never read *WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS* before so I'm in it now. It's charming and fascinating.

. . . .

From Margaret (Peggy) Barker, Wareham,

Massachusetts—July 18, 1962

You are entirely right about my reason for missing Wendover this summer. John Campbell Christie and I will be married on August fourth. [See Weddings.] He has just finished his last year at Harvard Law School. He takes the Illinois bar exam in September. We will be living in Evanston in an apartment on 609 Hinman Avenue. I have a job teaching 7th and 8th graders at North Shore Country Day School in Winnetka, to which I look forward immensely.

**From Mrs. Edward Arpee (Katherine Trowbridge),
Lake Forest, Illinois—July 26, 1962**

The Arpee family is bubbling over with happiness with our precious Daniel Durand Sherman and his parents only a mile away; and the three Stephen Arpees (Steve, Janet and baby John Edward) arriving two weeks from tomorrow. They will be here five weeks and then settle in New York City where Steve enters General Seminary for study in preparation for the Episcopal ministry. A thousand miles away will seem like *nothing* after his being 12,000 miles away in Teheran for four years!

.

**From Mrs. Francis A. Lewis III (Amy Chapin),
Haverford, Pennsylvania—August 1, 1962**

It seems a little funny to be home in August this year, but I'm not removed from babies at all. I have had one myself! Amy Pemberton (otherwise known as Pem) put in her opening appearance June 26th [See Babies] and has done a pretty good job ever since of keeping her mother on the run. Somehow, it seems I've been on the run for quite a while now. It was hectic last August, but I made the wedding on time, much to everyone's surprise. My husband claims that that was the last time I've been on time to anything. This, I feel, is an unfair claim! But life hasn't slowed down very much. I got myself a job teaching sports at a small school near home. In the fall it was field hockey, in the winter it was supervising snowball fights, and in the spring it was baseball—all to little girls in the third and fourth grades. It was lots of fun, and very good training for the years to come. School got out on the 15th of June, and the interesting problem was whether or not I was going to be able to continue. I made it much to my boss's surprise.

Now I've got my hands full with a very active and strong baby. I hope that someday she will also have a chance to be a courier, or to be able to do something along that line. I will never forget Kentucky, the mountains and their people. I read the Bulletin with great interest every time I receive it.

.

From Carol Lyman, Dover, Massachusetts—August 7, 1962

I don't think I need to tell you how much fun I had with

the FNS, since it was fairly obvious. It certainly was hard to leave, but I'm sure I'll be back to see you all.

Katie and I had a good trip up with a relaxing day in Cleveland. Also, you can tell everyone we made it without getting lost!

You won't believe it, but the family has decided to paint one side of the house while everyone's home—Help!!

.

From Victoria (Vicky) Coleman, McLean, Virginia

—August 10, 1962

On my way home, I stopped to pick up a bird that had been hit with a car and then drove precariously on for fifty miles—bird-in-hand (literally)—before I could locate a vet. After this slight delay, I made it safely to Hot Springs and thence home. The bird, according to the poor vet whom I surprised in the midst of his dinner, is going to be all right.

I can't tell you how wonderful it was to come back to the mountains again. They have a spell all their very own, and one I have missed. Thank you so very much for taking me in.

.

From Nancy Pendleton, Ridgewood, New Jersey

—August 10, 1962

I am truly grateful for the opportunity I had to work in the FNS. My six weeks spent in Kentucky with you will be ones I will long remember. Many thanks.

.

From Carlyle Carter, Lexington, Kentucky—August 12, 1962

This summer at Wendover has been an invaluable experience for me. Thank you for everything and especially for starting the FNS. I learned many practical things at Wendover; for instance, how to feed baby pigs. This knowledge came in quite handy because my brothers and I found two little kittens deserted in the barn and we had to feed them. Unfortunately they died. I guess there is a difference between feeding baby pigs and baby kittens. The whole family, including my grandmother, attended the funeral.

**From Jinny Branham, On Board a Freighter on the
Great Lakes—August 13, 1962**

It's all a dream—am speechless—it is all so interesting. Such fun, good company, good food. It's the dead of night and we're approaching the Soo Canal—have been up watching radar screen in the pilot house.

—August 15, 1962

We have lovely plants and flowers in the lounge and petunias in window boxes outside and aft our two lounges. It is all utterly fabulous—I wish things would get dull so I could go to sleep! We've kept the strangest hours. We arrived at 2 a.m., loaded at Lake Superior at 4:00 a.m., loaded last night around midnight (fished off the stern).

One day was a real rip-snorter, weatherwise. Most of the crew and half of our group "lost the combat"! We came up to the lounge to find things flying around and our steward pea green, pancake batter, pretzels, magazines, et cetera, were all over the place.

We walk umpteen laps around the deck and stretch out in the sun. Yesterday, we had a horseshoe match on deck between the hatches, with one of those rubber shoe sets for kids. Now, we are approaching the Soo on return trip—must away.

.

From Mrs. M. Chase Stone, Long Island, New York

—August 22, 1962

Here is my check for the "cause" and I wish it all success as in the past. How satisfying for Mrs. Breckinridge to see the FNS turned to by people all over the whole world who seek to set up rural nursing and medical services. So few see, in their own lifetime, a success like hers. She well deserves it—the total dedication that has gone into it, with her broken back and personal heartbreaks of various kinds.

Our summer here, running a pilot day camp project with the children from the migrant camps around Riverhead, Long Island, has been absorbing and exhausting. We started with about eight children and had registered about one-hundred-and-seventy at the end of six weeks—from four years old to sixteen—boys and girls. To say the least, it's remarkable what will

still spring up when given half a chance, like irrigation on the dessert. Muffet has had a fabulous summer, deep in this.

.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Jane Clark was winner of the Norfolk Hunt Club Challenge Trophy for Ladies Qualified Hunters.

Susan Perry was graduated Phi Theta Kappa from Colby Junior College in June. She plans to enter Columbia University this fall.

Janie Haldeman Tyrrell is teaching fifth and ninth graders World History at Presentation Academy; and she is most excited about it as history is her field.

Ayer Storrs has been appointed to a team to represent her college on the TV College Bowl contest.

.

WEDDINGS

Miss Margaret Ogden Barker of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mr. John Campbell Christie, Jr., on August 4, 1962. [See Letters]

Miss Brooke Alexander of New York City and Mr. Bruce Eugene Leddy of Falmouth Foreside, Maine, on August 25, 1962.

Miss Sarah Reynolds of Hudson, Ohio, and Mr. Malcolm Holland Harper on September 8, 1962.

We wish these lovely brides and their lucky husbands the best of good luck and every happiness in the years ahead.

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BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Albert Lewis III (Amy Chapin) of Haverford, Pennsylvania, a girl, Amy Pemberton Lewis on June 26, 1962. [See Letters]

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McCormick Putman (Amy Stevens) of Wayland, Massachusetts, a girl, Deborah Dale Putman, on July 16, 1962—weight: 7-pounds, 1-ounce.

We congratulate these little girls in the wise choice of their parents; and we look forward to having both of them as couriers in 1980!

JEEPERS CREEPERS

by

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

It was April. A lovely day, bright and crisp and cold. White scuds of clouds danced across a deep blue sky. A day on the edge of spring.

Pat and I were very new to the district at that time, and still trying to find our way around. On this particular day we planned to visit a mother with new twins, who lived at the head of an inaccessible creek. The mother delivered in Hyden Hospital and she and her babies, a boy and a girl, had come home just the day before. We had made preliminary inquiries and had been informed that we could drive "clean up to the house." And so, off we set, in Vixen, the jeep, full of breakfast, hope, and high spirits.

We located the creek easily enough, and turned up into it. Our road was the creek bed, and this became rockier and rockier, eventually giving away to large boulders with pools of mud between. As we crawled along, with a sort of jerking and dipping motion, we made a mental note to ask just how you could drive "clean up to the house" in a bulldozer perhaps?

Then slowly it dawned on us that something was wrong. The see-saw movement of the jeep had stopped. In fact, everything had stopped. We were stuck! However, by using a jack, some rocks and mud, ingenuity and elbow-grease, by putting Vixen in tractor and reverse gear, and with Pat pushing and me, so to speak, at the helm, we got free! There was absolutely nowhere to turn, and so the only way of going back was to do so in reverse gear. We figured that, like MacBeth, we were "step'd in so far, to go back were as tedious as go o'er." So, "o'er" we went. It seemed to be getting colder all the time.

However, the road seemed to be improving; we congratulated ourselves on having passed the worst part. Ahead lay an innocent looking stretch of creek, with a large, smooth rock in the middle. I think we must have had a demon or a bad fairy dogging our tyre tracks because suddenly the left front wheel skidded off this nice smooth rock, and with a contented sort of shudder, Vixen settled herself in the mud. We got out once

more and tried all the tricks we knew, and a few we invented on the spur of the moment . . . to no avail . . . we were stuck.

Being realists we decided that it was warmer inside the jeep than out, so we got back in, and opened our lunch box. Pat had packed a sandwich and a Cinnamon Roll. I was slimming. I'd packed an apple. Pat nobly offered me half her Cinnamon Roll.

"Go on," she said, "you need the glucose!"

"G-glucose n-nothing," I clicked (my teeth chattering so from the cold). "What I need is a hot-water bottle . . . or an electric blanket . . . or a lovely log fire!"

Even the thought was cheering.

But just then, along the creek, came a man! He came nearer and nearer and finally walked carefully around the jeep as if it were just another large rock in the way; or as if an FNS jeep, tipped at a crazy angle, half-way up a hollow, was an everyday sight. . . . (Oh, I don't know though . . .!)

"Hi!" we shouted desperately.

He turned slowly. "Howdy."

We scrambled out. "We-we're stuck!"

He walked all around the jeep. Finally, "Yep, you're stuck!"

We fell to discussing the best method of getting "unstuck." A team of mules might pull us out. Shelby, the father of the twins, had two mules, but he was probably out logging. A truck could tow us out. Shelby had a truck too, but might not be running.

Finally, "Might be I could dig you out. Take about three hours though."

We decided that this might perhaps be the most reliable method, and our friend set off to borrow a shovel. He advised us against walking and trying to locate the family.—The last people who had walked off and left a car had come back and found it gone!

So we just sat in the jeep and pretty soon our friend returned with the shovel and commenced to dig. We had brought along some hot coffee in a thermos and so were able to keep fairly warm **inside** anyway. We offered some to our friend, but he declined. Come to think of it, he didn't **look** very cold, with his sleeves rolled up, the sweat running off his forehead, digging away!

He was as good as his word. In three hours we were free. After many thanks we drove on, to the head of the creek, to our mother and two lovely babies.

"You **drove** here?" she greeted us.

We nodded assent, apologized for the lateness of the hour, and explained that the road had been rather rough in parts.

By the time we were ready to leave, it was approaching dark, and not relishing the idea of camping out for the night in Vixen, we asked Shelby to accompany us back down the creek. Off we set, jeep and mule escort. Not perhaps as grand as the presidential Rolls-Royce, flanked by mounted police . . . but then who wants a Rolls-Royce up a creek like that, anyway?

We returned the shovel, en route, with very many thanks, and reached the highway without further mishap. Deciding that this creek was enough to turn a jeep into premature scrap, we arranged to be met, with a mule, for further visits.

Then on, along the highway, and back to the center.

I turned to Pat. "**What** was the name of that creek?"

"Rush Creek," Pat replied.

The very jeep shook with our laughter, as we saw the joke!

AN OLD SINGING GAME

William Trembletoe is a good man.
He catches hens and puts them in pens.
Some lay eggs, some none.
Wire, briar, limber lock.
Three geese in a flock.
One flew east, one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.
A little bird at the spring cries,
"O U T spells 'out you go!' "

—Contributed by Hope Muncy

A BABY WELCOMES ME BACK

by

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

"Welcome back!" This was a distinct emotion actually felt, after Joan answered the phone and said she was going out on a baby call.

After a 2,000-mile trip from Arizona, I arrived at Beech Fork, tired and ready for bed. We spent a few hours visiting and vainly trying to catch up on past events, everything old seemed so new, and again, exciting, but feeling a growing weariness (at my age!) and a desire for bed, I started upstairs when the telephone rang. To some this may sound unbelievable and far-fetched, but to those who have experienced this feeling of exhilaration and almost magic rejuvenation by the tinkle of a bell, this will sound just like what it is—a true story!

In record time I was uniformed and helping Joan put her "tricks" and essentials into the jeep—after all we were in a race with the stork, which waits for no man (or nurse). The young mother was having her second "young-un," her first, a little girl, was now two years old, so we decided it would be nice to bring her a baby boy. The terrain was fairly rough about four miles up the Middle Fork, but as I now plod the rough, dusty road almost daily, I recall how especially smooth the road seemed that night.

We arrived to find our patient well advanced in labor. Joan checked vital statistics, i.e., temperature, pulse, respiration, blood pressure, fetal heart tone, etc. I set out my needs for the imminent delivery, was scrubbed and duly in attendance, the contractions increased in severity, and before long, with Joan's kind words of encouragement, the head presented. All time seemed to stand still until the new life made himself heard to all and sundry. It was a great moment for all, but somehow I felt it was a special welcome to me, and I blithely said so—feeling it much deeper. How nice to be back for a while!

Editor's Footnote: Mrs. Anne DeTournay, a young grandmother, and a registered nurse, completed her course in midwifery at the Frontier Graduate School in October 1959. She remained with the Service until May 1961 as one of our outpost nurse-midwives. Now she is living near the two most adorable grandchildren in creation but came back to her old Service for the four summer months.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Meg Crowell Winkley in Lewistown, Montana—May 1962

Some months ago some friends in Dayton, Ohio, sent me a newspaper clipping about the FNS, and it brought back many memories. I worked, years ago, as Dr. Kooser's clinic nurse at Hyden, and I have often wondered about all my old friends. In 1944 I was accepted by the Navy and was stationed at the Navy Hospital in Corona, California, where I remained for a year. After my discharge I decided to stay in the West, and eventually married a man from Montana and have had the experience of living on a ranch. My husband teaches school and he hopes to get his master's degree this summer. We have a son aged twelve years and we are very happy. I do relief work for some of the nurses which I find interesting. My memories of Hyden and Wendover are still very vivid, but I imagine there have been many changes.

.

From Doris Park in Bournemouth, England—June 1962

The Spring Bulletin has just come. Dear Doctor Hunt, she was so wonderful to me; she fetched me to have Christmas Dinner with her, when they would not let me travel back to the mountains after having my tonsils out. But, I expect I am only one of thousands who appreciate her goodness. How I loved every word of Dr. Francis Massie's Presidential address. I read and read such wonderful articles, in fact I enjoy all of the Bulletin, and now I have your picture in the last issue to bring back so many happy memories.

.

From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson in Parma, Italy—June 1962

I think of you and the FNS so often and really enjoy reading the Bulletin. I have lent your *Wide Neighborhoods* to several friends in Parma. Imagine my astonishment and delight to read in Monday's newspaper (*The Daily American*, printed in Rome) an article on the editorial page, entitled "The Mountain

Nurses." I am so proud to have been associated with you and your program, even for a short time.

We are beginning our fourth year here in Parma, and enjoy living in this charming north Italy city. We are fortunate to be included in a circle of friends, all born, raised, and at school here together. The children are well and write happy letters from their schools in Switzerland. You can imagine how happy vacations are—they are so glad to be home and to see us and each other and are really charming "guests." Our next week-end together will be at Freddy's sports day in June—I can hardly wait. Eric loves his work as Agricultural Manager for Campbell's Soups in Italy. He is getting busier now as the "pea season" approaches. He joins me in sending best wishes to you.

.

From Winnie Jacobson in Chicago, Illinois—June 1962

Time goes so fast, it seems incredible that just a year ago we were beginning the midwifery course. I like my job and am kept busy. So often I am grateful for the midwifery I learned in Kentucky. Some of the doctors here were a little skeptical, at first, about this odd creature—the nurse-midwife! However, they now realize I am not a communist, or a heretic or some such outlandish thing.

I thought of all of you this spring and wished I had wings to fly south for a few minutes to see the hills in all their splendour. The dogwood and redbud in bloom is one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. Jackie (*her dog from Kentucky*) seems to have adjusted well to city life. I take her walking in a near-by park, or to Lake Michigan which is quite near.

.

From Esther Reesor in Markham, Ontario—June 1962

I had a very good trip home, in spite of the fact that when I arrived in Toronto I discovered my luggage had taken a stop-over en route. I wore my sister's high heel shoes because I was in the "big city." Believe me, my feet were not too happy. I am now packing my bags for Brazil along with visiting members of my family—we had a big family re-union with 160 people present.

From Kitty Macdonald Ernst in Swarthmore,**Pennsylvania—July 1962**

Indeed, I have not forgotten my "old Service." I have another load for the Bargain Box from the Philadelphia Committee, in my car right now! I spoke at their last luncheon meeting on "Maternity Care in and out of the Mountains." I tried to point out the subtle, but important, influence of the FNS in maternity care everywhere, and stressed the role it has had in nursing education (mine for instance). I have also talked to several nursing groups and have shown slides of the FNS.

.

From Barbara Walsh in Mussoorie, India—July 1962

We were delayed from sailing by our original schedule on account of a strike, but after changing ships we sailed on April 15. The trip was delightful with a calm Atlantic. Our freighter carried only five adults and three children which made the whole trip quiet and peaceful. We disembarked at Beirut, and saw the "great cedars of Lebanon," and the ruins of Baalbek and Biblos—a sight I shall long remember. I was warmly greeted on arrival at Bombay by a nurse from Jhansi where I shall be working. I am most happy to be here in India, the land of many millions and of many Gods. At present I am at the Missionary Language School in the foothills of the Himalayas—a beautiful spot and lovely weather. I am learning Hindistani and find it challenging.

.

From Helen Farrington in Worthington, Minnesota—July 1962

Our trip west to Seattle and other points was a good one. We enjoyed the World's Fair very much. We camped most of the way, and 'tho it rained a good deal we did not get soaked out of our tent. I have decided to teach public health nursing at the University of Vermont, and I am now packing to start east.

.

From Marian Adams Frederick in Reading, Pennsylvania**—July 1962**

Rodney (*her husband*) and I have been very busy on our farm—tending the surviving 49 out of 51 chickens. We have barred rocks and New Hampshire reds. Also, we have 5 ewes

and a purebred Hampshire ram named Gus. We have planted seven acres of field corn and plowed under an additional seven acres of land, as we hope to plant some small grain next spring plus alfalfa and timothy for hay. With Rodney working six days a week every hour has to count, but then one does not have to worry about over-weight! We need rain desperately. We are lucky and do have a fair-sized stream running through our property which gives us an emergency water supply for our animals and vegetable garden. Our freezer is slowly filling up with all kinds of fruits and vegetables.

How are things going in the dear hills of Kentucky—how I miss it all, at times,—the companionship and the endless work to be done. I am fast finding out that it is far easier to work for others than for oneself. How lovely it would be if I could push a button and be there, having a good chat with you. Please give my best to all and wish them good health and great happiness.

.

From Arlene Schuiteman in Urundi, Africa—July 1962

In a sudden and completely unexpected way, Clara Sparks and I (classmates in FGSM, 1959) are spending two weeks together in Clara's home. We are having a good time, re-living FNS days. The Spring Quarterly Bulletin arrived in the last mail, and we enjoyed it together. *The Sorghum Baby*, by Molly Lee brought back memories of a similar excursion we made. I will return to The Sudan and a busy midwifery program before too long.

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From Alice Herman in Boston, Massachusetts—August 1962

I regret that I cannot come to Wendover for the Annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives in October, but I hope I shall see some one from FNS at the Christmas Preview arranged by the Boston Committee.

Ruth Boss visited me last week, and we talked of the good days we spent with the FNS. I am hoping I shall have my degree by next summer, if I am successful in my application for a scholarship. I have heard from Harriet Jordan Palmer that she plans to do public health nursing in California.

The group of students I spoke to in July seemed sincerely

interested in FNS. They asked many questions and took every piece of literature!

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Newsy Bits

Members of Old Staff in England arranged a summer re-union in honor of Betty Lester and Anna May January who are spending their vacation in England this summer. The group gathered at the home of Ethel Mickle (Major) in Midhurst, Sussex. Betty has written us: "Anna May and I drove with Kelly to Midhurst. It was a warm, sunny day and the drive down was glorious. We went through Windsor, and Anna May had a good view of the Castle. There were eleven of us at the re-union—Mickle Major, Kelly, Peggy McQueen, Madge Tait Burton, Ellen Marsh, Dinnie, Alison Bray, Worcester, Doubleday, Anna May and myself. We had lunch in the garden, and nobody stopped talking FNS. It was only six AM your time, but we sent our love and thoughts to you."

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Weddings

Miss Harriet Jordan and Mr. David H. Palmer in Woodside, California, on June 23, 1962. We send every good wish to Harriet and her lucky young husband for many happy years together.

Belatedly **Mary Lefevre** has written us of her marriage: "Mr. Joseph R. Willis of Seward and I were married on March 31, 1962, at the Methodist Church, by the Lutheran minister. I now have a seven-year-old daughter of whom I am very proud. Joanne (my daughter) and I took a trip to Greensboro, North Carolina, the first week in June, to visit Rose Avery who is still working in the Guilford County Health Department." Our good wishes go to this happy family.

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We send our deepest sympathy to **Anne Curry** who had to fly to England in June to her critically ill mother. Anne wrote us that her mother died several days after she arrived home.

REPORTING FROM WASHINGTON

SUPREME COURT DECISION ON PRAYER IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

In his dissident opinion Justice Stewart has proven himself the strong, courageous, God-fearing American we in Ohio have always considered him. We who are Ohioans are proud indeed that he could stand up before the world and say in simple, clear, understandable words, that we are a Believing Nation. Calling attention to certain of our traditional procedures as relevant to the case in point, he cited numerous instances that evidence, without any possibility of doubt, that we are a deeply religious people, far too independent in our ways to agree to the establishment of a State Church. He reminds us that the Supreme Court itself opens when the crier has said, "God save the United States and this honorable Court." He says further: "It was all summed up 10 years ago in a single sentence: 'We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a supreme being.'"

Freedom of religion is not and was never intended to be freedom from religion! The Court separates this country's children from the Invisible and ever present Power by refusing them the moment of joy when they lift their hearts and say quite simply: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessing upon us, our parents, our teachers, and our country." This decision of the Supreme Court to me is both illogical and unpardonable.

Faithfully yours,

/s/ FRANCES P. BOLTON

June 26, 1962

Congressman, 22nd District, Ohio

Footnote by an Interested Reader:

To Mrs. Bolton's illuminating summary of Mr. Justice Stewart's dissent, one might add this statement of fact: What is done in the schools of New York State is the business of New York, and not of the Federal Government in any of its branches. The sovereign State of New York, its cities, counties, and local districts, finance and support the schools. The Constitution of the United States says somewhere that all rights not specified in the Constitution are reserved to the states and to the people. Among these rights would certainly be included the right to pray.

CANCER SURVEY REPORT

by
NOEL SMITH, B.A.

Several years ago it occurred to one of the FNS nurse-midwives that in all her years of nursing experience in the Kentucky mountains she had come across curiously few cases of breast cancer. That, in a population which almost exclusively breast-fed its babies, posed a fascinating question: is there a correlation between a lack of breast cancer and breast feeding? While similar studies have been undertaken in England, there are several reasons why the area covered by the FNS is a particularly valuable one in which further to investigate the question. First, breast feeding by the mountain population mothers is almost universal. Second, diet, occupation, and general living conditions are very similar among the people here. Within such a uniform environment the single factor of breast feeding may be isolated and more clearly understood than in a highly differentiated group. Third, the excellent records kept by the FNS on each of its patients make available a thorough and accurate medical history.

Our survey, sponsored by The American Cancer Society and directed by Dr. Francis Massie, has completed its second summer. It will eventually cover the seven FNS outpost districts. Of the 105 mothers interviewed in the Wendover district, all but one breast-fed her babies for an average of 9 to 18 months each. Some of these women have breast-fed continuously throughout their child-bearing years, the youngest baby sometimes coming to the breast before the older one was fully weaned, and none so far has shown any evidence of breast cancer.

The study is much too young for these figures to be conclusive at the moment, but nevertheless, it is thrilling to have had even so small a segment of the survey reveal that in these cases of prolonged breast feeding cancer has not yet appeared.

THE
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INSTITUTE
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MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Who has dedicated to a humanitarian idea all her talents, energies, and resources, bringing into being and directing for thirty-seven years a nursing and health organization unique in the world.

Because of her selfless, arduous work to improve their physical well-being, she has had an impact upon the lives of countless isolated, proud "frontier" families. She is beloved by everyone in the scattered homes of the Kentucky mountain region and throughout her state.

She was, for many years, a frequent and welcome visitor at Merrill-Palmer, freely sharing her rich experience and wisdom with both faculty and students.

The Merrill-Palmer Institute expresses its respect and admiration for her through this citation.

GIVEN THIS FIFTH DAY OF JUNE IN THE YEAR 1962
AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Pauline Wilson Knapp
President of the Institute

Lena W. Bowen
Chairman of the Board of Trustees

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Richard R. Higgins, are full of exciting plans for their Fifth Annual *Christmas Preview Benefit*. This, like the other four, will be held in the Charter Room of the New England Mutual Hall. The dates are October 23 and 24, 1962. Several new stores have taken space in addition to the old ones buying more space. We do hope that all of these friendly stores that have bought space will make a lot of money in Christmas Preview sales. The Frontier Nursing Service, as all of you know, takes no commission whatever on any of the sales. Our money, and it runs into the thousands, comes from the sale of space to the shops and from a gift made by each of the old friends who act as Sponsors of this Benefit. Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (old courier Patricia Perrin), the Benefit Chairman this year, started lining up everything in the early spring.

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The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, conducts effective work in our behalf at the Bargain Box. As most of you know, the Philadelphia Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, collects articles for sale at the Bargain Box and Mrs. Drinker's chauffeur takes them over. The chairman for our work in the Bargain Box is Mrs. George J. Stockly, 125 East 84th Street, New York 28, New York. She tells us that she would like more volunteer helpers for pricing and selling. Please, those of you in the New York area who can spare even half a day a week for this vital service, please get in touch with Mrs. Stockly.

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In June Helen E. Browne (Brownie) went to Wise, Virginia, to take part in an Obstetrical Institute, sponsored by the Maternal and Child Health Division of the Virginia Department of Health and the Miners Memorial Hospital in Wise, Va. Brownie talked about the education and work of the nurse-midwife and showed colored slides of the Frontier Nursing Service and its work. She reported that much interest was shown by the obstet-

ricians and nurses who had come from all parts of Virginia and neighboring southern states; and that she herself had a delightful time.

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To Dragma, magazine of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority, has an excellent article on the Frontier Nursing Service in its Autumn 1962 issue. The article is called Spirit of Service. It covers fully the work of the AOPi Social Service Secretary which has been the Sorority's national project for thirty-one years; and, in addition, it gives an excellent summary of the whole program of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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Elsewhere in this Bulletin you will read the citation conferred on me by the wonderful Merrill-Palmer Institute in Detroit in June of this year. Our Detroit Chairman, and Trustee, Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., received this award in my behalf and wrote me fully about the ceremony. My heart went back to the several times in which I was a guest of the Merrill-Palmer in Detroit, of how much I was impressed by the work done there, and of the old ties of friendship between the workers and me.

Mary Breckinridge

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES

Fighting forest fires with guided missiles is a new method being tested by the U. S. Forest Service. Launched from a plane, the radio-controlled glide bomb is rigged to drop its 100-gallon fire-retardant load before hitting the ground. The missile can be released at 3,000 feet, a height usually above the turbulence and smoke of a forest fire.

—Reprinted from *Science Digest*
August 1962

A LETTER FROM "DOWN UNDER"

University of Melbourne

Parkville, N.2

Victoria, Australia

Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology

27th July, 1962

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I was delighted to receive the Spring number of the Frontier Nursing Service Bulletin and read with interest the articles in it. I always find something which warms my heart as I read the doings of your devoted staff in the Bulletin.

The purpose of this letter is to tell you that we are having Dr. Gordon Douglas, who is a member of your National Medical Council, as our Guest Professor in Melbourne for the month of October. I hope that I shall be able to show him some of our Bush Nursing Hospitals whilst he is here and I am sure he will be delighted to learn of the close liaison that exists between the Frontier Nursing Service and the Bush Nursing Association of Victoria.

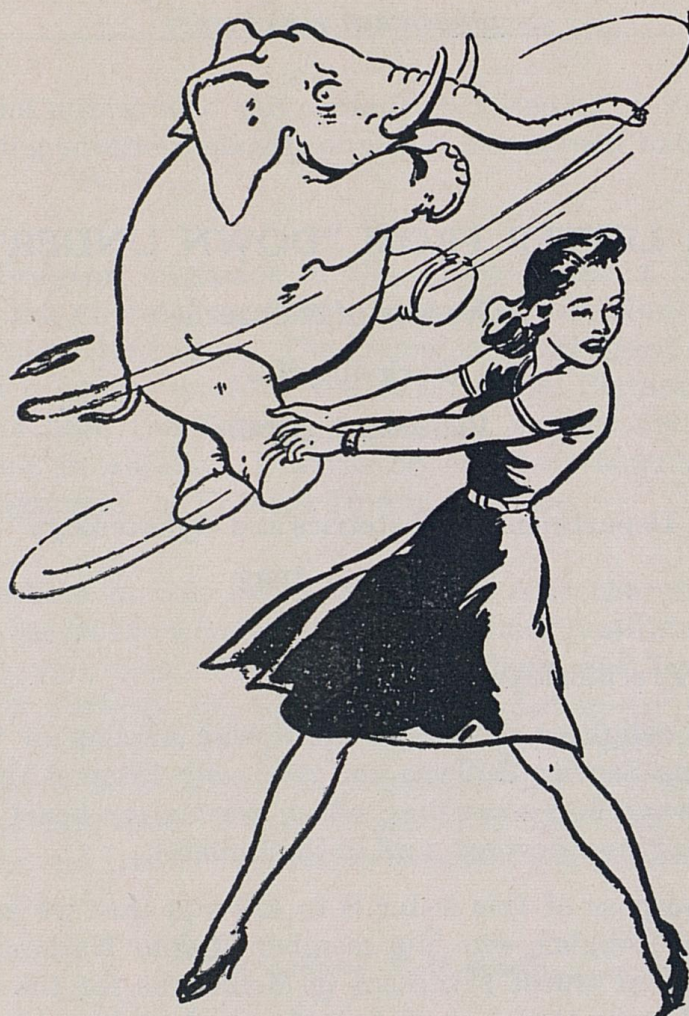
You look remarkably fit in the photograph on the inside of the front cover and I hope your health continues to be first class.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

/s/ LANCE TOWNSEND (M. D.)

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 Leslie County Development Association is planning a day of celebration in Hyden in honor of Mrs. Breckinridge. Saturday, September 22, is MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY, and all her friends in Clay, Perry, Harlan, and Leslie counties are invited for the occasion. There will be a parade beginning at 10:00 a.m., complete with floats, a basket lunch on the grounds of the high school, and a program of speeches and singing. This gala event will take place after this Bulletin is in the mails so we will have to report on it more fully in the Autumn Bulletin.

In July, Mrs. Floyd H. Wright and her wonderful Blue Grass Committee again arranged for members of the FNS staff to spend two days in Lexington and to attend the Junior League Horse Show. The girls, who went to Lexington in two groups of seven each, were overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Louie A. Beard, Mrs. R. M. Bagby, and Dr. and Mrs. Francis M. Massie. Mrs. Wright entertained one group for dinner at the Idle Hour Country Club and the other group at her home. Members of the Blue Grass Committee had luncheon parties for the girls, took them to the Horse Show, to see horse farms, to "Ashland," and the John Hunt Morgan House for tea, through the new University of Kentucky Medical Center, and to the Shaker Village at Pleasant Hill. Everyone had a marvelous time and were deeply grateful to all the kind Blue Grass friends who made this outing such a memorable one. Tricia Ware has described the trip in verse:

"We set off for Lexington, one bright day in July,
Our thoughts were gay, our hearts were light, our spirits very high.
We reached the Country Club for lunch, the 'Idle Hour' you know,
Then went to spend the afternoon at the Junior League Horse Show.
But sad to tell, we'd locked the car which had my case inside,
And in my case, my flat shoes and my sunglasses besides.
But the pleasure of this perfect day could not be spoilt by that,
I went barefoot and beat the sun with Mrs. Turner's hat.
We watched as horse and rider worked as a perfect team.
The equitation was superb, the jumping just a dream.
And I blushing remembered the tenacity with which
I hang on whenever Bobby steps o'er a log or ditch!
Well, once back at the Idle Hour a banquet met our eyes,
—So many different kinds of food—a gourmet's paradise.

It really was magnificent. The meal was fit for Queens
 (And anyway it made a change from hamburgers and beans).
 We stayed the night with gracious hosts, and here I'd like to say
 How much **they** contributed to the pleasure of our stay.
 The next day some went shopping, while I—You'd never guess—
 Lectured at St. Joseph's on "Life in FNS."
 Then we went around the horse farms, Spendthrift and Calumet
 (With no film in my camera—just how dim can one get?)
 Oh! those lovely horses—and, while I wouldn't trade
 I must admit that Nashua put e'en Bobby in the shade.
 Then, all too soon, 'twas time to go. The station wagon came
 And nine of us were packed inside to take the road again.
 Now that really was too many—we were all of the same mind—
 Almost had ourselves convinced that two should stay behind!
 But duty called, and on we went, each in a private daze
 Thinking back o'er the events of two enchanted days.
 Oh how we did enjoy it—we had ourselves a ball—
 And so, to everyone concerned—a million thanks, 'you all.' "

Betty Lester spoke on the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service at a luncheon meeting of the Harlan Kiwanis Club on June 7.

Wendover had the pleasure of entertaining the members of District 12, Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses, for a dinner meeting on August 9.

Two Cincinnati ophthalmologists, Dr. John Galt and Dr. Dan Moore, held eye clinics at Hyden Hospital and Red Bird Center on August 25.

The Frontier Nursing Service is most grateful for four badly needed jeeps that were given us this summer. **Parker II** was the gift of the Mary Parker Gill Fund; Mrs. Jefferson Patterson gave **Daisy Belle** in memory of her mother, Mrs. John C. Breckinridge; and friends of the Ireland family gave **Pat Ball**, a long cargo jeep, in memory of Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland. **King** was the gift of the American Cancer Society to be used for its research project during the summers and by the FNS during the remainder of the year. **King** is a most welcome extra jeep for Wendover; the other three vehicles have replaced jeeps six and seven years old which were on their last legs (or wheels!).

On June 26, Betty Lester, Olive Bunce, and Anna May January sailed for England. Olive, who had been with the Service for many years, was returning to her home and family on the Isle

of Wight. Betty was having a long holiday in England and she and Olive persuaded Anna May to go with them. From all reports she has had a marvelous time and has seen many of her old friends who are now in England. She and Betty will be back the middle of September.

We were fortunate in having Mary Woodmansey, who was the AOPi volunteer last summer, return to take charge of Social Service in Betty's absence.

Two of our nurses, Joan Antcliff and Caryl Len Gabbert, left this summer at the end of their two years in Kentucky, and Anne Curry was called home to England by the illness and subsequent death of her mother. We were sorry to see all three leave and wish them the best of luck. We are deeply grateful to Anne DeTournay for returning for four months to help us out at the Beech Fork Center, and to Emily Campbell, who spent her vacation from Duke University, where she is a nursing instructor, helping at Hyden Hospital.

We are glad to welcome to the Hospital staff nurses Elsie Maier, Ridgewood, New York; Artis Flexer, Reading, Pennsylvania; and Hilda Palenius, St. Petersburg, Florida. Agnes Lewis had the excellent help of Patty Maggard in her office this summer. When Patty left to go to Berea College, we were delighted to find that Patsy Brashear was available to take her place.

The 44th Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on July 1, 1962, and will be completed on December 31. Six of the nine students—Dora Howard, Owensboro, Kentucky; Lorraine Jerry, Manchester, New Hampshire; Judy McCormick, Portland, Oregon; Polly Merritt, Central City, Iowa; Janet Priebe, Marshall, Minnesota, and Katherine Vandergriff, Knoxville, Tennessee—had been on the FNS staff for some months. Ella Boer, of Holland, Michigan, who came to us from Nigeria, was with the FNS as a general duty nurse in 1959. Nola Brown, from Los Angeles, California, has been in Guatemala for many years.

The ninth member of the Class was admitted by special dispensation, after careful consideration in view of impeccable references. This admission was quite an innovation because Master Tuffy Jerry is not only a male but he has four legs. From all reports, he is doing well but hasn't "caught" any babies yet!

The Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority offers a scholarship each summer to one of its collegiate members to spend six weeks with the Frontier Nursing Service, to help in the Social Service Department. The recipient of the scholarship this year was Jennie Nunn of Detroit, a student at the University of Michigan. Jennie's parents, and her brother and sister, brought her to Hyden and spent a night with us in late June.

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We were fortunate to have Noel Smith, a former Social Service Secretary, with us this summer to carry on the cancer project sponsored by the American Cancer Society. For a report on her work, see *Cancer Survey Report* elsewhere in the Bulletin.

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The junior couriers for the first summer period were Carlyle Carter, Elmhurst, Illinois; Carol Lyman, Dover, Massachusetts, and Nancy Pendleton, Ridgewood, New Jersey, and a great help they all were. Kate Ireland was here most of June and all of July to supervise the juniors and to help Agnes Lewis with the numerous details of the Garden House Addition. Jinny Branham remained with us until early August and had as one of her projects the repair and cleaning of the Wendover Chapel. Old couriers Vicky Coleman and Sarah Lacey were down for several days in July and made themselves most useful. Roberta (Bosey) Fulbright came back as senior courier for the second summer period, and she has the help of junior couriers Emily Alexander, Bernardsville, New Jersey; Patricia Doyle, Chappaqua, New York, and Polly McIlvain, Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

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The Frontier Nursing Service has had the pleasure of entertaining many friends—old and new—this summer. Dr. Enrique Padilla from Guatemala, Miss Yulita Yabes from the Philippines, Dr. Akhtar Iqbal and Dr. Mahmuda from Pakistan, Miss Clara Bilkes Neiman from Brazil, and Miss Marie Lochore of New Zealand, have been welcome overseas guests.

Miss Ann Asbury, Field Nurse for the Kentucky Commission for Handicapped Children, brought Dr. Marjorie Smith, Medical Director for the Commission, to see us in June. Dr. Karl Yaple, who gives his services for bi-monthly pediatric clinics, brought his wife and two sons over from Harlan for a couple of nights.

Dr. David Mulliken, Chief of Obstetrics at the Pikeville Memorial Hospital, Dr. Conway Ficklen of Wilmington, North Carolina, and Dr. Emily Hess of Harlan Memorial Hospital, were distinguished professional guests. Miss Dorothy Grant and Miss Patricia Taylor of the School of Nursing at Duke University spent a week with us in July, and Miss Elsie M. Warner, a nursing instructor from Philadelphia, paid us a short visit in August.

Mrs. Harry Dodd, Jr., Nashville, Tennessee, and her son David came to see the work of the Social Service Department in early June. Mrs. Dodd is the Philanthropic Director of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority. The Rev. and Mrs. Robert S. McGinnis, Jr., of Beattyville, Kentucky, spent a night at Hyden in July and Mr. McGinnis will return once a month for a Communion Service in St. Christopher's Chapel.

Ruth May, Helen Trachsel Potter, and Mary Ann Quarles of the old staff were here this summer, and we had a delightful visit in July from our good friend and trustee, Miss Margaret M. Gage, of Santa Monica, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Heintzeman from Massachusetts spent a night at Wendover in July, and Miss Nadia Watson, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania, and her friend, Miss Christine Mahl of Narberth, stopped by and had tea with us in August. Miss Watson is a member of the faculty of the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr.

All of us shared Mrs. Breckinridge's pleasure in having several members of her family at Wendover this summer. Mrs. James Carson Breckinridge was here in June, bringing her granddaughter, Julie, and Patty Patterson, daughter of our National Chairman and old courier Marvin Breckinridge Patterson. "Miss Dorothy" and Patty could only stay a few days, but Julie remained until her mother, Mrs. James T. Breckinridge, and her brothers, Breck and John, picked her up in July. Kate Breckinridge Prewitt and her husband stopped by for one night, as did old courier Pam Dunn Ellis and her husband and four delightful children.

Many others of the staff entertained family and friends during the summer months. All in all, over one hundred and twenty-five people signed the guest books at Hyden Hospital and Wendover. (And it isn't always possible to get everybody's signature.) It is impossible to enumerate everyone who comes to our part of Kentucky but we enjoyed having them all.

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inclusive of

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| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
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| Dr. Arnold B. Combs, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. E. D. Pellegrino, Lexington, Ky. |
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| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. William R. Willard, Lexington, Ky. | |

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Miss Hope Muncy

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Miss Judith Gay, R.N., C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery and Assistant Director**

Miss Carolyn A. Banghart, R.N.,
C.M., B.S.

Assistant to the Dean

Miss Molly Lee, R.N., S.C.M.

Assistant Director

In Charge of Social Service

Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Nursing Supervisor

Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Field Supervisor

Miss Margaret I. Willson, R.N., S.C.M.

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Mrs. Anne DeTournay, R.N., C.M.; Miss Susan Smith, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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

Evacuated April 1, 1960

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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

Miss Evelyn Hey, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Edna Johnson, R.N., B.S.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.; Miss Carolyn Coleman, R.N.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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

Miss Patricia Stevens, R.N., C.M.; Miss Patricia Ware, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Judith E. Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Barbara French, R.N., C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

. . . .

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky



Crown, the yellow jeep given the Frontier Nursing Service
by The Order of the Crown in America
In Memory of Mrs. Henry B. Joy
Crossing a low-water bridge on Red Bird River

Both this picture and the front cover picture
were taken by Mr. John A. Kos and given us
by *The Lilly Review* of the Eli Lilly Com-
pany of Indianapolis.

