

Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 47

Winter, 1972

Number 3



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN
Published at the end of each Quarter by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year

Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky 41775

VOLUME 47

WINTER, 1972

NUMBER 3

Second class postage paid at Lexington, Ky. 40507
Send Form 3579 to Frontier Nursing Service, Wendover, Ky. 41775

Copyright, 1972, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

CONTENTS

| ARTICLE | AUTHOR | PAGE |
|--|------------------------------|----------------------|
| A "Family Nurse" of the Last Century | <i>A Photograph</i> | Inside Back Cover |
| American College of Nurse-Midwives Workshop | <i>Elsie Maier</i> | 26 |
| An International Evening | <i>Louise Knight Clement</i> | 9 |
| Field Notes | | 43 |
| Frontier Nursing Service Annual Meeting | | 25 |
| Hog Killing | <i>Ethel Nolan</i> | 18 |
| Mary Breckinridge Hospital (Illus.) | | 11 |
| Old Courier News | | 13 |
| Old Staff News | | 27 |
| Our Mail Bag | | 8 |
| Rancher Wife in the Wilds | <i>The Countryman</i> | 21 |
| Rebirth of the Midwife (Illus.) | <i>Life</i> | 3 |
| The Family Nurse Program | | 39 |
| The Master Word | <i>William Osler, M.D.</i> | 2 |

BRIEF BITS

| | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|----|
| Devonshire Woman . . . | | 47 |
| Double Precaution | <i>Modern Maturity</i> | 12 |
| Hard Times For Women | <i>The Colonial Crier</i> | 12 |
| Least Said | <i>The Countryman</i> | 41 |
| Lester City | | 40 |
| Readers' Motoring Tales—148 | <i>The Countryman</i> | 17 |
| Those Work Fanatics . . . | <i>The Colonial Crier</i> | 41 |
| White Elephant | | 42 |
| Wife Explaining . . . | <i>Modern Maturity</i> | 25 |

THE MASTER WORD

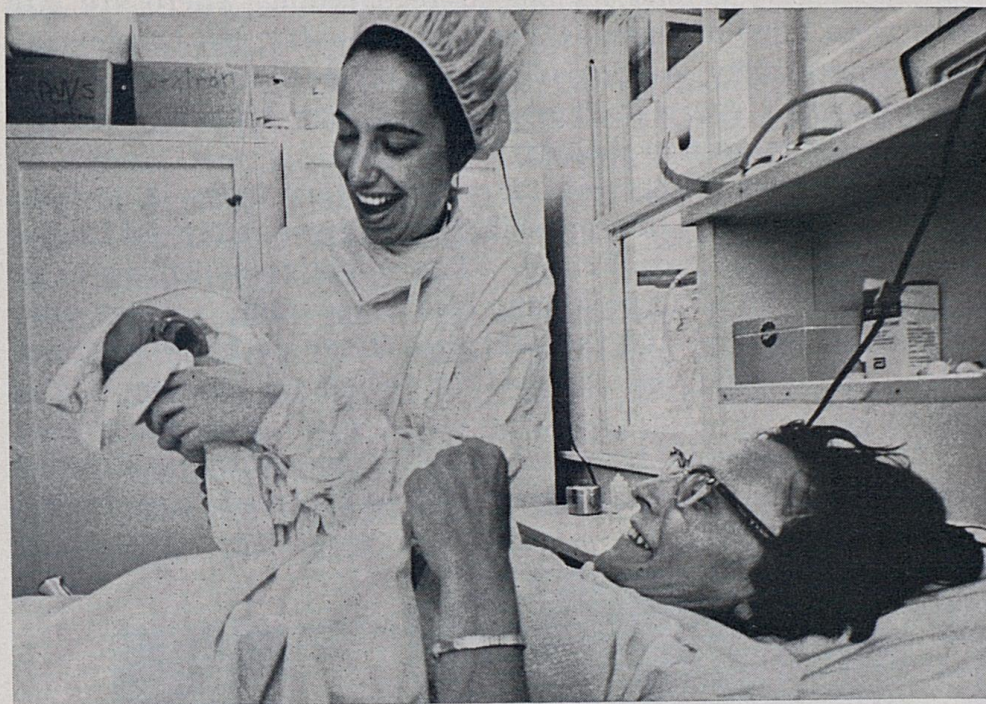
Though little, the master word looms large in meaning. It is the "open sesame" to every portal, the great equalizer, the philosopher's stone which transmutes all base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid it will make bright, the bright brilliant, and the brilliant steady. To youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to the aged repose. It is directly responsible for all advances in medicine during the past 25 years. Not only has it been the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in everyday life. And the master word is work.

—William Osler, M.D.

REBIRTH OF THE MIDWIFE

© 1971 Time Inc.

Reprinted with permission from LIFE Magazine



Michael Mauney—LIFE Magazine © Time Inc.

After staying almost continuously with her patient through six hours of labor, student nurse-midwife Judy Friend . . . retrieves the crying baby from the incubator and presents it to the waiting mother.

Judy Friend is 26 years old, a brisk, amiable Canadian—and a midwife. To most people the term midwife conjures an image of a stooped and competent granny, apron stuffed with herbal remedies, who comes to help with the birthing because nobody else is around. Except for the competence, Judy Friend is nothing like that. She is a fairly typical example of a new class of medical specialists whose abilities help fill the gap left by the nationwide—and worldwide—doctor shortage. Trained at a remarkable institution in Kentucky, the Frontier Nursing Service, Judy recently became a qualified nurse-midwife, equipped to give expectant women prenatal care, to deliver the baby, and then to offer follow-up counseling for mother and child.

Nurse-midwives like Judy Friend have been graduating from

FNS since 1939, and from seven other schools in the U. S., including Yale, Columbia and Johns Hopkins. But the medical profession and the public have been slow to accept them. Not until this year did the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists finally extend its official recognition. There are still fewer than 1,200 nurse-midwives in the country, but the demand is growing rapidly, particularly in doctor-poor inner-city areas. Ten jobs await every graduate. Sixteen new training facilities are expected to open in the next few years.

What draws women into nurse-midwifery today is, at least in part, the challenge of responsibility. "You've really got to give of yourself," says Judy Friend. "You've got to be willing to go on call and be up at all hours and be disappointed. You can have one terrific delivery, and the next time it can go haywire, which can just crush you. But you've got to get up and say you've learned."

Judy Friend first heard of the FNS midwifery program in India, where she was working as a nurse in Canada's equivalent



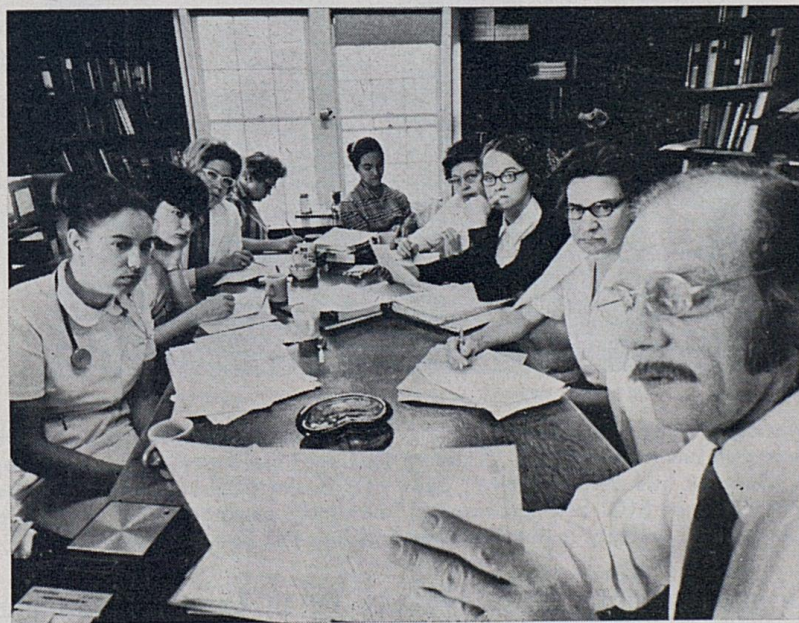
"You have to know how to communicate," Judy says. It took six months for me just to learn to speak the language of the people here." At left, she shows Betty Griffith how to take her new baby's temperature.

Michael Mauney—LIFE Magazine © Time Inc.

of the Peace Corps. When her term of service ended, she headed for Kentucky. What she found was an odd combination of rural isolation and academic excellence. Located in Hyden (population 800), 19 miles from the nearest public transportation, the school is part of a unique health-care system that includes a 16-bed hospital, six auxiliary clinics and a staff of 34.

To see whether a student can cope with the difficult conditions of life in the mountains, and to train her in a special degree of self-reliance, incoming nurse-midwife candidates—who have already finished their training as R.N.s—are first required to spend six months working in the FNS hospital. Then the 12-month midwifery course begins. Life quickly fills with the kind of pressures students will face as midwives. Lectures and study are interspersed with practical application in maternity wards, in prenatal and family planning clinics. Students are frequently routed out of bed in the middle of the night to watch doctors deliver complicated cases.

Classes are kept small in order to afford strong individual instruction. Only after she was some seven months into the



Michael Mauney—LIFE Magazine © Time Inc.

Above, midwifery classes hear a lecture on birth control devices from Dr. Rogers Beasley, FNS medical director. Occasionally, when one of their patients arrives in labor, students are called from class and make the 60-second dash to the maternity ward.

course and after observing 20 deliveries with instruction did Judy begin to make deliveries herself with a supervisor at her side. For fear of making a mistake the very first time, she got her supervisor out of bed and down to the delivery room eight hours early, even though, she confesses, "On your first delivery your biggest problem is to make it seem as though it's not your first." Judy had to master more than just the physical technique of bringing a baby into the world. She also had to understand and learn to cope with all the emotional anxieties of a woman faced with giving birth. This, she says, can be "a real art. Every patient is different and you have to find out what works to make her lose her own special fears."



Michael Mauney—LIFE Magazine © Time Inc.

After delivering a baby, Judy makes a home visit to check the progress of mother and child in their own environment. . . . Noticing that Beatrice Karen, 2, has been especially withdrawn since the new baby's arrival, Judy asks if she wouldn't like to hug her baby brother. For a fee of \$100 FNS provides a "maternity package" that includes prenatal care for the mother, delivery in the home or hospital and five home visits.

The satisfactions of midwifery lie in the personal contact. "In nurse's training, when I was doing my obstetrics work," Judy recalls, "it was so impersonal. We'd be working in a ward with maybe ten women in labor, trying to keep an eye on all of them.

When their time came, off they would go and someone else would deliver them. It was like a conveyor belt—you know, here comes another baby. But here we work on a one-to-one basis. We learn to assess a patient's needs and then to fulfill them. And this fulfills *my* needs."

"Nurse-midwives are equipped for many things. They can do much more than just deliver babies," says Medical Director Beasley. Last year FNS began giving its students additional instruction in childhood diseases, common adult ailments and geriatric problems. This program has attracted the attention of nursing schools across the country, as a means not only of making general health care more available but also of making modern medicine more personal.

Over the last ten years FNS has led a family planning program in its local county, which had one of the highest birth rates in the nation. The rate has dropped 50%, an accomplishment Beasley attributes to the close relationship that develops between midwives and their patients.

Because of the satisfactions of working with FNS's approach to patient care some students stay on after their training is completed, and Judy Friend is one of these. She wants to return to Canada eventually, but she worries about being unable to get a job there. "Midwifery isn't accepted in Canada," she says, "and it's a shame. The U. S. and Canada have infant mortality rates that are among the highest in all the developed countries. That's wrong. They both need midwives."

OUR MAIL BAG

From An Ex-Staff Member: I like what you are doing there!

From A Friend in North Carolina: Anyone who becomes acquainted with the activities of the Frontier Nursing Service cannot help but have admiration for what they are doing and a wish that more people were doing the same.

From A Former Medical Staff Member: Now that we have been gone for six months, and I've had time to adjust to the realities of the medical world outside the mountains, I'm more convinced than ever before that the Family Nurse program is a great program. I'm glad I had a small part in it, and I'm very glad it is growing.

From A Guest From the Public Health Service, Washington: Professionally, I was tremendously impressed with the dimensions and quality of the services you are providing for the people in Leslie County. In view of the elements with which you have to contend, it is amazing that the original high standards of care have been maintained.

From A Guest From North Carolina: I admire the commitment as well as the skilled nursing care provided by the nurses we visited. The Frontier Nursing Service has truly provided me with added insight and respect for the role that nursing has to play in the delivery of health services in rural areas.

From A Friend In Washington, D. C.: We both were very impressed with the great strides FNS has made since our last visit. It is especially gratifying that with all the progress that has been made and the entrance of the Federal Government on the scene, the special quality of FNS has not changed.

From A Former Nursing Staff Member: So many needed changes have been accomplished at FNS. We were thrilled to see such progress being made. The new school for the Family Nurse and Aunt Hattie's Barn are remarkable. We want to continue our support of such a fine and dear organization, even if it has to be in a small way for the time being.

AN INTERNATIONAL EVENING

by

LOUISE KNIGHT CLEMENT

Former Courier, summer of 1964, spring of 1966
Member, Washington Wellesley Club Experiment in Mutual Understanding

The dimensions of knowledge about the important work of the Frontier Nursing Service were expanded in a new direction on a recent Sunday this past January. In response to an invitation from the Wellesley Club of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, the FNS National Chairman, generously gave over the evening of January 9 in order to share with a special audience her knowledge of the FNS and of the people of Appalachia, and to show the award-winning motion picture about the FNS, *THE ROAD*. Gathered to hear Mrs. Patterson were a large number of foreign students who are studying in the Washington area and who form a unique group organized by the Washington Wellesley Club, designed to foster better mutual understanding between Americans and students from abroad studying in the United States. The students, who come from a wide variety of foreign countries, including Germany, Japan, Ghana, Sierra Leone, Nigeria, Spain, Mexico, South Vietnam, and the Philippines, gather one Sunday a month with the American members of the group at the home of one of the Wellesley alumnae to have dinner and to hear a special speaker discuss a selected aspect of American life. It seemed to all of us in the foreign student group that the chance for the students to be exposed to a view of Americans in Appalachia and of the efforts of the FNS would be an important contribution towards generating the type of mutual understanding we were seeking to create. We little realized how totally effective Mrs. Patterson's presentation would be in promoting our goal.

The impact of Mrs. Patterson's introductory remarks and of the motion picture itself was best dramatized by the questions posed by the students once the film was over. Many of them found it hard to realize that there existed in this country an area such as Appalachia; nor could they believe it was located no more than one day's drive from where we all were. No doubt the general impression of many of the students had

been that Americans as a whole carry on existences of relative material comfort, in reasonably good health, and in cities of one size or another. It was a major revelation for them to see and hear about a highly rural segment of America where for some families the most elementary needs of life still struggle to be satisfied. The significance of the FNS' presence in Appalachia was keenly felt by the students; they were perhaps most impressed with the fact that maternal deaths for the area under FNS care have been totally eliminated. The most touching demonstration of regard for the work of the FNS was contained in a Filipino girl's request to Mrs. Patterson—she wanted to know whether she could be of any help to the FNS as a volunteer worker over her two-week spring vacation. When told that the period was too short to be truly useful, she asked Mrs. Patterson how she could send some money to help the FNS with its important activities. An additional effect of Mrs. Patterson's informed and compassionate discussion of the dilemmas of Appalachia and of the FNS' involvement with those dilemmas was that the students from underdeveloped countries were given an entirely new and more favorable impression of American (and, of course, British) attitudes and motivations in dealing with the less privileged.

In retrospect the experience of the Wellesley Experiment in Mutual Understanding with Mrs. Patterson and with the story of the FNS she offered was highly significant from the perspective of the goals behind our foreign student group; we had been able to share another side of our country and of ourselves with individuals who had only recently become acquainted with us. But our FNS Sunday had yet another important result. The occasion represented one more example of the continuously expanding circle of people aware of the problems in Appalachia and magnificently impressed with the Frontier Nursing Service's response to those problems.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL



The National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, signs the contract for construction of the new hospital, witnessed by Mrs. Robert W. Estill, Chairman of the FNS Washington Committee.

We think it rather unlikely that there are many friends of the FNS who do not know that work began on the Frontier Nursing Clinical Training Center in late December, but, in case you haven't heard, CONSTRUCTION HAS BEGUN! And even if you already know, we are sure you won't mind hearing the good news all over again!

The construction contract was awarded to the Ernest Simpson Construction Company of Glasgow, Kentucky. It was an exciting day for all of us when the bulldozers moved in and started leveling the site and digging the foundations. We were pleased that the earth that had to be moved from the site could be put to good use. It is being used as fill for a much-needed parking lot for the City of Hyden and we hope our friends who live between the hospital site and the parking lot will excuse the mud which seems to be everywhere!

The weather has been relatively kind to us but there have still been days when the ground was too wet, or too frozen, for work to continue. However, we are glad to report that earthmoving is almost completed and it will soon be time for the forms and the steel that is accumulating on the site to be put to use. Within the past week, Mr. Wayne Johnson, the resident inspector from the firm of Watkins, Burrows & Associates, our architect, has moved to Hyden to oversee construction.

Undoubtedly our slogan for the coming months will be "upward and onward".

HARD TIMES FOR WOMEN

Fathers who nowadays are struggling to pay tuition and other college costs for daughters bent on acquiring Bachelors, Masters and perhaps Ph.D. degrees may reflect with nostalgia on those Colonial days when education for women was virtually taboo, save for the arts in cooking and sewing.

The clergy, taking their lead from St. Paul, pushed hard for the second class status of women. She was to wear modest raiment, to obey her husband's superior judgment . . . she was not to be seen nor heard very much.

Later history shows that these admonitions were sometimes disregarded by spirited females. Of all the cautions, the counsel to silence was perhaps the one most often broken, as this inscription on an ancient New England tombstone indicates:

Here lies as silent clay
Miss Arabella Young
Who on the 21st of May, 1771,
Began to hold her tongue.

—*The Colonial Crier*, Nov.-Dec. 1971
Colonial Hospital Supply Company
Chicago, Illinois

DOUBLE PRECAUTION

Boss: "Did you write 'Fragile—this side up' on the carton before shipping it out?"

New Clerk: "Yes, sir. And to make sure that everyone saw it, I marked it on both sides."

—*Modern Maturity*
December-January 1966-67

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
JUANETTA MORGAN

From Nancy Dammann, The Philippines—Christmas, 1971

I've just finished a field trip to the Sulu Archipelago in S. Philippines which reminded me of the FNS. We visited a Medical Missionary Hospital operated by nuns (two doctors and four nurses) on a small island called Bongao which can be reached only by a combination of boat and small plane. The hospital services, the sea gypsies and the doctors take week-long trips to neighboring islands where they live in village huts. It always makes me feel good to see work such as the Medical Missionaries or that of FNS.

. . . .

From Candace Dornblaser Steele, Palo Alto, California

—Christmas, 1971

Chuck continues to be absorbed in his work at Ampex, thoroughly enjoying it and its demands. He regularly bikes the thirteen mile round-trip to Ampex, and finds himself fidgety if he misses the exercise. Chuck's happiest times have been spent in his woodworking shop, concentrating on all sorts of projects from bowls and candlesticks to dog jumps to furniture finishing.

I am working less this year. I started on "relief", which means that I am called when needed; but, I can say "no"; and, for the first time in seven years, I'm having weekends and evenings at home with the family.

Danae is 13, and has had two big events this year. Vasal, the black labrador she raised for Guide Dogs for the Blind, graduated last spring and went to live with a young man. And this October she finished our family's golden retriever, Flicka, in her first AKC obedience title.

Heidi is 11½, and is busy with many interests and close friendships. Her biggest love is her Guide Dog puppy, a golden retriever. Her packrat spirit centers around her beautiful shell collection, which she has carefully labeled and organized by types for display.

Heather is 10, and reads voraciously, especially horse books;

dreams about having riding lessons, and avidly collects spoons. In 4-H she is working on macrame and weaving, and has started beginning cooking.

Last summer the girls and I went to Camp Unalayee, the girls as campers, and I as camp nurse. The girls all had good hiking fun.

.

From Theresa Nantz Walton, Paducah, Kentucky

—Christmas, 1971

Our new home is only about five blocks from our old one. We were not even in the market for one but when Dan found this was for sale, he jumped at the chance to buy it. The reason, a perfectly fantastic back yard that the former owner's wife put together, doing all the labor herself. The backyard is completely fenced with about a six foot high brick wall.

The kids are actively involved in everything that comes along. Our big plan for Christmas is a trip to Disney World for about five days. I am still working on my Master's. I've also been working with a professor at Murray on the development of a new social studies program for the Paducah city schools and other schools interested in purchasing it. In the process I've taught a few workshops which I enjoy.

.

From Selby Brown Ehrlich, Bedford, New York

—Christmas, 1971

Janet Brown called me most enthusiastically a few weeks ago about her stay with you. For the past three years I have been quite busy teaching at Rippowam School mornings plus the day to day activities of a house and four boys. Peter is now at Taft, Jamie at Harvey, Tim and John with me at Rippowam. They all play ice hockey which means five months of endless driving to games.

.

From Amy Stevens Putnam, Wayland, Massachusetts

—Christmas, 1971

We are amazed at our children; their size and stature. Their lives are increasingly their own, not just ours. In the fall Carol entered 7th grade at Beaver Country Day School in Chestnut

Hill. She loves it. Dick is in 5th grade, and Debbie in 4th at Meadowbrook, where Dale joins them in Kindergarten.

The children and I spent the summer at Sunapee with mostly weekend commuting for Bruce. We all plunged into swimming, tennis, and sailing over at the Yacht Club and on our beach—we also rode horseback a little, and climbed Mt. Kearsarge.

.
From Patrice Lihatsh, Etna, New Hampshire

—Christmas, 1971

I'm now working in a Day Care Center caring and cooking for children three to five years old. I was supposed mainly to work with the kids; but, what with limited funds, we can't afford a cook so I'm it. I serve at least 17 children and around 7 adults, snacks and lunch, five days a week. In a way it probably makes me enjoy the time I do spend with the children more than I would if I were with them the full eight hours. It's a nice place.

.
From Sabra Dunham, Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Christmas, 1971

I hope things are going well there. I think of you often and with many happy memories. I'm in my second year as a fifth grade teacher and I feel much happier with it—although I sometimes wish I were working with horses instead! Please give my best to everyone.

.
From Dede Trefts, Shaker Heights, Ohio—Christmas, 1971

Thank you so much for your letter! It's so great to get news from Wendover! I just got home from school on Friday. I really am enjoying it a lot. Thursday night, walking down Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge, I ran into Judy Scott! It was a surprise! She's at Northeastern Law School and is really busy, but enjoying it. I hope you have a wonderful Christmas. Give my love to everyone at Wendover.

.
From Rebecca S. Simons, of Lanham, Maryland

—Christmas, 1971

School is great! I'm right in the middle of finals. I have just finished Pediatric and Obstetrical Nursing and loved them both. Next semester I go into Medical Surgical Nursing.

From Jane Clark, Dover, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1971

Think of you so often as I speed through the mountains late for North or South. Wish I could stop. Perhaps I will one day.

.

From Janet Brown, Mt. Kisco, New York—January, 1972

We spent New Year's day birding, and guess what we saw—a snow goose!! At present am deep in *Wide Neighborhoods*, and lapping it up. Every chapter gets better and of course familiar names bring back memories of two of the shortest months in my life. The works of the FNS reach so far beyond its mountains—for to each of us it brings a new meaning to life and its mysteries. Thank you for the Bulletin. It will be read thoroughly and with intense interest.

.

We extend our loving sympathy to the family of **Mia McIlvaine Merle-Smith** who drowned November 9, 1971, when the yacht she and her husband, Van Santvoord Merle-Smith 3rd, were sailing to the Canary Islands, sank in a storm off the coast of Spain.

.

Bits of Courier News

Our congratulations to **Louise Ireland Humphrey** who was selected by the Women's City Club of Cleveland to receive the 1971 Margaret A. Ireland Award. The Margaret A. Ireland Award was established in 1963 to give public recognition to Cleveland area women who make outstanding contributions to the community. Mrs. Ireland, who was our FNS Cleveland Committee Chairman for many years, was a dedicated community leader of such stature that the Women's City Club elected to perpetuate her memory with this yearly award. It is significant that in this 10th anniversary year after her death, Mrs. Ireland's daughter, Louise, was the one selected, on her own merit, as worthy of this award.

Anne Kilham DeMaria and her husband, John, of Rockport, Maine, are busy transforming a former church into their new home. We understand the major operation by the DeMarias will include a graphic arts gallery on the first floor with separate

workshops for husband and wife, and a hall reaching to the very rafters of the roof. Surrounding the hall will be a library and dining area, kitchen and living room. The second and third floors will be bedrooms. The old steeple will include a small weather observatory.

Martha Rockwell of Putney, Vermont, was a participant in the women's five-kilometer cross country race at the Olympics in Sapparo, Japan.

Sarah Stiles is living in Boston and working for the Harvard School of Public Health.

.

Weddings

Miss Jean Woodruff and Mr. John Charles Metcalf on December 4, 1971, in Preston City, Connecticut.

Miss Carlotta Sinclair Creevey and Mr. Thomas Colin Corl on December 22, 1971, in Troy, New York.

We wish for them every happiness.

READERS' MOTORING TALES — 148

A professional man, on his way back to his Yorkshire market town, offered a lift to an old lady standing at a country bus stop; and it was readily accepted. On alighting, his passenger thanked him profusely. 'Don't mention it', protested the driver. 'You can trust me, sir,' the old lady assured him: 'I shan't say a word'.

—*Florence Hopper*

—*The Countryman*, Spring 1971, Edited by
Crispin Gill, Burford, Oxfordshire, England

HOG KILLING

by

ETHEL NOLAN

[*Editor's Note:* The author is one of our neighbors. She wrote this excellent description of hog killing in her childhood for a former FNS courier, Dottie Newman Chase. Mrs. Nolan has given us permission to print her article for our Bulletin readers.]

This is my memory of raising and killing and curing hogs almost thirty years ago.

My father always kept around twenty-five hogs, shoats and pigs. There was no stock law back then where we lived, so they ran loose or wild in the mountains. He would pick out eight to ten good-sized hogs and put them in pens to fatten to kill during the long winter months.

The wild hogs would come in about once a week for corn but they would eat their fill on acorns and beech mast. My father said a hog fattened on beech mast was the best tasting meat. I remember well when the hogs and pigs would come in for corn. There was a paling fence around the old house and out in front ran a creek and road. There was a big wide gate. My sister, brother and I would get up on the gate as high as we could, so the hogs couldn't reach us, and sit where we could watch them eat. We would get big ears of corn to throw them. While they were busy eating my father, older brother, brothers-in-law and Uncle Felix would catch the pigs to mark them. This I didn't like because the pigs would squeal so loudly. My father's mark was three slits or cuts in the right ear at the tip. This helped to tell his hogs from the neighbors. Each neighbor had a different mark so if the hogs strayed to the neighbor's feeding grounds, they would send word to come and get them. Everyone had plenty of hogs and, as far as I know, no one tried to steal the other man's hogs.

The hogs in the pen got fed warm dishwater mixed with table scraps (no bones) and plenty of corn. Two weeks before time for slaughtering they were fed only corn and clear water. Their last meal was plenty of clear water.

We just loved hog killing, as it was called, because the

neighbors gathered in, and always brought their children. We played games and had lots of fun.

My Uncle Felix usually killed the hog. He would hit it in the center of the forehead with a ten-pound sledge-hammer. No quicker than it fell my father would stab it on the left side, in the neck, so it would bleed good. This was necessary because the meat would have a lot of blood in it if this were not done.

The men would have a roaring fire under two big cast-iron kettles with water boiling, and they would have clean boards laid to provide drainage to put the hog on. Almost always they would tie the hog's hind leg and bring it close to this spot before killing it, so they wouldn't have such a long way to drag it.

After laying the hog head down on the planks, on one side, someone with a steady hand, usually my mother, would dip out the scalding water with a big-handled cooker and start pouring it slowly on one section of the hog. After two or three cookersful the hair would begin to slip and then she would move on to another part so the men could get in and start scraping. This had to be done while the skin was loose. If it got cold the hair wouldn't slip out. This same action was repeated until one side was clean; then the men would turn the hog over and continue on the other side.

During this time we children would stand back and watch, and some of the neighbor women would have the fire going in the cook stove, ready to start preparing dinner.

After the hog was scraped clean, the men would fix a stout stick, the ends sharpened like a giant pencil, and slip it through the skin above the hoofs, with the biggest leaders on the outside so the hog wouldn't fall, and then hang it up on a scaffold. Mama would get a clean tub to put under it. The men would cut off its head before hanging it, sometimes. They would have stout string ready. One man with a sharp knife and steady hand would start cutting. First they would cut around the rectum, tie it very—I mean *very*—tight and cut very carefully a long slit all the way down the breast into the fat. Then back up to cut deeper, this time while one man held the tied part. The hog would be about a foot off the ground. As the man cut skillfully downward, the intestines would come down and land

in the tub. While this was going on we would get a couple of old skillets and set them in the hot coals. We would get lean pieces of meat from the hog while it was still hanging there and put it in our skillets. I was always petted and Papa had to cut the piece I ate. As we were watching our meat fry, with one of the older ones taking care of it, the hog was cut up and carried into a side room where wooden tables were made to lay it on. Hams, shoulders and middlins lay there, fresh-cut side up. The meat would be warm and Papa would wait until next morning, after a cold night, before salting it down.

After the hog was killed the women would cook and fry meat, bake biscuits, cornbread and sometimes gingerbread, cook potatoes, bake sweet potatoes. We had plenty of milk, butter-milk and butter. Then all would eat—around thirty to forty people. As each family left Mama and Papa would give them a mess of fresh meat tied in a clean cloth. Everyone wasn't as hospitable as my parents were, and still are.

We would kill around ten hogs a winter and have meat to eat the year around. Sometimes we would kill two hogs the same day.

The old timers say that the best time to kill hogs is in the old moon and darkest nights. Then meat would fry flat in the skillet. If killed in the new moon, it would curl up.

This is still the way many people kill hogs. Some prefer not to hang them but, instead, to cut them up on the boards they were scraped on. Today, mostly, they are put into a deep freezer but there are some who still cure it the same way. It has been about four years since we killed a hog but this is the way we killed ours and cut it up. We boiled most of the fat down into lard and used the cracklins to put in corn bread when it is called cracklin bread.

Bill's mother fattens hogs to sell but she doesn't feed them corn—only table scraps and slops which is dishwater. Bill's father picks up garbage from a restaurant and motel close by.

Later I will tell you how we make molasses and grind corn into meal, if you like.

RANCHER WIFE IN THE WILDS

by
A. P. FARR

In the central interior of British Columbia lies the 8000-square-mile Chilcotin Plateau. It is a region of forest, lakes and open range extending at an elevation of some 3000 ft from the Fraser River to the Coast Mountains. The first white man to see it was the explorer Alexander MacKenzie in 1793.

This is magnificent country for fish and game. Paul St. Pierre, the Chilcotin MP, compares, not wholly in jest, a 6-in. long fish of eastern Canada with those found in his riding which also measure 6 in.—between the eyes.

Here is a glimpse of this exciting land, seen through the eyes of Mary, a war bride who left London to share the life of a rancher near Tatlayoko Lake—an Indian name meaning 'Rough Water'—on a 160-acre farm raising a hundred head of Herefords. Mary's story is in the form of selections from letters to a Bristol emigrant in Vancouver.

3 August 1958

We've had some hot weeks lately, close to 90 degrees, though I can still see some snow on the peaks from my kitchen window. Most summers we get frosts about once a month, usually when the moon is full, but this year everything is early. Haying is almost over, when normally we have hardly begun.

I arrived eleven years ago in midwinter and did the last twenty miles by horse team and sleigh. At beef time the ranchers drove their cattle to town on foot and it took seventeen days.

We lead a simple life, eat moose and deer meat, keep chickens, grow vegetables, have a cow for milk and do all our shopping by mail order. There is no electricity; our nearest store and telephone is 21 miles away and our nearest doctor is at Williams Lake, 180 miles east. We have three boys: Stephen, nine; Ross, six; and Glenn, 18 months. Our closest neighbours are 1½ miles down the Homathko River which runs right by our house.

25 October 1958

A week ago Jenny down the road had a frightening experi-

ence. Her husband was away, on a guiding trip. It was still, peaceful weather. Suddenly Jenny heard one of their pigs squealing frantically. She rushed over to the pen and a big black bear jumped at her. Jenny scrambled up the nearest tree. Luckily it was a sapling about four inches through and too slender for the bear to climb. She began to scream every name that came into her head and the bear kept slapping at the tree, causing it to sway wildly with her in the branches. She tried to climb higher and the branch broke beneath her foot and left her dangling above the bear. From time to time it left her alone and went back to eating the stomach out of the pig, which remained alive and squealing for over an hour. Every time Jenny tried screaming, the bear came back to the tree; so she decided to stay quiet. She had no coat on and after a couple of hours it began to get dark. The bear by this time was so full of pig that he was panting, and he covered up the remains with leaves, then lay down to sleep. Jenny crept down the tree and ran to the house. Next day she looked ill with shock and her legs were an awful mess of deep scratches and bruises from the tree. Several people have since tried to climb the tree she was in, but no one can . . .

30 December 1960

Ken has to go to Vancouver. I'm not looking forward to being alone at this time of year, and I always feel a wee bit panicky when I see the frost inside the house, and the kids' clothes frozen to the wall, and us still frantically stoking the fires to drive it out again. He plans to start building a new house this spring.

5 January 1962

My sister in England got married in October and from the list I sent her of possible presents she chose a wool comforter . . . It's taken me weeks—cutting the wool off a fleece, then washing, drying, teasing, carding and finally sewing it into cheesecloth. Now there's only the outer cover left to do.

1 October 1962

Ken has been getting very deaf this year and the doctor in Williams Lake sent him down to Shaughnessy Hospital. I can no longer mutter things under my breath to him, and he can't

hear birds and squirrels when he is out riding, or horse bells or deer in the woods.

We were building a root cellar when he had to leave. We got the cement poured for it, and he gave the kids a list of jobs to do towards it. I helped by shovelling earth over a 6-foot wall all day yesterday, and my muscles are protesting today . . .

29 December 1962

Ken can now hear again—thank heavens. The doctors did a complete cure.

The river froze over in a very unusual manner this year. It seemed to be covered with a sheet of clear glass, very frail, but upon examining it we found cracks and trapped leaves and twigs that indicated the ice was three to four inches thick. Yesterday we walked down the river on the ice and lay on it to watch little fish darting about in fear at the tribe of monsters staring at them.

16 January 1964

Last summer we camped beside the Atnarko River. We caught rainbow, Dolly Varden and coho, and then we saw huge spring salmon leaping right out of the water and sailing effortlessly over some rocks. They must have been three feet long and a foot thick. I hastily reeled in my lines in case I caught one. I'd either have to let him have the lot or go with him.

12 January 1965

On 22 December in sub-zero weather I got my crew assembled and we moved into the new house. I felt a traitor leaving the poor old house to freeze up all alone after sheltering us for eighteen winters!

30 March 1965

While I was down in Vancouver, I had a letter from Ken to say that Glenn had taken his toy pongun up in the pasture to look at the traps he had out for squirrels. In one of them was a skunk, and Glenn cocked his trusty musket and was about to give him what for, but the skunk shot first and Glenn came home to tell Ken he had been sprayed by a skunk. Ken said he used a 40-foot pole to get his clothing off, and I was nervous of finding the whole house still reeking, but he had managed to get rid of the smell. What became of the clothes I've never investigated.

29 January 1966

Christmas was a one-day affair for us, as Ken had to go out to look for our lost bulls on Boxing Day. With two to three feet of snow on the ground, he had waited till then, hoping for a thaw. The thaw came, but then it rained and a frost followed, making the snow so solid and crusty that we could walk on top of it. Stephen went with him, and they found the bulls in fairly strong condition, but it took them three days to get them home, and the bulls' legs were badly cut by the snow crust.

Ken now has the job of postmaster for the valley, but with the ranch keeping him so busy, I do most of the mail work.

29 May 1967

One cold January morning (a mail day) Ken touched a turning power-take-off shaft with a wet mitt, and it froze instantly to the metal. He came into the house and said, 'Mary, I've pulled my thumb off,' and he held up the evidence. There was a stump of bone left from the second joint, but the skin had torn off clean from the base of the thumb. I wanted to shut my eyes and tell myself I was in a dream. With the aid of two people who had come with mail, we got the pick-up truck ready and his hand bandaged. In fifteen minutes he was on the road for the doctor's and then I got through mail day with a sick lump in my stomach. The doctor had to saw off the stump of bone as there was no skin to wrap around it. It is all healed now, and although he misses it a great deal (it was the right one), he is managing most things very well.

11 January 1969

Last week it was really cold, down to 42 degrees below, and we had an endless battle to keep things thawed out, since we have gone all modern with the plumbing bit. When the pioneers just had frozen wild meat and dried foods and a water bucket, such extreme cold spells came and went with scarcely a ripple, but these days everything is thrown into chaos.

I see the south wind has begun to blow. The heavy snow on the trees will be shaking off soon and it will look less wintry.

.

Mary and her family have a little more of hardship and loneliness, of danger and excitement than their rural English

counterparts. But electric power is creeping west into the Chilcotin, bringing industry and tourists, towns and television. In a few years these pioneers will become plain farmers.

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1971/2, Edited by
Crispin Gill, Burford, Oxfordshire, England
Annual Subscription for American readers
\$5.00 checks on their own banks.
Published quarterly by *The Countryman*,
23-27 Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE ANNUAL MEETING

The FNS Annual Meeting will be held on Wednesday, May 24, 1972, at the Ramada Inn, I-64 and Hurstbourne Lane, Louisville, Kentucky, following luncheon at 12:30 p.m. Invitations will be in the mail at the end of April and we hope we will see you at the meeting.

Wife explaining February bills to mate: "The ghost of Christmas past!"

—*Modern Maturity*, Dec.-Jan., 1970

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF NURSE-MIDWIVES WORKSHOP

by

ELSIE MAIER, R.N., C.N.M.
Midwifery Co-ordinator, Frontier Nursing Service

Nurse-midwifery is beginning to make a definite impact in the United States and is proving that it has an important contribution to make in the provision of quality maternity care. The American College of Nurse-Midwives has recognized the need for guidelines for nurse-midwifery service programs, and asked its Clinical Practice Committee to convene a two and a half day workshop in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in December to formulate suggested guidelines for the establishment of a nurse-midwifery service.

Nineteen participants, representing the various types of nurse-midwifery service and education programs across the United States, and selected members of the Clinical Practice, Approval and Legislative Committees, met to pool their knowledge. We divided into several groups to discuss particular problems. These groups discussed (1) Defining the need for a service and establishing channels of communication; (2) Purpose, objectives and philosophy; (3) Structural organization, finances, budgets and salaries; (4) Standing order proposals; (5) Legislation; (6) Statistics. Every possible problem an individual might encounter in setting up a service was explored and possible solutions were suggested. In an amazingly short period we came up with a document to be edited by the Clinical Practice Committee before submission to the Executive Board of the American College of Nurse-Midwives for approval.

Personally, I was thrilled with the enthusiasm and dedication of the participants to the cause of promoting nurse-midwifery in this country. Each one was convinced that nurse-midwives can answer the crying need for total, quality maternity care which is sadly lacking in our purportedly affluent society. Our task now is to prepare a sufficient number of adequately trained nurse-midwives to meet the health manpower needs. Nurse-midwifery is "catching on" in these United States. Hallelujah!

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
EILEEN H. MORGAN

From Anne Cartmell Elder in Arlington, Massachusetts

—December, 1971

We are always glad to hear FNS news. The new program sounds really good.

Nancy, age sixteen, ended her junior year and spent the summer as second cook at Synod camp. Mark, fifteen, has been working as a volunteer in the Science Museum. Sue, thirteen, has devoted herself to her school, editing its newspaper, et cetera.

I am serving as Learning Disabilities Coordinator in neighboring Melrose. John is chairing the Field Education Committee of the Boston Theological Institute and directing the field education program of Harvard Divinity School.

. . . .

From Sally Den Bleyker Vink in Rehoboth, New Mexico

—December, 1971

I find I really miss Kentucky at times. I am head nurse in OB as well as practicing my midwifery. I also have prenatal classes every week and find it quite a challenge. I am very thankful for all the training I received at FNS. It has surely come in handy with three breech deliveries, two sets of twins, et cetera. I am happy doing this work.

Jay is busy in bacteriology and infection control.

. . . .

From Janet Priebe Mirtschin in Gatton, Queensland,

Australia—December, 1971

We did accomplish the main task while in Toledo. Lawrence finished his air conditioning course and got three months' experience working in it. Then he took another electrical job that saw us out until we left Toledo September 25. I also got some nursing experience working two nights a week for three months in the delivery room of Flower Hospital.

From Toledo we travelled north through Michigan through the Upper Peninsula to Wisconsin. From there we headed toward

Canada via Duluth. We left for London October 18 and spent eight enjoyable days in England. We made a circle, first north-east of London beyond Ipswich, then back to Cambridge, Oxford and over to the beautiful mountains of Wales, then south to the coast and across to Bath, Stonehenge, Windsor and London. We flew to Amsterdam October 27, rented another car and toured Europe as we pleased. From Rome we flew the last stretch to Australia with one stopover in Hong Kong. We arrived in Brisbane November 11.

Peter and Andrew held out well but now whenever we get in the car, Peter wants to go "straight home" as soon as possible! Home is still with Lawrence's parents as we still don't know where we will settle. The boys run around in shorts and bare feet and love it.

. . . .

From Rachel Schildroth in Richmond, Virginia—December, 1971

Six months have literally flown by since my return to the U. S. in May. I came to Richmond in September where I am enrolled in the evening college of Virginia Commonwealth University. I am carrying ten hours and expect to carry a full load in day school next semester. I am taking courses needed for a Bachelor of Science degree in nursing. Many of the credits I earned previously are unacceptable as more than ten years have elapsed since I received them. Thus it seems wise to complete the required work and receive the degree at this time.

Elizabeth Jones, the short-term missionary teacher in Liberia with whom I traveled home, is my house mate. She is teaching at a Christian Day School here in Richmond and hopes to take nurses' training in anticipation of returning to Liberia.

. . . .

From Trudy Belding Corum in Cincinnati, Ohio—Christmas, 1971

Marky has two little boys. Les is in school at Colorado State studying Wild Life Conservation. Luann is in her third year of teaching educable mentally retarded. Trudy is a junior in high school. Jim is still with Procter and Gamble and I work two days a week in OB, just enough to keep me out of mischief.

I hope to get down to see FNS before too many months. My OB supervisor would like to come along.

**From Dr. and Mrs. Howard M. Freas in West Orange,
New Jersey—Christmas, 1971**

In August we enjoyed a week at Lake Chatauqua where we had one more visit with Dana and Mabel Albaugh. The highlight of the summer followed at our Missions Conference at Green Lake, Wisconsin, where three of our Congolese friends, studying in this country for their Ph.D.'s, thrilled us as they conducted the course on "The New Generation in Africa".

During the year we have enjoyed visits of Congolese and missionary friends. Among the former were Mr. Philibert Luyeye, working with the AID program of the U. S. in Kinshasa, and Dr. Bangudi, a resident in Internal Medicine, and his family who live near us.

It must be thrilling to see the new hospital going up!

**From Dolores Hall in Fenschhafen, Papua, New Guinea
—Christmas, 1971**

I arrived here on the fifth of November after a good flight and two interesting and relaxing days in Sydney.

After I left Hyden in September, and after my younger brother's wedding September 25, Valda Raine and I spent three weeks touring western Canada. We covered much territory and saw several friends and relatives. The last two weeks I spent at home were busy. I left Winnipeg on the first of November.

I am stationed at a TB hospital, 500 beds, but only 200 in patients and a large general outpatient clinic each day. I am to be secretary until our new secretary arrives in early February; then comes the task of taking over as head nurse.

Valda is working at Fort Churchill, Manitoba. She is head nurse of the 8-bed OB ward.

From Delphine Jewell in Tulsa, Oklahoma—Christmas, 1971

The biggest event of my year has been teaching the first nursing courses at the University of Tulsa School of Nursing and moving into the new nursing building.

My summer consisted of putting many miles on my car. I made my annual trip to Lincoln, Nebraska to check on my three grand-nephews. They are the light of my life.

The last of June was spent at a workshop in Cincinnati and visiting friends at FNS. It was interesting to see the many changes that have occurred since I was there fourteen years ago.

I have plenty of room and beds for guests galore, so please stop by if you are ever in the territory.

.

From Peggy Kemner in Walker, Kentucky—Christmas, 1971

Irma has taken a course in accounting at Union College.

Lend-A-Hand has added a social worker to its program. Mary Derstein from Pennsylvania took on this job.

Our trees are prize winners. Lend-A-Hand got honorable mention in the Courier-Journal Tom Wallace Farm Forestry program. We also became recognized as a National Tree Farm.

The home health vehicle, an International Travelall, gave way to "Hilarious Harriet Ann", a blue 1971 Chevrolet Carryall. Rusty Rambler, the International truck, literally fell to pieces and was replaced by a 1971 4-wheel-drive Jeep truck.

.

From Bea Kornmann in Baltimore, Maryland—Christmas, 1971

I am still the busy hospital nurse-midwife and love my work. Our Jeffrey Roger is growing "like a weed."

I love the account of FNS in the *Life* magazine. It served to make me homesick for Kentucky. Remember me to all.

.

**From Mrs. Marion ("Tommy") Nighman in Anchorage,
Alaska—Christmas, 1971**

Much of my time is spent in the villages. My job is regional public health supervisor for a large area of western Alaska comprised of about forty villages plus the city of Bethel, the metropolis of western Alaska with a population of about 2,000 Eskimos and a few Caucasians. Public health is provided in these villages by five itinerant public health nurses plus two nurses assigned to Bethel city.

Each nurse is responsible for from six to ten villages and gets into each village about every second or third month. All of the nurses except the two in Bethel are stationed in Anchorage and travel out with their gear, spending from three to seven days

in each village. Travel is by scheduled flight from Anchorage to Bethel, about four hundred and fifty miles, then from there to the villages, which are from twenty to two hundred miles further. We travel by mail plane, bush plane, river boat or sno-gos, which are rapidly replacing the dog teams. Schedules are very unpredictable depending upon many factors, the most important being weather. The nurses do a little of everything when in the villages, take care of emergencies, follow up on TB and chronic disease, prenatal checks, well-child clinics, immunizations, vision and audiometric testing, health teaching.

Each village has a Health Aide, a native villager, who has had a few weeks of training by USPHS and takes care of health in the village. She has daily radio contact with the forty-three bed USPHS hospital in Bethel to which she reports emergencies. Actually, health care in these remote villages is pretty good.

The brief summers are nice, never too warm, all kinds of wild berries to pick, huge blueberries, raspberries, salmon berries, low and high bush cranberries. Wild flowers grow like crazy, huge dandelions on stems a foot and a half long, magnificent skunk cabbages with blazing yellow blossoms, whole fields of brilliant fireweed, king-size purple violets, and on and on. The fall is especially beautiful with clear, crisp air and magnificent foliage, all shades of greens, gorgeous golds and yellows of birches, brilliant reds of dwarf willows, and the many colors of the tundra.

Mekoryuk is the only village on Nunavak Island, out in the Bering Sea. Nunavak is interesting because it is the only place where musk ox live. Some have been captured and are at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks where they are being raised. Experiments are being carried on to learn how to use the fur, called Quiviut, to make wool. The few items such as scarves and sweaters that have been made are beautiful. Another interesting thing about Nunavak is the reindeer herds. Some years ago reindeer were imported from Lapland along with quite a few Lapp families to care for them. This is a project to help the natives learn how to raise and slaughter reindeer as a means of becoming self supporting. Reindeer meat is very good, tastes much like beef.

I happened to be in Mekoryuk during the annual slaughter-

ing period. I was invited to participate in herding the reindeer. It was a lot of hard work, but I enjoyed it immensely.

I will leave here on December 16 to spend two weeks in Los Angeles and another two weeks in Hawaii.

. . . .

From Sue Kennedy Pennington in Lexington, Kentucky

—Christmas, 1971

Teresa is now eight months old and is crawling and standing up alone. She is already getting into things, so I am "child proofing" the house. She has no teeth yet but has been very fussy lately, so any day now, one will pop through.

Jerry passed his X-Ray boards as did his three other classmates, all above the national passing average. He is really enjoying his work at the new Marymount Hospital.

I am a mommy-housewife at present which is really a change after working nearly four years.

. . . .

From Barbara Carpenter Richardson in Golden, Colorado

—Christmas, 1971

It surely is nice to have stayed in one place for 3¼ years, a new record for us. Ed is awfully fond of skiing in the Rockies, but he may move us back East or to Canada before 1972 is over.

The *National Geographic* had a beautiful article about your part of the country a couple of months ago.

I received my masters in maternal-child nursing last year and had a friend who was ready to head for the FNS where we would get our midwifery, but that was more than I could handle with four kids at home. I am doing public health nursing again, after 20 years, and love it. It is the place to be.

We still have many thoughts of you down in the mountains there and it is always good to get news of anything you are doing. Every so often I run into somebody in Denver who has been there. I recently worked with a PHN who worked in Hazard and knew of the FNS.

. . . .

From Mary Simmers in Arlington, Massachusetts—

—Christmas, 1971

Having worked part-time at our local Symmes Hospital

while attending college, I accepted a full-time position in supervisory work in January, 1970. My new job covers several positions really, but my hours are mostly 7:30 to 4:00 with some evening meetings and/or lectures. I am trying to develop an ongoing in-service education program, as well as help with nursing administrative work plus function as a day nursing supervisor. The latter involves working every other week end with days off during the week. A typical week covers anything from making the time schedule, arranging help on wards, attending all sorts of meetings, helping teach or starting IV's, dealing with salesmen and organizing in-service classes, to dealing with the medical-legal problems that come up such as with DOA's or accident cases.

Vacation Bible School last June was quite a challenge. I was co-director and we spent many long hours in planning and organizing for months before June. We averaged from ninety to one hundred in daily attendance and held it for one week. The kids love it and their parents turn out well even on a hot night for closing exercises to see them perform a little and to view their crafts.

This year for a Christmas project our church made crafts and wrapped gifts for one hundred and forty people in four nursing homes near us. We delivered them personally to each individual in the homes and sang carols. They were very appreciative and we enjoyed doing it.

My brother and his family now live in Lincoln Park, New Jersey. They have three children, Dickie, age seven, Sabrina, age four and one-half, and Pamela, one and one-half. Dad and I spent five days in November taking care of them while Dick and Renate went to Puerto Rico on a trip Dick won for high salesmanship for Sony, the company for which he works. They will all be with us for Christmas and I have the whole week end off.

. . . .

From Georgia Hibbard Stanley in Maceo, Kentucky

—Christmas, 1971

Bob and I enjoyed finishing the school year at Cloverport. As soon as school was out, I flew to California to visit my parents and we had a delightful time together.

Bobby flew to Oregon this summer to spend two weeks on a dude ranch and to visit all his Oregon, Idaho and California relatives. He came back really excited and hoping to return next summer for the entire vacation.

At conference time we moved to Maceo, Kentucky, a very small friendly village nine miles up the Ohio River from Owensboro. We have two lovely rural churches about seven miles apart.

We had the fun of having Eddie Dean, Larry's two and one-half year-old son, with us for two weeks while his mommie went to the hospital for a little sister, Angela Sue. We enjoy being "grandparents" very much.

Robert Lee is still working in Springfield, Ohio where they are buying a new home. They have one little girl, Tina Maxine. We enjoy visiting them every chance we get.

Neither Bob nor I are teaching full time this year, but he substitutes part time. Though many of my friends predicted I would be bored, I find I have never a dull moment.

. . . .

From Sue Warner in Fairplay, Colorado—Christmas, 1971

I think of you all often. The people of Fairplay are getting mighty tired of hearing about FNS.

My job is going well and it is good to be home. I have been having a love affair with Colorado all over again. The skiing is fine but I'm not too keen for driving my car in ice and snow. Oh, for my lovely old Grant jeep!

I will be thinking about you on Christmas while enjoying the day with my family.

. . . .

From Mrs. Henry Waters, Marshfield, Wisconsin

—Christmas, 1971

Henry and I are well and keeping busy, he with a four day a week (afternoons) office schedule and a five day a week (mornings) hospital schedule, with surgery and rounds taking up the morning. He is supposed to be semi-retired but works from 7:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. four days a week and 7:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. on the fifth day, but is thriving on this schedule. I am still working at the library. In between there are church activities, bowling,

hunting and golf (for Henry), and a class for each of us one evening a week at the Adult Educational School.

Bill graduated from Tulane Medical School, New Orleans, in 1969 and moved on to the San Francisco Bay area where he took an internship and then started a three-year residency in OB-Gyn. He has one and one-half more years to go. He and Laana have two small boys, Morgan and Adam, and life is busy for them.

George is practicing medicine in the city of San Francisco where he took his internship. Anna, George's daughter, is growing nicely and is four years old.

Mary-Alice is still in New York City working full time and editing a paper which comes out weekly. She gets around the country as well as to Europe quite a bit and made it home this summer for a few days.

.

From Eve Chetwynd in Mornington, Victoria, Australia

—January, 1972

The "meccano" hip is doing very well and standing up to full-time work. Tying my shoelaces and drying my toes are still something of a gymnastic effort but my right foot is gradually getting closer.

I have been in Australia for several weeks. I am working in a thirty-seven-bed private hospital, not my idea of bush nursing, but we hope for something more rural in April.

The Bush Nursing Association has some nursing centres rather like FNS. I had hoped I might get a chance to relieve, but was told they had permanent local relief.

It did not cost as much as we expected to get the car into the country, so, before we started work and before it got too hot, we went up to the Great Barrier reef and joined a five-day cruise in an ex-naval patrol boat. It was a fabulous trip and well worth it. We were back in Sydney for Christmas. It is a lovely city and we did quite a lot of sightseeing. We were lent a house in one of the northern suburbs and had a wonderful view over the harbour. We also had a good view of the start of the Sydney/Hobart yacht race from the military camp at the end of our road.

We plan to stay in Australia until about October, so as to see the wild flowers in the West. We hope to go to Japan for a short holiday. I plan to go home next year.

From Helen Farrington in Seattle, Washington—January, 1972

It has been very good for me to return to school, the stimulation and change I needed. I have been taking a variety of courses in anthropology, nursing and urban planning. This is a large school and has many opportunities for study and other kinds of activities. I have kept my hand in nursing by volunteering for a few hours a week at a nursing clinic on Skid Road. It is good to be involved in direct care.

No doubt you remember Mildred Disbrow, who is now on the faculty here. She is a nurse sociologist and really very good at her work. I have studied under her and am now taking a class from her. We talk FNS occasionally and really had fun reminiscing when the article came out in *Life* magazine. Also, Linda Andrews, one of the University of Vermont students who spent a summer at FNS, is out here and I see her occasionally.

You might be interested to know that this school is developing a nurse practitioner program similar to yours, with nurses as the primary contact and screeners for health care. I hope that we will see a midwifery program start here sometime soon. It is the trend today.

My regards to all who know me.

. . . .

From Christine Morgan in Shibuya-Ku, Tokyo, Japan

—January, 1972

Happy New Year from the "Land of the Rising Sun"! The highlight of my Holiday Season was a very wonderful gift from one of my Bible classes. Arrangements were made for me to call home free of charge. It seemed as if I were in the next state rather than the other side of the world.

Most of my Holidays were spent out of Tokyo in Kyoto, the old capital, and in Fukuoka on the island of Kyushu, visiting fellow journeymen. We were in a small town called Hagi, which is located on the Japan Sea. Our hotel overlooked the beautiful, clear bay.

The Japan Baptist Mission, under the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, has about one hundred and fifty missionaries scattered throughout Japan involved in various fields, doctors, teachers, nurses, evangelists, youth workers and

pastors. My work in the Mission office involves taking care of the English correspondence along with numerous other duties. There are seven Japanese employees in the office, only two of whom speak English, so the language barrier is ever present. In addition to office work, I work at the student center at night teaching an English conversation class and a Bible class to university students. On Sundays I teach two English Bible classes in Japanese churches. I find this work very rewarding.

Give my regards to all at Wendover.

.
From Mrs. Grace A. Terrill ("Pixie") in Louisville, Kentucky

—January, 1972

Kim was married to James C. Baldwin at Duncan Memorial Chapel, Crestwood, on January 1. James is a student at George Washington University in Washington, D. C. The reception was held at the Holley home and the honeymooners are in Paris, France until the end of this week. They will go to London for a week before returning to the States. My brother, Bob, (my preacher brother) married them. He married Nancy and Bill over twenty-four years ago. Kim wore her mother's wedding gown. We all love James and Kim has acquired two lovely sisters. Both his sisters and parents were here for the wedding. Marc was an usher.

We had a nice Christmas. My sister from South Carolina was here. If my brother from Denver could have come, all seven of us would have been together.

.
From Mary Jo Clark in Princeton, New Jersey—February, 1972

On the first of February I changed hats from institutional research at Dowling College to a position as research psychologist with the higher education research group at Educational Testing Service here in Princeton. As you probably know, Educational Testing Service is known primarily as the development and administration agency for tests such as the College Boards and Graduate Record Examinations.

My apartment in Princeton, located after considerable search and numerous discouraging predictions about the shortage of apartments, is small but centrally located within walking dis-

tance of both the University and the main shopping/activity area of town. So far, Princeton is great—warm and friendly people, good shops and activities, pretty countryside.

.

From an old staff member—Fall, 1971

If "The Appalachia" motel in Leslie County is finished and ready for occupancy, please ask the manager to send me a list of rates, et cetera. I should think there would be no trouble keeping it filled once people learn about it.

.

Wedding

Susan Stefanie Stanley and Mr. Wallace Earl Noonan on November 26, 1971 in Fort Lee, New Jersey.

Our heartiest wishes go to this young couple for a long and happy life together.

.

Baby

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lehman (**Lois Garber**) of Bethel, Alaska, a daughter, Angela Grace, on December 22, 1971, weight 7 pounds, 14½ ounces.

Congratulations to the proud parents.

.

Newsy Bits

Harriet Reardon has graduated from the University of Louisville and is teaching in Louisville.

Jane Pierson received a special award from the Berea Chamber of Commerce on December 14, 1971.

Margaret Oracko Novotny has been appointed city health commissioner for Mingo Junction, Ohio.

.

We extend our deepest sympathy to **Mary Simmers** whose mother died in January of this year, and to **Joyce Stephens**, who lost both her parents in 1971.

FAMILY NURSE PROGRAM

On February 1, 1972, we had a total of twenty-three students enrolled in the Frontier School of Midwifery and Family Nursing, our limit, as far as numbers are concerned, until such time as the new hospital is built and we have more space available. Of these twenty-three students, nine were entering the first trimester, seven were entering basic midwifery, five were entering advanced midwifery, and two were starting an experimental trimester in advanced district nursing. Eight of these students have accepted an FNS scholarship and will remain on the staff following graduation.

For many years we have had more applicants than we could accept in our educational program in midwifery. Now that the demand in this country for nurse-midwives and nurses who are prepared to expand their role in the delivery of health services far exceeds the supply, we have an even longer waiting list. Fifteen registered nurses already on our staff now have applied to enter the educational program and we have some three dozen applications pending. This is gratifying, but it does lead to a considerable delay in accepting qualified students in our School. It also means that nurses are willing to meet the challenge of preparing themselves to give primary health care and this is encouraging.

In December 1971, Gertrude Isaacs was pleased to receive a letter informing her that a Special Review Committee of the Health Services Manpower Branch, Special Research and Development Projects Division of the United States Public Health Service had approved her project application entitled "Primex—Family Nurse Training Program in Rural Areas". Trudy had applied for funds for a four-year project designed to evaluate a training and service program in Family Nursing in an isolated rural area. The evaluation will be conducted by the FNS in cooperation with the University of Kentucky. This study will involve the whole FNS staff as we are all involved, in one way or another, in the care of families in our area. In February, Dr. Rogers Beasley and Trudy Isaacs were in Washington to discuss the implementation of the project and at the end of this

month we expect to have a meeting between the FNS, the University of Kentucky, and staff members from the Special R and D Projects Division from Washington. While Dr. Beasley and Trudy were in Washington they visited several government agencies who are interested in health manpower and in nursing education.

We feel that it will be a help to have an expert evaluation of our system of delivery of primary health care—a system which was begun in 1925.

LESTER CITY

The FNS recently received parcels addressed to Lester City, Kentucky 41775. It looks as though Betty Lester's fame is spreading!

LEAST SAID

Speech-making has always been a nightmare to me, and the first time I was asked to open a village fete I had sleepless nights. The ordeal over, I turned with relief to a friend near by and asked, 'Did that sound awful?' She looked at me without speaking for nearly a minute, then replied, 'Do you know, I really don't know what you did say'—an admission which has been a comfort to me ever since.—*Edith H. Wilson, Wilts*

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1971/2, Edited by
Crispin Gill, Burford, Oxfordshire, England

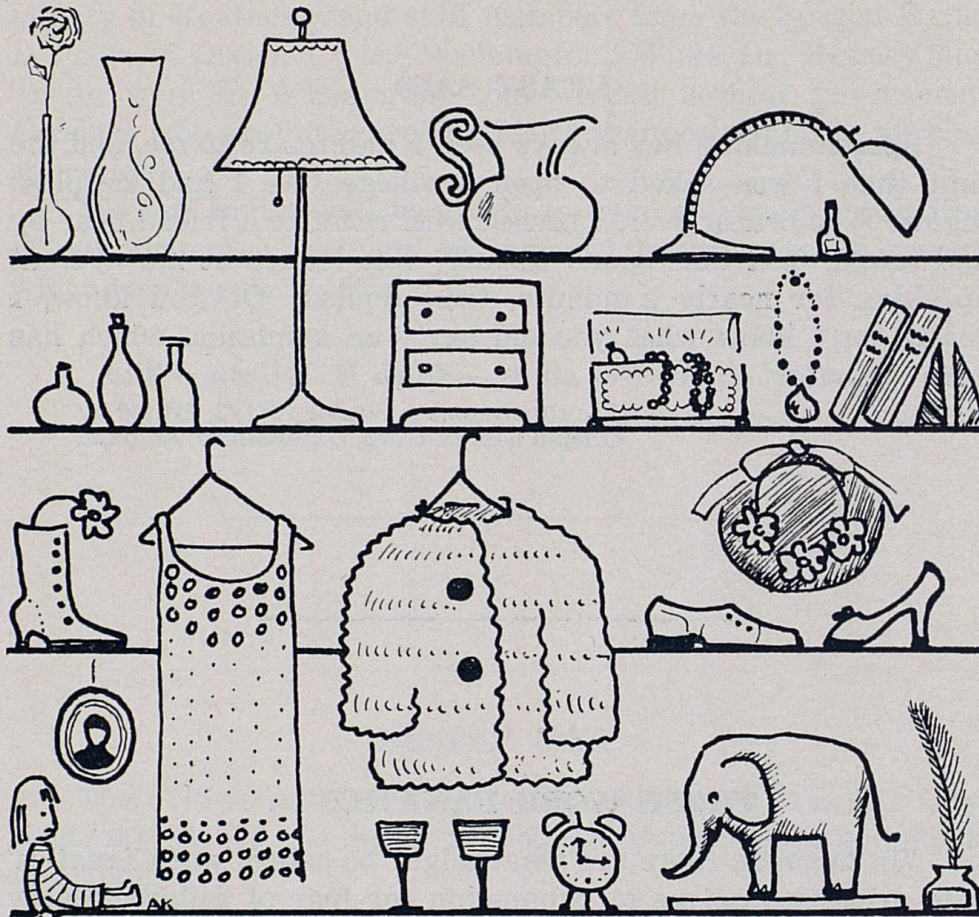
THOSE WORK FANATICS . . .

"In business there are what might be called 'work fanatics' who drive themselves to exhaustion for fear of failure. Every time they look over their shoulders the ghost of failure is there. They work early and late for fear somebody will think they are loafing.

"They could do more and do it better if they would simmer down and relax now and then. The work fanatics are forever in need of mending and repair." *Harold Blake Walker in the "Chicago Tribune"*.

—*The Colonial Crier*, Sept.-Oct. 1971

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE**
1579 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10028

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the 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, New York 10028

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The lead article in this issue of Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin is reprinted from the November 19, 1971, issue of LIFE Magazine and we are grateful to Time Inc. for permission to use the article and some of Michael Mauney's beautiful pictures. The article was written by Irene Neves who spent some time in Leslie County with Mike Mauney in the spring of last year.

.

We are pleased to announce that the Frontier Nursing Service has been approved for the assignment of a physician by the National Health Service Corps. We have not yet been notified when we may expect the physician to arrive in Leslie County but it may be several months. The National Health Service Corps physician will be assigned to the clinical field to help our staff physicians who have spent an increasing amount of time with the educational program during the past two years.

.

Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley, Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, has been notified that the Board of Trustees of the University of Kentucky have approved his appointment as an Assistant Clinical Professor on the faculty of the Department of Community Medicine at the University College of Medicine.

.

On February 11, Dr. Rogers Beasley, Gertrude Isaacs and Elsie Maier attend a meeting at the University of Kentucky Medical Center with the Deans of Medicine, Allied Health and Nursing, the Chairmen of the Departments of Obstetrics and Pediatrics, the Administrator of St. Joseph Hospital and an obstetrician from the Fayette County Medical Society to explore the development of a nurse-midwifery service within the University of Kentucky. The loss of obstetricians in the Lexington area was discussed and the need for a nurse-midwifery service was demonstrated. The hope was expressed that this could be

developed within the Department of Nursing with the participation of the Department of Obstetrics. It was the concensus that Dr. Marion McKenna, Dean of the Department of Nursing, would assemble the advisory committee for the development of a nurse-midwifery service.

. . . .

Several of the couriers who were with us this fall stayed on into the winter and one, Holly Cheever, has changed hats and is now a nurses aide on Hyden District. Kathy Vignos left before Christmas and Jan Brown and Sarah Stiles went home in time for New Year's. Holly Hauserman and Joan Mamelok both returned to Kentucky during their Christmas vacations. Missie Morris of Melrose, New York, spent the month of January with us and Ann Carrithers of Gates Mills, Ohio, Sara Pennock of Wakefield, Rhode Island, and Betsy Robertson of Ann Arbor, Michigan, will be in Kentucky until spring.

We are pleased to introduce to our readers Douglas Carroll III of Brooklandville, Maryland, our first male courier in many a year. Doug asked us to keep him busy and, as a result, the number of projects in which he has been involved in the past three months goes from killing hogs for an elderly couple to physical therapy aide for some of our homebound patients. We might add that Douglas has done a good job of holding his own in what is essentially a female society at Wendover!

. . . .

The nurse-midwives at Hyden were grateful for the help given them during the month of January by Suzanne Farrell of Durham, North Carolina, a senior nursing student from Lenoir Rhyne College.

. . . .

We had a brief glimpse of Agnes Lewis in February when she came up to relieve for Juanetta Morgan who took a week's holiday. Agnes couldn't stay very long this time as she is planning a trip to France and England in the spring to visit friends and her nephew and his family. All the ex-staff in England are clamoring to entertain her and we know she will have a marvelous time.

Frontier Nursing Service staff at Hyden, Wendover and the outpost centers are serving as preceptors for ten students who took the medical secretary course given at the Leslie County Vocational School under the auspices of the Eastern Kentucky Concentrated Work Experience Program. The students had eight weeks of classroom work and now are spending eight weeks of supervised work experience.

.

Another step in the improvement of the educational facilities in Leslie County was taken this fall with the completion of the Leslie County Vocational School which was dedicated on December 17, 1971. Wendover was pleased to entertain Dr. Lyman Ginger, Superintendent of Public Instruction and his Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Samuel Alexander, when Mr. Hayes Lewis, the Superintendent of Leslie County Schools, brought them out for tea after the dedication ceremonies.

.

If we could use only one word to describe the nursing staff of the FNS today it would have to be "fluid"! Nurses come to gain experience in Hyden Hospital before entering the School or being assigned to district, nurses enter the educational program, nurses completing Family Nursing or Midwifery, or both, rejoin our staff or leave to accept positions in other areas—someone is always moving. And sometimes, "old" nurses come back to Kentucky. Phyllis Long, who has been teaching midwifery at the Public Health College in Gondar, Ethiopia, since she left Kentucky in 1966, has returned as a clinical instructor in midwifery and is also helping Trudy Isaacs design a program for Doris Gibson and Judy Floyd who completed Family Nursing III and Family Nursing II, respectively, and have become the two students in the experimental class in Family Nursing IV. Sue Miller, who also spent some time overseas after she left the FNS in 1968, has returned for an assignment at the Beech Fork Center. Irene Swartzentruber, who completed the midwifery course in January, has been assigned to Beech Fork. Two nurses who recently completed the first trimester of FN, Rachel Clough and Julia Walker, accepted temporary assignments on the staff.

.

Mary Jo Brady, Cocoa, Florida, Elizabeth Grob, New Or-

leans, Louisiana, Susan Hull, Stratford, Connecticut, Liza Norris, Ansonia, Ohio, Gertrude Anne Morgan, Kansas City, Kansas, Sarah Quinn, Arlington, Massachusetts, and Sally Kimberly, Toledo, Ohio, have joined the staff during the winter months. We welcome them to the FNS and wish the girls who have gone on to other endeavors the best of luck. Our best wishes also go with Evelyn Pace who has left the clerical staff at Hyden Hospital for graduate education in the field of social work. "E.P." has worked with the FNS at intervals since she graduated from high school so we are counting on her turning up again when she is a full-fledged social worker.

.

Our congratulations go to the four nurse-midwives who recently graduated from the Frontier School of Midwifery and Family Nursing for the good grades they made on the National Certification Examination given by the American College of Nurse-Midwives.

.

Among our guests this winter were four nurse-midwives from other midwifery programs in the United States and it gave us much pleasure to show them the Frontier Nursing Service, hear about their programs and exchange thoughts and ideas about midwifery in this country today. Miss Mary Helen Carroll of the District of Columbia Department of Human Resources and Miss Laurette M. Beck of the State University of New York program at Kings County Hospital, spent a night with us in December. Miss Carmela Cavero, President of the American College of Nurse-Midwives and Director of the Nurse-Midwifery program at the Community Hospital of Springfield and Clark County, in Springfield, Ohio, paid a quick visit to the FNS with two of our graduates, Tammy Cyr and Jan Austin, in early January. Miss Joyce Cameron, Director of the Nurse-Midwifery program at the University of Utah and Chairman of the ACN-M Testing Committee, came to Kentucky in late January to give the National Certification Examination. Another most welcome professional guest this winter was Dr. Marion McKenna who has recently been appointed Dean of the College of Nursing at the University of Kentucky.

The Kentucky mountains, with unpredictable weather, are

not to be approached lightly during the winter months, but a number of health professionals and families and friends of staff members have been to see us this winter. Barbara Kinzie, Judith Floyd and Linda Roe all had visits from their parents over Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carrithers and Mr. and Mrs. Robert White of Gates Mills, Ohio, brought Ann Carrithers to Wendover at the beginning of her courier term. Dr. Douglas Carroll, Jr. came down to see what his son, Doug, was up to in Leslie County. As always, we have enjoyed seeing something of Mrs. Marjorie Cundle while she was in Kentucky to visit her daughter Anne. During February, Norman Koser came from Seattle to spend a week with his sister, Sharon.

.

The groundhog did **not** see his shadow at Wendover this year so we hope that the Jeremiahs who are predicting bad weather in the late winter are wrong and that it won't be long until spring comes again.

Devonshire woman of a neighbour who was always looking forward to trouble: 'Oh, she always falls before she's pushed'.

—*The Countryman*, Summer 1971, Edited by
Crispin Gill, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Chairman

Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Chairmen

Miss Kate Ireland, Wendover, Ky.
Mr. Henry R. Heyburn, Louisville, Ky.

Treasurer

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Security Trust Bldg., Lexington, Ky.

Assistant Treasurer

Mr. Homer L. Drew, Security Trust Bldg., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Brooke Alexander, New York
Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mr. W. F. Brashear, Hyden, Ky.
Mr. Charles S. Cheston, Jr., Millis, Mass.
Mrs. Morris Cheston, Ambler, Pa.
Mrs. Richard Higgins, Boston, Mass.
Dr. James B. Holloway, Jr., Lexington, Ky.
Mr. John H. Kerr, Jr., Lexington, Ky.Mrs. J. Gibson McIlvain II, Devon, Pa.
Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Eddie J. Moore, Hyden, Ky.
Miss Jane Leigh Powell, Glen Cove, New York
Mrs. Alfred R. Shands III, Louisville, Ky.
Mr. W. Roy Sizemore, Hyden, Ky.
Dr. Willis D. Weatherford, Jr., Berea, Ky.
Mrs. Floyd H. Wright, Lexington, Ky.

Members Emeritus

Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Roger Kemper Rogan, Glendale, Ohio

AUDITORS

Potter, Hisle, Sugg & Nolan, Lexington, Kentucky

TRUSTEES

Mrs. Edward Arpee, Lake Forest, Ill.
 Mrs. Richard M. Bean, Lexington, Ky.
 Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, Lakeville, Conn.
 Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.
 Mr. Kenyon Castle Bolton, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
 Mr. John B. Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. George S. Burnam, Richmond, Ky.
 Mrs. R. B. Campbell, Hyden, Ky.
 Mr. Joseph C. Carter, Elmhurst, Ill.
 Mrs. Charles S. Cheston, Jr., Millis, Mass.
 Mrs. N. Holmes Clare, New York
 Mrs. William W. Collin, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.
 Mr. A. B. Comstock, Louisville, Ky.
 Mr. C. V. Cooper, Hazard, Ky.
 Judge A. E. Cornett, Hyden, Ky.
 Mrs. David Dangler, Chicago, Ill.
 Miss Margaret Gage, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Mrs. William A. Galbraith, Sewickley, Pa.
 Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr., Boston, Mass.
 Dr. John W. Greene, Jr., Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. James C. Greenway, Greenwich, Conn.
 Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Howard M. Hanna, Santa Barbara, Calif.
 Mrs. Paul Church Harper, Lake Forest, Ill.
 Mr. James W. Henning, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
 Miss Fredericka Holdship, Sewickley, Pa.
 Mrs. John B. Hollister, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mrs. T. N. Horn, Greenville, Miss.
 Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
 Miss Mary Churchill Humphrey, Glenview, Ky.
 Dr. Francis Hutchins, Berea, Ky.
 Mrs. David S. Ingalls, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mr. Melville H. Ireland, Lake Forest, Ill.
 Mr. R. W. P. Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
 Kentucky Health Commissioner
 Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
 Mrs. Robert Ashton Lawrence, Westwood, Ma
 Miss Agnes Lewis, Maryville, Tenn.
 Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, New York
 Mrs. Charles J. Lynn, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Miss Hope McCown, Ashland, Ky.
 Mr. Angus W. McDonald, Lexington, Kentucky
 Mrs. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.
 Mr. J. Gibson McIlvain II, Devon, Pa.
 Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
 Mrs. Cleveland Marcum, Big Creek, Ky.
 Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
 Mrs. Keith Merrill, Pride's Crossing, Mass.
 Mrs. Elinor M. Moore, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, Louisville, Ky.
 Mr. Clay L. Morton, Louisville, Ky.
 Hon. Thruston B. Morton, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Robert F. Muhlhauser, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mrs. Samuel H. Ordway, New York
 Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., Concord, Mass.
 Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.
 Mrs. Charles S. Potter, Chicago, Ill.
 President National Society of Daughters of
 Colonial Wars
 Mrs. John Marshall Prewitt, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
 Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. William C. Robinson, Jr., Versailles, Ky.
 Mrs. John Sherwin, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mrs. Seymour Siegel, New York
 Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mrs. George J. Stockly, Delray Beach, Fla.
 Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago
 Mr. Arnold Whitridge, New York
 Mr. Ralph B. Williams, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, New York
 Mrs. George B. Wislocki, Little Compton, R. I.
 Mrs. William W. Wotherspoon, Detroit, Mich.
 Mr. William T. Young, Lexington, Ky.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- | | |
|--|---|
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Maitland, Fla. | Dr. Rustin McIntosh, Tyringham, Mass. |
| Dr. W. F. Bulle, St. Louis, Mo. | Dr. John Parks, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. Bayard Carter, Durham, N. C. | Dr. E. D. Pellegrino, New York |
| Dr. C. L. Combs, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. John A. Petry, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Allan B. Crunden, Jr., Montclair, N. J. | Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. R. Gordon Douglas, Little Compton, R. I. | Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Schenectady, N. Y. |
| Dr. Isadore Dyer, New Orleans, La. | Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va. |
| Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Coral Gables, Fla. |
| Dr. Ben Eiseman, Englewood, Col. | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Laman A. Gray, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Margaret I. Handy, Wilmington, Del. | Dr. Robert Sory, Richmond, Ky. |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. | Dr. James E. Thompson, New York |
| Dr. Louis M. Hellman, Washington, D. C. | Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Louise Hutchins, Berea, Ky. | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Marshfield, Wis. |
| Dr. Arthur H. Keeney, Philadelphia, Pa. | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, Danbury, Conn. |
| Dr. John F. W. King, New York | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, Beirut, Lebanon | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y. |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa. | Dr. John Whitridge, Jr., Baltimore, Md. |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York | Dr. Elwood L. Woolsey, Harlan, Ky. |
| | Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., Lansing, Mich. |

inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John W. Greene, Jr., Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Marion G. Brown, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. James B. Holloway, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Keith W. Cameron, Ary, Ky. | Dr. Coleman C. Johnston, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Harvey Chenault, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Arnold B. Combs, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Edward H. Ray, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Allen L. Cornish, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Harold D. Rosenbaum, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. David B. Stevens, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carl M. Friesen, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. William R. Willard, Lexington, Ky. |

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky. | Mrs. G. C. Morgan, Hyden, Ky. |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York | Miss Evelyn M. Peck, New York |
| Miss Marcia Dake, Lexington, Ky. | Miss Carol Randall, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, New York | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Ruth Doran, Denver, Colo. | Mrs. Marjorie C. Scott, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss E. Jane Furnas, Phoenix, Ariz. | Miss Ruth Spurrier, Frankfort, Ky. |
| Miss Lalla M. Goggans, Philadelphia, Pa. | Miss Marion Strachan, New York |
| Miss Louise Griggs, Lexington, Ky. | Miss Vanda Summers, Milford, Pa. |
| Mrs. Elinore Hammond, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Elsie M. Warner, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Miss Lillian Hudson, New York | Miss Marian Williamson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Beulah Miller, Memphis, Tenn. | Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md. |

FIELD WORKERS**Director**

Miss Helen E. Browne, O.B.E., R.N., S.C.M.

Medical Director

W. B. R. Beasley, M.D., D.T.M. & H., M.P.H.

MEDICAL AND NURSING**Chief of Clinical Services**

Anne A. Wasson, M.D., A.B.F.P.

Staff PhysiciansThomas D. Howald, M.D.
Vacancy**Director of Nursing Service**

Mr. Thomas G. Newton, Jr., R.N.

Hospital Midwife

Miss Pamela Love, R.N., C.M.

Nursing Advisor

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

**FRONTIER SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY
AND FAMILY NURSING****Education Director**Miss Gertrude Isaacs, R.N., C.M., B.S.,
M.P.H., D.N.Sc.**Dean of Midwifery and Assistant Director**

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

Midwifery Co-ordinator

Miss Elsie Maier, R.N., C.M., B.A.

Clinical Instructors**MIDWIFERY:**

Miss Phyllis J. Long, R.N., C.M., B.S.

Miss Margaret Schmees, R.N., C.M.

PEDIATRICS: Miss Nicole Jeffers,
R.N., B.S., M.S.**FAMILY NURSING:**

Miss Peggy Burden, R.N., C.R.N.A.

Miss Marie Price, R.N., C.M.

Co-ordinator

Miss Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.

Pharmacist

Mr. Archie Bennett, R.Ph.

DISTRICT NURSING**Field Supervisor and Assistant Director**

Miss Mable R. Spell, R.N., C.M.

Clinical Instructor, Home Health Services

Mrs. Mable Turner, R.N., C.M.

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center

Miss Suzanne Johnson, R.N.

Miss Irene Swartzentruber, R.N., C.M.

Miss Sue Miller, R.N.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

Miss Lucille Lebeau, R.N., C.M.

Miss Sarah Quinn, R.N., B.S.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

Miss Charlotte Wittekind, R.N., B.S.

Miss Elizabeth Kaiser, R.N., B.S.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

Miss Ruth E. Blevins, R.N., C.M.

Miss Christine Bohn, R.N., B.S.

Magaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

Miss Rexanne Willingham, R.N., B.S.

Miss Sally Kimberly, R.N., B.S.

Wendover District

Miss Sharon Koser, R.N., B.S.

Hyden District

Miss Carol Etherington, R.N., B.S.

Miss Linda Roe, R.N.

Wooton District

Miss Barbara Kinzie, R.N., B.S.

ADMINISTRATIVE**Secretary to Director**

Miss Peggy Elmore, B.A.

Administrative Assistant

Mr. Philip P. Isaacs

Executive Secretary

Mrs. Juanetta Morgan

Bookkeeping

Mrs. Mary Suttles Combs

Record Office—District

Miss Ann Browning

Mrs. Nancy Williams

**Contributions and Quarterly
Bulletin**

Mrs. Eileen H. Morgan

Mrs. Gail Shell

Office Manager—Hospital

Mrs. Alice Whitman

Medical Records—Hospital

Mrs. Venita Estep

Social Service

Miss Ruth Ann Dome, B.A.

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 41749, 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

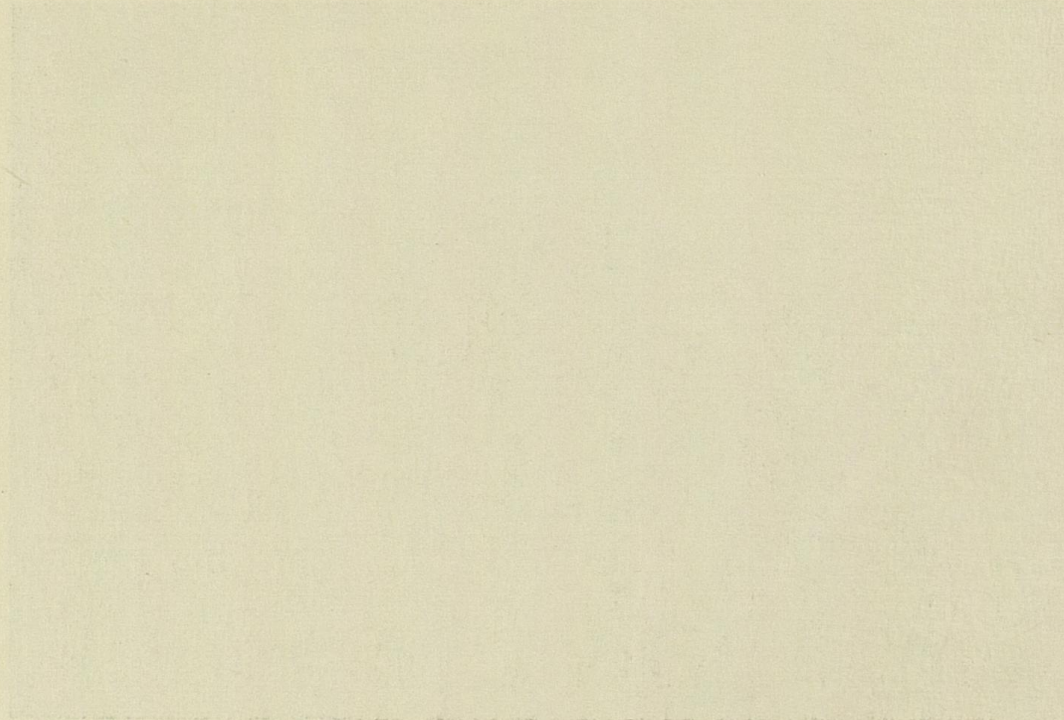
Lexington, Kentucky 40507



A "FAMILY NURSE" OF THE LAST CENTURY

Lady Hermione Blackwood, S.R.N., S.C.M. (photographed above with one of her patients in England in the late 1800's) and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge first met in France after World War I when Lady Hermione was serving with the Comité Britannique and Mrs. Breckinridge with the Comité American pour les Régions Dévastées de la France. Of Lady Hermione and her distinguished colleague, Miss Celia du Sautoy, Mrs. Breckinridge wrote: (*Wide Neighborhoods*, page 93) "The friendship I formed with them led directly to the nurse-midwife of the Frontier Nursing Service because in them I first knew women who were both nurses and midwives."

From the nurse-midwives who have formed the backbone of the Frontier Nursing Service since 1925 have evolved the Family Nurses in the FNS today.



Faint, illegible text or markings, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.