

# Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 40

Autumn, 1964

Number 2



The cover picture of the baby with the yellow curls warming his hands at the fire, while he dreams of the things he will find on Christmas morning in his red stocking, is taken from a picture nearly ninety years old. It is a picture that my mother cherished as a young woman because she thought the baby looked like her oldest child. The baby looked like my little son, and for that reason I keep the picture in my room. It was printed on the cover of the Autumn Quarterly Bulletin, 1945. We kept the original cuts, so that we do not have to go to the expense of having new cuts made. Some of you older friends will remember this picture, but most of you younger ones have not seen it before.

Mary Breckinridge

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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## LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands,  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So toddling off to his trundle bed  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And while he was dreaming an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field, 1850-1895

## FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE WORLD OUTREACH

by

GRETA WISEMAN, R.N., C.M., B.S.

**Foreword:** This story has been sent us by Miss Wiseman who writes:

"I have been thinking a lot about the great contribution FNS has made to maternal and child welfare round the world.

"And so, in appreciation for all the Service has done for me, I have written this article for the Bulletin (if you wish to use it) trying to illustrate an example of the world-wide outreach of FNS."

Christmas Eve, and the sun was beginning to set over the mud houses of our small village in central West Pakistan. Helen Fehr, the missionary teacher with whom I live, our faithful cook Emmanuel, and I were working frantically to finish preparations for our Christmas party. We were remarking to each other that this was surely one of the nicest times of the year . . . and that our dinner for our staff one of our happiest occasions. Our Pakistani workers and their families, from highest to lowest in rank would come. There would be Samuel, my most valued and trusted worker (trained as Lab. Tech. but of necessity become doctor, nurse, driver, and bookkeeper), and on down the line to Barkat, our illiterate gardener who would bring his small children whom he is proudly educating in the mission school. In all there would be 17 adults and 19 children. We would push back the furniture in our small living room, spread rugs, sit on the floor and Helen and I would become the servants for the evening to the delight of all. After dinner the children would put on an impromptu program with each family trying to outdo the others in recitations, songs and jokes. Then we would bring out the kerosene projector and look at slides of the nativity story and read the eternally beautiful story from the Bible in their national language. Finally with much joyous singing of Christmas Hymns and prayers we would part to meet at sunrise in the village church for worship.

And so we were happily preparing when there was a knock at the door.

A tall burly Muslim man stood at the door. He said to me,

"You must come! A woman is in great pain." (In their custom he cannot tell me directly that it is a delivery call.)

I replied, "Today I cannot come. It is our Holy Day . . . you must bring the woman here and I will attend her in the dispensary."

"You MUST come." He was so insistent that I reluctantly agreed to go, telling him I would bring the woman back in the car to the dispensary. He agreed. I grabbed my UNICEF delivery bag and a flashlight and hurried out, saying to Helen as I left, "I'll have to go . . . but I'll be back. I will NOT miss tonight's fellowship!"

We drove miles across the barren desert, sometimes fording muddy irrigation ditches, sometimes fighting deep sand. Finally we arrived at a tiny, remote village. I was ushered into a courtyard filled with men and on into a tiny mud room without even a window. Live coals had been scattered under the rope bed on which a young woman lay. My eyes smarted from the smoke but in a moment I could see that I had made a drastic mistake in being so confident of being able to bring the woman in to the dispensary that I had only brought my routine equipment . . . and here I was, facing a desperately ill woman, miles from home among unknown people without I.V. fluids or emergency equipment.

The girl was obviously near death . . . and questions revealed that these people spoke a dialect making it almost impossible for us to understand each other. As I began my examination the circle of elderly and esteemed village women sitting in a tight circle around the bed made it clear to me that I was not to break any of their traditions. I was not to act unless they approved . . . and they were about to proceed to walk on the girl's abdomen. I picked up my bag and moved to the door. I selected the woman I felt had the highest position of authority and said to her, "You choose; your way or mine. If I stay I am boss and will do as I feel necessary." She understood more from the determination on my face than from the words. There was much shaking of heads as they pondered and discussed my ultimatum. Finally, in utter despair, they signaled me to proceed, and they sat back against the wall to observe.

Examination showed my patient had extremely high fever and was very dehydrated, for they do not give food or fluids

during child-birth. The baby was long dead, and the woman very badly infected. She was completely exhausted with the five days of terrible ordeal she had endured.

First: penicillin, aspirin and quinine to combat fever. Then, nourishment to revive and bring strength. The elderly women did not approve but they obeyed.

As the girl finally slept I pondered the next move and the dangers we faced. My thoughts went back to a night in a remote cabin on a Kentucky mountainside. I was a student midwife and one of England's finest nurse-midwives was my instructor. I remember her pointing out the signs warning of hemorrhage. I remembered the hemorrhage and the quick, sure, life-saving action of the midwife.

I waited. I prepared as best I could for the almost inevitable emergency.

Night wore on . . . and I waited. Finally her pains seemed to gather strength as the fever broke and nourishment and prayer brought feeble strength into her body.

She wakened and did her best to follow my instructions. Finally with superhuman effort the baby was born. The old women began wailing for the dead infant and I tensed as the hemorrhage followed. I responded.

Dawn came and I got off my knees and began collecting my scattered equipment. I looked at the wrinkled faces still sitting in their vigilant circle. I smiled as I saw the overwhelming gratitude that had replaced the hostility of the evening. They watched the sleeping girl and I could see that they fully agreed with me, that a miracle had saved her, and they marveled.

I walked out of the room into the courtyard. A table had appeared from somewhere and a man was coming with a tray holding a cracked cup, a teapot, a boiled egg and unleavened bread. As I sat down to eat, the Head-man appeared and his hands were full of money. (They had quietly gathered every cent of cash in the entire village . . . feeling sure that my fee would be very high indeed . . . and being gratefully happy to pay it.) I shook my head and took the number of rupees that is the customary fee of their local "granny" midwives.

They looked up at me in amazement. "Why do you not take our money? You are not of our country, or of our religion, and you are not a relative of ours. You came to help us when our

own Muslim doctor refused to come to this remote place. You left what we know is a most sacred Holy Day to come to us. If it was not for the fee why did you come?"

My thoughts turned back to a mountainside hospital, and the love of God and of humanity that had inspired its existence. I thought of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery which has sent so many of us to the far corners of the world equipped to meet just such life and death emergencies. I answered them, "I am here because of the love of God, the great love of God for each of His children, wherever they may be."

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### DEAF AID

by  
TOM WILSON

Our priest, whose parish covered half Co. Mayo, was becoming concerned at the growing deafness of Widow Giblin, who lived alone in an isolated cottage in the hills. Having failed on three successive days to get any response to his knocking, he was going to fetch assistance when he saw her grand-daughter Patsy on her way home from school. She went to the door and bent down to the letter-box; and to his surprise and relief the door was soon opened by Mrs. Giblin, evidently in reasonable health. Following the child indoors, he asked how she had managed to make her grandmother hear. 'Oh,' exclaimed Patsy, 'Granny doesn't hear me. I just call "Kitty, Kitty," and puss jumps off her chair and goes to the door. Then Granny knows I'm there.'

—*The Countryman*, Summer 1964, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

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## EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

Rejoice with us! On September 21, 1964 the Frontier Nursing Service concluded its thirteenth year without losing a single mother in childbirth. During this period we took care of 6,091 mothers.\* Many of these women had grave complications.

Always, as a part of its program, the Frontier Nursing Service has taken care of the sick of both sexes and all ages in their homes and at the Hyden Hospital. Always the care given the children at Hyden Hospital has been free, and we have cared for thousands of children. Because, over the years, confidence in and affection for the Frontier Nursing Service has grown, so, too, has the patient load, until now in order to maintain this care to adults, to children, and, most importantly, to women in childbirth, it is imperative that a new building be erected in the hospital boundary and that our overburdened Medical Director have an assistant.

In 1965 the Frontier Nursing Service will be forty years old. Nearly three hundred nurses, many of whom are working in remote parts of the world, have received graduate training or experience in midwifery with the Frontier Nursing Service. We, who began this work in the Twenties, in what was horseback country, have always held in our minds and hearts the need for the finest special preparation for those nurses whose work would lead them into difficult territory. As we approach our fortieth birthday we rejoice, and we want you to rejoice with us, in the fact that work like ours, under hard conditions, safeguards mothers and their babies.

As this goes to press studies are being made by experts on a building site in the hospital boundary. Every possible avenue of financial assistance is being exhaustively explored. We shall make a second report to you in our next bulletin. Meanwhile we shall indeed welcome suggestions and ideas.

(to be continued in our next!)

\*For those of our readers who are interested in a breakdown on these 6,091 mothers we give the following brief summary: 5,515 of these mothers were our regular registered midwifery patients. All of them had prenatal care. These patients were examined by the Medical Director or another competent physician, who decided which ones should be delivered by the nurse-midwives whether at home or in the hospital. The remaining 576 were patients who came to us at Hyden Hospital or on one of our districts as emergencies, none of whom had prenatal care.



When the Governor brought the state government to Hyden October 1, he came to Wendover for tea. This picture of the Governor and Mary Breckinridge was taken then.

*Photograph by Bert Brohman*

## MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY

by

KATE IRELAND

Cleveland Courier and Trustee

The Third Annual Mary Breckinridge Day was proclaimed by Governor Edward T. Breathitt for Saturday, October 3, 1964. People in both Leslie and Clay Counties had worked hard during the preceding weeks creating imaginative and clever floats, decorating trucks, practicing the songs they were going to sing, preparing delicious foods for the "dinner on the ground," and generally showing great enthusiasm for all the planned festivities. There was some apprehension as to whether the rain which had been falling all week would be kind enough to hold back on this very Special Day, so everyone was relieved when the sun shone brightly from early morning until evening.

As some of us couriers rode the horses and our mule through town to the Elementary School, we could see that Hyden was already buzzing with excitement and people were lining the sidewalks in readiness for the spectacle which they knew from previous years was well worth a trip to town to see. There was great activity in the school playground, the finishing touches were being put on the floats, while Mr. Woodrow Sizemore was trying hard to get everyone in position before the parade started at 10:00 a.m. Finally all were in their places and Mr. Shannon Moore got the parade underway.

The first part of the parade was planned to honor those who had been active in this area in the early days. Ninety-six-year-old John Wooton, led the parade playing his fiddle. Then came a jolt wagon pulled by two handsome mules. In this were girls representing those who had lived at the dormitory run by Miss Mabel and the late Miss Lila Byers under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. Gabrielle Beasley, dressed up as Miss Zilpha Roberts, riding side saddle confidently on her pony, followed the jolt wagon. And after her rode Carol Banghart and Mabel Turner dressed in long split riding skirts, representing Miss Jean Tolk and Miss Ruth Huston. They were followed by Miss Betty

Lester looking handsome in her FNS uniform on Kimo, a good-looking grey horse who has never missed a Mary Breckinridge Day Parade. Ray and Cassie Howard were a colorful sight riding double on the mule, George, and some older children came walking along behind them carrying a very small child lying on a homemade stretcher. Mrs. Leona Morgan, who had given much of her time as a nurse at the Hyden Hospital in its early days, was escorted in a jeep. Mrs. Martha Cornett, Public Health Nurse for Leslie County, was driven in style in a Model A Ford.

The many and varied floats and colorful FNS jeeps came next. Beech Fork had built a new frame house, a change from their log cabin of previous years, and Wolf Creek, with its painted grey wolf and family scene with father playing his guitar, broke into song as they passed the reviewing stand. Red Bird, as usual, was most attractive, decorated with greenery and the clever model of a Kentucky cardinal. Camp Creek depicted the history of its name with an Indian family grouped around their teepee, and Brutus had designed a family tree of two generations of FNS babies all of whom were riding on the float. There were many others who participated in the Parade; the FNS Ford station wagon-ambulance with a patient receiving an IV, the Bookmobile, the Library Club, the 3-Ups float showing the activities of the High School Debate Club, the Hyden Elementary School float, the Glee Club, the Hospital Employees festive truck, the Fish and Game Club float, and many young outriders on small vigorous ponies. Mrs. Breckinridge reviewed the parade, surrounded by friends.

Everyone gathered around to hear the program. Messages were read by Colonel T. C. Sizemore from President Johnson, Senator Goldwater, Governor Edward T. Breathitt, Senator John Sherman Cooper, Senator Thruston B. Morton, Congressman Eugene Siler, and Congressman Carl D. Perkins honoring Mrs. Breckinridge. Colonel Sizemore also presented Mrs. Breckinridge with a certificate from Governor Frank G. Clement making her an honorary citizen of Tennessee.

The high point of the program was when Mr. Hasty W. Riddle gave Mrs. Breckinridge the Kentucky Hospital Association Award, which follows:

## THE KENTUCKY HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

In recognition of noteworthy service in the interest  
of the health of Kentucky's citizens

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge

is deemed worthy of special commendation for time  
and effort devoted to endeavors which have mean-  
ing to the well-being of so many, and as a token of  
grateful appreciation is hereby granted this

Award of Merit

Dated this 3rd day of October, 1964

B. R. Brewer

President

Hasty W. Riddle

Executive Director

Mr. Paul Cook presided over all the ceremonies.

Mr. Donald Duff, a legal counsel for the Highway Depart-  
ment at Frankfort, made the speech of the day.

Mrs. Breckinridge thanked everyone who had taken part in  
the day.

Following the ceremonies a picnic luncheon was served on  
the high school grounds. Mrs. Ottis Roberts, chairman of the  
lunch committee, feels that it was a wonderful success. Over  
five hundred people were served and all the food was volun-  
tarily donated. The Lewis Supermarket was very generous as  
were many private individuals. Ham, fried chicken, green beans,  
chicken and dumplings, potato salad, several different kinds of  
bread, cakes, cookies, Kool-Aid and coffee were served. Because  
of wise and careful planning, while there was an abundance of  
food for everyone, little was left over.

## MARY BRECKINRIDGE HANDICRAFT FAIR

by

MARION G. ("TRINK") BEASLEY

For weeks, Mrs. Ed Farmer, chairman of the Women's  
Auxiliary of Hyden Hospital, and I jounced in the jeep up Greasy,

slithered down Slippery Rock, over Thousandsticks Mountain and down to Dry Hill to visit craftsmen in our area. We did not begin to reach all, but we were pleased with the response to the idea of coming—not only to display and sell, but each one was eager to show how the article was made. Mrs. Breckinridge had encouraged us with the idea of holding a handicraft fair on the festive day.

I learned much while touring. Like many urbanites, or transplanted urbanites, I have lost the art of sitting and listening to matters which do not directly relate to the problem at hand. I would have roared the engine, come to a screeching halt, rushed in, shouted “howdy,” and asked them to come and help make the Mary Breckinridge Handicraft Fair a success, and then I would have departed. Not Fay Farmer! I quickly learned to take my cue from her. After introductions, we would sit and admire the pear tree laden with fruit, discuss the gardens, admire the “younguns,” and finally discuss the fair. This was to be different from the usual County fair to exhibit produce in competition. This first Handicraft Fair aimed at renewing interest in handicraft among the older generation and in creating interest in the younger group by demonstrations.

On the day of the fair, the Youth Council of the Leslie County Development Association helped arrange the High School library and cafeteria chairs and tables, made posters, set up a quilting frame, so Edna Mae Lewis could quilt a completed double-wedding-ring quilt top, and helped Johnny Salyers move a portable forge so he could turn mule shoes.

Maude Caudill of MacIntosh had dismantled one of her looms and had put it back together at the school. The school boys watched in amazement while this petite, white-haired lady took what looked like 50-odd assorted sticks and with one hammer rebuilt the loom, restrung it and sat down to weave.

Mrs. Grover Sizemore came, not to sell, but to share her experiences in making braided and hooked rugs. She brought a basket of wool strips and a partially completed rug on which she worked throughout the afternoon.

Jasper Baker, who is in his 80's, came and made a large, sturdy basket. Children and adults enjoyed his pleasant talk while watching his fingers weave strips of wood.

Many women brought quilt tops, pillow tops, afghans, and sweaters.

Men's skills were not confined to chair making, baskets, fishplugs and kitchen novelties. Ray Pennington from Causey brought placemats and lovely quilts featuring embroidered birds of each state.

The Evangelical United Brethren school at Beverly (Bell County) came with a display of ceramics, both free forms and molds. They encouraged the children to experience the fun of taking a lump of local blue clay and rolling, squeezing and mashing it into a form.

Sarah Hall, from up Slippery Rock, made little Frontier Nursing Service nurse-midwife dolls in uniform with black boots, blue uniforms and holding a wee baby. She made them all from corn shucks with the hair being made of corn silk.

Other craftsmen, whose exhibits included many lovely things, were the following:

Dorothy Blair	Astor Morgan
Elizabeth Burns	Cecil Morgan
Paul Cook	Sidney Muncy
Marjorie Cundle	Bobby Pace
Chester Francis	The Pine Mountain Settlement
The Hound Dog Hookers	School
Ance Howard	Jimmy Sizemore
Edna Mae Lewis	The Stony Fork E. U. B.
Celia Marcum	Women
Bob Melton	Peggy Woods

All the craftsmen had an enjoyable and entertaining time exchanging ideas and admiring each other's work.

We hope this will be the first of a number of bigger and better Mary Breckinridge Handicraft Fairs.

Looking forward to seeing you at the next one!

### A LETTER WE LIKE

The writer, a senior resident in surgery under Dr. Ben Eiseman, was so obliging as to spend eight days with us to relieve for Dr. Beasley's absence during this time. We liked him, his wife, and his young son, Philip, so much that we are glad to know that they liked us too.

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY  
Lexington, Kentucky 40506  
October 28, 1964

Medical Center  
Department of Surgery  
Mrs. Mary Breckinridge  
Director, Frontier Nursing Service  
Wendover, Kentucky

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

This is just a short note of thanks to you and the wonderful people in your organization for giving me the opportunity to widen my medical horizons and to "do my part." The extraordinary warmth with which we were received by everyone was quite overwhelming and lingers on now in a warm glow of remembrance. The enthusiasm and patience of the personnel at the Hyden Clinic made what could have been a Herculean task into an exciting and edifying personal and professional experience. I hope that some day I will have the opportunity of surrounding myself or becoming co-mingled with people whose attitude toward their work and to life in general is so exuberant and sincerely motivated.

. . . I hope some day to enjoy again the conviviality of Wendover and until that time I remain yours with admiration.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ THEODORE WALTUCH  
Theodore Waltuch, M. D.  
Resident in Surgery

TW:bfc



## COURIER CONCLAVE 1964

by

MARION EDWARDS SHOUSE LEWIS

The first courier chairmen conclave, brain child of Agnes, was held at Wendover during the first week in October. If one of the invited chairmen was unable to attend another courier from that area was invited in her place. That this date encompassed Mary Breckinridge Day was by design, not accident, for it was felt that the large turnout for this gala, and now, annual occasion would afford those couriers, returning to the hills after long years of absence, a unique opportunity to renew many of their cherished, but lapsed, associations with old Kentucky mountain friends.

Kate Ireland was on hand as official resident courier to greet and direct all the returning voyageurs. First to appear was Pebble Stone, who arrived by motor on Wednesday, September 30. Leigh Powell flew in to Lexington from New York the same day and was met and driven to Wendover by Peggy Elmore. On Thursday, October 1, Jane Haldeman Tyrrell drove up from Louisville, stopping at the Lexington airport to pick up Franny Baker MacAusland, who flew down from Boston, and Mary Bulkley Wotherspoon and Margie Watkins, who flew in from Detroit. Friday afternoon Freddy Holdship arrived. She had flown down from Pittsburgh, hiring a car in Lexington for the trip to Wendover. And on Saturday morning, Carm Mumford Norton, who flew down from Washington late Friday, arrived at Hyden in time to join forces with the others at the High School for the Mary Breckinridge Day festivities. This completed the roll of those able to attend.

Friday morning everyone gathered at the barn for the usual courier duties, then went by jeep on the regular Hyden shopping trip; an innovation since the days of the older couriers. A trip up the hill to the Hospital followed. Here, too, as at Wendover, for many, the changes were legion.

In the afternoon there was a trip to Wolf Creek. This is the new center, built to replace the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown in Perry County, now cov-

ered by the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir. Again jeeps were the means of transportation and the necessity of expertize in handling these mechanical mules with the thoroughbred hearts was illustrated and emphasized.

On Friday night Agnes presided at a meeting of the couriers. At this meeting problems of the courier department, engendered by the almost complete mechanization of the FNS transportation system, were discussed, and recommendations were made for more efficiency as well as capability in this department. It was a most satisfying and satisfactory meeting, being helpful to Agnes, as "general" in charge of recruiting and her "lieutenants," the courier chairmen.

Saturday, a beautiful, sunshiny day, was a busy one, for all the couriers took part in the Mary Breckinridge Day parade and festivities. Brownie introduced each of them from the reviewing stand, and, after the ceremonies were over, they all repaired to the Beasley's Pluck Rock cabin to have tea with the women members of the Hyden Committee.

No further formal meetings were held, but at the informal session on Saturday night, it was decided that the courier conclave should become an annual affair, to take place concurrently with Mary Breckinridge Day.

Sunday, the day of departure, the river rose, almost as though it wished to detain those who had come again to Wendover after so many years away.

Since the conclave, all at Wendover have expressed their pleasure at seeing again those couriers able to attend, and letters have come back from those who came expressing their happiness in returning. So it is to be hoped that this occasion will become an annual event to the benefit of the Courier Department and of the FNS as a whole as well as because it is a joyous occasion.

Since Wendover has a limited number of beds, couriers from different sections of the country will be asked to attend different years so that no locale will be unrepresented.

We conclude with a letter to Mrs. Breckinridge from old courier Carm Mumford (Mrs. John D. Norton) :

"It was going some to try to make twenty-four hours fill a gap of twenty-five years. But what a wonderful twenty-four hours! Every waking moment was .....

past and present—like Peter, it was Never Never Land; like Alice, it was ‘curiouser and curiouser.’

“The feeling started in National Airport, Washington, when there was an interminable wait for a delayed plane, and I thought how odd, what am I doing, starting off for FNS, married, via the sky, and above all, without boots! And then actually to be there in eight hours or less!

“The surprises were legion: in Lexington, instead of a night at the old Lafayette and a protracted train trip the next morning, a fancy red car from Avis (unsolicited advertising) and an enormous Quality Court Hotel.

“Of course, I used the Mustang (at least the name was suitable) as of old, and set off for Hyden by way of Jackson—what exclamations of kindly condescension this evoked when I finally arrived. At Jackson, trapped by the long-ago, I slowed down to try to find the restaurant where we used to stop, remembering Willeford and the five little mountain tykes we were taking to Cincinnati for hospitalization. ‘Don’t,’ Willeford had ordered, ‘give them eggs for breakfast’; but somehow they got the eggs, the resulting car-sickness, and the wash-up at Jackson. In the rest room, the face of the child who fiddled with the chain, and shot off the seat like a rocket, when it flushed (a first experience with a modern convenience) is timeless memory. So is Willeford—the straight of her back when she sat Lassie, the small oval, determined countenance.

“At Hazard I missed the Hyden turn-off, being more accustomed to being met by Walter Begley and truck, or whoever happened to be bringing the meat in that day! And alas, pure devastation, I never did find the Head of Hurricane in its new form. How we used to try to make the horses shine when we rode up Hurricane to meet you, or a VIP guest (and one of the things I love about the FNS is that all guests are VIP), or a beloved staffer returning from the outside.

“Even in Hyden I got lost, marvelling at the pavement, and not recognizing that the stretch of road I had seen being gravelled, was the way to the High School. It was the stretch where Old Doc (the Doc, of Doc and Dude) regularly gave battle to the moving, rattling gravel trucks, kicking out at them until his whole body stretched parallel, and he was one with Pegasus! He sure didn’t care about progress!

“But the changes spite him. They are wonderful.

“What astonishing sights! The bank. The stores.

The crowd of people lingering in Hyden though the Mary Breckinridge Day Parade had passed through. The High School and the crowd of people there. The lovely blue FNS jeeps lined there, and able to take part in the doings, then zipping off to make sick calls, and then back in time for tea at the Beasleys. How really fine to have the transportation telescoped; to have books and teachers for the children to grow up with! What a boot to drive up the Hospital Hill, and to park a car in front of the Garden House at Wendover.

"Old friends met again and cherished; old friends missed. 'Aggie, have you heard from Bland?' 'Lucille, what's the news of Kelly?' 'Betty Lester, have you seen Vanda?' New friends found—though via the Bulletin they are old friends, too, but now they have physical shape, though whether the right shape goes with the right name in my mind is questionable. Couldn't miss Jane Haldeman, though, because her mother, Jane Norton, and I were once couriers together, and on introduction came the haunting, 'Where *have* I seen that girl before?' Thumper took me to stand beneath the big trees that guard Bucket and Mac. Peggy Elmore fixed breakfast toast. Kate was my exit escort.

"Wasn't that a rainy morning we woke up to on Sunday? It put me in a swivet for, in spite of Saturday's experiences, I dropped back twenty-five years again; and the rising river and Breckinridge Branch coming down in torrents meant the possibility of being marooned. Of course, in the end, getting out was relatively simple. I sure felt foolish afterward, but on reflection comforted myself by observing that 'the old china hands'—you and Aggie, Betty and Brownie were similarly in favor of 'getting out while the getting was good.' Past experience runs deep! But the new experience made me understand how one could get pretty fond of a dauntless blue jeep braving the by-paths in all weather. As fond as I was of Remus? Or Prince? Or Gloria? Hard to tell.

"At Trink Beasley's tea it was of particular interest to chat with Mrs. Lottie Roberts, learning at firsthand some of the facets of the welfare program for distressed areas, and then to learn later, from you, that the Appalachian Bill had not passed. Alas! Constantly, I was overwhelmed with the comparative ease with which one could move about now, and meet people and exchange ideas.

"You must know that I could keep on and on, fas-

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minated with the new problems opened up, the old problems solved or moderated. It was truly a fine and heart-warming visit, and I take the greatest pride in having had the privilege of being with you on Mary Breckinridge Day. Perhaps one of the nicest moments, because it *was* the FNS, was when Pebble and I met a young man at the Hospital, not yet an hour old, who had arrived to greet you, on *Your* day!"

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Sound over all waters,  
    reach out from all lands,  
The Chorus of voices,  
    the clasping of hands;  
Sing hymns that were sung  
    by the stars of the morn,  
Sing songs of the angels  
    when Jesus was born!

—John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892

## REMINISCENCES

by

CHRISTINE IRWIN and ELEANOR JONES  
1963 Keuka College Volunteers

September 1964

Dear Frontier Nursing Service,

We are back at Keuka again for another year. The summer is fading as the grapes around Keuka Lake ripen. The leaves will soon be turning and dropping off and in a few short weeks it will be time for another field period. As Chris and I plan for that field period, the many memories of our five weeks in Kentucky in the fall of 1963 flash vividly across our minds. We regret that we cannot relive those happy days in the Cumberland Mountains, but have instead to think toward another experience.

"Do you remember our first view of Hyden, Chris? My parents had driven us down and we reached there at dusk. We had heard many stories of the Frontier Nursing Service and what to expect from our Keuka professor, Miss Fielding, who had taken the midwifery course some years earlier. After a delicious dinner at Haggin Quarters we were shown to our rooms."

Chris: "These were two lovely rooms and a bathroom in the annex on the mountain behind the Hospital. You wanted the room with the rocking chair, so we flipped a coin to decide."

"And I did get the rocking chair!"

In order to be a full fledged FNS worker one has to know how to drive a jeep, ride a horse, or preferably both. We chose the former. "One bright morning a courier appeared to give us our lessons. I went first and you watched! 'Let me see now, if you are going through a creek, you have to decrease your speed, and with the gears in first you put it into four-wheel drive, or do you put it into the tractor gear . . .?'"

"Well, Ellie, I really don't know, but I wish I had had three feet when I had to start on the hill—one for the clutch, one for the brake, and one for the gas! At any rate we finally passed our tests and were on our own."

"We got initiated early into Peggy's version of the North Pole. To the basement we went to find a few huge boxes which we had to open, unpack, record and sort. 'This room is for toys, the one opposite is for children's clothes, and that one for adult clothes,' Peggy instructed us. It looked tedious at first but once we got going it was quite interesting to see what people would send."

Chris: "Really, the best part was playing with the toys."

There was a surgical clinic at the Hospital, so we were sent to different outpost centers while one of the two center nurses came in to help with the clinic. We went on home visits with the nurses and helped them in their out-patient clinics.

"Say, Chris, did I ever tell you about the night I spent at Beech Fork once? Miss Lee decided to go for a walk with one of the midwifery students, the dog Holly, and me. We had no flashlight! We followed a path through the field, crossed a creek, where the student fell in, and crossed a swinging bridge. I had never been on a swinging bridge before and needless to say, was scared! Holly led the way and we three held hands so if one fell we would all fall! I don't know how, but we got safely back to Beech Fork!"

Chris: "Well, I never went over a swinging bridge night or day, but I did get to milk a cow at Red Bird. We even made our own butter by hand, from the cream. Boy, was my arm ever tired!"

On Sundays we were invited to Wendover. However, it wasn't until after Thanksgiving that we found the opportunity to go. It was a very enjoyable evening sitting around the fireplace and listening to the conversations. Before dinner we all went to the chapel service which was a new experience for us.

It wasn't long before our five weeks came to an end. Pat had offered us a ride to Cleveland, and so we brought our suitcases down the long passage at 6:00 a.m. We looked sadly around the place we had come to call home. We finally left, waving good-bye to our many new friends. It was with regret that we were leaving, but we were also looking forward to the time when, as registered nurses, we would be returning. Our memories do not end with these. There are many more that we will keep until we can again become a part of the FNS.



CHARLES STEELE CHESTON III — "CHIP"

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele Cheston, Jr.  
(Courier Lois Powell) of Millis, Massachusetts



**OLD COURIER NEWS**

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Alison Bray, London—August 20, 1964**

My trip to Lugan was rather disappointing as we had the most awful weather—rain nearly every day.

I am going up home next Monday and then on to Scotland. I'll be away for about three weeks. I've no new job lined up yet, but somehow, I always seem to be busy. I've just had my twin nieces, aged nearly fourteen, with me—their first visit away from home by themselves. We had a wonderful time but old auntie was pretty exhausted by the end of it!

I was sorry indeed to hear about Jinny. Her death must have been a terrible shock for you all.

. . . . .

**From Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship, Sewickley,  
Pennsylvania—August 20, 1964**

Have been as busy as a bird dog ever since I got home. Everyone is on vacation, so us'uns who are left have to do all the work. I've been secretary to a Doctor of Pathology this last week—fascinating, but mighty hard on my spelling!

I'm leaving Monday to meet Fanny McIlvain in Chicago. We are going to visit Cherry Evans for two weeks in New Mexico. Sounds like fun—reckon we will take in all the canyons to dig for pottery and bones!

. . . . .

**From Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship and Fanny McIlvain,  
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado—August 31, 1964**

We are having a perfect time with Cherry. Peggy and Bill Elrington are fine. Have seen Fowie and will again on our return to Santa Fe. We spent all day climbing through cliff dwellings.

. . . . .

**From Leslie Foster, Mary Hitchcock School of Nursing,  
Hanover, New Hampshire—September 4, 1964**

We were given the month of August off from school, after the long first year. We are all glad to be starting in the "specialties" now, and a vacation did us a world of good. You'll never

guess where I've started—Maternity! Right now I'm working in the labor and delivery rooms, although no patients have come in yet. Even though I saw some deliveries in Kentucky, it's going to be very exciting, I know, since I've learned so much more about it.

In July, I saw Ardie Claire for the first time since last summer and she told me about Jinny's death. I guess I was one among a great many who thought the world of Jinny.

. . . . .

**From Carlyle Carter, Lynchburg, Virginia—September 8, 1964**

I spent six weeks in Quebec this summer, going to the University of Laval. There I took courses in grammar, conversation, and phonetics. After registering for classes, we had to sign a pledge to speak only French. I lived with a French Canadian lady, her brother, and three other American girls. We spent the mornings at classes, the afternoons sightseeing or studying, and the weekends on excursions to places of interest in the surrounding areas such as St. Anne de Beaupré and Lac St. Joseph.

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**From Mrs. Arthur Perry (Mardi Bemis), Concord,  
Massachusetts—September 14, 1964**

On October 3, Pete and I are going to Nantucket for a four-day vacation with cousins. Our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary swings by in mid-October just before the preparations for the FNS Christmas Preview. Interspersed between these dates are freshmen parents' weekend at Williams where Ned will be, following Artie who is a junior.

Susan graduated from Columbia on June 2, took the Connecticut State Boards June 10, had a personal interview at Massachusetts General June 14; was called in there June 20 to replace a "drop-out" in their Physical Therapy Department, and in mid-August was asked to stay on the staff full-time! She loves her work there.

All flourishing here. Sam starts off to kindergarten—his first school day—day after tomorrow! I shall miss him dreadfully!

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Paul C. Harper (Tips Stevenson),  
Lake Forest, Illinois—September 14, 1964**

Alicia and Cliff (*her daughter and son-in-law*) are moving

from San Francisco to New York. So, during the hectic cross-country days, I have the baby. I went out to San Francisco last Wednesday and got her—a little bundle of thirteen-month energy for three and a half hours on the plane, and not a wink did she sleep! She's settled in nicely and I will have her until the end of the month.

October 22, 1964

For the moment I am very tied down with the Art Department at Lake Forest College. My current set-up is that of curator of visual aids—slides and reproductions for study use. The art courses being given this quarter are Early Renaissance, Modern Architecture, and a survey course. I have to see that there are an adequate number of slides to illustrate these subjects, and mounted reproductions and reference books for student use.

. . . .

**From Ruth Helmich, New York, New York—September 17, 1964**

I applied for admission in the Master's program here at Columbia in Maternity Nursing. The practical aspect of the course is found at the Midwifery Clinic at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital and also at Kings County Hospital. The courses are varied and prospects of study and "getting back to nursing" after a year in the operating room are splendid.

Three weeks of the summer months were spent soaking up the Arab sun in Jordan and also in Israel. Jordan held a fascination for me with its many needs.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Parker G. Montgomery (Jan McMillan),**

**Katonah, New York—September 21, 1964**

Hope you found your couriers for this fall. My Katy would love it—she is crazy about people of all ages, horses, jeeps and country life but unfortunately is only two!

. . . .

**From Lorna Miller, Skidmore College,**

**Saratoga Springs, New York—September 26, 1964**

This year I'm starting my nursing courses, and the summer with FNS will add a lot of needed motivation. If I didn't have to be here, I would have stayed at Wendover through the winter.

Sounds as though you desperately need a courier. I hope you and everyone there are fine. Please give my best to Kate and Anne, especially.

. . . .

**From Mrs. M. Tyson Gilpin (Catharine Mellick),**

**Boyce, Virginia—September 29, 1964**

I have been on a merry-go-round since the first of September. All three children had mumps just the last week or two before school opened, and barely made school on time. Two of them started out in new institutions and, by the time I delivered them and their furnishings, I realized that I had a college sitting room and a boarding-school bedroom to furnish; so I spent another week at that—and on the roads. Consequently, I am just home—way behind—and Tyson is also returning this weekend after having been away. Drewdie is thrilled with college and its many opportunities.

There is just a chance I could come to Lexington with Tyson in November, when he comes for the Keeneland Sales, and see you and Mrs. Breckinridge then.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert A. Cushman (Janet Chafee),**

**Quebec, Canada—September 30, 1964**

I've completely lost track of everyone I knew in Kentucky. I used to bump into Betty Mudge in New York when we both worked in the same building during the war. I do see Louise Lewis Wood every summer and I hear about Lucy Pitts Grosvenor on my odd visits to Providence, but I haven't seen her in years.

Montreal is a fascinating city and we have thoroughly enjoyed our twelve years here. The winters, especially, are wonderful and I wouldn't trade them for anything. Each year we vow we're going out west, via Kentucky, en famille. However, we return like birds to our beloved Sorento, Maine, and once there nothing can induce us to leave—but maybe "next year."

. . . .

**From Gale Thompson, Northampton, Massachusetts**

**—September 30, 1964**

In many ways this past summer seems a million miles away,

but it is constantly called to mind by the Ray Pennington quilt on my bed and continuous questions about the FNS from curious and interested people.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Gerald G. Tyrrell (Jane Haldeman),  
Louisville, Kentucky—October 5, 1964**

It is so hard to get back to the hectic daily routine after the marvelous, fun weekend you all gave us.

Franny and I had a fine trip back to Lexington. It stopped raining as soon as we got out of the mountains. We met up with Juanetta Rhodes (*patient*) at the Red Bird bridge and got her safely to the University Hospital. Mother loved hearing all about everyone and Mary Breckinridge Day. She was especially delighted to hear that Carm was there and to have news of her.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edward Thaddeus Foote (Roberta—Bosey—  
Fulbright), Washington, D. C.—October 6, 1964**

I wish we could have paid you a visit this past spring or fall but, with Tad being a newspaper reporter and law student, and me working at the Peace Corps, and our having moved twice this summer, we've had little free time. Tad's family, the Hardins, originally came from Kentucky so we've many reasons to go South.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Bruce M. Putnam (Amy Stevens), Wayland,  
Massachusetts—October 6, 1964**

Until the bulletin came today, I'd had no word at all of Jinny's death! It seems incredible that I haven't communicated with her or her family since last October at the Boston Preview. I feel so awful for you all at Wendover, and there's such a vacuum in my own heart that I have to write even at this late date. Have just written the Branhams and a short note to Brownie, too. Though the years have gone by since I was at Wendover—the spring and autumn of 1956—the memories have not faded one single bit. Jinny Branham was finishing her first year at Wendover. She was the first person to show me around. The photo of Jean and Jinny in the Bulletin reminds me that it was these two who, one rainy night in April 1956, met me at the Hyden Bus (Campbell Drug Store) Stop.

The next day, it was Jinny who got me started potato planting. Through all the laughs and serious times, it was Jinny's cheerfulness, her perseverance and thorough concern for misfortunes of others that helped us all have a better day. The Bulletin's description of her love for unique jobs describes the Jinny I knew, very accurately. I always will cherish my memories of her for she is a part of my memories of the FNS.

We're all fine. At the moment, I have a marvelous girl from Germany to help with the children. That frees me to be on the Executive Board of Red Barn Nursery School, where Dickie, aged three and a half, goes, to help with the interior furnishings of our new Episcopal Church and to do various other projects. Carol is five now and in kindergarten! Debbie, two, is a most talented and charming little towhead.

**Bermuda—November 9, 1964**

I am now on a business trip to Bermuda with Bruce. He's here to see how they turn salt water into fresh water and how they store rain water for each house's use.

. . . .

**From Mrs. William W. Wotherspoon (Mary Bulkley),**

**Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan—October 7, 1964**

Early Monday I went to a Garden Club Board meeting where several friends of the FNS asked about Mrs. Breckinridge. One was Mr. Schlotman, who gave the tea when Brownie was here last year. I was glad to have such good and "first-hand" news.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Harry P. Schriver, Jr. (Linda Branch),**

**Pinedale, Wyoming—October 20, 1964**

So much has happened at Wendover since my last stay there. I do think of you all often though. Jinny's death was sad. I hadn't realized she was ill. My sympathy goes to her parents.

Our children—Pat, three and Lisa, two—are definitely at the active age. Their energies surpass mine by quite a bit.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Henry B. Lacey (Sara Lacey Chylack's mother),**

**Boston, Massachusetts—November 11, 1964**

Sara is a busy young lady and I will tell you something about

her for fear she will not get to it for awhile. Ted, her husband, is now a doctor and is an intern in the Harvard unit at Boston City Hospital. He will begin his residency in "Eye" at Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospital in Boston for four years, after military service.

Sara will complete her requirements for a Master's in Elementary Education at Boston University in January. She is in the practice teaching phase and is learning about first graders in no uncertain terms. She loves it far beyond her anticipation. She has always had a flair for drawing and art paper work and it has been a boon. At the moment her overall project is The Form. Science, art, arithmetic, reading—all in relation to the Form. Our sons—Richard and Stephen, who came to bring Sara home from Wendover—are married. Three weddings in thirteen months left us breathless. I visited Dorothy, Ruby and Jack Caldwell for a week in October.

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#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to **Bobbie Miller Talman** in the recent death of her husband; and to **Leslie Foster** in the death of her father.

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A farmer wanted to use his party-line telephone but found it busy. "I just put on some beans for dinner," he heard one party say to the other.

A few minutes later he tried again and the same two parties were still monopolizing the line. Rising to the occasion, he broke in, "Say, lady, I smell your beans burning."

There was a scream, two receivers went up and the line was open.

—*Modern Maturity*  
August-September 1964

## A COURIER'S LETTER HOME

by

DERRICK ANNE (RICKY) VANDERWAART

Woodbury, Connecticut

I can't remember the week's events in order, but it's been a full week, to put it mildly. I went to Lexington on half an hour's notice to take a patient and to do some emergency errands. We left at one o'clock and arrived back at eleven that night, on the hottest day since I've been here. I took some trips to outpost districts—all of which are at least 15 miles from Wendover—and got to see more of the surroundings. One afternoon I was sent in to Hyden to pick up an Ethiopian nurse-midwife who was visiting the FNS for three days. This was quite an honor for a new courier. She was extremely attractive and very interested in writing so we spoke quite frequently about many things and struck up a very congenial relationship. You would be amazed at the number of people who come in and out of here in the course of the day; and the couriers are responsible for fulfilling their every wish and desire.

Another day, one of the other couriers and I went out to one of the mines and were shown around, which was fascinating. We had a long talk with the owner. All of the mining around here is horizontal mining—not vertical—and it is all soft coal. Also, I have gone out on rounds with the Wendover nurse who is young, English and very nice. Next Tuesday I'll be going out to the Wolf Creek Center to spend about six days helping the nurses paint, garden and wash medicine bottles, which is part of a courier's regular job. You'd be impressed by the amount of pure, hard labor we do! I'm really looking forward to it as they are short a second nurse out there and I will probably be able to go with the nurse on all of her rounds and meet her patients.

Today we went to the Hurts Creek Church of Christ to hear some of the most wonderful singing you've ever heard. It's real "mountain music," straight from the heart and fervent to the core. The service was two and a half hours long and worth every minute of it. We sang along with the rest of the congregation



at the top of our lungs. The men and women each have two parts and sing flat notes. The harmonies are just beautiful.

The following is a schedule of a normal day:

- 7:00 a.m. Up
- 7:30 Breakfast (about 12 people at table at least)
- 8:00 Groom horses, water them, and take them to pasture
- 9:00 Dress and doctor sick horses (2)
- 10:00 Anything (shopping in town, painting rooms, going on calls with nurse)
- 12:00 Lunch
- 1:00 p.m. Anything asked
- 2:30 Bring in horses from pasture, water them
- 3:30 Prepare tea for anywhere from 12 to 25 people
- 4:00 Tea (we serve)
- 4:30 Water pigs, cows, horses
- 5:00 Social hour
- 6:00 Dinner
- 7:00 Do anything asked—relax or go on emergency calls with nurse. (Essentially our own time.)

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A six-year-old lad came home one day with a note from his teacher, in which it was suggested that he be taken out of school, as he was "too stupid to learn." The boy's name was Thomas A. Edison.

—Contributed



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

The thirty-seventh annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, October 24. Members and their guests were entertained with a buffet luncheon by the Frontier Nursing Service before the meeting. Members had come from New York, Ohio, Virginia, and Tennessee, as well as from other parts of Ken-

tucky. We were delighted to see Vivian Bougher who is home from her field of work in Angola, Africa. Eleanor Wechtel Denk brought with her three nurses from St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Dayton. Dr. W. B. R. Beasley, Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and FNS staff members attended the meeting.

The guest speaker for this annual meeting was Dr. Laman A. Gray, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky. The FNS was delighted to entertain Dr. and Mrs. Gray for two nights at Wendover. Dr. Gray gave a most informative address on "Cancer in Women," well illustrated with colored slides. He also showed the American Cancer Society's film "Take Two Women." As usual, a digest of the speaker's address and the minutes of the meeting will be mailed to the members of the Association who are scattered all over the world.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Harriet Jordan Palmer in Los Altos, California**

—August, 1964

I am very busy with Kathy, but it's mostly fun because she is such a good baby; and I have various pet projects. I work at the hospital two nights a week to keep from getting rusty. I have not missed public health nursing as I thought I would, and do enjoy being home. Of course, I still miss FNS and always will. My best to everyone.

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### **From Hazel Reesor in Egbe, Nigeria—August, 1964**

It has been wonderful to see FNSers out here, and to get together for a chat. I spent a night with Frances Crawford while she was in Ogbomoshe, and Florence Walter was in Jos when I went through on vacation. Susan Smith spent a few days of her local leave here with me, then I drove her to Ibadan where she was to visit her former midwifery instructor who holds a post at the University College Hospital.

The baby business continues to boom here. Since January I have delivered eighteen sets of twins among a little over two hundred deliveries—a good percentage. Their weights varied from 2 lbs. 3 oz. to 8 lbs. The premature twins weighing 2 lbs. 3 oz., and 2 lbs. 8 oz. are both over 6 lbs. at 5 months.

Nigeria is in the midst of a national strike, so I don't know when this letter will reach you. The government hospitals have sent most of their patients home. Policemen are driving ambulances. All this is costing the country a fantastic amount of money. Please greet Mrs. Breckinridge and any others I may know.

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### **From Barbara Walsh in India—September, 1964**

Yesterday we took our second year Hindustani oral exam. and I passed! This is another step in the language ladder. The next step will be a written exam. at the end of October. After that I will be stationed in our Hospital at Fatehpur where my

address will be Christian Hospital, Fatehpur (N. Rlwy), U. P., India. In the Hospital where I will be going we hope to begin a new course for girls who have not been able to get into regular nursing. This will be an auxiliary nurse midwife course. We will attempt to train the girls so that they will become efficient assistants to the nurses doing midwifery. In many cases these girls will go out and get jobs in government hospitals, thus taking on a great deal of responsibility.

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**From Priscilla Reitz in Buffalo, New York—September, 1964**

The wedding was lovely. Thank you so much for making it possible for me to be there. I have met Marilyn Schwartz and her friend who will be coming to Hyden soon, and are eager to be there. They make me wish I was returning. I have been busy with plans to go to New Guinea, and even had to get my police record! Please remember me to all at Wendover.

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**From Nancy Leland in Lakewood, Ohio—September, 1964**

I was hoping to get down to see you again before I leave, but there has just been too much to do. Packing was the worst—however, now I am all set to go and leave Cleveland on September 8. When we first get to New Guinea we will be going to language school for three months before getting our assignments. When we were in St. Louis we spent some time learning Pidgin English, and when we get to New Guinea we will learn Enja which is the language of the people with whom we will be working. Please give my regards to Mrs. Breckinridge and everyone at Wendover.

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**From Margaret Field in Jacksonville, Florida—September, 1964**

My new apartment soon began to feel like home, for I soon had lots of company. Four members of my family drove down from Pennsylvania. They enjoyed both Florida and my apartment, and of course seeing the lovely hospital where I work. The best way to describe the hospital situation is to say that it is never static. We are making all sorts of moves and changes. With the completion of the new medical-surgical nursing unit, all our patient areas will be air-conditioned. My office is not

new this year but has had its face lifted and an air-conditioner installed so it feels new.

My big personal news is that I have bought a car, a '62 Rambler. Learning to drive has been a community project. It has been a long hard struggle, but I need to be independent in the matter of getting around. My biggest trip was to Pittsburgh in May for the General Convention of The Methodist Church, attended by leaders from all over the world. The people of Pittsburgh were most friendly and hospitable. I send you my warmest regards and best wishes, and the hope that peace may come to the world to a fuller extent than ever before.

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**From Anne DeTournay in Parker, Arizona—September, 1964**

Time speeds by—and it seems to me with a much accelerated pace. Almost by a wink of the eye we see the approach of the third anniversary of YOUR day.

Sometimes just remembering one incident, during my short stay with FNS, will start an avalanche of memories showering down, stirring anew that urge to go back, to experience again the reason for such a nostalgic force.

At this moment my mind jumps back to that period of preparation for that first MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY. How enthusiastic our Beech Fork people were in building that miniature cabin—we had sage advice from the “by-standing” elders, superb supervision and direction by Mr. Cook, and whole-hearted participation of the “mud-packers”—bless their hearts, their age range was somewhere between 3 and 20. As my group and I made repeated trips to the hill where the “special” mud was located, I felt a kinship, a moment of completeness, that is difficult to explain, but is almost like a blessing when you feel it.

Pulling that little cabin to Hyden from beyond the Mozelle post office was accomplished with fear and trepidation, because of the predictions of our sage citizens. We anchored the cabin, with a wish, hope and prayer, on to the flat bed of a hay-carrier that I had pulled in from Red Bird Mission—and started for the appointed spot at Hyden at 6:00 a.m., arriving there safe and sound about 9:30 a.m. I almost felt like kissing the ground. We didn't lose our cabin climbing Stinnett Hill and the mud did not fall out from between the logs as the oldsters agreed would hap-

pen. The jubilation of the Beech Forkers on our safe arrival was unbounded and they set to, as one, decorating and peopling our float and we were ready for that day of days, MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY Number One!

That day convinced me that happiness is irrelevant, it is a composite that defies rational dissection—you feel it but cannot quite express how it came about; you just know, for this moment, it is wonderful!

As for myself, I can't quite explain why or how I am affected by the mountains, its people, and the FNS. It has become a part of my life that I keep yearning to relive—how about that?

I had the privilege of seeing Jane Furnas and Peggie Foster in Tucson. I borrowed their FNS slides to aid me in a talk on FNS that I'm giving here at the Indian Hospital on the 24th at their request. See? I am an apostle.

Thank you for my pleasant memories.

. . . .

**From Ruth May in Mary's Harbour, Labrador—October, 1964**

Life here continues to get more and more hectic, and nothing else except my actual work gets done. A large lumbering operation has opened up in the northern part of my district with the expected number of chain saw accidents, etc. One of my mothers had triplets about two months ago. I sent her to St. Anthony Hospital (Mission Headquarters) for delivery which was quite normal. They are two boys and a girl and are doing very well. The total birth weight was slightly over 17 pounds! The family is quite poor, so supplies for them has been a problem. We have school children at St. Anthony raising money for milk for them.

I often think of all of you. Please give my best to anyone I know, particularly Mrs. Breckinridge.

. . . .

**From Susan Hantelman in Eket, Nigeria—October, 1964**

I arrived in Lagos on September 2, and was met by an Indian physician and Dr. Bulle, our Mission Secretary. We spent three days visiting hospitals and various government officials, then we travelled across Western and Eastern Nigeria, visiting hospitals on the way. I learned a lot from these visits. The roads here are much like those in your section of Kentucky, but the tar roads

here are in worse condition. We finally reached our hospital at Eket which is very busy and usually overcrowded with patients. We have outpatient clinics four days a week and surgery on two days, when we average six hernias each day. I am so grateful for the experience I had with you in Kentucky. We see many of the same diseases here plus kwashikor and filaria. We have a well equipped laboratory which is a big help.

I think I shall be moving to another area in March as we hope to open a new dispensary in the province of Ogoja. The river is just half a mile from our house, so we often go swimming, and in the evenings we sit on the veranda and watch the beautiful sunsets.

. . . .

**From May Green in Devon, England—October, 1964**

I often think of you and the FNS, and wish I could have been at Hyden for Mary Breckinridge Day. I so enjoy reading the news and activities of the FNS in the Bulletin. I was delighted that Betty Lester has been made a Kentucky Colonel, and that Brownie has the O.B.E. The last time I saw Brownie was at the Queen's Nurses' Centenary Review at Buckingham Palace, when she caused quite a stir in the FNS riding uniform. On November 12, I go to St. James Palace to receive the Queen's District Nursing long-term service badge (21 years). The presentation is being made by the Duchess of Gloucester. I am very thrilled about it. I have done over forty years of nursing, and am very thankful to have been able to do so. Each year I think I will be retiring. A flat is being built for my successor, and I have promised to stay on until my successor is appointed and the flat is completed. I have not given up the idea that one day I may be able to pay you a visit. Please give my love to all I know.

. . . .

**From Betty Mantay in the Cameroons Republic,**

**West Africa—October, 1964**

We continue to be busy but happy. Night calls make me drag, at times, but I am glad to see our statistics rising this year. We have had more sets of twins during the year, and my midwife seems to get the deliveries of these. At present we have a premature baby of 3 lbs. 5 oz. who is doing very well on the breast.

Our incubator is a bush lamp set under a metal tub. It really keeps the baby warm.

Kay Hunt has just joined our work out here. I have enjoyed hearing the FNS news from her, and I always look forward to the Bulletin. Please give my greetings to everyone.

. . . . .

**From Patricia Ware in Birmingham, England—November, 1964**

Let me tell you a little about life in Selly Oak. There are a group of colleges, originally founded by the Quakers. There are six altogether, four of them are mostly missionary training. Our lectures are usually held in a large hall which is notoriously cold. Students have been known to take hot water bottles and rugs to lectures. Some of the subjects I am taking are: Religions of India, Outline History of the Ancient World, Gospels in the Apostolic Church, Islam, Science, Philosophy and Religion. You should see the books—I am surrounded by them, and am still struggling through the first three. My only comfort is that I am not alone.

Kingsmead, my college, is comparatively small, only about 35 students. We each have a very nice study-bedroom. The students are divided into two groups—Kings and Queens. I am in Queens, and regard this as very fortunate as we have the kitchen, drying and ironing room, and a nice table tennis room. Needless to say the kitchen is the focal point of all social gatherings.

We take turns in conducting our morning prayers in the chapel which is rather terrifying when it comes to "your turn." On Friday evenings we have a guest speaker who is usually a missionary on furlough, and who talks and shows slides. Another thing we do is to visit old people in hospitals, or in my case a remand home. I feel so sorry for those girls who come from broken homes. I have joined the Dramatic Club and we are putting on a one-act play—great fun. I have been trying to persuade the powers that be here that we need a horse to keep down the grass in the orchard, but no success so far—I would even settle for a cow. Please give my love to everyone, especially Mrs. Breckinridge.

### Newsy Bits

**Mary LaMotte Slusher** writes: "We have moved from Route 1 to Vinsley, but our mailing address is still Pineville. All five



of us go to Arjay School now, I as secretary. We hated to miss MB Day, but Ernest was still working at Cumberland Gap Park and we were busy getting settled in our new home."

. . . . .

### New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. John Stidham (**Roberta Rawson**), a daughter, Amy, in Pembroke, Massachusetts, on August 31, 1964. Bobbie writes: "After moving east in June we have settled in Pembroke, about 35 miles from Boston. We have bought a new house surrounded by tall pine trees. John is teaching 6th grade this year. Jonathan is intrigued with our new addition, whom we refer to as our "Indian Princess." Her thick black hair fits the title. I enclose a check for the Quarterly Bulletin, and how I do miss it!"

To Dr. and Mrs. Waldo Enriquez (**Sylvia Leatherwood**) of Wilmington, Delaware, a daughter, Sylvia del Carmen, on September 3, 1964. Sylvia writes: "Our family is growing and we love our girl. We have moved to a three story stone house in town, as Waldo is staying on here in the Emergency Room. He is working very hard. Please give my regards to all at FNS."

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haer (**Ruth Burleigh**) of Dalton, Ohio, a son, Donald Louis, on September 5, 1964. Ruth writes: "I worked up to the day of delivery, and had a six-hour labor without complications. Now we have a big, blonde baby. We have moved to a small house in the country with six acres. Maybe we will have a horse some day."

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A parson was consoling one of his parishioners on his marital troubles. "I'm sorry," said the minister, "that things aren't working out well for you, but you must remember that you took your bride for better or for worse."

"Yes, I know," sighed the husband, "but she's worse than I took her for."

—*Modern Maturity*  
August-September 1964

## JUST ANOTHER DAY!

by

ANNE CUNDLE, R.N., S.C.M.  
Wendover Nurse Midwife

**Foreword:** As all our readers know, the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence was taken over in April, 1960 by the United States Government in behalf of the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir. The Center was torn down and there is now a ramp from the old site down to the river and the backwaters from the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir. The Frontier Nursing Service has kept in touch with the few of its old patients who have not moved away from that district. Miss Cundle has made many visits to the Grassy Branch Clinic on the one side of the river, and to the Wilder Clinic on the other. We have also given Christmas to the children left in those areas. The story which follows describes an experience in advance of Christmas last year. The sick man, who comes into the story, lived beyond the old Confluence district.

Pat Ball is a larger jeep than the others, but even so by the time we packed it with two boxes of toys and boxes of candy (for the school Christmas parties) and the medicines and records etc. for my Wilder Clinic, not to mention three dogs and our picnic basket, there was only just enough room left for Ardie and myself to squeeze in.

It was a beautiful day, brilliant sunshine but cold and icy, and we whispered a small prayer that the zero temperatures would not prevent the jeep from starting. We need not have worried, Pat Ball started right up as though eager to be away, and we set off down the river road little knowing what a journey lay ahead of us.

First we stopped at Roy Sizemore's store to leave candy for the schools at Grassy and Trace (we had given them their toys the previous week) then we drove up to the school on Wilder Branch where the children came running to meet us, eager to help carry their toys and candy in to the teachers to hold for their party the following day.

Next stop was the clinic, it was so cold that we did not expect many patients, but a good fire was burning in the stove and we spent much of the morning thawing out frozen medicines and packing them in a box to take home with us.

"Let's eat our lunch on the top of Wilder mountain," I suggested, "It is such a beautiful day and the view up there should be magnificent."

The road was covered with snow and icy in places, but with four-wheel drive we had no trouble. Half way up the mountain we met two men walking towards us with their hands stuffed into their pockets, and scarves over their ears to try and keep the bitter cold out. They signalled to us to stop, and one of them said his brother was "bad off" and had been for several days, he had abdominal pain and did not seem to be getting any better. They were going to try and find someone with a mule and sled to get him out to a road and to a doctor, but maybe we could do something to help? "How near to your house can we take the jeep?" I asked him. "Just to within two and one-half miles," he replied. "Since the Buckhorn Lake was formed, we have a bad way to get in and out."

"Well Ardie," I said, "how do you feel about a five-mile walk this morning?" She was game, so the brother of the sick man climbed in the jeep with us and the other man went on to find the mule and sled. The view from the top of the mountain was as beautiful as we had expected, but we did not stop to admire it, or to eat our lunch, but drove on down the other side, and following the man's directions, turned off towards the lake across a snow-covered field, through a frozen creek, over another field and finally came to a creek too deep to risk driving across. We had to leave the old dog Susie in the jeep as she would never have made the trek without great hardship, but the two young dogs though the whole venture was enormous fun, and chased each other back and forth across the snow.

The man shouldered my saddle bags as though they were filled with air, and gingerly we walked the icy creek and followed a path through the woods on the other side, at least he said we were on a path, but neither Ardie nor I could see much sign of it, and soon I was sure we must be lost when we started to scale the side of a cliff in single file, with nothing on the left but a long drop to the frozen lake below. My boots are not the best on ice and keeping my eyes firmly averted from the view to the left, I set my teeth and holding grimly on to any root or bush I could get hold of, somehow managed to scramble and slide to

the bottom. Ardie was doing better as her boots had a non-slip sole, and our new found friend seemed quite unconcerned.

After what seemed like hours we finally saw the roof of a house between the trees, and could hear the dogs barking to warn of our approach. An older woman met us at the door, tall and serious with an expressive face that showed the mark of much hard work and sorrow. She welcomed us in but said very little, although her eyes missed nothing.

The sick man (a great hulk of a man) lay on a bed in the corner of the room. He was obviously in pain and seemed relieved to see us. From my knowledge as a nurse it seemed to me that he was very much in need of a doctor's care, and I urged the family to try to get him out either to Hyden Hospital or to Hazard, whichever was easier. He felt too ill to walk or ride a mule, so they decided that it would be possible to transport him by sled over the mountain to where they knew of someone with a jeep who could transport him the rest of the way. I did what I could to make him as comfortable as possible and we then had to start our hazardous return trip to our waiting jeep and poor old patient Suzie, whom we found sound asleep on the seat of the jeep, apparently none the worse for wear after her long vigil.

It was some time later before we learned that our patient's family did manage to get him out to a Hazard doctor and a hospital there. He received the medical and surgical care he needed, and recovered.

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A man who never changes his mind usually has so little mind that he can't afford to take any chances with it.

—Contributed

## WORK WITH A SMILE

by

BETTY LESTER, R.N., S.C.M.

Assistant Director, Social Service Secretary

This was a long, hot, dry summer—wells, springs, creeks, and the river practically dried up. You could walk across the river fords on the rocks without getting your feet wet.

I had not realized how bad the drought was until I had to visit one of my Social Service families. A boy member of the family was in an institution outside the mountains. A telephone call came, asking if I thought his people would be willing for him to visit the State Fair in Louisville, with a member of the institution staff. There had to be written permission which meant I had to go to talk to the family.

It was a drive over a gravelled road—clouds of dust rising behind me coming into the jeep, covering my uniform and my hair with thick, white powder. If only it would rain. Off the gravelled road I went up the dirt hillside road to the house to find nobody at home. I must get the permission or the boy would not get his trip. What to do?

I suddenly remembered the rest of the children would be in school, so off I went to the schoolhouse. The teacher very kindly let one of the boy's sisters come back with me as she thought mother would be washing clothes at the creek.

Well, mother was not at the creek, but while we were debating on what to do next, we saw daddy coming through the cornfield. He had heard my jeep the first time but had not been quick enough to catch me.

Mother was washing by the spring, three-fourths of a mile walk around the mountain so I explained my errand to daddy and off we went. It was a lovely walk, but imagine having to carry clothes that distance, wash them, and bring them back to hang on the clothesline. But that was the nearest supply of water.

We found mother busily scrubbing clothes on a wash-board beside the spring with a big pan of water heating on a fire. So cheerful she was and so pleased that the people at the institution wanted to take her boy to the Fair. Both parents signed the

form and I walked back through the trees and cornfield, thankful that I did not have to wash on a washboard, and full of admiration for a woman who would do it so cheerfully for her family, the hard way.

A short time later I had a letter from the boy thanking me for getting the permission and telling me how much he had enjoyed the Fair.

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## DISAPPEARING WILDLIFE AND GROWING DESERTS IN JORDAN

by  
GUY MOUNTFORT

The disastrous losses in recent years in the wildlife of Jordan are described by Guy Mountfort, ornithologist and leader of the 1963 British expedition which was invited by H. M. King Hussein to study the situation in eastern Jordan. The chief recommendations in the expedition's report, which have been accepted by the Jordanian Government, include the setting up of several national parks with strict protection of wildlife and vegetation. One small but vital recommendation is the provision of kerosene to the Beduin for fuel to save the last remnants of trees and shrubs. . . .

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

The above paragraph is a preview of Mr. Mountfort's article in *ORYX*.

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

## In Memoriam

MRS. BENJAMIN F. BULKLEY  
Lexington, Kentucky  
Died in February, 1963

MR. PEARL MARTIN  
Brutus, Kentucky  
Died in June, 1964

DR. W. F. O'DONNELL  
Hazard, Kentucky  
Died in September, 1964

MR. DAVID PREWITT  
Lexington, Kentucky  
Died in September, 1964

MRS. HENRY R. SHIPMAN  
Clinton, New York  
Died in May, 1964

MRS. ROSS W. SLONIKER  
Wyoming, Ohio  
Died in August, 1964

MR. M. H. SMITH  
Hazard, Kentucky  
Died in August, 1964

MR. EDWARD CLARKE WILSON  
Saratoga, California  
Died in November, 1963

MRS. JOHN S. WRIGHT  
Indianapolis, Indiana  
Died in July, 1963

The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give  
light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of  
death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

—St. Luke I, 78, 79 (King James)

O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide  
In this small course which birth draws out to death, . . .

—*Splendidis longum valedico nugis*  
Sir Philip Sidney, 1554-1586

In the spring and in the autumn of each year, we give special remembrance to old Frontier Nursing Service friends. Three of those we are commemorating now passed on to the larger life in 1963. But we did not learn of their going at that time, and so we are writing about them now.

**Mrs. Benjamin F. Bulkley** of Lexington, Kentucky, had been the sixth National President of the Daughters of Colonial Wars. As all our readers know, this great patriotic organization gives annual scholarships to the Frontier Nursing Service Graduate School of Midwifery to enable registered nurses to take post-graduate training. Mrs. Bulkley took a warm personal interest in the work of the D. C. W. with us and we had happy meetings with her about its success. She was not only highly intelligent but a delightful person.

**Mrs. John S. Wright**, Indianapolis, Indiana, died in her ninety-third year. Up until a short time before her passing, she

was in full possession of her faculties and continued to lead her beneficial life. The Frontier Nursing Service received one of her legacies, and we used it to replace our twenty-five-year-old X-Ray machine at Hyden Hospital with a newer and better model. This is called by her name and will continue for years to come to be of great help to many.

**Mr. Edward Clarke Wilson**, California, was a great and good friend to the Frontier Nursing Service for years prior to his death. He left us a generous addition to our endowment fund. He and his wife were deeply united. She wrote us that every time he read Urgent Needs in our bulletin, he wanted to give not only financially but also of himself in helping to meet these needs. We begged for a sketch of Mr. Wilson's career, with its early struggle. This follows:

Edward Clarke Wilson knew hard work and responsibility from the time he was fourteen. As a young boy, he wanted to be a doctor, and perhaps that is one reason he was especially interested in the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. However, the illness of his father, who had been injured in the Civil War, made it necessary for him to help support the family. After one year in high school, he started his business career as a stock boy. Toward its end he was offered the presidency of a large manufacturing and merchandising company, which he had, in fact, previously directed. This rise in responsibility, demanding and cultivating judgment, courage, diplomacy and steady effort, helped to bring out the valuable personal qualities, which he contributed generously to the many activities in which he was interested. He was a wonderful friend, looked up to for advice and encouragement, and sincerely loved by all who knew him.

**Mrs. Henry R. Shipman**, a friend of the Frontier Nursing Service for twenty years, has left us a generous legacy. The income from this will keep her name alive in behalf of our patients, even as she remains alive in our grateful memories.

During the summer months, we lost two fine members of our Mountain committees. **Mr. Pearl Martin** was still in the prime of life when he succumbed to a heart attack. He and his wife were active members of our Brutus Committee in Clay County. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to her and to his sons.

**Mr. M. H. Smith**, of our Hazard Committee, also died in the prime of his useful life. He was one of the prominent business men in our part of the country and a generous and kind man, too. We extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and their daughter.

**Mrs. Ross W. Sloniker** was the cherished wife of one of our trustees and a member of our Cincinnati Committee. We were



often in touch with her and her husband and their interest in us was shown in a multitude of personal kindnesses. Among these was the sending to us of old books on medical services that they had found in old bookshops. Mrs. Sloniker took a special interest in the arts. She and her husband gave collections of rare prints to the Cincinnati Art Museum and English ballads and poetry to Berea College. She fostered the preservation of beauty in art and beauty in the characters of her friends. Now she has moved on into the Reality that lies at the heart of all beauty. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to her husband and her three daughters.

When **Dr. W. F. O'Donnell** died, Eastern Kentucky lost a great surgeon and we in the Frontier Nursing Service gave up a great friend. It is hard to enumerate all of the kindnesses shown our patients over the years by Dr. O'Donnell. He was always ready and willing to serve at any time that we called upon him. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to his wife and their son.

When **Mr. David Prewitt** died at the age of ninety-three, at Hope House, his beautiful old home in Lexington, he left a gap in the lives of many people. His own generation had nearly all gone before him, but younger generations had grown up loving him. Mr. Prewitt was born at Dunreath, another beautiful old house on the Winchester Pike. Despite his many interests he was always at heart a farmer, loving the land and seeing that every one of his many acres received the best of care. While he was still in the country he more than once entertained horses on trial for the Frontier Nursing Service, or horses sent from our territory to see the great Lexington horse veterinarians. He is survived by his wife, two of his three daughters, one son, and several grandchildren. His second daughter, Martha (Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge), was with the Frontier Nursing Service in its early years. David Prewitt was a kind, humorous, generous and devout person and a good neighbor to all. "And thus he bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman, . . ."

M. B.

## POSTSCRIPT TO IN MEMORIAM

**Mrs. Edward B. Danson of Glendale, Ohio**

Died November, 1964

We learned of the death of this dear Trustee after this column had gone down to the printer. Although she had been failing for some time the news that she had gone came as a shock to us because she had taken an important part in the Frontier Nursing Service for over thirty years. When her young daughter Ann first became a courier in the Thirties, with Mary Elizabeth Rogan, Mrs. Danson came with Mrs. Rogan for the first of numerous visits in our territory. No difficulty was too small or too large for her helping hand and loving counsel. A tribute to her has been sent us from Christ Church, Glendale, from which we will quote. It describes not only Mrs. Danson but the generation to which she belonged.

"A great lady has gone.

She was tall and stately but warm and friendly—ever dignified, never stuffy, and with a certain dash all her own.

But the outward appearance of Ann Danson was but indicative of an inward grace.

Words describing her march in swift procession across the mind. The one, however, that leads the rest is gentle, and all that it implies—from her soft spoken voice, ever tolerant in speaking of others, to her kindly manner. Hers was a high concept of stewardship, one that came from a great and generous soul, conscious always of others less fortunate than herself.

. . . .

A delightful but gentle humor manifested itself in quiet laughter and a gleam of fun in her serene eyes.

. . . .

Hers was a generation that, alas, is slipping swiftly away—one to whom gracious living and regard for the amenities was important. Though she maintained many of the standards of the Victorian, she had none of their inflexibility. . . ."

We extend our tender sympathy to Mrs. Danson's children and grandchildren.

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The death of the late President Hoover has brought many memories to many people.

When I was the volunteer director of child hygiene to the American Committee for Devastated France, following the first World War, the responsibility for the physical care of some 10,000 children was given me by my great chief, the late Anne Morgan. In chapter 10 of *Wide Neighborhoods*, I write of the various days in which we got supplies of food and milk for these children. I quote from a paragraph that shows how much Mr. Hoover's work continued to help months after the war was over.

Early in May, I had a big windfall. One Monday morning I was told that two military doctors (captains) wanted to see me. They represented the American Committee for Relief in Belgium and France, called C.R.B. for short. They said that the C.R.B. was closing out its work in France and Belgium, and that they had about thirteen million francs of French money which they proposed to use, as long as it lasted, in feeding schoolchildren in the devastated areas. These children were to have a supplementary meal of a cup of chocolate, made with condensed milk, and a biscuit made of flour, sugar and lard, at the close of each school day. The children who were markedly underweight were to get a midday meal of meat, vegetables and bread. They asked me if we would like to be given supplies to start this program in all of our sector, and said that we would have to weigh, measure and examine all of the schoolchildren to determine which ones should have the hot noon meal. The C.R.B. was as good as its word. We secured just the right French people to cook the noon meals, while the teachers gave out the biscuits and chocolate at the end of each school day.

Thank you again, Mr. Hoover, and may God bless you in the new life upon which you have now entered.

. . . . .

Our Associate Director, Helen E. Browne, met important FNS engagements in Washington and Boston during the month of October. In advance of these, she took a little holiday with her family in England. In the old country, too, on holiday, she met engagements on behalf of the FNS. We have asked her to report on all of this, and here follows what she has written:

**London**—While on holiday in September, I was invited to the Hospital Centre in London to speak to the staff and show the FNS slides. My sister, who is matron of a small hospital in Surrey, accompanied me and we had the pleasure of lunching with

the Directors of the Centre. We were given a most interesting tour by Miss Craig, the assistant director in charge of nursing. One floor of the Centre is devoted to a display of all kinds of hospital equipment and there is an excellent reference library for the use of students who are interested in hospital administration and all phases of nursing.

I had an interview on the East Anglian Program of the BBC while visiting my sisters in Norfolk.

**Washington**—On October 11, I flew to Washington where I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson. The next day our Washington Chairman, Mrs. Carlile Bolton-Smith, had a meeting of the FNS Committee at her home in Georgetown. I gave a report on the FNS and showed slides to the members present who were all delighted to hear first hand news from the mountains. After the meeting, Mrs. Patterson had a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Charles S. A. Ritchie, wife of the Canadian Ambassador. In the afternoon Mrs. Patterson and I drove to Alexandria to see the diorama of the Frontier Nursing Service which is being cleaned and refurbished in preparation for exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution.

On Tuesday, October 13, Mrs. Lawrence D. Groner, who so ably headed the Washington Committee for many years, invited Marvin and me to lunch with her at the Sulgrave Club. In the afternoon was the big event of the year for our Washington Committee. Mrs. Ritchie had graciously consented to give a tea at the Canadian Embassy to which friends of the FNS in the Washington area had been invited. It was a beautiful afternoon and the guests assembled on the terrace above the Embassy garden. After Mrs. John L. Clemmitt (our courier Ann Wigglesworth), Benefit Chairman of the Washington Committee, had introduced me, I gave a short talk to the guests. Ann was just the right person to introduce me as her father, the late Richard Wigglesworth, was U. S. Ambassador to Canada and Ann was married in Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Roger L. Branham had very kindly loaned some of Jinny's beautiful FNS pictures which were scattered around the Embassy rooms and were much enjoyed by everybody. They helped to bring the FNS to Washington.

Madame Draper Boncompagni, Mrs. Groner, Mrs. C. Griffith

Warfield, and other members of the Washington Committee had been invited to pour tea. As the guests arrived it was fun to greet our old couriers—Bosy Fulbright Foote, Mary Davidson Swift, Mary Wilson Neel, and Carm Mumford Norton. Everyone was delighted when Miss Luci Baines Johnson rushed over from school to come to the tea and to hear about the Frontier Nursing Service.

**Boston**—On Wednesday, October 14, I flew to Boston where I was met by Mrs. Richard Higgins who very kindly put me up at the Chilton Club for the night. In the afternoon I had the great pleasure of walking around to have tea with Mrs. Guido Perera. In the evening I had dinner with Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Nelson M. Knight, and Mrs. Vcevoid Strekalovsky and we all went to the theater. On Thursday morning, Mrs. Ronald Moir, Boston Benefit Chairman, drove me out to Westwood where Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (old courier Patsy Perrin) had a lovely luncheon party and asked me to tell her guests about the Frontier Nursing Service. In the afternoon Mary Moir drove me to the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital where I had been invited to talk and show slides to the members of the Massachusetts Memorial Hospitals Aid Association. Members of our Boston Committee had been invited to attend this meeting. It was a delightful group and I enjoyed talking to them. That evening Frances Knight drove me to Millis where I was to spend the night with Mrs. Charles S. Cheston (old courier Lois Powell). I was delighted to meet her husband, Charlie, and their five-month-old son, Chip, who I think of as the youngest member of our Boston Committee since he accompanied his mother every day for a week when she went to help address invitations for the Christmas Preview. Chip's picture appears elsewhere in this Bulletin.

We were up early the next morning as Lois was taking me to the Charles River School to show slides to the youngsters. They were one of the nicest audiences I have ever had and were very pleased to learn that the clothing they had sent us last Christmas had been most useful. I wore my uniform on this occasion in the interest of the children. Patsy Lawrence took me back to her home so that I could change before she drove me to Chestnut Hill to the home of Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr., who was taking me to lunch and the symphony. This was a pure

pleasure afternoon for me. After the concert Mr. R. L. Branham drove me to Hingham where I spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Branham. While I was there I fixed the map showing the various countries in the world where nurse-midwives from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery are now working. This map was displayed in the New England Life Hall during the Preview. Mrs. Branham was very kind in helping me get Jinny's pictures ready for display at the Preview. On Saturday night we had a delightful evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Alexander in Cohasset.

On Monday Mr. Branham drove me to Dedham where we met old courier Maudie Canham who took me to Bradford where I showed slides to the Community Club of Bradford Junior College, after which I had dinner with the girls and some of the faculty before returning to Dedham where I was to be staying with Mary and Ron Moir and their two boys, Robbie and David, for the days of the Benefit. Mary and I drove into Boston early Tuesday morning to set up the Preview and to hang Jinny's FNS pictures in preparation for the big Sponsor's Party that evening. I was most grateful to Mrs. Frederick R. Weed and Mrs. Alice Lee Walker for helping me with the pictures. On hand to help Mary with the booths were couriers Franny Baker MacAusland, Evie Rogers Chanler, Lila Caner Mehlman, Patsy Perrin Lawrence, Amy Stevens Putnam, Nella Lloyd Helm, Vera Potter Whistler and Rose Gardner Cutler. The beautiful flowers were brought in and charmingly arranged by Frances Hamm Converse and Sally Rice McIntosh. They were all delighted when Anna Strekalovsky with her great artistic ability arrived to arrange the booths for the stores. Thanks to the excellent teamwork of the members of the Boston Committee everything was in readiness soon after noon for the evening. Mrs. Walker very kindly took me to her apartment for lunch and then drove me out to the Dexter School to see a small boys' football game. This gave me a breath of fresh air before the evening's activities. Patsy Lawrence took me to her aunt's apartment so that I could change into uniform for the Sponsor's Party which was a great success, and where I had the pleasure of meeting many old friends.

The Chairman of our Boston Committee, Mrs. Reginald S. Ward (old courier Rosamund Rust) and her husband took me

out to dinner after the party. The Moirs picked me up to take me back to their home for the night.

On Wednesday and Thursday I was on hand at the New England Life Hall to greet all those who came to the Christmas Preview. There was a steady stream of people on both days. As usual, the gourmet lunch and snack bar, in charge of Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (courier Mardi Bemis) and Mrs. R. Grice Kennelly, was a great attraction. They were ably assisted by other members of the Committee. In rotation various members of the Committee took their places at the information table at the entrance to the Preview. During the two days of the Preview I had the great pleasure of speaking with all of these good friends of the Frontier Nursing Service whose names are too numerous to mention. Each time I return to Boston I am impressed anew with the calibre and spirit of this group of women.

Late Thursday afternoon, when Mardi Perry had collected all her pots and pans from the snack bar, she also collected me and we drove out to her lovely home in Concord where I spent the night and enjoyed seeing her family. Mardi very kindly drove me to the airport on Friday morning where I took the plane for home.

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We extend our thanks to Mrs. Eugene M. Bushong for speaking about the Frontier Nursing Service, on October 5 to the Friendship Circle of the Bushnell Congregational Church, Detroit, Michigan. Mrs. Bushong has taken a long and faithful interest in the Frontier Nursing Service. She has kept a scrap-book about us, which she showed to the Friendship Circle. They adopted baby blankets and gowns as their project this year to send to the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Bushong is the wife of the senior of four ministers of the Bushnell Congregational Church which is now the United Church of Christ.

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When Doctor and Mrs. Beasley were in St. Louis for the convention of the Episcopal Church, he was invited to speak to the Mary Institute for girls, a country day school, about the Frontier Nursing Service. This he was glad to do. The invitation was extended by Mr. and Mrs. Hewell S. Knight, parents of our courier, Louise Knight.

It would interest all old timers in the Frontier Nursing Service to know that Louise was the niece of one of our earliest trustees, Mr. Harry French Knight of St. Louis.

Mrs. W. B. Rogers Beasley spoke to the women of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Dayton on October 21. She showed colored slides and said it was a wonderful group of people. Agnes Lewis went with "Trink" to Dayton and spent the night with her nephew, Walker Lewis and his wife. The day after the meeting she and "Trink" drove to Cincinnati to spend the night with Agnes' niece, Mrs. Walter L. Lingle, Jr. They returned to Wendover by way of the Cincinnati airport to pick up Helen E. Browne on her return from Boston.

Since our early days, we have had the honor of having James F. Owen, D.D.S., as a member of the Medical Advisory Committee of our National Medical Council. He sponsored and saw through wonderful pieces of constructive work in the Frontier Nursing Service during his distinguished career. We quote the following from *News and Plans*:

James F. Owen, D.D.S., has retired as director of the Dental Health Program after 36 years with the State Department. In 1927, Dr. Owen, then chairman of the Oral Hygiene Committee, Kentucky State Dental Association, was made director of the first Dental Health Program. Through his guidance, the Program has developed until it has nationwide recognition as one of the most comprehensive in the country. Dr. Owen now lives in Lexington, where he once was in private practice.

We wish to extend our thanks to *Modern Maturity* for the kind article on the Frontier Nursing Service in its October and November issue. Our readers are familiar with this magazine because it is so obliging as to allow us to print short articles from time to time in our Quarterly Bulletin.

Now, in concluding this long column, I want to thank each and every one of you for all your kindness during the past year. I wish you every happiness this Christmas. May the New Year bring each of you the blessing you most desire in your heart.

Mary Breckinridge



### WHEN EAST MEETS WEST THEY SPEAK PIDGIN

Don't knock Pidgin English! It's a second language spoken by 30 to 50 million people, as many as speak Javanese, Korean, Polish, and Ukranian. It can be regarded as a language in its own right, and not a form of international baby talk, says the National Geographic Society.

Peace Corps volunteers going to the West Coast of Africa are taught to speak it, for it is the only common language for peoples living along 2,000 to 3,000 miles of the coastline.

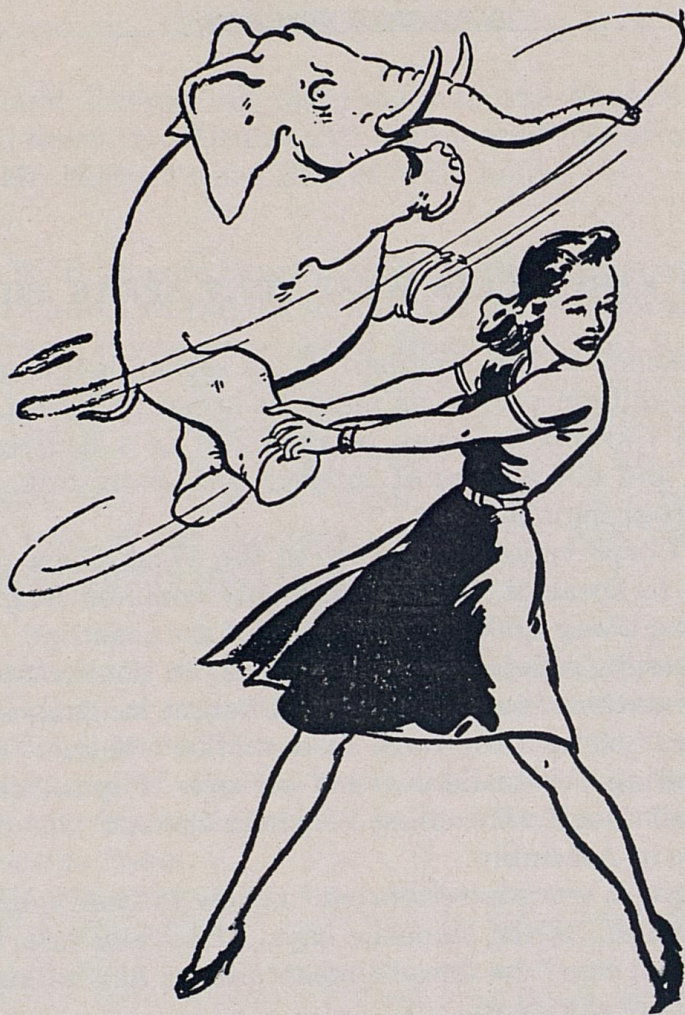
In Australia's dependency of Papua, in southeastern New Guinea, the natives speak about 750 different languages. Pidgin is the closest thing they have to a mother tongue. Recently, Pidgin-speaking Australians went all over Papua telling the tribesmen about a forthcoming "bigfella elekson" for the territorial House of Assembly.

In Pidgin, a word is reiterated to show intensity, and meanings are precise. When someone says, "Big fella talk talk talk watch 'im that one," he doesn't mean orator, he's talking about a high-pressure salesman.

Pidgin started in the ports of the South China Sea in the 17th century. The early traders couldn't speak Chinese, but they worked out a jargon of English with Chinese syntax. "Business English," the Chinese called it, but somehow it came out "Pidgin."

—*Science Digest*, July 1964

## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE  
1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, New York

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If you want our green tags, fully addressed as labels, for your parcels—then write us here at Wendover for them. We shall be happy to send you as many as you want by return mail. However, your shipment by parcel post or express would be credited to the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box if you addressed it

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE  
1579 Third Avenue  
New York 28, New York

## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
PEGGY ELMORE

We are pleased to announce that, according to a recent ruling of the Central Midwives Board of England, nurses who have successfully completed the course in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and who have passed the examinations of the Kentucky State Health Department, will be considered to have a qualification which is the equivalent of Part I of the English midwifery training. This means that a graduate of our School can go on and take Part II Midwifery in England if she so wishes.

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We are always deeply grateful to the men and women in the medical and nursing professions who give their services to the Frontier Nursing Service, its staff, and its patients. Dr. Karl Yaple, Harlan pediatrician, and Dr. David B. Stevens, Lexington orthopedic surgeon, continue to come to Hyden Hospital for regular clinics. Dr. John B. Selby, an internist at the Lexington Clinic, and Mrs. Selby came up in September and Dr. Selby lectured to the nursing staff. Dr. Beverly Mead, a psychiatrist from the University of Kentucky Medical Center, was here in the fall for a clinic and a lecture to the staff.

The pediatric residents from Children's Hospital in Cincinnati came to Hyden in September and spent two days holding clinics at the Hospital and the outpost nursing centers. These physicians were Dr. Gerald Molfenter, Dr. Johuita Forssberg, and Dr. John D. Hobday, who was accompanied by Mrs. Hobday.

When Dr. Beasley had a short holiday in October, Dr. Theodore Waltuch, a senior surgical resident from the University of Kentucky Medical Center, gave us a week of his time. We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Waltuch and their son, Philip, who came to Hyden when Philip's school was out on the week end.

The annual surgical clinic was planned for the last week end in October and for weeks beforehand the staff of Hyden Hospital were busy preparing for the clinic and for reopening the general wards of the hospital. We always anticipate approximately twenty patients for surgical clinic and plan to "borrow" a few

of the midwifery beds for surgical patients. Well, on the week end before the clinic this year, business started booming in the maternity department and by Wednesday morning, Hyden Hospital had nineteen mothers and seventeen babies, and several of the mothers were occupying general beds. Everyone was frantic! But Dr. Beasley waved his magic wand and by noon, when the surgical patients arrived for admission, they had beds! Dr. J. B. Holloway, Jr., the Lexington surgeon who has been holding the surgical clinics for several years, arrived with Mrs. Holloway and Dr. E. Kent Carney, a University of Kentucky surgical resident. Miss Mary Ellen Amato came up from Lexington to bring the surgical nurses, Miss Marjorie Graue and Mrs. Beverly Shannon, and to help them get set up as this was their first clinic at Hyden, but unfortunately she could not stay for the whole clinic. We were delighted to have two old friends, Mrs. Christine Williams and Mrs. Helen Carpenter, both nurse-anesthetists, back with us. Mrs. Holloway, who is a nurse, pitched in to help too, and the clinic was a huge success. Dr. Karl S. Klicka, Medical Director of the Appalachian Regional Hospitals, stopped by on Friday to see something of the clinic and came that evening to dine with the surgical "team" when we had the pleasure of having them all at Wendover again.

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On September 30, Mrs. Ruth Mink, of the ex-staff, appeared on the "Mary Starr Program" on Knoxville, Tennessee, television, to talk about the Craft Show which was to be held in Hyden on Mary Breckinridge Day. Ruth then taped a brief announcement of the Craft Show for WATE's 6:00 p.m. news program. She wrote us that it was an odd sensation to sit in her living room and see herself on television, and that she received several fan letters!

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Margaret Willson and Mary Simmers attended a meeting of the Maternal and Child Health Council of the Kentucky League for Nursing in Ashland, Kentucky, on Wednesday, November 18.

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Wendover has had the pleasure of entertaining several of the local committees for dinner this month. The Beech Fork Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Paul Cook, met on

November 12, followed by the Hyden Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. W. Roy Sizemore, on November 17. As we go to press, we are looking forward to a meeting of the Red Bird Committee, Mr. Floyd Bowling, Chairman, on November 20.

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Mardi Cottage, the quarters for the seven students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, is getting a second floor. The Cottage was built in 1941 and was designed for only four students and a supervisor. Long ago the supervisor moved to Haggin Quarters and a double room was added at one end of the gabled attic. The addition of a full second story has been long needed and we were delighted when the proceeds of the Seventh Annual Christmas Preview Benefit of the Boston Committee were allocated to help meet the cost of this project. The addition will have four bedrooms, a bath, a small, sound-proofed room for the use of the night student, and storage space.

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It is said that "Christmas comes but once a year" and this is true even in the FNS. But we are sure that it *lasts longer* here than anyplace else! If we are to get the toys, candy, and clothing distributed to the outpost nursing centers in time, we must start our preparations at Hyden Hospital in early November. We are eternally grateful to Keuka College in Keuka Park, New York, for the two volunteers they send us each year. These students come to Kentucky for their non-resident term and spend a month with the FNS helping with Christmas and making themselves generally useful. This year we are fortunate to have Suzanne Eyer of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, a sociology major, and Patricia Mitchell of Galway, New York, a nursing student.

As always, we appreciate more than we can express the kindness of the hundreds of friends—individuals, Needlework Guilds, Daughters of Colonial Wars, Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority Chapters, church groups, and clubs—who send us the toys and clothing and candy which makes it possible for the FNS to help bring Christmas greetings to this section of the Kentucky mountains.

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We are glad to welcome a number of new nurses to the Hyden Hospital staff. Ruth Fischer, Verona, New York; Renona Van

Essen, Ogilvie, Minnesota; Janice Young, Highwood, Illinois; Sue Kallal, DeKalb, Illinois; and Dorothy Hennings, Red Wing, Minnesota, are all registered nurses who arrived during September and October. Susan Cross, who is also at Hyden Hospital, is a nurse-midwife from Streatley, Berkshire, England. Mrs. Nellie McConnell, Yeaddiss, Kentucky, had had many years of experience as a practical nurse in New Jersey before joining the FNS staff in October. Vicki Howard and Rose Adams are recent graduates of the School of Practical Nursing in Pineville, Kentucky.

It is good to have Anna May January and Madeline Gamble back at Wendover, and to see Katherine Vandergriff at Hyden Hospital again, even though Vandy's stay, this time, will have to be brief as she will be going to Peru in January. When Carolyn Banghart left the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery November 1, Margaret Willson took over as Dean. Vandy returned to help with the transition so there would be no break in the continuity of the classes. As most of our readers know, Margaret holds the certificate of the Midwife Teachers Training College in Kingston, England.

We are sorry that June Witt and Edith Powers must leave the Hospital staff this week. Edith plans to return for the next class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in February.

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When the Summer 1964 Bulletin went to press, Wendover was without couriers, but fortunately this situation did not last long. Kate Ireland returned the end of September, followed closely by a number of the old couriers who came for the Courier Chairmen meeting and Mary Breckinridge Day. (You will have read about these two important events elsewhere in this Bulletin.) Marion Shouse Lewis celebrated her arrival by having a mild coronary which was a low blow to all of us, and she had to miss all the fun of the first week end in October. We are delighted to report that Shouse made an excellent recovery and was back at Wendover in time to help put together this Bulletin. We doubt if it would be in your hands now were it not for her efforts.

Laura Riley returned in early October and did a marvelous job for the six weeks that she was able to stay with us. We now have the help of junior courier Helen Omberg of South Bend,

Indiana, and of Jan Craig, who has returned to make herself useful again this fall.

We were fortunate in having with us for two weeks Marilyn Schwartz of Hamburg, New York. Marilyn spent her vacation at Hyden Hospital, doing whatever was needed, including painting the operating room in preparation for surgical clinic. As she is a trained x-ray technician, her most important contribution was the work she did in setting up a reference chart to make it easier for the nurses to use our new x-ray machine.

We have had the pleasure of seeing a number of old friends—and some new ones—this fall. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Robb stopped by for one night in September. Mr. Robb is Minister of Information at the British Embassy in Washington. The Rev. William Burns of Harlan has been so kind as to come over the mountain several times to have a Communion Service in St. Christopher's Chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Omberg have been down to see their daughter, Helen, and Mr. and Mrs. Arno Witt drove from Wisconsin to pick up their daughter, June, when she left the Service.

Dr. Francis Hutchins, President of Berea College and an FNS Trustee, and Mrs. Hutchins, spent one day in September at Hyden and Wendover, and Mrs. Wanda White, Area Supervisor of the Department of Child Welfare, brought Dr. Thomas Gladwin of the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Maryland, and Mrs. Gladwin, to see something of the FNS in October.

It was a joy to have Dr. and Mrs. Laman Gray of Louisville, as well as various members of the ex-staff, with us at the time of the Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. Addie Hamilton, Vivian Bougher, Evelyn Mottram, Grace Reeder, Peggy Kemner, and Jane Pierson were all at Wendover for the day. Eleanor Wechtel Denk brought three nurses from St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Dayton, Mrs. Gladys Stoner, Mrs. Katherine Baker, and Mrs. Ann Welsh, and they stayed overnight.

Miss Isabelle MacIntyre, a nurse from Brazil, spent a week in late October observing the work of the Service, and Mrs. Bella Vaughn of the old staff stopped by on her way back to California. In November Col. Dora J. Stohl, Major Emma Stapleton, and

Major Sarah Johnson of Fort Knox, Kentucky, came up to bring us the marvelous shipment of clothing and toys from the nurses at the Ireland Army Hospital.

As this Bulletin goes to the printer, we are looking forward to our annual Thanksgiving Reunion at Wendover and to the arrival of old courier Fanny McIlvain and Betty Ann Bradbury of the ex-staff who are coming to spend the holiday week end with us.

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### A FENCE OF TRUST

Build a little fence of trust  
Just around today;  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon tomorrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow.

—M. F. Butts

This is very old, but we have no exact date.



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**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY**

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W. B. Rogers Beasley, M.D., D.T.M.&H.

**Secretary to Medical Director**  
Miss Hope Muncy

**Hospital Superintendent and  
Assistant Director**  
Miss Betty M. Palethorp, R.N., S.C.M.

**Secretary to Superintendent**  
Mrs. Mary Whiteaker

**Hospital Midwifery Supervisors**  
Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.  
Miss Susan Cross, R.N., S.C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School of  
Midwifery**  
Miss Margaret I. Willson, R.N., S.C.M.

**Assistant to the Dean**  
Miss Molly Lee, R.N., S.C.M.

**Assistant Director  
In Charge of Social Service**  
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

**Nursing Supervisor**  
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

**AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS**

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Joan Fenton, R.N., C.M.; Miss Ann Russell, R.N., S.C.M.

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**  
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Evacuated April 1, 1960

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**  
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss Mable R. Spell, R.N., C.M.; Miss Elsie Maier, R.N., C.M.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Mrs. Mable Turner, R.N., C.M.; Miss Edna Johnson, R.N., B.S.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Miss Jean Rowan, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anne Marie Lorentzen, R.N.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Hettie Lake, R.N., C.M.; Miss Madelynne Shade, R.N.

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

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

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.

2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.

3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.

4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.

5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.

6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

. . . . .

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



## FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

### DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,**

and sent to the treasurer

**MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY**

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky

## A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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

M. B.

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## Statement of Ownership

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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

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

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

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

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

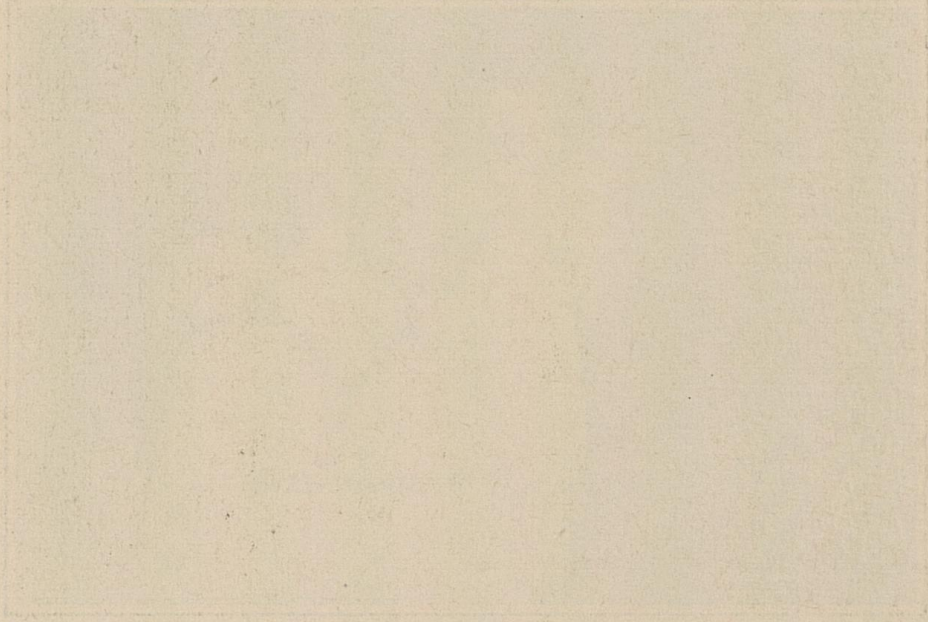
(4) Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor



#### CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AT WENDOVER, CHRISTMAS 1941

This picture of four little angels was taken by old courier Louise Will (Scoopie) 23 years ago. Her daughter, Jean Woodruff (Woody), of Binghamton, New York, was with us as a courier this past summer. Scoopie has sent us, through Woody, this picture of girl and boy angels who are now grown men and women. The Christmas Pageant, with the beautiful rendering of the Nativity, is part of the Wendover celebrations year after year.



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