

Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

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The Lights of Home



FOUR LITTLE ANGELS
Nativity Play at Wendover

Cover painting by Vanda Summers

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ON LOVE

To-night we calendar
The rising of that star
Which lit the old world with new joy of living.

In the profound unknown,
Illumined, fair, and lone,
Each star is set to shimmer in its place.
In the profound divine
Each soul is set to shine,
And its unique appointed orbit trace.

Christ said, By love alone
In man's heart is God known;
Obey the word no falsehood can defile . . .

Open the door to-night
Within your heart, and light
The lantern of love there to shine afar.
On a tumultuous sea
Some straining craft, maybe,
With bearings lost, shall sight love's silver star.

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DODD, MEAD & COMPANY from
Bliss Carman's Poems

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

by

PEGGIE FOSTER, R.N., S.C.M., and JANE FURNAS, B.S., R.N., C.M.
Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River

(See inside back cover for pictures)

I

Mrs. Sam Combs (Alice) of Lyn Log Branch, came early to the clinic to register for prenatal care. Her least one, Cecil, age two, had been caught by the FNS and she again wanted to protect the health of both herself and her unborn baby. She was carefully checked each month and soon it was discovered she would have twins. We sent her to the Medical Director's clinic at Hyden Hospital to confirm this and she was booked for a hospital delivery.

Early Tuesday morning there was a frantic knocking at our door and there stood Mary, Alice's sister, to say that Alice was "bad off." We didn't think there would be time to get her to Hyden Hospital. We knew if we were to deliver her at home we would both be needed as one of the twins would be quite small. Knowing this we took with us a large cardboard box, hot water bottles, and warm covers.

We arrived at Alice's home to find her about ready to have the babies. All thought of getting her to Hyden Hospital vanished in thin air and we rapidly prepared for the delivery. We won't go into details of the delivery which was a most interesting one but by the grace of God we have a live mother and two live babies. Robin, weighing 3 and $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., came first and reversed his way into the world. His little heart was beating well but it took several anxious moments to clear his air passages of mucus and stimulate his breathing. What a joyful sound—his first loud cry! Following soon after his brother, Richard arrived head first, weighing 5 and $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Both babies seemed to be in good condition, but we decided that little Robin should be taken to Hyden Hospital. He was so small we knew his chances of survival would be much better if he spent the first weeks of life in an incubator and under Dr. Beasley's care.

In the meantime, while we stayed in the home to make sure

Alice and Richard were doing all right, Robin started life happily in his cardboard box with hot water bottles. Rickie also went into the box. Before we left to take Robin to our Hospital, Alice wanted a picture of mother, babies, and nurses just in case little Robin didn't survive. Then off we started for Hyden in a jeep with one nurse holding Robin inside her coat against her own body heat and with a hot water bottle. We arrived at Hyden Hospital in record time—immediately Robin was placed in the warm incubator. What a happy day it was a month later when Robin, who was well adjusted to life outside the incubator and gaining steadily, was taken by his recuperated mother to join Rickie in the beautiful new baby bed in his own home.

"Y' all come," the hospitable invitation in this part of the world, we happily extended to the Combs family, hoping they could all attend clinic together. This they did, coming for their first family visit when the twins were six weeks old. Robin and Richard were only weighed and measured on this visit but the rest of the family got their polio shots. Since this picture was taken the twins have had their DPT injections which means that they are protected against diphtheria, whooping cough, and tetanus.

Health is a family affair. Many families besides the Combs come to the clinic at the nursing center for inoculation against disease, and for advice about nutrition and health habits. They are a credit to the whole community and a source of stimulation to us who are public health nurses as well as nurse-midwives.

Many parents, realizing how the various worm infestations can undermine health and happiness, have come to us for help in a family campaign to rid themselves of this all too common enemy. Then there is the water supply. Where does the water come from? Is it pure at the source? Does it become contaminated between the source and where it is used? So many things to talk over!

II

Many families take advantage of our school clinics. Not long after the schools opened in early August we started to visit them. We were thrilled with the good attendance—especially as it is very difficult for the children to get to school from many of the areas off the main roads. The teachers are so friendly, under-

standing, and coöperative, that it is a joy to plan a health program to include the eight schools in our area.

Big Creek School tops the list with 160 students and four teachers, Mrs. Alma Sizemore, Mrs. Thelma Sizemore, Miss Emma Spurlock, and Mr. Albert Davis. It is an inspiration to see the wonderful work that is being done with so few school materials with which to work. Each of our schools requires several visits, our first to say howdy to everyone and to make arrangements so that every family in the district will know there is to be a clinic and may have the opportunity of attending. They bring the little "under sixes" with them, so that a school clinic really is a family clinic. Subsequent visits to the schools are paid to weigh and measure the children, give the necessary inoculations, and to talk with the children and their teachers on health matters.

Lower Elk is the next largest school with two rooms, 90 students, and two teachers, Mrs. Mattie Ledford and Miss Mary Lipps. We were fortunate in having Dr. Mildred Gabbard come, with Mrs. Thomas of the Clay County Health Department, to this clinic. Clay is one of the five counties for which Dr. Gabbard is health officer. She is a mother as well as a health officer, with her home in Owsley County, and she knows just how to gain and keep the interest of the children.

Dr. Gabbard examined all of the first and fifth graders and several other children with special problems whose parents were also present. It was a very successful clinic and several children were referred through the health department for eye examinations, chest x-rays, and care of the teeth. Children with specific defects and illnesses were referred to their family doctor, where there was one, or to Dr. Beasley (the Service Medical Director) as is always the case in our clinics. The parents of these children were visited later in their homes—the problem discussed—and happily all coöperated.

Sugar Creek School, on the edge of the district, has the record number of inoculations as 99% have had their "shots" up to date—not forgetting the little "under sixes" who always took part in the program. Mrs. Jane Langdon, the teacher, can be proud and indeed so can the parents.

We have also held clinics at Double Creek, Jack's Creek,

Newberry, Ulysses Creek and Upper Elk schools but have not, as of this writing, completed the full program.

We are interested in helping our children to become internationally minded and recently, when we had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Bedekar of India, we took her to visit several of our schools. She wore a beautiful sari and she spent some time with each group of students, pointing out India on the map, writing in her language on the blackboard, and answering hundreds of questions about India. Many of the parents have told us how much their children enjoyed meeting a real Indian from India.

What of the future? Who can measure the peace and happiness which can be enjoyed by those communities who make health a family affair—for all will attain God's reward for taking the best care they can of the wonderful body He gave to each and every one.

A MOTHER PHEASANT

Once, in June, we came upon a mother pheasant steering a brood of minute babies across a dirt road. They were too little to mount the bank at the other side, and when she realized it, she cast an agonized glance at us. We had stopped the car. She thought it over, and rushed back guiding them to safety on the low side of the road. They looked too small to walk, but they twinkled along after her. The least one had to be helped with much fluttering of wings and special instructions.

We sat quietly for some time after they had vanished. It was a small miracle to see how this wild, frightened little mother would not save herself. She would save her babies or die trying. I was thankful we were the ones who had met her. A speeding car with a careless driver would have killed all thirteen.

—From *Diary of Domesticity*, by Gladys Taber
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THE BRIDGE THE NEIGHBORS BUILT

by

AGNES LEWIS, B.A.
Executive Secretary, Frontier Nursing Service

Last March, twelve men in the Flat Creek district had a "working" at the Caroline Butler Atwood Center at Creekville. They cleared the road to the nursing center of all the debris that had been left in the wake of the January flood; unblocked the drains and filled in the worst holes with creek gravel. It was a big day's work but these kind neighbors made the road safe for their nurse to get out on her district and for her patients to get to her, during the summer months. The nurse gave them a good dinner!

This was only a temporary measure. Something permanent would have to be done before another winter. The consensus of opinion of these men was that to replace the log retaining wall—washed out by the flood—and to put the road in good condition would cost at least \$1,000.00; and they were pretty sure that the next flood—or even a big tide—would wash it out again. Miss Joy Hilditch, our nurse-midwife in charge of the center, took the problem up with Mr. Bascom C. Bowling, chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service Flat Creek District Committee. He talked with various men on this committee who understand road building. Finally, they concluded that it would be a waste of money to repair this old road along the creekbed. In their opinion it would be far better to abandon it and build a new road through a neighbor's field. This would necessitate getting a right of way; grading the new road and fencing it off; and putting in a wooden bridge with concrete pillars over Big Flat Creek. This decided, Mr. Bowling approached Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Bray about the right of way, which they generously gave.

Mr. Bowling then called a meeting of the Flat Creek Committee for July 11th at the center. After Mrs. Breckinridge had given her report she turned the meeting over to the chairman. He suggested that the Committee take on the new road and bridge as a project; and that they not only line up the labor and supervise the construction of the bridge, but that they undertake to raise the money for it too. This suggestion was met with

enthusiasm by all eleven members present; and Mr. Bowling started off the drive for funds by giving his own generous check—others followed suit. It was a most interesting and gratifying meeting.

As this Bulletin goes to press, the road, fence and bridge are completed except for the finishing touches; and the cost to date in cash money has been \$696.78. It would have cost several hundreds of dollars more but for the gifts in kind, which were largely due to personal contacts made by Mr. and Mrs. Bowling. County Judge Charles H. White, Manchester, gave the use of the bulldozer with its operator; the Gennett Lumber Company, Creekville, and the J. Walter Wright Lumber Company gave all of the lumber for the bridge—logs and flooring. Gifts in money from thirty-one donors for this road and bridge have to date totaled \$343.00, meeting about fifty per cent of the costs paid in cash. Mr. and Mrs. Bowling made several trips to Manchester and spent endless time in seeing friends—many of them in Manchester and asking for contributions. They personally raised over two-thirds of the total fund. Our barn woman at the nursing center gave one month's wages, in addition to her husband's contribution.

This help from our own people, under the splendid leadership of Mr. Bowling, has been most heartening to Mrs. Breckinridge and all of us, especially to Miss Hilditch. Space does not permit our naming all of the kind and generous friends who have given their time or money—some have given both—in building this new road and bridge. We can only send out to each and every one who had a part in it, deeply grateful thanks from the bottom of our hearts.

SAYINGS OF OUR CHILDREN

Nurse: "How long have you had your sore throat, Danny?"

Danny (age eight and very serious): "I have had it since I got it."

Nurse (after stopping to think for a minute): "And when did you get it?"

Danny: "I got it yesterday morning."

T. I.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

by

JOY HILDITCH, R.N., S.C.M.
Caroline Butler Atwood Center at Flat Creek

The hill top across the valley was bathed in sunshine giving it a curious disembodied appearance. The heavy October morning mist obscured most of the valley so I could hear but not see a neighbor calling to her cow to come to be milked.

Taking a supply of swabs and antiseptic lotion down to the barn I got Laura, my mare, out of her stall and with the help of Elsie, my faithful barn lady, cleaned a festering wound on her neck. A careful check of the pasture fence had revealed several rusty nails which I had driven in or removed so I hope she will not repeat the accident. Poor Laura did not appreciate our ministrations over much tho' she did enjoy the apples and corn which we used to bribe her into a semblance of stillness.

Going indoors for breakfast I noticed the hill across the valley had come back to earth, and I was enjoying the promise of a clear sunny day.

While I prepared my saddle bags for the day's visits heavy steps sounded on the porch, and into the waiting room came a neighbor who had recently crushed his finger at a saw mill. His wound was healing well and in a few minutes he was on his way. Meanwhile another man arrived to have sawdust removed from his eye, then two children came to have typhoid shots before school. Just at 8 a.m. as I was getting myself and Spot, my red setter, into Parker, the jeep, Ellen came rushing up with her youngest boy, an energetic seven year old. He had just fallen out of a tree and sustained an injury to his wrist. There was not much swelling but as Ellen said "It looks right quare." With cotton and a magazine for padding and splint I bound it up and fixed a sling. Then wrote a note to Dr. Beasley and hastened them on their way to Hyden since I didn't feel qualified to set broken bones!

My first call was to see a child with badly infected tonsils who had been sick several days, happily the fever had now left him and his tonsils looked much healthier. Leaving instructions with his mother for his continued care I rejoined Spot in Parker

and we made our way to a turn-off which he loves, knowing as he does, that it means a walk for us both. After the excitement of chasing numerous make-believe rabbits we finally came to the head of the hollow where the Jones family live. Marie, the mother, was waiting for us in a spotless bed as usual and as usual too her daughter was busy with tubs of water and a wash board. It seems that her four brothers insist on getting themselves black from head to toe every day of their lives so poor Peggy has a never-ending job keeping their clothes clean. Marie has spent many long months in bed keeping herself cheerful, listening to the battery radio and sewing. Her lungs are badly infected so she has to have injections three times each week, hence Spot's familiarity with the road.

Next I left Spot and the jeep and crossed the creek to visit an elderly couple whose children have all married and scattered. Both Becky and Don were feeling sprightly and talked enthusiastically of all the grandchildren. Having admired her shining kitchen and compared notes with Becky on egg production I finally left with a neat package containing a dozen fresh eggs. I do hope this winter will be kinder to them than last when they both became seriously ill with pneumonia, after leaving their house during the night of the big flood.

Leaving Becky and Don we made our way to the house of a young family fairly new to the district. Here I gave the baby and her brother both diphtheria and whooping cough shots, this gave me great satisfaction as I have been trying for months to persuade the mother that both children should be immunized. Young Donny stood perfectly still while I plunged the needle into his arm and his only comment was to the effect that it "sure didn't hurt." After some discussion regarding Allie's health I finally took my leave. I arrived at the next house just as the family were coming in from their tobacco stripping. I needed little persuasion to sit down with them to a well laden dinner table. Presently I was able to satisfy myself that the mother of this lively group was getting over her spell of "high blood." She has been very coöperative and sensible about following her diet and is feeling much better for the drop in her blood pressure.

Once more I rejoined Spot and Parker and went down river a piece to see Roscoe, a sturdy 2-year-old who had recently col-

lided with the cook stove and burned his arm. He is a fat, jolly little fellow who takes everything in his stride. His mother has been dressing the wound each day since I last saw him. He announced that it was quite better and sure enough it was almost healed. While I was looking at his arm his father came in so I was able to redress a wound on his wrist. He had fallen a few days before in his barn and cut himself quite severely on some part of his tractor. Coming straight to the clinic he found me at home fortunately so it was stitched up in a matter of minutes after the accident and was now almost ready to have the stitches taken out. We arranged for him to come up the next evening to have this done in the clinic.

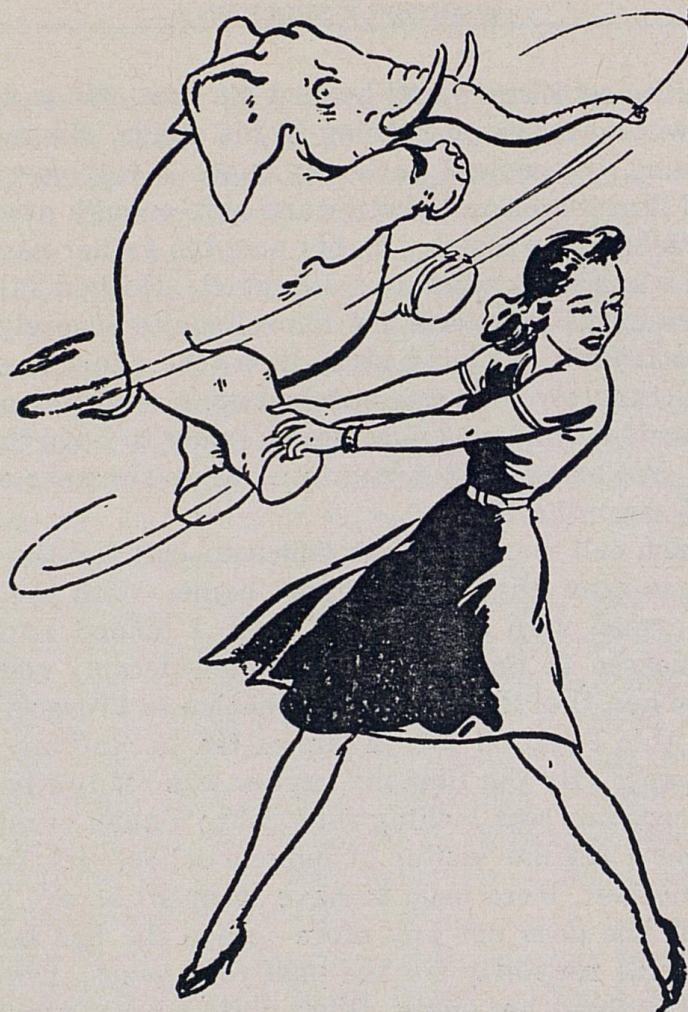
Our last call was the Post Office to call for the mail and have the gas tank filled before going home. With the help of a neighbor, armed with a bucket of corn, I tended Laura's neck and was pleased to find the swelling considerably reduced so I hoped, with her, that it would soon be healed and forgotten.

After this I settled with a cup of tea to read any mail and the daily paper. By the time my supper was ready I had written up the records and was looking forward to a quiet evening. Soon after supper a regular visitor of mine, a school girl, Dora, came with her mother. Dora used to have frequent severe attacks of asthma but she does not any more—since she has been taking allergy vaccine regularly for the past four years. Dora is quite philosophical about her shots. She's quite used to them and prefers shots to shortness of breath.

Closing the door behind them I noticed the valley was almost filled again with pearly mist.— The nurse's day was ended and I sat by the fire listening to the united sounds of my neighbors before picking up my book and losing myself in a chapter or two of the *North West Passage*.

The nurse's day was ended—what of her night? With two expectant mothers due, the odds were that one would send for me, and one did!

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received thousands of dollars from the sale of knickknacks sent by friends from sixteen states besides New York. The vase you have never liked; the *objet d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook; odd bits of silver.—There are loads of things you could send to be sold in our behalf.

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

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

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship, Sewickley, Pa. and Virginia (Jinny) Branham, Hingham, Mass.

Note: Freddy's and Jinny's safari of about six weeks included the Edinburgh Festival; several days on the Isle of Skye where they spent a day with the district nurse—arranged for them by Queens Institute of District Nursing for Scotland; a visit to Edith Bunce (Olive's sister) on the Isle of Wight; and various places in England and Switzerland.

Hingham, Massachusetts—August 24, 1957

I don't believe it! A week from Monday Freddy and I take to the air. Freddy gets here Friday afternoon. I'm trying to get together a few clothes. The last accomplishment was getting the best barn shoes out of hock—got to have something in which to climb Ben Nevis! Yes, and we'll keep thee posted via post cards!

Argyll, Scotland—September, 1957

Roads here are like the Wendover road, only they are paved and very hilly. We went to Roag (Isle of Skye) and found Mac's house. A relative was living there with her sister, Christina MacKay, both in their eighties. They were most interested in learning about Mac and insisted we stay for tea. The elements have not been too kind—could hardly see the Cullin Hills.

Ullswater, Lake District—September 22, 1957

Now we are at Ullswater. A gorgeous location but we brought the sodden cold weather with us. Can't see a blinking hill, let alone a mountain.

Yesterday we took to the hounds by mistake—ended up with the harriers in the A. M. as they lit out through the fields after the biggest bunny. More fun following them through the fields—see the hare and ere long the hounds yelping after it. Great sport! In the afternoon we went to the dog "trails"—gathered it's a strictly local sport—fox hounds built with a bit of greyhound, I'd say. About thirty lined up and released—a course of fields on surrounding hills—could see them almost the whole

time. In thirty minutes they were back, having covered ten miles!

We have met more wonderful English and Scots—two English couples, one Cambridge and one near Sheffield, have asked us to visit them at their homes en route down. Never have I seen such hospitality!

Jungfrauoch, Switzerland—October, 1957

Got a marvelous snow burn from the sun up at Jungfrauoch. Can hardly believe this spot is real—chalets, cow bells like chimes, basking in the sun for breakfast and lunch. Now, we are about to put down in Prestwick en route home. Had a rare evening last night with Corrie and Mary "Brownie." All so wonderful.

Sewickley, Pennsylvania—November 5, 1957

We really did have the most superb time. The Festival and all of Scotland was wonderful and the heather was in full bloom. We could have managed without quite so much Scotch mist! We loved the Isle of Skye and the mist cleared just long enough for us to get one good look at the Cullins. We spent one afternoon looking for Roag House—it really is out in the middle of nowhere, but it is a lovely old place. Miss MacKay, whose sister married Mac's brother, Alan, and her older sister lived there all by themselves. They showed pictures of all their family and Mac's family—all of them having passed on.

We never did get to see Stevie. We passed not too far from her on our express flight from the Lake District to Aylesbury—the only express tour we made. Talked with Hilly, but Lydia was away. Never saw Jo Grimaldi. I called her place of business so many times that the telephone operator recognized my voice! Finally, I gleaned that she was on holiday in Italy and wouldn't return until October 22, so we missed her by a nose.

I'm terribly sorry about Tenacity and Fanny. Somehow, I was afraid they wouldn't get through another winter. A mighty sad and empty barn, too.

. . . .

From Amy Stevens, Denver, Colorado—August 26, 1957

Maryellen Fullam came to Denver last night. We had dinner together and then afterwards she stopped by to see me at the

house. She's such a grand girl and is looking forward to being Social Service Secretary. Of course, we gabbed FNS for hours and it makes me more homesick for Wendover to talk about it. I am trying to think of ways I can get back (maybe with Bruce) before we are married; but, since our plans are still rather unsettled, I haven't come up with any solutions as yet. I have finished summer school at Denver University and am now enjoying four weeks of freedom before I start the autumn quarter—I may not go back, either!

—October 30, 1957

Did not go back to school this fall. Instead, am enjoying my happy, happy engagement time. This Sunday, November 3rd, I'm flying home to be with mother and the family before we are married December 28. We will be living in Rangely, Colorado.

. . . .

From Anne (Nano) Eristoff, Avignon, France

—September 7, 1957

Dusty and I are off on another of our expeditions—this time moseying around northern Italy for two and a half weeks. We crammed in lots of museums and then rested up with a few days of country quiet in a small village.

. . . .

From Justine (Dusty) Pruyn, Avignon, France

—September 7, 1957

Now we are going our separate ways—Nano to visit friends in France and I up to Paris and then back to England. I was there six weeks earlier this summer at Oxford studying seventeenth century history supposedly, but actually enjoying England and absorbing Oxford. Nano also was travelling earlier in England, then to Holland and Germany. We both wish we could include Wendover in our itinerary.

. . . .

From Sandra (Sandy) Gray, Louisville, Kentucky

—September 13, 1957

We are driving to Hollins College on Sunday and I have doubts that we will ever get organized by that time!

I hope that you don't mind if I appoint myself a walking Chamber of Commerce for the establishment of Wendover, Kentucky! People keep making the mistake of asking me how I liked the Frontier Nursing Service and I just can't pass it off with, "It was great!" I inevitably corner the polite inquirer for several hours to tell how wonderful it really is. I can't express in words how much I loved it. Every afternoon at about four o'clock I get a craving for tea!

.

From Jean Alexander, Bernardsville, New Jersey

—September 14, 1957

I just wanted to write and tell you how much I loved working with the FNS. If I had not had to go to college I do not think I would have left. I miss everyone terribly and I can hardly wait until I have a chance to come back.

.

From Linda Branch, Pinedale, Wyoming—September 15, 1957

Thought you'd be interested to know that the Christmas Secretary of 1955 and the one of 1956 finally met—completely accidentally—here in Pinedale tonight. I went to a rodeo today, got back around six, put in a call to Massachusetts to Anne Kilham to make quick arrangements for meeting her in Denver the end of the week; did some book work I'd brought home from the office and then planned to go to the show. I was interrupted by a friend who'd been kicked on the head by a horse, and as Dr. Knapp was out of town, he wanted me to look at it. By the time he and his friend left it was too late for the show; but I decided to have dinner uptown. As I was waiting to be served, I noticed a car drive up with a New York license plate and two quite Eastern girls came into the café. I kept on chatting with a few others near me and my name must have been mentioned for Amy Stevens spoke to me and introduced herself. We had a lovely chat about the various people in the FNS we knew. Amy was on her way to Jackson to camp out for a week with a friend.

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From Mrs. Henry Percival Glendinning, Jr.

("Nancy" Ingersoll), Antigua, B.W.I.—September 23, 1957

Henry and I have talked a great deal about my summer at

Wendover. Everyone is fascinated to hear about it and it always surprises me when people are really and truly interested in what others have done! We had a family joke that all my Kentucky friends would arrive on Camp, Tenacity and in Larry and Monday for my wedding. I wish the joke could have come true!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lloyd (Sue McIntosh), Cambridge,
Massachusetts—October 12, 1957**

Bob has a year and a half to go in the Harvard Graduate School of Architecture so we are still living in Cambridge, and enjoying our life here greatly. I am teaching at the Kingsley School in Boston, a school for children who were working way below their capacity before coming to the school. Most of them are emotionally disturbed, often quite seriously, and haven't been able to learn the basic reading skills that are prerequisite to further progress, so the school has a strong remedial reading program.

I'm teaching social studies and English. The place has a wonderful atmosphere and it is really a good school in which to start teaching. One working with such children must be able to accept every kind of person and consider many different ways of doing things. The result is, that I feel free to work out my own teaching problems, getting as much or as little help as I want from the other teachers and Mr. Kingsley. There is nothing rigid or dogmatic about the school; it is a disarmingly human place.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Richard S. Storrs (Frinny Rousmaniere),
Oyster Bay, New York—October 16, 1957**

My, what a long time it's been since I've seen you, and what wonderful memories flood in as I write! All the landmarks are still clear as ever, and the people and activities just as vivid. I must see if my memory is playing tricks on me, and go back for a visit sometime.

We have moved to a perfectly beautiful old house with magnificent trees and a pond with ducks on it. Dickey Chase Stone lives nearby and we see the Littauers occasionally.

From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—October 23, 1957

I've been home four months already and the time has flown. I miss Uganda very much. It was such fun there and a wonderful experience. I'm not taking kindly to the cold weather and rather hanker after the warmth and sunshine! So far, I have no definite plans but will let you know when I get settled.

I had a lovely holiday in Italy, at the end of August, with my dear friend, Lady Ogilvie. We had nearly a fortnight in the Dolomites—fantastic mountains, quite unlike any other I have ever seen. We ended up in Venice for a few days which we simply loved. It is the most enchanting place and we were thrilled with it all.

. . . .

From Jane Leigh Powell, New York City—October 23, 1957

The night of the Commonwealth Ball we went to a friend's flat which is on Park Avenue next to the Armory where the Ball was held. We saw the Queen come and go. When she left they stopped the "bubble car" in which she was riding so that all the motorcycles could get in line. Fortunately, the car stopped just under the window in which we were sitting and there she was, looking absolutely beautiful! We managed to climb into bed at 2:00 A. M. after a thrilling evening!

My work here at the Roosevelt Hospital [see Field Notes] continues just about the same. Am now cutting real autopsies—that is, making slides from autopsies. I really do love it.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Frederick E. Bissell, Jr. (Susan Adams),
Dubuque, Iowa—October 31, 1957**

Susie is in her second year at The Masters School at Dobbs Ferry. Johnny is a freshman at Iowa State College, having graduated from Governor Dummer Academy in Massachusetts last year; and Freddy, our youngest child, is a freshman at Governor Dummer Academy.

I guess I absorbed all the interest in riding for the family because not one of them ever cared much about it, but I still ride every time I have an opportunity.

WEDDINGS

Miss Anne Nicoll Ingersoll of Penllyn, Pennsylvania and Mr. Henry Percival Glendinning, Jr. of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, on September 14, 1957. After a wedding trip to Antigua, British West Indies, these young people are at home in Philadelphia.

Miss Polly Kinnear and Mr. Martin LeBoutillier, both of New York City, on Saturday, September 28, 1957.

Miss Marjorie Moors Cabot of Washington and Boston, and Mr. Antonio Enriquez Savinac of Mexico City, in Manchester, Massachusetts, on September 28, 1957. Mr. Savinac is with the American Smelting and Refining Company. The young couple will live in New York for a time and then in Mexico City.

To all of these young people we send our very best wishes for deep and abiding happiness throughout their married lives.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Doane (Stephanie Etnier) of Akron, Ohio, a baby girl.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harald Vestergaard (Ellen Wadsworth) of Copenhagen, Denmark, a son, Helmer, on September 27, 1957. This is their first son and second child.

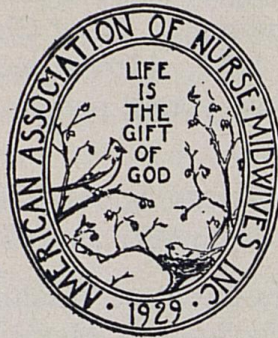
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We send our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Lowry Watkins (Barbara Bullitt), of Louisville, in the recent death of her father; and to Mrs. Martha Cross Bradbury of Princeton, New Jersey, in the loss of her mother. Our hearts go out to both of these old couriers.

THE SPIDER

Come, Jenny, good spinner,
Come down, to your dinner,
And taste the leg of a fly;
Then all you good people
Look near the church steeple,
And see a good boy who don't cry.

—*Banbury Chap Books, 1830*



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held on September 12, 1957, at Wendover, Kentucky. We were honored to have as the guest speaker, Dr. R. Gordon Douglas, Obstetrician and Gynecologist in Chief, Cornell Medical College, New York. The subject of Dr. Douglas' address was "The Management and Treatment of Prolonged Labor," which was illustrated with slides. All the members present were interested to hear a presentation on this subject by one who, with his colleagues, has done vast research in this field. A digest of Dr. Douglas' address, together with the minutes of the meeting, will go to all the members of the Association who are scattered all over the world.

It was the high privilege of the Frontier Nursing Service to have Dr. and Mrs. Douglas as its guests for this meeting. They visited the Hospital at Hyden and the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River. We had hoped to show a picture of them both at Wendover but the day of the meeting was so overcast that the film was no good. Dr. Douglas, who is Chairman of the Medical Board of Maternity Center Association in New York, was so kind as to review the revision of the Frontier Nursing Service Midwifery Routine while he was with us. We are immensely grateful to him for his helpful advice.

Helen E. Browne, Secretary

In Memoriam

- | | |
|---|---|
| DR. MARION A. BLANKENHORN
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in September, 1957 | MRS. WILLIAM B. HUBBARD
Cornwall, Connecticut
Died in October, 1957 |
| MRS. ARTHUR BRAY
Yorkshire, England
Died in September, 1957 | MISS ANNA G. HURD
Baltimore, Maryland
Died in October, 1957 |
| DR. HAVEN EMERSON
New York, New York
Died in May, 1957 | MRS. LUCRETIA LEWIS
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in November, 1957 |
| MR. WILL GAY
Bowlingtown, Kentucky
Died in August, 1957 | MISS LILLIE MCGINNESS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Died in June, 1957 |
| MRS. LEWIS H. GILBERT
Rochester, New York
Died in July, 1957 | MR. CHARLES OLIVER
Sewickley, Pennsylvania
Died in 1957 |
| MRS. SAMUEL C. GRIER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Died in September, 1957 | MR. LEN B. SHOUSE, SR.
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in September, 1957 |
| MR. LEONARD C. HANNA
Cleveland, Ohio
Died in October, 1957 | MRS. PHILIP C. SWING
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in January, 1957 |
| MR. WILLIAM M. HAUPT
New York, New York
Died in September, 1957 | DR. WILSON G. WOOD
New York, New York
Died in July, 1957 |

For the dear friends and kindred ministering in the spiritual world; whose faces we see no more, but whose love is with us for ever,

We praise thee, O God, and bless thy Name.

The Grey Book
Oxford University Press

One by one they leave us, the friends of our early Frontier Nursing Service years. We like to remember in these pages all of those who believed in us and supported us when we were struggling through our hard days of pioneering. Among those whose friendship goes back more than a quarter century was **Dr. Haven Emerson**, so great a master of public health that it

was indeed an honor to have him become a member of our first National Medical Council. He was always available for consultation when the going was rough. "May his example remain an inspiration to those who will carry on in the days and years to come."

We are moved as we go over the names of our early supporters to see from how many parts of the United States they came. **Miss Anna G. Hurd**, who took us on in 1929 and never failed to care for us, was from Baltimore. **Dr. Wilson G. Wood**, whose interest was almost as long, lived in New York City. **Mrs. Lewis H. Gilbert**, old and kind friend, was from Rochester, New York. Three of those who cherished us the longest were from Pittsburgh. **Miss Lillie McGinness**, who died last June, made us one of her residuary legatees. **Mrs. Samuel C. Grier**, who took us on back in the twenties, has left us a legacy. The income from that will keep her memory alive, in the work about which she cared so much, for decades to come. **Mr. Charles Oliver** of Sewickley near Pittsburgh, the brother of our deeply loved early chairman, **Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker**, continued to care about us and to support us in the years following his sister's untimely death. We have only just learned that he too has crossed over the great river.

In the passing of **Mrs. Philip C. Swing** of Cincinnati, Southern Ohio has lost a gentlewoman of the old tradition. Her charitable and public interests were widespread and included special concern for sick and orphan children. She supported the Frontier Nursing Service throughout the years that followed her first concern about us in 1928. In Cincinnati also lived that great gentleman and physician, **Dr. Marion A. Blankenhorn**. He collaborated in some of our early studies; he gave his services time out of number to patients and members of the staff; he supported us financially; he lent us his daughter, Jane, as a courier. There was nothing too large or too small that lay within his grasp for him to undertake in our behalf. May God bless the service we are sure he is giving this weary world even now, from the other side of death.

One of the kindest men who ever lived was **Mr. Len B. Shouse**, Chairman of the Board of the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington. His goodness to all of the Frontier Nursing Service

crowd, who have made the Lafayette Hotel their headquarters in Lexington for nearly thirty years, was extended to the patients we brought down, to the guests on their way up to see us, even to our dogs. If we had landed one of our horses there, we are sure he would have put the horse up overnight somewhere. How we shall miss his face of welcome in the years to come! In his eighties, with failing eyesight, he often came forward himself to greet us. The memory of him reminds us of something Thackeray wrote of one of his characters, "As who shall say, how kind he was."

We lost another truly kind friend when another Kentuckian, **Mr. William M. Haupt**, who also maintained a home in New York, died there in September. It was a rare joy to see and talk with him every January on a visit to New York. His roomy mind ranged all over the globe and this made his conversation delightful. After the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Trust had given the Frontier Nursing Service the large stone building as quarters for our nurses, Mr. Haupt, who administered the Trust, kept an abiding interest in the doings of the nurses he had helped to house. He wanted each year to get a special report on our activities. From this we passed easily enough into the workshop of the world. There was something so sparkling, so alive, about Mr. Haupt that we find it not at all difficult to think of him, as indeed he is, alive forevermore.

When **Mr. Leonard C. Hanna** of Cleveland died we lost one whose affection for us was rooted in the long ago. One of our first Cleveland meetings was in his mother's house, and when she died in 1937, he succeeded her on our Board of Trustees. He took over the liberal support she gave the Frontier Nursing Service and with it the same deep interest in our doings that she had always shown. His letters were among the most beautiful written us year after year. Mr. Hanna was one of those rare people who was interested in everything and everybody, with a very special concern for hospitals. During his long illness he remained not only patient but cheerful. With it all he had a humble opinion of his own generosity and compassion.

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

Although **Mrs. William B. Hubbard** came from Providence, Rhode Island, where her affections were forever anchored, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ten Eyck Lansing, in Connecticut, she belonged to the United States Navy too. After her husband died she lived with her brother, Captain Gordon D. Hale, who took the place of a father to her children, whenever he was stateside. It was at the great Marine Corps base at Parris Island in the early forties that she first learned of the Frontier Nursing Service and became its friend. Many were the gifts sent us, in lieu of flowers at the funeral, from Navy friends, Providence friends, Connecticut friends, and other friends from other places. Mrs. Hubbard had a genius for friendship. Old age did not change her young heart. Now she has moved into the land where hearts like hers remain forever young.

There never was a better friend to the Frontier Nursing Service than **Mr. Will Gay**, the chairman of our Bowlingtown committee from its earliest beginnings, and there are few people whom we shall miss more in the years to come. He and his wife overflowed with goodness to the Frontier Nursing Service and to the successive nurses stationed at the Margaret Durbin Harper Center. There was hardly a day in nearly thirty years that they did not give help, advice, garden truck. During all of Mr. Gay's long illness he never lost his interest in us and had a cheery smile for everyone. We are sure that when he passed from this world into the next one, "All the trumpets sounded on the other side."

The death of **Mrs. Arthur Bray** closes in this world a friendship that began for me at school in Switzerland, when she was Evelyn Hill, more than sixty years ago. This English trustee cherished the Frontier Nursing Service as deeply as an American. She first came over to see us in the early thirties when travel in here was rough; and before the second great war she came back again. All of those who knew her on these visits loved her, and share in a feeling of irreparable loss. The bond was strengthened when her husband's niece, Alison Bray, spent some time with us as a courier.

Mrs. Bray called her large stone house in the West Riding of Yorkshire "the home of the Frontier Nursing Service in England." Members of the staff have stayed with her there as well

as members of my family. Whether in her own setting—in her rose garden or in the Yorkshire dales—or whether here in the Kentucky mountains, Mrs. Bray was unchangeably self-forgetting. She shared not only what she had but what she was: her courtesy, her humor, her fine intelligence. One last visit she planned to make to us in 1953. After she had taken the flight to New York her heart gave trouble. Upon medical advice she stayed with members of my family in the Shenandoah Valley, where I went up to see her. But the Frontier Nursing Service did not see her again.

Any long life has its strains and its griefs as well as its joys. Hers had been crowned by a happy marriage in her youth. But she gave up her husband, Colonel Arthur Bray, in 1914 for years of war. He died in 1930. Now she has joined him, and her body has been laid in the same grave as his in the churchyard of the little old Anglican church at Adel, where they had worshipped together.

As the mid-November rains fell upon the forest at Wendover and as we were writing these lines about old friends, we learned of the death of **Mrs. Lucretia Lewis** of Hyden. This courteous, gentle, and truly kind person was a member of our Hyden Committee when it was first formed in 1925. She remained attached to us and we to her over the long years. We shall miss her always.

“How far from here to heaven? Not very far my friend;
Only a single step will all thy journey end.”

. . . .

To the families and other loved ones of these old Frontier Nursing Service friends we extend our tender sympathy. There will be empty places at their Christmas tables. But Love will abide in their hearts.

M. B.

A TALE TO TELL

by

MARION HICKSON, S.R.N., S.C.M.
Instructor, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

With every new class we gain many experiences both in living together and in midwifery. Numerous tales are told and related about life in the far away parts of the world where the missionary nurses have been working. But the tales which hold our interest most of all is when a Student Midwife returns, with her instructor, from a district home delivery. The questions are crowded upon her by everyone. The first one always is, "Did you get there in time?" Next, "Was it a boy or girl?" The fortunate Student then enthusiastically relates to the most minute detail how the affair was conducted from the scurried tugging on of boots and grabbing of flashlights and saddlebags to the final farewell of happy mother and her new "least 'un."

In the wee hours of a cold winter morning a Student and I bounced along to Bull Creek in response to a frantic baby call. Everywhere was in total darkness, the dim headlights of "Blake," the jeep, failed to reveal any familiar objects to us, although I sensed we were nearing our destination. But there was not a light in sight. The Student, being rather tall, stood on the step and sighted lights in the distance to our right. I chuckled to myself as I watched her standing there like a sailor in the crow's nest of a ship sighting land.

We got out and were greeted on the steps of a cabin by a nervous aunt. We had made it just in time. Soon we had delivered a beautiful baby boy, just what the mother wanted to join with her two little girls. As we were packing our equipment into the saddlebags, the father appeared quietly to share his wife's happiness.

Darkness still shrouded the hills as we left their house. We were jogging merrily home in faithful "Blake" when lo and behold his lights went out! Dawn was too far away to sit it out so, with the grace of God, my tall Student and two bright flashlights, we found ourselves rolling up hospital hill—much later but all in one piece—with a tale to tell!

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Evelyn Nickerson in the Belgian Congo—August 1957

In June I went to Kamulila to help get ready for our annual conference. The mission people had all gathered to give me a royal welcome, as I had not been back there since leaving last November to help at another station. I had an African mother and four boys in the car with me. When we arrived at the river across from the mission station, I tried to stop the car but it kept on going into the river! There, the car did stop, and fortunately no one was hurt. The two older boys say they got out of the car before we hit the water. The welcoming party had to come to the river to greet me! The ferry men tied vines to planks to stop the car going on down the river and the mission folk brought chains and pulleys to haul it out. The next day many women came to greet me, bringing their babies for me to admire, and carrying gifts of rice or an egg. Now I am at Kantanti doing relief work for several months. Here we have more dispensary patients and more deliveries than at our other stations.

.

From Nancy Newcomb Porter in Allen Park, Michigan

—September 1957

A week ago we (Dave, Susie, Ronnie and I) were on vacation in northern Michigan. We dropped in on Doris Reid and had supper with her. She is very well and busy as the county nurse. She went to take some public health courses in Wisconsin this summer. We had a wonderful time discussing FNS and catching up on each other's news.

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From Nancy Boyle Ifert in Salfordville, Pennsylvania

—September 1957

The baby, Karen, is doing very well. She has gained from four to thirteen pounds in the last four months. I miss nursing, but am so busy, now we are at the farm, that I don't have much time to think about it. "Ted" is about to become a father—we

think; anyone there want an Airedale? Betty Bradbury has gone back to Covington, perhaps you have heard. Please say hello to all the folks there I know.

.
From Helen Peterson Yopez in Ibarra, Ecuador

—September 1957

For some time I have intended to write you about some changes in my life. The biggest thing is that I am now Mrs. Cosme Yopez. We were married on April 7, of this year. Our home is in Ibarra, but since we have a hacienda near Lita, which is halfway between Ibarra and the coast, a great deal of our time is spent there with the cattle, and our coffee, bananas, pineapple and cacao.

I am no longer with the mission, but we have decided to re-open the clinic on our own, since there is no other medical work being done in this area around Lita. I do a little of everything and should be having a delivery or two soon.

.
From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson (Pete)

in King's Lynn, England—September 1957

When I last wrote you, I had been making curtains for our new home in south Georgia: we moved into it the first of last November. Now I write in our cottage in North Norfolk, which is literally about 500 yards from the North Sea. Only the 8th tee of a golf course is between us and the beach! We've been here since Easter weekend, although Eric left home (on 24 hours notice) the middle of February. He is doing some agricultural research for Campbell Soup Co. in connection with the factory that is to be built in this area.

Need I say how much we are enjoying being over here as a family! Now we have finally met Eric's family and relatives, and have been thoroughly enjoying getting acquainted at long last. This is a marvelous house for entertaining as it rambles all over, with innumerable bedrooms and all sorts of comforts, plus having a delightful garden that could quite easily keep us all happy even without the nearness of the sea. It's the thatched roof tea house that is my pet! I feel obliged to have tea there whenever the weather is suitable. The beach keeps us intrigued

with such practical pursuits as getting cockles or shrimps or fish for "tea." Ever had cockle sauce on cold chicken, for instance? The children enjoy swimming, but I keep telling myself the temperature of the water wouldn't bother me so much if we had come away from anywhere chillier than South Georgia! We have done next to no sightseeing at all—partly because Eric drives about all week, but mostly because the family hates to leave the seaside.

Shortly before we left home, I called on Audrey and Gonny in Thomasville. As a matter of fact they quite personally started us off on our typhoid shots, and Audrey and Mitch spent a delightful evening with us in Cairo—giving moral support to me as the children felt their reactions to the shots. Audrey brought Penny over the last day I was home, so we had an FNS send-off.

The children had the full ten weeks of the summer term at the Village School and are now entered for the fall term. It is quite an experience for our youngsters of $7\frac{1}{2}$ years and $5\frac{3}{4}$ years. Heather had her first year of school in three places: North Georgia, South Georgia, and Norfolk, England!

. . . .

From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Kentucky—September 1957

The last Bulletin was "super." Miss Elmore's "Field Notes," Miss Cundle's story . . . good. Miss Bunce's story was one of the best I've ever read in the Bulletin. Maybe I can sympathize because it took me so long to teach Billy not to bathe the cats when he was about twenty months old!

. . . .

From Carol Banghart in Devon, England—September 1957

So many thoughts have come your way that I feel you can imagine all we have been doing in these recent months. Mrs. Lee (Molly's mother) died last Tuesday evening, very quietly, and our first feeling was one of relief that her suffering was at an end—she was so courageous. Molly has been a gallant soldier. It has been a privilege to be with her and to help with the nursing and household duties. My chief purpose in coming to England has been fulfilled.

Molly and I are hoping to get a short term appointment with the desire to return to America in the near future. I have been

rather buried in the heather, gorse and bracken of beautiful Dartmoor, and have had some lovely moorland walks. We made a flying trip to visit May Green at Stoke Fleming, in our little Morris 8. We looked longingly at her Kentucky pictures; and on the same day we visited Dartmouth. Please give my love to all.

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From Molly Lee in Watford, England—October 1957

It meant so much to have your letter of sympathy and you have such a wonderful way of conveying it. You will realize what a great thing it was to have Carol with us.

We are now at Watford Maternity Hospital, and Carol has gone on district with Eve Chetwynd to-day, for a few weeks. Miss Kelly is on holiday, so we have not met her yet. May Green came to visit us at my home on Dartmoor, and she sends her love to all her old friends. The Bulletin has just caught up with us and our thoughts travel many miles. We both send our love to all our two-footed and four-footed friends.

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**From Sister Anna (Barbara Contessa) in Bethlehem,
Connecticut—October 1957**

I surely do receive the Bulletin, and happily. There are others in the monastery who read and enjoy it. Since Betty Bradbury also received the name of Ann, this seems to prove beyond any doubt our mutual link with the FNS in the sight of God. My deepest thanks for your generous congratulations. I will be thinking of you all at Thanksgiving. Please remember me to each.

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From Vera Chadwell in Droxford, England—October 1957

I was in the Army for five months last year, and was released just in time for Christmas. After returning to work at home I had a lame wrist and found writing with my left hand very laborious, so did not get to many letters. In October I left my post in Coventry and now have a lovely rural district, near Southampton. I am doing Queens' nurse-midwife, health visitor duties on a single district, and I have a very nice little house. I am happy here and am doing the work I have always loved. The

trees are a picture with the autumn coloring—so much beauty is good for the soul in this troubled world.

The War Office has promoted me to captain “as from August 1956”—I am still on the Reserve list, until May 1959. I received a small cheque for back pay, and income tax took nearly half of it!

Dear Babette, it was sad to read of her going. There is a sweet old chestnut hunter near here, and he comes running to the fence for a chat when I go by. How I wish I could come to see you all—I can picture it all at Wendover. My friend from Newfoundland who visited me when I was with the FNS is home, and coming to visit me soon. I hope she stays home this time. Please give everyone my love.

WEDDINGS

Miss Helen Peterson and Mr. Cosme Yepez in Ibarra, Ecuador, on April 7, 1957.

Miss Verena Belle Voll and **Dr. Charles Milton Linthicum** of Linthicum Heights, Maryland, on September 22, 1957 in Utica, South Dakota.

Miss Nancy Park Kooser and Mr. Robert Louis Muhlbach in Irwin, Pennsylvania, on September 28, 1957. We were delighted that Mrs. John D. Begley of Hyden was able to go to Irwin for Nancy's wedding, and to carry the best wishes of all the friends in Hyden to Nancy and to Dr. and Mrs. Kooser.

To all of these young people we send our best wishes for many happy years together.

. . . .

Our love and deepest sympathy go to two of our old staff who lost their mother this summer. To Margaret McCracken of Monroe, Georgia, whose mother died suddenly on August 26, 1957; and to Molly Lee of Devon, England who returned home to care for her mother in her long illness which ended on September 3, 1957.

NURSE-MIDWIVES URGED FOR BIRTHS

NEW SYSTEM FOR OLD PROBLEM

Cleveland, Nov. 11 (AP)—A Maryland State health official Monday urged development of a broad new obstetrics program, including a system under which most babies would be delivered by "nurse-midwives."

Such a nurse-midwife system, Dr. John Whitridge, Jr., said, would enable obstetricians to broaden the scope of their maternal and child health care and also engage in birth-process research "that will ultimately yield the answers to many of mankind's most pressing problems."

Whitridge addressed the 85th annual meeting of the American Public Health Association.

He also urged a new type of training for obstetricians and maternity nurses—designed to give them schooling in neurology, psychiatry, genetics, sociology, and other subjects as well as in their basic specialty.

Whitridge is chief of the Bureau of Preventive Medicine, Maryland State Department of Health, Baltimore.

He said:

"The certified nurse-midwife is quite competent to conduct the course of normal labor, perform normal deliveries, and to work on the obstetrical team in such a way as to relieve our (projected) high-powered obstetrician of the chore of performing duties that actually do not require his advanced skills in most instances.

"He (would be), of course, available when things go wrong, but not for routine normal labors and deliveries."

In the field of research, he said, obstetricians could help explore such "important unsolved questions" as the factors which he said tend to arrest or distort development of the unborn baby in the womb or shortly thereafter.

"More specifically, we need to know about the causes of premature onset of labor, . . . factors leading to spontaneous abortion, exact methods of early detection of lack of oxygen (to the developing baby in the womb), the effect of maternal nutrition, and of various drugs and agents including various types of virus on the fetus (developing unborn baby), and a host of others."

Louisville Courier-Journal, Nov. 12, 1957

THANK YOU, FORD FOUNDATION

When the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden was one of the small, rural hospitals to receive \$10,000.00 from the Ford Foundation—to be spent on new things—we began gaily to plan uses for the first \$5,000.00 of the Grant, which came ahead of the second \$5,000.00. With the permission of the Staff Associate in New York, a delightful person who handled us, we got a number of badly needed things. These included surgical instruments that Dr. Beasley wanted and a dictaphone for his use; an oxygen regulator; a water conditioner (which will protect from rust and erosion the hundreds of yards of pipe in our rural water system); a new grey jeep named “Junco,” after the bird of that name, which was terribly needed. From the first \$5,000.00 we still had \$328.17 left, with the second \$5,000.00 ahead of us.

At this point Dr. Beasley got a wonderful idea. Why not build an addition over the back kitchen off the maternity wing that would give us a large delivery room in place of the tiny one we had, and a night nursery for our babies as well as more plumbing and some storage space for essential equipment?

As all of you who have visited Hyden Hospital know, our babies stay in metal bassinets right by their mothers in the day time. But at night we move them out of the maternity wards so as to keep them warmer than the mothers are kept, and so as to leave undisturbed sleep for the mothers. When a baby cries to be nursed he doesn't wake up the whole ward. He is taken to his own mother and is immediately at peace.

Our fine builder, Oscar Bowling, came to us early in the summer to build the new addition. Our Executive Secretary, Agnes Lewis, lined up the plumbers, electricians, furnace men, and we got on with the job. What a joy it is to have this extra space! The room on the general side that was a night nursery is freed for older sick babies, which no longer have to be kept in the children's ward.

We were dumbfounded about only one thing. It cost just about as much to build this modest addition over the back kitchen of the Hospital as it cost to build the whole of Mardi Cottage, with its own basement and furnace, in 1941. This meant that we exceeded our \$10,000.00 grant by \$1,906.62. We wrote

our kind advisor at the Foundation not to grieve because we knew our own neighbors and friends around Hyden Hospital would take care of the difference, as well as give us a stoker for the big furnace and a modern dishwashing machine. Under Field Notes you may read about the Drive the Hyden Committee is putting on locally to handle these things. They aim to raise \$5,000.00.

Now it only remains for us to express our gratitude to the Ford Foundation, and this we do with thankful hearts.

OUR MAIL BAG

From a Puerto Rican subscriber: I always look forward to the arrival of the Bulletin and read it from cover to cover.

From a professional in Psychiatric Nursing: The particular occasion of my writing is to inquire about the author of "The Song of Enoch" in the Summer Quarterly Bulletin. It is so eloquently expressive of something so basic that I'd like to use it.

From a New England subscriber: I always enjoy the Bulletin very much—read everything even the jokes!

From an overseas guest: I will always remember with pleasure my days at Wendover and the friendliness with which I was treated there of everyone. Not only that I have obtained valuable experience which is sure to be of use in my future work in India but I have also realized that almost anything could be build up from nothing and that is very encouraging to my mind.

AUTUMN

My heart is young and light as a feather
When leaves dance down in Gypsy weather;
When silk is blown from the milkweed pod,
And new little hearthfires send incense to God.

—Rebecca Brown

ARRIVAL OF MARK RICE

By his Grandfather, Ambrose Rice

Santa Claus came to our house,
To our surprise and joy.
We expected him to bring us a girl,
But he brought a 9-pound boy.

We won't ask for an exchange,
Because it's Santa's choice.
Five of us boys and no girls,
Will make a lot of noise.

Now Santa please accept our thanks,
For the brother we named Mark.
He's a member of our family now,
We've liked him from the start.

The nurse comes and bathes him,
And he slumbers back to sleep —
Then in comes another neighbor,
"Oh, please, may I take a peep?"

Mama's lying in bed with Mark,
To keep him nice and warm.
Jack and Mike went to Grandpa's house,
To be out on the farm.

You see Mark is easily frightened,
He's not used to four boys.
I hope he will soon understand,
We're only playing with toys.

Please Santa, Your next trip around,
If it comes neat and handy.
Bring us five boys a sister,
Instead of nuts and candy.

JAMESTOWN YEAR — 1607 1957

In late April, three hundred and fifty years ago, three ships, the *Susan Constant*, *Godspeed*, and *Discovery*, reached Cape Henry, then sailed up the James River to found the first permanent English settlement in America. Named for James I, Jamestown was founded by the Virginia Company of London, a group of hardheaded businessmen who were investing in new world resources and opportunities for trade. Virginia was claimed for commerce, but it was also claimed for Christ. The 105 colonists carried their Church with them.

Their vicar was Robert Hunt. The colonists testified that "during his life our factions were oft healed and our greatest extremities so comforted that they seemed easy in comparison with what we endured after his memorable death." He planted the English Church in America and laid down his life for the foundation of Virginia. Before the settlement was a year old, Good Master Hunt and more than half the colonists were dead.

On June 21, 1607, the third Sunday after Trinity, the fort at Jamestown had been completed and the three ships, a comforting sight as they lay at their moorings, were due to return to England the next day. The colonists stretched an old canvas sail between trees for shelter, set up a number of tree trunks for pews and a rough plank for a pulpit, and joined together in a service of Holy Communion. The constant discord between the members of the first Council had been healed, largely due to the efforts of Master Hunt. "We all received from him the Holy Communion as a pledge of reconciliation." It was the first recorded celebration of the Holy Communion in America.

Christ Church, Glendale, Ohio

Editor's footnote—On the third Sunday after Trinity 350 years later, a commemorative service of Holy Communion was held on Jamestown Island with the Rt. Rev. Frederick Deane Goodwin, Bishop of Virginia, as celebrant; and also in parishes of the Episcopal Church throughout the United States.

When Virginia—named in honor of Elizabeth I—was hostess in October to Elizabeth II, religious services were held at Jamestown, which the Queen attended.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, of which Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield is chairman, will give its traditional John Mason Brown Benefit on Thursday, January 23, at 11:30 a.m. in the West Ball Room of the Shoreham Hotel. Those of you who live in and around Washington will receive notices in early January, but we mention it now so you can put it on your calendars.

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The chairman of the New York Committee, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, has spent the early autumn in Denmark (see Old Courier News). In her absence, the September meeting of the New York Committee was presided over by its former chairman, Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, and the October meeting by the vice-chairman, Mrs. Tieman N. Horn. Both meetings were full of interest. The date of the New York Annual Meeting has been set for Thursday afternoon, January 16. It will be held in the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom.

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Our Philadelphia Committee met for luncheon on October 31, at "Horthiam House," the home of its chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker. Several members have written us of the delicious luncheon and how interested all the members were in the report of the honorary chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, and her daughter, Fanny, of their recent visit to the Kentucky mountains (see Field Notes). Plans were made at this meeting for the collection of desirable rummage to be taken by Mrs. Drinker's chauffeur to the Bargain Box in New York.

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Our Boston Committee, of which Mrs. Nelson Knight is chairman, is seething with plans for a novel benefit to be held in the autumn of 1958. They are spending over a year in lining up this event. We will have their permission to announce it in a later Bulletin.

Our Louisville Committee, of which Mrs. Marshall Bullitt is chairman, is having its usual pre-Christmas meeting on Monday, November 25, after we have gone to press. Our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, has invited the members to come with their toys for the FNS children to her place, "The Midlands," this year. We always get a lot of lovely things from these Louisville meetings.

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We are proud to announce two talks on the Frontier Nursing Service given by young members of our old crowd. Miss Martha Morrison, an ex-FNSer, went from Boston to New Hampshire to speak to the Daughters of Colonial Wars of that state at their annual meeting on October 24. Mardi spoke so well that the New Hampshire Daughters, of which Mrs. Robert P. Peckett, Jr., is president, voted an extra \$50.00 from their treasury for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Mardi, herself a graduate of the School, is now with the Boston Lying-In.

Our courier, Miss Virginia Branham, spoke with Kodachrome slides at a luncheon meeting of the Woman's Guild of the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Hingham, Massachusetts. Jinny reported that some fifty people were present and, after the slides, they were "full of questions." The Guild presented Jinny with a check which she promptly sent down to the Frontier Nursing Service.

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We have been proud indeed to receive from Dr. R. Gordon Douglas an inscribed copy of *Operative Obstetrics*, by Douglas and Stromme, just off the press. The text and illustrations are fascinating. A number of us have enjoyed leafing through the book and Dr. Beasley is enthralled by it.

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Our National Chairman Emeritus, Mr. Edward S. Jouett, was entertained in Louisville on Monday, October 21, by his daughters, Mrs. F. T. Armstrong and Mrs. John S. Winn, with a dinner on the occasion of his ninety-fourth birthday. This grand old-young man is deeply loved in the Frontier Nursing Service.

One of the most moving things in the whole history of medicine was the dedication on Wednesday, October 16, of the Mixter Laboratories for Neurosurgical Research at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, in honor of Dr. William Jason Mixter, retired chief of that hospital's neurosurgical service. His whole family and hosts of friends were present to pay tribute to "Doctor Jason" and, we are sure, to Mrs. Mixter, who attended the ceremonies with him. The dedicatory address, by the Rev. Dr. Theodore Parker Ferris, rector of Trinity Church, brought out the blend of science and religion in the character of the man all had gathered to honor.

When goodness and greatness meet in the person of a human being, happy are those who have the privilege of knowing him and treasuring his friendship.

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Our trustee, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Cincinnati, has done much entertaining of the FNS staff just recently. Dr. and Mrs. Rogers Beasley had the joy of staying overnight with her at "Oakencroft" in Glendale where she had some medical friends and their wives to dinner in their honor. Earlier in the day Dr. Beasley enjoyed a tour of that wonderful Children's Hospital of Cincinnati, which is so everlastingly good to our young ones. After that Mrs. Rogan and Miss Mary Johnston took both Beasleys to the symphony which gave them a lot of pleasure.

It was my special happiness to stay with Mrs. Rogan for the celebration of her seventieth birthday on Saturday, November 9, and to welcome her into the ranks of septuagenarians. Many were the tributes of flowers and telegrams that poured in upon her from hosts of friends in Glendale and from places far afield. God bless her.

And God bless all of you who read these pages, and carry each one of you through the radiance of Christmas into a truly Happy New Year.

Mary Breckinridge

EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

We started this page in the Summer Bulletin in order to tell you all something about the little magazine to which you subscribe. We shall keep it going until we have exhausted its subject matter without, we hope, exhausting your patience.

A lot of you have written us at various times of how much you like the selections we put on page 2. Some of you wanted to know how we get hold of them. Here is the story of the poem *On Love* printed in this Bulletin:—

In our 1921 edition of *The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse* this poem is given in full and covers four and one-half pages. We wrote the Oxford University Press enclosing the parts we had selected and asking permission to print them in a *Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin*. They replied that the author, Bliss Carman, had died and they did not know who held the copyright on his works. We next wrote the Bliss Carman Trust at the University of New Brunswick, Canada, to ask for copyright permission. The Trust replied that they held copyright for the whole wide world excepting only the United States and Canada. They referred us to Dodd, Mead, and Company in New York. These publishers have been most kind in giving their permission, after we had signed the forms they sent us. This, in brief, gives you one example of where we find a poem and how we go about getting permission to use it.

The complete poem *On Love* will repay reading in full many times. It is written for Christmas Eve. That and our cover picture are our Christmas card to you.

FULL CIRCLE

United Nations, N. Y., March 23—

The Liberian representative here declared this week that his country lagged materially behind the new nation of Ghana because it had always been independent and had never reaped the advantages of colonialism. . . .

—*New York Times*, March 24, 1957.

Quoted in July 1957 *Harper's Magazine*

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service met for a dinner meeting at Haggin Quarters on Friday, September 27. When the Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Emmitt Elam, discovered that the cost of the new addition to the obstetrical wing at Hyden Hospital had exceeded the portion of the Ford Foundation Grant allotted to it, they suggested that a drive be organized locally to raise the money to meet the deficit and the cost of a stoker and dishwashing machine for the Hospital—both badly needed. Mr. Atta Wise was appointed chairman of the drive, assisted by Mrs. R. B. Campbell, Mrs. John D. Begley, Mr. Rosco Elam, and Mr. Roy Sizemore. The drive began November 1, and will continue through the month of November. A full report will be made in the next Bulletin.

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The Hyden Lions Club entertained with Ladies Night on Thursday, October 31. Agnes Lewis, Betty Lester, and Maryellen Fullam were invited and Betty and Maryellen showed *The Forgotten Frontier*. Mrs. John D. Begley, chairman of the Hyden Hospital Auxiliary, explained to the Club the purpose of the Hyden Citizens Drive, and the members pledged their full support.

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On Friday, October 4, Mrs. Breckinridge, with Maryellen Fullam, attended a meeting of the Red Bird Committee at the Clara Ford Nursing Center. The chairman, Mr. Chris Queen, presided at the meeting and the secretary, Mrs. Floyd Bowling, was present. Mrs. Cleveland Marcum, chairman of the Sewing Circle, reported on the work of her committee and requested additional materials. The committee offered its support to the Hyden Citizens Drive and Mr. Taylor Clark, Mr. Taylor Feltner, and Mr. Oakley Spurlock were appointed to accept contributions in the Red Bird area. A delicious dinner was prepared, brought to the Center, and served by the ladies of the committee.

Mrs. Breckinridge and Peggy Elmore went in "Monday" on Wednesday, October 24, to the Jessie Preston Draper Center for a meeting of the Beech Fork Committee. Twenty members were present for a wonderful dinner and the meeting at which Mr. John Asher, the chairman, presided. The Hyden Citizens Drive was discussed and the committee offered its wholehearted support.

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The last of Mrs. Breckinridge's nine mountain committee meetings (eight FNS and 1 Hazard) will take place at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center of "Possum Bend" at Confluence during the first week in December, too late to be written about in this Bulletin. The two nurses at Possum Bend, Beulah Olson and Nancy Hero, will arrange the committee dinner. We anticipate a large attendance of this very fine Confluence committee.

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Dr. Francis Massie came to Hyden Hospital October 16-19, bringing with him Dr. J. B. Holloway, Dr. P. V. Tanedo, from the Philippines, Miss Louise Griggs, surgical nurse, and Miss Christine Reynolds, anesthetist, for another of his twice-yearly surgical clinics. It was a huge success, as always. We are indeed grateful to these delightful people.

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"We aim to please" could be the motto of two of the nurse-midwives in October. Mrs. Cornelius Morgan (Eileen Hacker) of the Wendover staff, wanted a little girl because she had two boys. So it was with a great deal of pleasure that little Lena Joan was welcomed into the Morgan family on October 10. James Howard, the FNS blacksmith, and his wife had a daughter and they hoped the next baby would be a boy. Again the nurse-midwife obliged, and David Curtis was born on October 17.

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We are very grateful to our County Agents, Mr. Eugene Howard and Mr. Wiley B. Faw, for their help in ridding Wendover of termites. When we discovered these destructive little pests in the Big House, Mr. Howard and Mr. Faw came over to advise us on what to do and Mr. Faw returned later to supervise spray-

ing the building. We are sorry that Mr. Howard has given up his Leslie County post to go to the University of Kentucky.

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During a September storm a tree fell on the Hell-for-Certain Clinic, damaging the roof. Our good friend, Mr. Curt Wooton, discovered the accident and, with the help of Mr. Andrew Osborne and Mr. Virgil Woods, gave his labor and repaired the roof. This clinic is in the district covered by the Frances Bolton Nursing Center of Possum Bend.

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The 35th class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on October 15, 1957. Three of the students—Alice Herman, Mary K. Hotchkiss, and Alice Micus—were with the FNS for several months prior to the beginning of the class. Gertrude Bluemel comes to us from the Indiana University Medical Center in Indianapolis; Marie McCall, Emily Stewart, and Eldora Kinkead are on leave from the mission field, Eldora and Marie from the Belgium Congo, and Emily from French Equatorial Africa.

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Along with most of the United States, the FNS territory has been hit by the "flu" epidemic, with long hours of hard work for Dr. Beasley and the nurses. One day at Wendover one of our neighbors came in to see the nurse about her little boy. Anne Cundle was out on district and Brownie and Mrs. Breckinridge were away so Agnes had to be clinic nurse. She called Betty Lester at Hyden Hospital and they relayed Billy's symptoms to the doctor. The doctor prescribed; Agnes, with Marian to witness that she gave the proper thing, handed out the medicine. Anne went by to see the child after reading Aggie's "case history" that evening and reported that the patient was responding nicely to the treatment.

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We were sorry to have to say goodbye to two of our staff this fall—Polly Hicks who had been statistician for two years; and nurse-midwife Jo Anne Hunt, who has returned to her home in England. Hannah Spence has moved over into the record department and Betty Palethorp (Liz) has taken Jo Anne's place at the Beech Fork Nursing Center.

It is always a pleasure to welcome new people to our staff but it is doubly pleasant to welcome one of the old staff back to the Kentucky mountains. Miss Edith Mickle was with the Service before the Second World War. She has come back to us and is Midwifery Supervisor and Assistant to the Superintendent at Hyden Hospital. She has as her assistant Luree Wotton, a recent graduate of the School. Two other graduates of the last class—Barbara Walsh and Mary Simmers—have stayed on with us and are at Red Bird relieving for Peggie Foster's and Jane Furnas' vacations.

Kathleen Quarmby, who has been hospital midwife for two years, is now helping Marion Hickson in the School. We are delighted to welcome Jean Van Beek, Ruby Day, and Pauline Comingore to the Hospital staff.

When Maryellen Fullam of Waterville, Maine, was here last fall as a courier she was tremendously interested in the work of the social service department (Alpha Omicron Pi Grant). So, when Noel Smith decided she had to leave us, Agnes wrote Maryellen and she arrived in late September. We are overjoyed to have her back. Noel is still with us and is busy teaching Maryellen the "ropes" of social service.

Agnes Lewis is fortunate in having as her assistant Marian Adams of Reading, Pennsylvania. Marian is a graduate of the School of Horticulture at Ambler, and in addition to her office duties has taken on a variety of other chores such as gardens, pastures, and cover crops.

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Jean Hollins returned to Wendover, from her vacation with her family, in early October. Before she arrived Jane Leigh Powell had to leave to begin her training as a laboratory technician at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York. Jean has had only one junior courier this fall—Beth Burchenal of Cincinnati. Beth couldn't have come at a time when we needed her more and she has been an enormous help.

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By the time this Bulletin reaches you the Frontier Nursing Service will be deep in its preparations for Christmas for its more than 5,000 children. For the first time in many years we

do not have a Christmas Secretary—the work is being done by Mrs. Beasley, Maryellen Fullam, and Peggy Elmore. They have the invaluable assistance of Charlene Tucker, a volunteer who has recently come to us from Knoxville; Barbara Allen and Constance Camien, Keuka College students with us for their field period in Social Service; and Rebecca Brown (Becky) who has returned to help with the letters. Mrs. John D. Begley has organized the Hyden Auxiliary to aid in sorting the clothing. The FNS extension of Santa's workshop has been set up again this year in Haggin Quarters' basement at Hyden; but all correspondence is being handled from Wendover, if any of you who have sent packages have occasion to write us. We are more grateful than we can begin to express to all of you so generous friends.

. . . .

It has been our pleasure this fall to have many delightful and interesting guests. Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain and her daughter, old courier Fanny, of Devon, Pennsylvania, spent a week with us, a week that seemed not more than two days. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley Reynolds of Hudson, Ohio, parents of courier Anne Reynolds, stopped by for a night in September, and Mrs. David Ingalls and Mrs. Chauncy Jerome of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, lunched with us in early October. Miss Elizabeth Lester came all the way from Port Elizabeth, South Africa for a few weeks with her sister, Betty Lester. It was a joy to have her here. Mrs. William Burchenal, Beth's mother, and Miss Marian Johnson, both of Cincinnati, came for a night in late October. Eva Gilbert, of the old staff, spent several days visiting friends in Leslie County and spent one night at Wendover. Mrs. Frank Ekberg of Dayton, Ohio, Philanthropic Chairman of Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, spent the week end at Hyden Hospital in early November and Noel and Maryellen brought her to Wendover for dinner one evening.

We had the joy of a visit of several hours from Mrs. L. D. Lewis when she was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. Brashear, in the Wendover neighborhood. All of you who know the early history of the Frontier Nursing Service will remember how much Judge L. D. Lewis of Hyden was connected with it, and what the Service owed to this wonderful trustee. Now that his

widow lives in Berea we don't often get the chance of a long talk with her.

In addition to these old friends of the Service, we have had a number of professional guests. Miss Genevieve Weeks, who was with the FNS some years ago, came down from Indianapolis, bringing with her Miss Kokab Moarefi from Iran, a student at the University of Indiana. While in Kentucky they attended a social work conference in Harlan. Mrs. Theresa J. Herlihy, director of social service at Harlan Memorial Hospital, brought several of the people attending the conference to lunch with us on October 19. Among them were Mrs. Pauline Ryman of the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit; Miss Elizabeth Rice of the Harvard School of Public Health in Boston; Miss Eugelie Smart from the Indiana University Medical Center; Miss Mary Stelmach, Harlan; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lincoln, Louisville; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Theobald and Dr. James Brown, Lexington.

Our overseas guests have included Miss Mary Turner, a midwife teacher from Ayrshire, Scotland, in this country on a Muirhead Scholarship from the University of Glasgow; Miss Lynette Walker, a journalist from the *Weekly Times* in Melbourne, Australia; and Mrs. Rukmini Untung and Mrs. Rd. Sukmaja, nurse-midwives from Indonesia, in the United States under the auspices of the American Council on Education. These charming guests were kind enough to say they enjoyed their stay with us—we certainly enjoyed all of them.

. . . .

This Bulletin will be in the press before Thanksgiving Day. For over thirty years we have had our annual staff reunion on this day. As many as can leave the Hospital and the six out-post nursing centers come to Wendover for noon dinner. We know already that two of our old couriers will come back for a long week end—Leigh Powell from New York, and Kay Amsden from Richmond, Indiana. At almost the same hour that we are together here many of the old staff in Great Britain will meet at Nora K. Kelly's hospital in Watford. Other members of the old staff all over the world will be thinking of us and we of them as we sing "Now Thank We All Our God," the hymn we think of as our own.

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Secretary to Medical Director
Miss Mary Ruth Sparks

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

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Bella Vaughn

Hospital Midwifery Supervisor
Miss Edith Mickle, R.N., S.C.M.

Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Miss Noel Smith, B.A.

Wendover Resident Nurse
Miss Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.

Resident Courier
Miss Jean Hollins

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

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

Miss Margaret Kemner, R.N., C.M., B.A.; Miss Betty Palethrop, R.N., S.C.M.

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

Miss Beulah Olson, R.N., C.M.; Miss Nancy Hero, R.N., C.M.

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

Miss E. Jane Furnas, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Margaret M. Foster, R.N., S.C.M.

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

Miss Joyce E. Hilditch, R.N., S.C.M.

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

Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**Its motto:**

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

**Gifts of money should be made payable to
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
and sent to the treasurer
MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,
Security Trust Company
Lexington 15, Kentucky**

Subscribers are requested to send their names and addresses—with their checks—for the convenience of the treasurer in mailing his receipts to them—as required by our auditors.

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It is hard for an amateur editor like me to get this Bulletin flung together four times a year. It would be a sheer impossibility without the help of several of my colleagues. These lines are written in grateful appreciation.

M. B.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1957.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., 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. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky., chairman; Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1957.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,

Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires January 25, 1959.)



ROBIN AND RICHARD COMBS WITH THEIR MOTHER
and their nurse-midwives Jane Furnas (left) and Peggie Foster (right)
(For the story see page 3)



THE COMBS FAMILY AT THE CLARA FORD NURSING CENTER
ON RED BIRD RIVER

Taken when the twins were six weeks old

Robin is in the arms of one of the nurses and Richard is in his mother's arms, with the proud father standing at her side. Printed with the kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Combs.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE
AMERICAN RED CROSS
WASHINGTON, D. C.
(For the body see page 2)

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE
AMERICAN RED CROSS
WASHINGTON, D. C.
FOR THE BODY SEE PAGE 2