

# FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 45

WINTER, 1970

NUMBER 3



*Photograph by Nancy Dammann*

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN  
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## WANTED

### Many Things!

1. Only \$95,000.00 in pledges to reach our goal in our fund drive.
2. Clinical nurse-midwives interested in working with rural families.
3. Laboratory technician for Hyden Hospital.
4. Medical record assistant for Hyden Hospital.
5. Pediatric nurse for Family Nurse Program.
6. Medical-surgical nurse for Hyden Hospital.
7. Qualified social worker with a Master's in Social Work.
8. Sunshine on the Road Ahead.

GRADUATION ADDRESS  
to the  
FIFTY-SEVENTH CLASS  
in the  
FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

by  
EVE CHETWYND, R.N., S.C.M., Q.I.D.N., M.T.D.

Young ladies, your class was not three days old when I heard Miss Lee tell you that it was your privilege to choose the guest speaker for graduation. She also told you that the last class had hoped to get Mrs. Nixon. I do not aspire to be the second lady of the United States but this does make me feel very touched and honoured that you should invite me to address you today.

Furthermore, I was told that I could choose my own theme, and, as I am a midwife, and as you eight young ladies have just become midwives, I thought it would not be inappropriate that my theme should be simply that of being a midwife.

First of all, what do we mean by the title midwife? It is a very ancient title. Midwives are mentioned in several places in the Old Testament, and in the Book of Exodus two, Shiphrah and Puah, are mentioned by name and are remembered for their courageous stand in refusing to carry out the edict of Pharaoh to slay all male Jewish children at birth.

The Oxford English Dictionary, with admirable brevity, defines a midwife as "A woman who assists other women in child-birth." The World Health Organization, with a verbosity common to such bodies, defines her as "A person who is qualified to practice midwifery; who is trained to give the necessary care and advice to women during pregnancy, labour and the post-partum period, to conduct normal deliveries on her own responsibility, and to care for the newly born infant."

How do you regard your newly acquired midwifery skills? This is a scientific age. Many people in this country take a science degree as part of their nursing training. Is this approach all that is needed, or does the very close rapport between the midwife and her patient call for something more like the apprenticeship of the ancient craftsmen? If for so many generations

the midwife has been simply the woman who assists other women in childbirth, does she really need a scientific approach to her work? Let us consider for a minute some of the procedures with which a modern midwife may be concerned:

The continued battle against pre-eclamptic toxemia

The use of the decompression suit

The proper use of pain-relieving drugs

The supervision of women undergoing modern methods of induction of labour

The early detection of intra-uterine disturbances of an acid-base balance

The intubation and ventilation of the anoxic baby

The care of the premature infant, with all of the sophisticated equipment for its care

These are just a few of the procedures which the midwife of today may have to carry out, or with which she may have to assist her medical colleagues. And may I say here that if ever midwifery is to achieve in the United States the position it has achieved in Europe, you, the midwives, must realize that your role is to assist and supplement the work of your medical colleagues, not to replace them.

In this scientific age, it is fair to assume that techniques are likely to become more, not less, complicated. Therefore, the midwife of the future must have sufficient scientific knowledge to understand the procedures with which she is assisting; otherwise she is going to find herself elbowed out of the way by some technician or other.

Sometime before I left England, I heard Professor Huntingford of St. Mary's Hospital address an audience of midwives on "The Midwife of the Future" and his address made a great impression on me. In discussing some of the advances in genetics and embryology, he did not fail to warn us of the implications of such advances. He warned us also of the dangers of turning our backs on scientific matters with the excuse: "These things have nothing to do with me."

Success has already been achieved in diagnosing at an early stage of fetal life the sex of the infant. It is possible to culture

living fetal cells and to study their chromosome constitution. It is, therefore, theoretically possible to detect abnormalities such as Mongolism, and with this ability to detect the abnormal at an early stage comes the possibility of selectively preventing their continued development.

We already have the ability to induce ovulation in women. Already the human ovum has been brought to maturity in a test tube to the point at which it could be fertilized. The dream of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* is no longer fantastic, it is a possibility that may not be too far off, just as a man on the moon is no longer a fairy story and organ transplants are no longer the surgeons' pipe dream.

We may feel doubtful about acquiring the ultimate power, namely, to create a new individual according to a pattern designed by ourselves. We may question whether we are, or ever shall be, capable of wielding such power to the ultimate good of mankind. However, if the midwife of the future is to be involved in these matters, she must concern herself with what is happening today.

When the recent Abortion Law Reform Bill was before the British Parliament, there were many experienced midwives, and I am ashamed to admit that I was one of them, who found that they had not examined the pros and cons sufficiently deeply to be able to formulate either singly or collectively a constructive policy, and yet this was a matter which closely concerned our patients, both actual or potential.

Let us go back for a minute to whether you look on midwifery as a science or a craft. Leaving aside my old friend the Oxford English Dictionary, what is our own conception of a scientist or a craftsman? Personally, I see as a scientist someone in a long white coat in a laboratory, surrounded by test tubes, retorts and crucibles, bubbling on Bunsen burners, or perhaps somebody controlling an abstruse machine, capable of supplying all the light and power for a vast city, or perhaps capable of blowing that same city off the face of the earth.

The word craftsman, on the other hand, brings to my mind someone of a much older age group (because, alas, true craftsmen are now few and far between), someone who works essentially with their hands, and whose hands have patiently acquired

their skill through long practice in handling the beautiful materials of their chosen work.

The skilled midwife is a craftswoman. She does not become one the day she graduates; it is something she can only achieve with practice and experience. Think for a moment how precious are the hands of a midwife—how much solace she can give if her hands are gentle and skillful, how much distress she can cause if her hands are rough and clumsy.

A midwife is a woman who assists other women in childbirth. That is something that we must never forget. Women who have borne children will tell you what a lonely experience it is to be in labour. Whether they are consciously afraid or not, they realize that this is an experience which they have to go through by themselves. Nobody can do it for them, nobody can really accompany them. I like to think that now that we have a more liberal attitude about the presence of the husband during labour, that this loneliness is to some extent abated, but these same women will tell you what a comfort it is to have a skilled and kindly midwife beside them.

From consideration of some of the up-to-date techniques and procedures that I have mentioned, it is obvious that the midwife of the future needs more scientific knowledge than her predecessors. The day may not be too far distant when the educational requirements for entry to our profession may become more stringent but, we, the midwives of today, must appreciate that if the midwife is to survive as the woman who assists other women in childbirth, then we must maintain, and hand on, our ideals of craftsmanship. Young ladies, I suggest that you should look on your newly acquired skill as neither a science nor a craft, but as a scientific craft.

In conclusion, I would like to give you two quotations from the writings of Percival Willoughby, a contemporary and friend of William Harvey, who died in 1685.

First, from his "Observations in Midwifery":

"I desire that all midwives may gain a happy repute, and have a happy success in all their undertakings; and that their knowledge, charity and patience, with tender compassion, may manifest their worth among their women, and give their women just cause to love, honour and esteem them."

Willoughby also wrote a little book called "The Country Midwife's Opusculum" in which he said:



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"Let midwives know that they be Nature's servants. Let them always remember that gentle proceedings, with moderate warm keeping, and having their endeavours dulcified with sweet words, will best ease and relieve, and soonest deliver their pregnant women."

I would like to echo Percival Willoughby and desire that you may all gain a happy repute, and have a happy success in all your undertakings. I hope the audience will bear with me if I seem to end on an incongruous note. I know you young ladies will understand if I remind you, in moments of stress, to do these three things: Say a prayer, empty the uterus, and clear the air passages!

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### READERS' MOTORING TALES—145

Driving past a farm on a main road, I was brought to a halt by a strange procession. In the lead were nine ducklings; on the left a black cat with tail held high; on the right a collie who kept a wary eye on my car as he passed; and the mother duck, progressing with the gait of a lifelong sailor, in the rear. A few yards farther on the little flock was shepherded safely into the opening of the farm lane.—**W. Finlay.**

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1969/70, Edited by  
John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

## MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL AND DEVELOPMENT FUND

### Progress Report

We are pleased to announce that our application for a one-year grant to develop the Family Nurse Practitioner project was approved by the Appalachian Regional Commission for the calendar year 1970. This grant will help pay the expenses incurred by Dr. Beasley and Dr. Isaacs who, as directors of our Family Nurse program, have made visits to various universities and to health agencies in Kentucky and in Washington, to discuss the program in its early stages of development. The grant also enables them to invite health professionals to come to see our work and serve as consultants. We received the news of the grant in December. In January the regional office of HSMHA approved the contract between the Vanderbilt University and the FNS to develop an educational program for the Family Nurse Practitioner at the Master's level. We know our readers will rejoice with us that some of our hard labor is bearing fruit.

The most important question that is still in many people's minds is when do we start building? We have been given to understand that the Appalachian Regional Commission is interested in the program presently being conducted by the FNS and in its plans for the future. Staff from the office in Washington and in our own state are helping us present our application in a form which will be acceptable to the Commission, with the hope that we may have a favorable review of our plans this spring, resulting in the assurance of some federal assistance. This will enable us to go ahead to prepare our final plans with all expediency, so we may be ready to break ground in the fall.

## AUNT HATTIE'S BARN

by  
PEGGY G. ELMORE

Three women whose lives were closely interwoven with the Frontier Nursing Service in its early years, Miss Louie A. Hall, Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. Henry Alva Strong, are again playing a part in helping the FNS meet the needs of the future.

As we look to the day when the Mary Breckinridge Hospital will be completed, we realize that we are going to need additional housing for staff. A somewhat different type of housing is needed—there is just no place for men or married couples in the present nurses quarters! When we considered the quickest and most economical way this housing could be provided, our thoughts naturally turned to "Aunt Hattie's Barn", the gift in the 1930's of a Trustee and personal friend of Mrs. Breckinridge, the late Mrs. Henry Alva Strong of Washington, D. C. Constructed on a solid-rock foundation by a master builder, Mr. Oscar Bowling of Big Creek, the barn stood foursquare and as structurally sound as the day it was finished. The barn had met the needs of the horseback era and was now ready to play a new role in FNS life.

The late Miss Louie A. Hall was a member of the Rochester Committee and had been one of the earliest supporters of the FNS in that area. When she died, Miss Hall left a legacy to be used for the construction and maintenance of an outpost nursing center in memory of her mother, Sophronia Brooks. This was during World War II, and it was not possible to contemplate construction of another center. The Executors of Miss Hall's estate gave permission for the legacy to be invested in our endowment fund, with the income added to principal until such time as it would be possible to fulfill the terms of Miss Hall's will. However, when it became apparent several years ago that an outpost center was not one of our most urgent needs, an FNS representative appeared before the New York Supreme Court to ask permission for the legacy to be used for another purpose. The Court gave as its opinion that the intent of Miss Hall would be met provided Frontier Nursing Service used the legacy "to erect a new building or buildings, . . . or to make such substantial addi-

tions, alterations, renovations or improvements to any existing building . . . as a permanent memorial to Sophronia Brooks."

One unit of the new staff quarters will be built and furnished in memory of Miss Anne Morgan by her niece, Mrs. W. Randolph Burgess of Washington, D. C., and other members of her family. Miss Anne Morgan was the First Vice-President and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Comité Americain pour les Régions Dévastées de la France—the C.A.R.D.S with whom Mrs. Breckinridge worked after World War I and about which she wrote: "From the first I was enthusiastic about the Committee, and I came to love it more than I have ever loved any group except the Frontier Nursing Service itself. . . . It was a masterpiece of organization, not only in its handling of direct relief, under baffling difficulties, but in later developments that were to be integrated into the very heart of French life. Our chief, Miss Anne Morgan, had inherited her father's ability. The conception she had of what needed to be done was matched only by her amazing capacity to put it over."<sup>1</sup>

Miss Morgan was deeply interested in the work Mrs. Breckinridge started in Kentucky and in its first year, invited Mrs. Breckinridge to New York to have a meeting at her house. Miss Morgan was a charter member of the New York Committee of the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies and of the National Board of Trustees of Frontier Nursing Service.

Work on renovating the barn is already under way and we expect it to be completed by April or early May. The floor plans, which were drawn by Leigh Powell, provide for three efficiencies and two one-bedroom apartments on the second floor, and for six single rooms, a recreation room with a kitchenette unit, and storage on the ground floor.

<sup>1</sup>*Wide Neighborhoods* by Mary Breckinridge, published by Harper & Row, 1952; pp 77 ff.

### OUR MAIL BAG

**From A Friend in Rhode Island:** "I think in these troubled times your work there is the most needed of anything in the world and with a fine new hospital for training grounds, you can accomplish tremendous things for the people who need it most."

**From A Guest From Uganda:** "I enjoyed all aspects of the Service, and the knowledge I gathered is going to be very useful to Health Services in my own country."

**From A Friend in Chicago:** "You and your inspiring hospital have been in my heart and mind since I visited you. We came away feeling that we had seen the impossible in action on that busy mountainside. We only hope that we can be of some help in furthering your plans for a new hospital. We are convinced that it will be run (no matter how new and shiny) with as much compassion and understanding as the present one and, we hope, with less physical difficulty."

**From A Friend in Washington, D.C.:** "I enjoy the magazine immensely."

**From A Friend in St. Louis, Missouri:** "I do enjoy every issue of your Bulletin. It's a most interesting publication."

**From Washington, D. C.:** "As a former FNS nurse, the Bulletin helps us keep abreast of our many, many fine friends and the work of the FNS. We wouldn't be without it!"

**From Friends in Middletown, Kentucky:** "Sorry we can't return your 'reminder' with our small contribution. Your unique cards are collectors items for us!"

**From A Friend in Cincinnati:** "I approve of your method—to save needless expense."

**From An English Guest:** "When one has been so impressed, and has enjoyed a visit as much as I enjoyed our stay with you, it is almost impossible adequately to say thank you. It really was a wonderful experience going around the country and seeing the FNS at work, and realizing how much it is valued by the people, and seeing also the love and respect for Miss Lester. Wendover

is indeed beautiful with a wonderful atmosphere. I shall have a great deal to tell my family and friends when I go home next week."

**From A Guest From The Netherlands:** "When I remember this summer in America, I'll always think of that wonderful week I spent with you. It was a long trip to and from Wendover, but it was ten times worth it! Even from the description I had heard, I had not imagined that Wendover would be such a unique place. It was different from anything I have experienced in the United States so far. I loved the beautiful countryside, the mountain people, the relaxed atmosphere at Wendover and Hyden Hospital and the Outposts, the willingness of the people to listen to each other, and, of course, the horses and the jeeps!"

---

### SPARE THAT TREE

I asked old Ben, who was doing some odd jobs in my garden, to cut down a big elder bush growing below the overhead power lines. 'Noo, ma'am,' he said, 'that I oon't. My ole man, he was always asaayin', where thar's a bit o' elder a-grawin', lightnin' 'll never strike. Every time he build hissself a new pig-sty he plaant a bit o' elder cloose ter it, that he did, ter keep the ole lightnin' from it'. So the elder bush stayed. A few weeks later, during a violent thunderstorm, lightning ran along the power lines. Neighbors on my right had their 'Teasmade' damaged; those on my left, their television; and the house beyond had to be entirely rewired. My house was untouched.—**Doreen Idle**, Norwich.

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1969/70, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

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MARVIN BRECKINRIDGE PATTERSON

National Chairman, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

This photograph of our National Chairman was taken by her husband, Mr. Jefferson Patterson, on her return from the Cine banquet in Washington, D. C., on November 14, 1969. Mrs. Patterson received from the Bulgarian Ambassador the award given our movie, THE ROAD, at the International Festival at Varna, Bulgaria.

## WOOLY WORMS, WOODCHUCKS AND WINTER WEATHER

by

EILEEN H. MORGAN

Stevie was right! The wooly worm's role as a weather prophet must all be a lot of superstitious nonsense. Perhaps one of those Florida wooly worms strayed north (does the Sunshine State have wooly worms?) or one of our little natives put on the wrong fur coat. The only wooly worm I saw last fall was reddish brown with small black stripes on each end. Now, according to ancient mountain lore this was an optimistic prediction for a tiny bit of severe weather at the beginning and end of winter with mild weather in between; i.e., black for bad, brown for mild. It was a beautiful October day when I met Mr. Wooly Worm and all my defenses were down. I was ready to believe anything. So I discussed this token of balmy weather with other superstitious mountaineers. All agreed that it held true. Thus encouraged, I broached the subject at the breakfast table. My son, Stevie, told me flat out that the whole thing was superstitious nonsense. I stoutly defended my theory against his scientific arguments. We quit at an impasse. The school bus was coming.

Alas, during Christmas Season this lovely prediction was blown to bits by a whale of a lot of bad weather, with snow, sleet, ice, and temperatures much below normal, near, at or below zero. This lasted intermittently until February.

We were not beaten yet. There was still that Groundhog Day theory by which the old folks swear. Well, February 2 dawned grim, gloomy and gray. This was just what we wanted (the one day in the year when no one seems to mind dreary skies!). The groundhog must not see his shadow or we will have six weeks more of severe weather. Otherwise, winter is about over. But, no, the sun peeped out. Spirits sank low but Kate Ireland assured us at the lunch table that the sun did not stay out long enough for shadow casting. Cheers! Goodbye, winter.

February 3 (while trudging a mile through heavy snowfall to the office) : "Stevie *is* right, it's all superstitious hogwash . . ."



## "THE PURPLE HAZE COLLECTION OF FRIPPLE WORDS"

by

JODIE IRELAND and BETSY SEARLE

[*Editor's Note:* When Jodie and Betsy came to Kentucky last year to visit Jodie's aunt, Kate Ireland, we found that we did not always understand what they had to say to us! They volunteered to prepare a dictionary of very modern terminology to help us out. Maybe it will help *you* converse with *your* young teenager!]

Acid—The name of a drug taken on a sugar cube. It can be harmful to the cromosomes [sic].

Bag it—A word meaning forget it, get lost, leave.

Blow your mind—Impressed or attracted by something weird or odd.

Bombed—A verb stating that you did wrong or badly on something.

Bopping—Going somewhere.

Boss—An adjective describing something you like, something mod or up-to-date. It has practically the same meaning as groovy.

Chalk one up for me—If someone makes a funny joke, someone else may say "Chalk one up for him" meaning it was a good joke.

Come off it—Quit it or stop it.

Cool it—A verb to tell someone to stop it or leave.

Fripplle—An adjective or noun describing anything you want it to. If you can't think of a word strong enough to describe something or someone, use frippplle.

Give me a break—Stop it, or leave me alone.

Give me grief—Bother me, or cause me trouble.

Groovy—An adjective describing something that is up-to-date with the latest fads.

Hang up—Worse problem or habit.

Humongus—Huge or large.

I kid you not—I am not joking; I am being serious.

Jet set—The popular crowd; the group of people that are the richest, the best dressed and the most travelled.

Like Wow—A sarcastic expression. If someone came up with a dumb idea and asked if you liked it, you might reply "Like wow".

Man—An exclamatory word expressing surprise or excitement.

Neat—An adjective used to describe something groovy.

Pad—A house.

Psych out—If something is really mod or up to date, someone might say "what a psych out" meaning they were impressed by it.

Psychs me out—Turns me on.

Purple haze—Confused or mixed up.

Scratch—Money.

Stud—An exclamatory word to describe something new and exciting.

Trip—A journey of the mind.

Turns me on—Something I like which excites or intrigues me.

Wipe out—A noun meaning a huge crash or accident.

Wiped out—A verb meaning to crash, tumble or fall off.

**OLD COURIER NEWS**

Edited by  
JUANETTA MORGAN

**From Lorna Miller Eckian, New York, New York**

—Christmas, 1969

Albert is just about through medical school. We are leaving here the end of January and Albert will spend the last part of the year with the Public Health Service in Washington, D. C. at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. It will be a nice change, and a chance to see more of my family. One of these years we'll get down to Wendover for a visit. We're both fascinated with the plans for the new hospital and the Family Nurse Practitioner Program.

. . . . .

**From Anne Kilham DeMaria, Rehoboth, Massachusetts**

—Christmas, 1969

We are in the process of selling this house and moving to Maine, where John has a new job. We have rented a house in Rockport (near Camden) and John has already started working and commutes weekends. I am looking forward to the move as I think it will be a nice healthy life there for children, lots for me to do in arts and crafts and a beautiful place to live—mountains and ocean together.

. . . . .

**From Parker Gundry Trostel, Williams Bay, Wisconsin**

—Christmas, 1969

Al is head of a small manufacturing firm here and loves his job. I have a mini-job writing for a weekly newspaper. I'm looking for more. The children have made friends and like school. Rick, 9, loves science and music. Kimmie, 8, loves reading and drama. Margie, just 5, likes people and bouncing.

. . . . .

**From Theresa Nantz Walton, Paducah, Kentucky**

—Christmas, 1969

I teach half-days, except Friday, and all day then, at the local school, and I love every minute of it. I really never knew that teaching could be so much fun. The kids are growing up.

Bailey is in the first grade and Halley has added piano lessons since last year. Dan has formed a new law partnership and it looks very promising.

. . . . .

**From Candace Dornblaser Steele, Palo Alto, California**

—Christmas, 1969

I am currently in the midst of a class at the University of California Medical School, on the development of a discussion of leading skills for expectant parents' classes. I have also been enjoying a ceramics class. Chuck now heads the math group in Ampex's research department and is teaching one course per quarter for the University of California extension program.

Danae, eleven years old, is becoming a dedicated stamp collector. Her greatest excitement is her newly-arrived 4-H Club project. She is responsible for a black labrador puppy for about nine months, doing his basic obedience training and then he will be returned to Guide Dogs for the Blind for his special training. Heidi, now nine and a half, is excitedly planning for her 4-H Club project—she will raise some bantam chickens. Heather, just turned eight and is a general collector of all things. She's especially fascinated with her agates and the cupboard is stuffed with an amazing variety of rocks.

. . . . .

**From Margi McMahan Kolar, Great Falls, Virginia**

—Christmas, 1969

My husband is in the Navy and we will be driving from the Washington area to Pensacola, Florida, the end of January. We will be in Florida about ten weeks. We would love to stop by Wendover on our way to Florida!

. . . . .

**From Marianna Mayer, Madison, Wisconsin—Christmas, 1969**

I've just graduated from Beloit and plan to travel a bit before nursing school. I think of Kentucky and all of you often and would love to visit if the opportunity arises.

. . . . .

**From Jean Woodruff, Westerly, Rhode Island—Christmas, 1969**

I'm still at the Westerly Hospital working in the surgical special care unit. In January I'll go to the recovery room for a

spin there. I now have my own apartment and it couldn't be better.

. . . . .  
**From Catherine Newcomb, Salzburg, Austria—Christmas, 1969**

At the present, I am living with cousins and working on correspondence courses which I hope to finish by the end of February. Before coming to Austria, I spent several weeks in London, then joined my mother and sister in Northern Scotland. We stayed on the Isle of Skye and took many long walks across the moors along the sea coast. It was lonely, but beautiful.

. . . . .  
**From Hilary Walker, Vienna, Austria—January 27, 1970**

I expect to stay in Vienna until April and then I plan to play the tourist role for a couple of months—seeing Europe for the first time. I've found Austria lovely although the German language is difficult to pick up quickly.

. . . . .  
**From Anne Archbold Collins, Millbrook, New York**

—January 28, 1970

I always enjoy the Bulletin and catching up on recent FNS happenings! We went to England last winter and had Sherry Lewis with us to help with the children and she brought me up to date on all the changes.

. . . . .  
**BITS OF COURIER NEWS**

**Sherry Lewis** entered VISTA training in Eugene, Oregon in February.

**Michelle Dorsey** is at home in Strongsville, Ohio and is working for the Navy at the Finance Center in Cleveland.

**Edith Wislocki** has finished her graduate school psychology internship at the Massachusetts General Hospital and in January returned to the University of Southern Illinois to continue work on a master's degree which she will receive in June.

**Nan Sersig** writes "I'm living in California with Mary Buck (former FNS nurse). It is beautiful here but I still miss Kentucky."

We were saddened to learn of the recent death of Penelope Thompson Taylor and we extend our sincere sympathy to the family. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Carrie Lou Morgan Parker on the loss of her father, Mr. G. C. Morgan on February 9, 1970.

. . . . .  
A WEDDING

Miss Kathryn Benecia Payne and Mr. Thomas Edward McGinnis on January 3, 1970, in Wrightstown, Pennsylvania.

. . . . .  
A BABY

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Tyrrell (Janie Haldeman) of Louisville, Kentucky, their third child and second son, Robert McKeldin, on January 11, 1970, weight 6 pounds, 11 ounces.

---

A state policeman recently stopped a speeding motorist and sarcastically requested to see his pilot's license. The policeman was quite effectively silenced when he received the license all in proper order!

—Contributed

## THE BEST THINGS IN THE WORST TIMES

by

DR. FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS  
Chaplain, United States Senate

In a lovely shire of England's green and pleasant land stands a little chapel where, for nearly 300 years, the neighbors of the countryside have met for worship. The record of the founding of that ancient shrine is told on a tablet at the entrance. In the quaint spelling of the period the dedicatory inscription declares: "In the yeare of 1653 when all things sacred were throughout ye nation either demollisht or profaned, Sir Robert Shirley founded this Church: whose singular praise it is to have done the best things in ye worst times, and hoped them in the most calamitous."

Turning back the pages of the long years to 1653 we find that they were indeed calamitous days marked by the revolution and civil war. The one who framed the inscription for the chapel evidently thought that the times were as bad as they possibly could be. But now, when the bitter contentions of that fiery time midway in the 17th century have long since burned to ashes, that speaking tablet at the portal of the old church preserves an enduring insight valid for a time of conflict and change such as ours as we approach the mid 1960's.

Here are we living more than 300 years after the period recorded on this old slab. We are part of a time when the whole fabric of our civilization seems shaken and shattered. One hideous system whose trade-mark has been mowed down only to have another ruthless tyranny spring from the liberated ground. Even the people of our own nation, potentially the mightiest of the earth, are restive, apprehensive, haunted by a sense of impending danger and doom. No wonder multitudes are crying out—"These are the worst times the nation has ever known!" But every era of change has seemed so to contemporary minds. What then ought to be the ruling passion of those who would contribute constructively to this troubled time? Could any eulogy be more coveted when our little day is over than to have somebody declare, gratefully, of us—"His singular praise was that he did and said the best things in the worst times."

It follows that these dark days through which our world is passing is no time for words laden with the germs of defeatism, pessimism or vicious billingsgate, which make men best qualified for public leadership reluctant to allow themselves to be put up as targets for vilification. This is no time for recriminations and hindsight posing pontifically as wisdom.

This is a time for less smearing and more cheering. It is a time to remember that in the fearful apprehensions of this volcanic and explosive era, when we all are in the same boat of imperiled democracy, we—everyone of us—belong either to those whose words and actions are helping to keep men on their feet, or to those whose words of discount and discouragement beat men down to the dust of despair. In such days, blessed is the man whose singular praise it some day will be that he said and did the best things in the worst times.

The best thing to lift up in times like these, bristling with problems, is that for each individual the greatest problem is himself. How easy it is for any of us to enlarge upon the gigantic evils of this naughty world and yet be utterly oblivious to our own besetting sins, our own neglected garden where vices choke the wilted virtues! The best thing to bring home to the hearts of men in these bad times this massive truth—For the building of a better and happier humanity the most crying need in the world today is men and women whose inner lives are a part of the solution rather than a part of the problem of our ailing social order. Wanted, men and women who, scrutinizing their own lives in this day of global responsibilities, are not compelled individually to admit as did one of old—"The times summon me to be a keeper of vineyards and my own vineyard I have not kept."

Just before he left for England, Adlai Stevenson read to a dear friend a quotation which he proposed to use on Christmas cards to be sent to cherished friends in all parts of the world. Here it is: "Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly, and listen to others, even to the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world." The card was never sent as before the New Year dawned the gifted spirit of Adlai Stevenson had gone on to meet his pilot face to face.



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This quotation was so like the spirit of Adlai Stevenson—as if he were almost thinking of a lovely twilight 300 years ago when it was said by another, Sir Robert Shirley, “It was his singular praise to have done the best things in ye worst times, and hoped them in the most calamitous!”

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An efficiency expert stalked up to two clerks in a government office in Washington. “What do you do here?” he asked one. The clerk, fed up with red tape, buckpassing, forms, office politics and, above all, efficiency experts, growled: “I don’t do a thing!”

The interrogator nodded, made a note, then turned to the other clerk. “And you, what’s your job here?” The second man, following the first clerk’s lead, replied, “I don’t do a thing either.”

The efficiency expert’s face lighted up. “Hmrrrrrr,” he said knowingly, “duplication!”

—*Modern Maturity*, Dec.-Jan., 1970

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### AWFUL WARNING

This notice is to be seen on a field track at the top of Har-down Hill, Dorset. It reads: ‘Mushrooms cultivated. Trespassers will be prostituted’. The track is a public right of way which we are battling to keep open.—**N. F. McMichael**, Dorset.

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1969/70, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

### FRANKLIN TALKED TURKEY

The bald eagle is revered as the American symbol, and most of us think of it as a magnificent bird. Ben Franklin didn't like the eagle. In 1784 he wrote his daughter:

"I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. It is a bird of bad moral character, like those among us who live by sharpening and robbing. The eagle is generally poor and frequently lousy."

What bird would Ben have chosen? You'd never guess, but he added in this letter, "The turkey is much more respectable, and withal a true, original native of America."

Franklin was right. The turkey is a true American, believed to have existed on this continent as long ago as 50,000 B.C. It was domesticated by the American Indians in 700 A.D. It was brought to Spain in 1511 by royal decree; then the Spanish birds were later brought back to America for cross-breeding with wild stock.

—*The Colonial Crier*, Nov.-Dec., 1969  
Colonial Hospital Supply Company  
Chicago, Illinois

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### FISHING WITH FLIES

"Did you fish with flies?"

"Fish with flies? Yes, we fished, camped, dined, and slept with them."

—*Modern Maturity*, Oct.-Nov., 1968

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
EILEEN H. MORGAN

### **From Nora Kelly in Wareham, Dorset, England**

—November, 1969

We had a very happy Thanksgiving Reunion again this year, thanks to Hilly who really goes to so much trouble to provide a wonderful meal. We had turkey with all the trimmings and a delicious pumpkin pie. We were twelve in all, Lydia Thompson, Hewie, Betty (Liz) Palethorp, Dennie, Ellen Marsh, Ada Worcester Marston, Eileen Rayson Ramsden, Hilly, Ethel Mickle, Doris Dunston, Gwladys Doubleday, and me! How we all talked! I was pleased to give them much of the latest news from the FNS. They were particularly interested to hear about the new hospital.

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### **From Liz Palethorp in Truro, England—November 28, 1969**

FNS and Leslie County have been very much on my mind since I went up to the reunion yesterday at Hilly's. I telephoned Miss Kelly and arranged to go on the train with her. Miss Dennis joined us at Bournemouth and we met Miss Doubleday under the clock at Waterloo Station. We were a total of twelve at Clapham—seven pre-war and five post-war—ranging down from Miss Marsh who went out in 1927 and who will be eighty years old in February. None of them were my contemporaries but I was happy to meet Mary Hewat and Eileen Rayson Ramsden who only left shortly before my arrival, and also Lydia Thompson whose signature was on so many of my Beech Fork records and about whom Nora [Nora Hoskins, the Beech Fork maid] so often spoke. Hilly had prepared a terrific spread and Lydia had spent Wednesday night in London to help her yesterday morning. The "post-war group" did the washing up!

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### **From Elda Barry in Oxford, Ohio—Christmas, 1969**

We continue to enjoy our life here at Western College. We take special interest in the foreign students, about sixty from thirty-four countries. For the past two years we have had an

Indian student who had her first two years in Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow. She is doing exceptionally well, both academically and socially. We are proud of her. Each year there is a special dinner to celebrate United Nations Day and we always have an interesting exhibit of arts and crafts furnished by our international students. This year it coincided with Parents' Day.

Our three months' summer vacation gave ample opportunity to travel in the Northeast for a month, spending time in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts to explore bird sanctuaries; enjoy lake and mountain scenery; spend a day and a night on small Machias Seal Island in the lighthouse keeper's home to see at close range the thousands of terns, puffins, razor-billed auks, murrets and other water birds; and walk the Freedom Trail in historic Boston's famed streets. Later we visited our families in several places in the East, reuniting to travel back to Oxford before September 1.

We plan to "retire" again at the close of the college year and return to India and other places to see friends and places we wish to visit. A desire of many years to see the Passion Play in Oberammergau is the focal date as reservations have to be made long in advance.

It is so exciting to hear of the progress in FNS activities. The new role of the nurse-midwife sounds great and will meet a real need.

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**From Jerry White Byrne in Knoxville, Tennessee**

—December, 1969

The Byrnes are finally ensconced in their new home and invite you to visit any time you are close by. You might even plan a special trip!

The summer of 1968 was spent in the log cabins which, during the past six years, Art has had brought down from Hancock County and erected amidst the pines. The two are connected by a runway-porch; each has an upstairs and are true Americana. From here during house building, I checked each day with the foreman, ordered supplies, checked on them, and was errand boy, delivery man, etc. Our station wagon turned out to be a fine delivery truck. The house is New England Colonial, front doors straight from New Hampshire, much of the

inside trim copies or was liberated from old homes and some of it Art's handiwork. We are in the midst of woods with possums, foxes and many birds frequent backyard visitors. We love it!

Laurie is in her senior year at Bearden High, hoping to attend college somewhere between Florida State, Western Kentucky and University of Hawaii! Terry is a junior, studying hard and working at her art. Both are still in Scouts and enjoy it. Art is keeping quite busy. I do not have a Girl Scout troop, but work some as leader trainer and neighborhood consultant for about ten troops.

I was so pleased to see Brownie on the "Today Show". It was really good and made me so proud of having been one of the "family".

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**From Priscilla Crow in Williamsville, New York—December, 1969**

I made it back to the States in time for Thanksgiving and will be here until after New Year's Day. I had a bit of trouble getting back with re-entry visa problems as well as transportation difficulties from Port Harcourt to Lagos. Anyway, I made it back in time for all the snow and cold weather.

I will be returning to Port Harcourt so my mailing address will remain the same. How about some New Year resolutions to write?!!

. . . .

**From Anne Cartmell Elder in Arlington, Massachusetts**

—Christmas, 1969

We welcome your Bulletins so much and are both very interested in your new plans. Booz-Allen has been doing a school survey for us in Arlington this winter. I hope we can implement as well as you.

Sarah (six) is ecstatic about her Leicestershire-style open classroom. Peggy (eight) seems equally happy in her more traditional class and enjoys puttering in the kitchen. Cecil (eleven) was thrilled to make his first real strokes in swimming and to achieve his best math grade ever. Sue (eleven) takes special pride in writing a political column for her school paper. Mark (thirteen) never tires of model building and tree climbing, but interrupts to toot his sousaphone or to study at the Museum of

Science. Nancy (fourteen) enriched her summer by baby sitting for five children of a fellow Divinity School family in Belgium and England. Our children get so much pleasure from school, Sunday School at Harvard's Memorial Church, and life generally. We all share in such projects as painting the house.

John now directs the Field Education Program of the Divinity School, a challenging and fulfilling way to combine study and ministry. I supervise the Learning Disabilities Program in neighboring Melrose, which consumes more and more time but brings great satisfaction in return.

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**From Helen Farrington in Winooski, Vermont—Christmas, 1969**

I am flying down to Florida for about ten days to visit my father, aunt and uncle who are there for the winter. It will be great to get away to warmer climes and, of course, to see them.

I have enjoyed reading some old letters I had sent to my folks when I was at FNS. They have recalled many things about those happy years. I can truly say it was the job which I have liked the most. I have always been thankful for the experiences I had in Kentucky.

Judy Simpson had a good summer with you. She will be one of my students next semester.

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**From Josie Finnerty in Yonkers, New York—December, 1969**

I was sorry that I was unable to visit last fall; I had looked forward to it.

I find my new job interesting, but the same people with the same problems as when I was working in the Anti-Poverty Program.

I hope the weather is not too severe. The hills and creeks always look lovely even in winter.

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**From Marian Adams Frederick in Reading, Pennsylvania**

—Christmas, 1969

It was wonderful seeing Brownie on the "Today Show". Thank goodness my father-in-law is living with us. He is the one who told me a person from FNS would be interviewed!

The Christmas Season becomes busier and busier. We are

having so many rehearsals for Sunday School, church, et cetera, the days are whizzing by.

Do you still have your Christmas pageant and parties and dinners for the mountain employees?

. . . .

**From Susan Frode in Denver, Colorado—Christmas, 1969**

I am working at the University of Colorado Medical Center in research. I find it very interesting. We handle the transplant patients and also work in endocrinology and chemotherapy. I feel almost like being back in school with all the new discoveries and everything.

The skiing has been fantastic and it should be a good long winter.

I enjoyed my stay in Kentucky and feel very fortunate to have been a part of FNS. I hope you are all well. I think of you often.

. . . .

**From Sandy Hood in Orlando, Florida—December, 1969**

This past year has been filled with many activities. For five months I worked at John Gaston Hospital while continuing my own physical therapy. I then decided that I needed a change of scenery. I accepted a summer position of camp nurse at Camp Challenge, Florida's Easter Seal camp near Orlando. It was an interesting summer.

In September I began a program of physical therapy at a local hospital. My orthopedic surgeon felt it would be best to perform a lateral transplant of my anterior tibialis muscle (for my non-medical friends this means moving a strong inner foot muscle over to help out a much weaker one) which, hopefully, will help a turning-in problem my foot has had. Surgery was on October 20 and for the past six weeks I have had a long-leg cast. Today was the big day of cast removal! I will begin therapy in a week.

I have been quite active in spite of the cast. I bought my first car in October, a gold '68 Rebel. It has a left-foot accelerator and handles really well. I have also been enjoying a new hobby, ceramics. Soon, I will be moving into my parents' trailer.

I have accepted a new job which begins January 5. I will be

a "nursing educator", teaching inservice education classes to nursing assistants at Sunland Hospital, a state hospital for physically handicapped, and often retarded, children. They have a federal grant which provides an instructor on each shift, teaching eleven-week courses at basic, intermediate and advanced levels. I am really looking forward to it.

I hope all of you have a very nice mountain Christmas.

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**From Emily Kroger in Cincinnati, Ohio—December, 1969**

I am still working in the eye clinic and have just started working two evenings a week, four hours each, in the well child clinic.

In January I will have my interview to decide in what class of the Anesthesia School I will be. It will either be July or October.

I saw Tom and D. J. Howald's baby. She is a doll. Tom says he just wishes she would sleep at night!

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**From Lucile Hodges in Huntsville, Alabama—January, 1970**

I did have a very Merry Christmas with the exception of one startling thing. Bobby and I got lost on the streets of Headland, Alabama where my brother, Sidney, lives. It was pitch-black dark when I, luckily, found a grocery store open. A young man there phoned my brother who was just fixing to go on a search for us. We anxiously awaited his arrival!

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**From Winnie Jacobson Nelson in Rochester, New York**

—January, 1970

I showed the FNS slides to my Sunday School group. The children were really excited about the pictures and the story of FNS. The adults who sat in found it fascinating. I think the slides contribute so much!

The plans for the new hospital and the new educational program sound great. I think the person who could be prepared in this way would be a real asset to society and this thinking and planning show a great deal of foresight.

I am still teaching, but in a community college this year.



The first semester I taught medicine. The second semester I will be having students clinically on maternity services as well as lecture.

We spent a week in Nebraska with my family over the holidays.

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**From Marie Sullivan in Territory de Roraima, Brazil**

—January, 1970

It has been almost one and one-half years since I came to Brazil. I have had the opportunity to finish Portuguese language school; work in two different government hospitals; have been on the jungle station for almost seven months; and am three-fourths finished with the Waica language course.

Much of my time is spent with the Indians treating them. I see from one hundred to two hundred cases each week and I can assure you that the diversity of cases keeps me in the books procuring diagnosis. A short while ago two-way radio communication sets were installed. With a serious case I can now call for a consultation with the doctor in town, or in case of dire emergency we can call for the MAF plane to come.

A senior missionary, Sandy Cue, from West Chicago, is the linguist on our station and she is trying to translate parts of the Book of Mark so that the Indians might have the Word of God in their own language. It is a long and difficult task.

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**From "Pete" Schiefer Johnson in Moorestown, New Jersey**

—February, 1970

I want to thank you for the heart-warming "welcome home" extended to me and my friend, Jo Foster, this past week at Wendover. It was a wonderful experience to return for a visit, (after fifteen years ago when Eric and I stopped by) to find familiar faces and places and the FNS looking better than ever. Of course, I have *heard* all about the "eye to the future" plans, but it is something else to come and *feel* it.

Heather quite enjoyed her experience as a courier at the FNS.

Bravo Betty Lester receiving an O.B.E. today!

**From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Chattanooga, Tennessee**

—February, 1970

What with Terri's wedding, which had to be up-dated because of the military, and then having our house on the market, life has really been hectic.

We moved on January 22 to a lovely apartment and Jim and I are so happy with it. We still have plenty of room for anyone who wants to pop in for a night or a week. We hated to leave our view on Fox Drive and then found we have an even better one of the mountains and ridges.

Love to all whom I know.

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**Wedding**

We are happy to announce the forthcoming wedding and we send our best wishes to this young couple:

**Sandra Lessie Hood** and The Reverend L. Laveon Lanier in Winter Park, Florida, on March 29, 1970.

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**Baby**

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Moniz Perry (**Judy Cundle**) of St. Georges West, Bermuda, on October 26, 1969, a son and second child, James Anthony.

Our congratulations to the proud parents.

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**PRESSED INTO SERVICE**

Taking the children for a riverside walk before breakfast and seeing the three-year-old's hair flapping in her eyes, Granny soon had the locks held neatly and securely in place—with a couple of burrs plucked from the hedge.—Judith Wright, C. Down

—*The Countryman*, Autumn 1969, Edited by  
John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The FNS Philadelphia Committee is inviting all friends of the Frontier Nursing Service in the area to a party and Chinese Auction at the Acorn Club in Philadelphia on April 15. We hope lots of people will come to enjoy the evening. Invitations will be mailed in March, so all Philadelphia friends please mark your calendars.

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February 3, 1970 was a great occasion for the FNS, especially for our staff member, Betty Lester. Queen Elizabeth II gave recognition to Betty in her Birthday Honors list in 1969. Betty was honored by being named an Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. She was invited to the British Embassy in Washington where the British Ambassador, Mr. John Freeman, officiated in the name of the Queen and pinned the medal on Betty's breast. Betty was accompanied to the Embassy by the FNS National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, and Mrs. Marjorie Cundle, mother of our Anne Cundle. Betty reports it a very happy occasion with many of the guests interested in hearing about the FNS.

While Betty was in Washington she and Mrs. Cundle were invited to a tea at the home of Mrs. Felix Kloman, secretary of the FNS Washington Committee. Members of the Committee and FNS friends were invited to meet Betty and to hear the latest news from Kentucky.

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In January our old staff member, Vanda Summers, and old courier, Marion Shouse Lewis, spoke about the FNS and showed slides to the Business and Professional Women of Milford, Pennsylvania. Vanda wrote: "During the question time the ladies were all so interested and enthusiastic that Marion and I found ourselves relating some of our experiences of long ago in the mountains. For a while I relived those happy days."

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Dr. Anne Wasson of New London, New Hampshire, talked to the students at Colby Junior College in January. She hopes to

recruit a lab technician and a medical records assistant for summer work at our Hospital in Hyden.

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Our old staff member Winnie Jacobson Nelson showed slides and spoke about the FNS to members of the Chili Presbyterian Church of Rochester, New York, in December.

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Our Washington Chairman, Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (old courier Mary Wilson) was invited to show THE ROAD and address the British Embassy Wives Association at the Rotunda on January 20.

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Mrs. Neel and her Committee will be having a tea for FNS friends in the Washington area at Mrs. Neel's lovely home in McLean, Virginia, on the afternoon of Monday, May 11, 1970. Invitations will be mailed later. We hope our Washington friends will mark their calendars.

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THE ROAD was shown on March 3 at a meeting of the Licensed Practical Nurses Association of Racine, Wisconsin; and Mrs. Gordon Peirce, a member of the Wisconsin Society, Daughters of Colonial Wars, reviewed the book *Frontier Nurse: Mary Breckinridge*.

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Mrs. Braxton Bragg of Camden, Arkansas, who has visited the FNS and is a cousin of our Anne Cundle, showed the film to a group in early March.

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The Annual Meeting of the Trustees and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will be held on Wednesday, May 27, 1970, at the Louisville Country Club in Louisville, Kentucky, immediately following luncheon at 12:30 p.m.

As we did last year, we will again mail reservation cards for our Annual Meeting only to the Chairman and the Secretary of all of our Committees outside the Kentucky area. As our readers know, all members and friends are welcome at the Annual Meeting and we hope that anyone who can plan to be in Louis-

ville on May 27, and who wishes to make a reservation for the luncheon, will get in touch with the Chairman or Secretary of their Committee or write directly to Mrs. Gerald G. Tyrrell, 407 Lotis Way, Louisville, Kentucky 40207, after April 25, 1970.

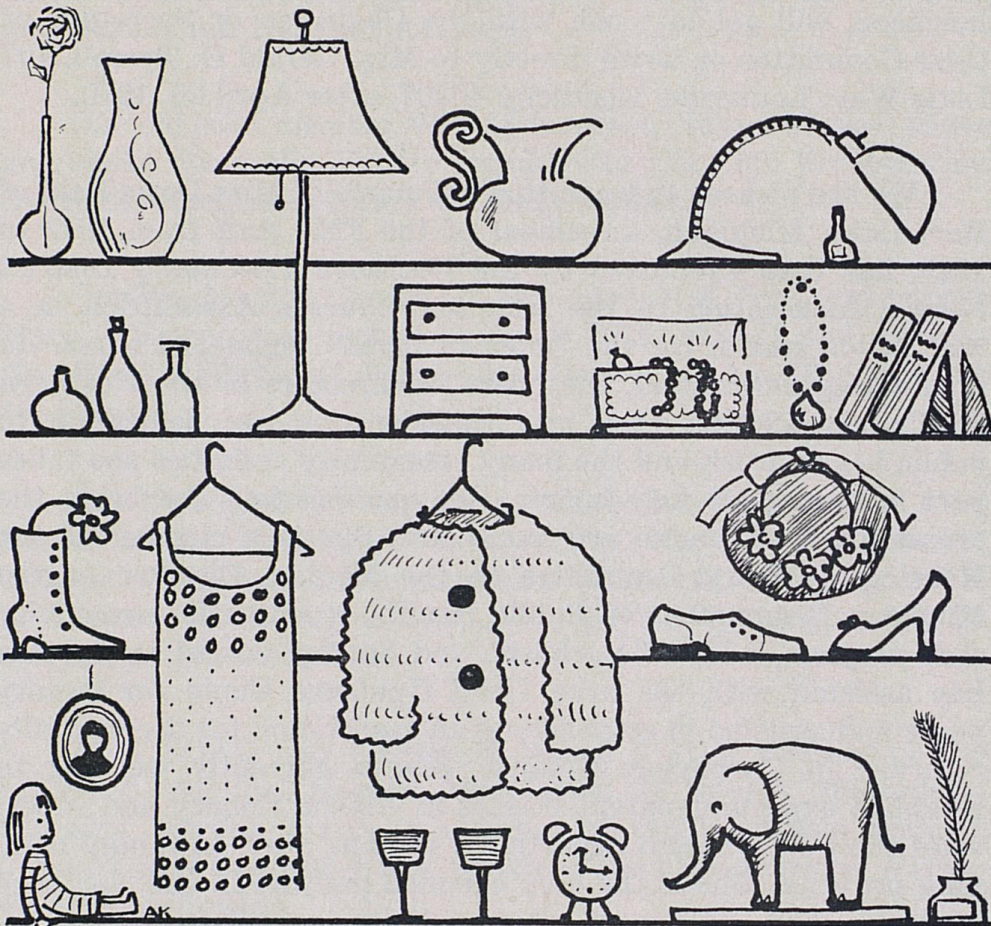
. . . . .

We are pleased to learn that the name of Miss Doris Reid of Burt Lake, Michigan, a member of the FNS staff from 1942 to 1949, has been submitted by the Northern Tri-County District Nurses Association to the American Nurses Association in a nationwide search for the "most involved" registered nurse. In nominating Doris Reid, the board of directors of the Northern Tri-County District took into consideration her dedication to public health work and the many community activities she takes part in during off-duty hours. Her qualifications for being the "most involved" nurse are numerous. She is a member of the Nursing Advisory Committee to the Medical Director of the Michigan Department of Public Health, is active in community club projects, 4-H, PTA, church and Sunday school work. She has assisted with the area Child Guidance Clinic for twenty years and assisted in establishing an association for the mentally retarded in Cheboygan County. She is currently working to establish expectant parent classes in Alpena County and supervises the public health department nursing staff on family planning projects. She is the only certified midwife in the Northern Michigan area. Her most recent activity is a pilot program designed to find out which children in special education classes can be returned to regular classrooms through detection and correction of physical or emotional disabilities. In recommending Doris Reid, her co-workers have stated that she is "on 24-hour call for any friend or neighbor in need."

We congratulate "Red" on this well-deserved honor.

*Helen E. Browne*

### WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE**  
1579 Third Avenue  
New York, New York 10028

## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
PEGGY G. ELMORE

We are pleased to announce that Dr. R. Edward Dodge joined the medical staff of Frontier Nursing Service on January 5, 1970. Dr. Dodge is a graduate of the Indiana University School of Medicine and obtained his Master's in Public Health from Johns Hopkins University where he also did a general Preventive Medicine residency. Before coming to Kentucky, Dr. Dodge had been an Assistant Professor of Public Health at the Public Health College, Gondar, Ethiopia. Dr. and Mrs. Dodge and their three children—Randy, Jeff and Amy—are living in Joy House.

We were enchanted to learn that, after a visit to Wendover, Randy's mother found on his desk a sign which read:

Happiness is dinner at Wendover

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The Kentucky-Tennessee Chapter of the American College of Nurse-Midwives met at Wendover on the morning of December 6, 1969. Following the business meeting, the nurse-midwives had invited medical and nursing personnel from the surrounding area to hear an address by Dr. Abram Benenson of the Department of Community Medicine at the University of Kentucky. The FNS had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Benenson and their daughter, Sunny, for the week end.

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Two senior student nurses from Jamestown College, Jamestown, North Dakota, Lois Heron and Patricia Carlson, spent three weeks with the FNS during January. The girls spent part of their time at Hyden Hospital and part at an outpost nursing center.

. . . . .

We are glad to welcome four new nurses to the FNS staff. Nancy N. Whitley is from Morrisville, Pennsylvania; Marcella den Bleyker from Rehoboth, New Mexico; Carmen Brady from Manchester, New Hampshire, and Judith Friend from Dublin, Ontario, Canada.

Massachusetts, Maine, New Jersey and Virginia have supplied us with couriers during the winter quarter. Romey Brown and Jeanne Black stayed with us over Christmas. Nancy Dalrymple of Lincoln, Massachusetts, and Heather Johnson of Moorestown, New Jersey, spent January in Kentucky. Sally Munger of Lexington, Virginia, was here for a Bennington College field term, and Barbara Morrison of Dedham, Massachusetts, and Annie Lawrence of Brookline, have been with us since mid-January. Jeanne Black returned the middle of February and she has recently been joined by the newest members of the Courier Service, Diane Sault of Minnetonka, Minnesota, and Denise Doak of Morgan Hill, California.

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It is always a little hard to remember from year to year just what the weather was like at a given time a year or two ago, but it is the consensus that this winter has been unusually cold, snowy and icy. We've also had a couple of small floods—just to add variety. It has, therefore, been somewhat difficult for our friends to come to see us, but several have braved the weather to pay us short visits. Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Eichenberger of the University of Kentucky came up for the Midwives meeting in December and Dr. Marion Carnes brought Dr. John Cheshire to Wendover when he came to lecture to the students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Dr. Luther Christman, Dean of the School of Nursing at Vanderbilt, brought two of his faculty members, Mrs. John T. Kemp and Miss Imelda Clements, to Wendover to discuss the Family Nurse Program. Dr. Kenneth S. Warren and Dr. A. B. Ford of Western Reserve University in Cleveland were two other physicians who were interested in the Family Nurse Program.

In the last Bulletin we had the pleasure of announcing the arrival of little Miss Laura Jane Howald. We were delighted when Laura Jane brought her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Howald, to Hyden and Wendover for a visit in January. Julia Hussey, a senior student nurse from Duke University, and Catherine Moore, a senior student at Butterworth Hospital in Grand Rapids, Michigan, paid us brief visits in January. Both of these girls plan to join the FNS staff later in the year.

A visit that gave us special pleasure was one from Mrs.



Eric Johnson of Moorestown, New Jersey, and her friend, Mrs. Richard Foster of Haddon Heights. "Pete" Schiefer Johnson had been the FNS Social Service Secretary from 1942 to 1946 and she drove down to pick up her daughter, Heather, and to see some of her old friends in the FNS and in the community.

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We are glad to report that Agnes Lewis, who fractured her wrist just after Christmas, has finally gotten the cast off, and that Anne Cundle, who had surgery in early February, is making a good recovery at Kate Ireland's Florida home.

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If this Bulletin looks a little lean—if there is something just not quite right about it—please forgive us. We're in the middle of a flu epidemic. The only consolation we have is that everyone hasn't been sick at the same time!

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We don't know yet whether March will come in like a lion or a lamb, but we do know that the snowdrops and the crocus are in bloom.

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The president of the company was showing a friend through the firm's offices. They went past a series of small private rooms in which young men were busily hammering away at typewriters.

"These are some of the junior executives," he explained.

"But they're typing letters," said his friend.

"Sure," replied the president. "I'm not dumb. I can get junior executives today for half the price I would have to pay stenographers!"

—*Modern Maturity*, Dec.-Jan., 1970

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.****BOARD OF GOVERNOBS****Chairman**

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Miss Jennifer Hoag, R.N.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**

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

Miss Patricia L. Sarge, R.N., C.M.

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

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

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

. . . . .

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



**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

**Its motto:**

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

**Its object:**

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

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

**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

We are constantly asked where to send gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE** and sent either by parcel post to **Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky 41749**, or by freight or express to **Hazard, Kentucky**.

Gifts of money should be made payable to

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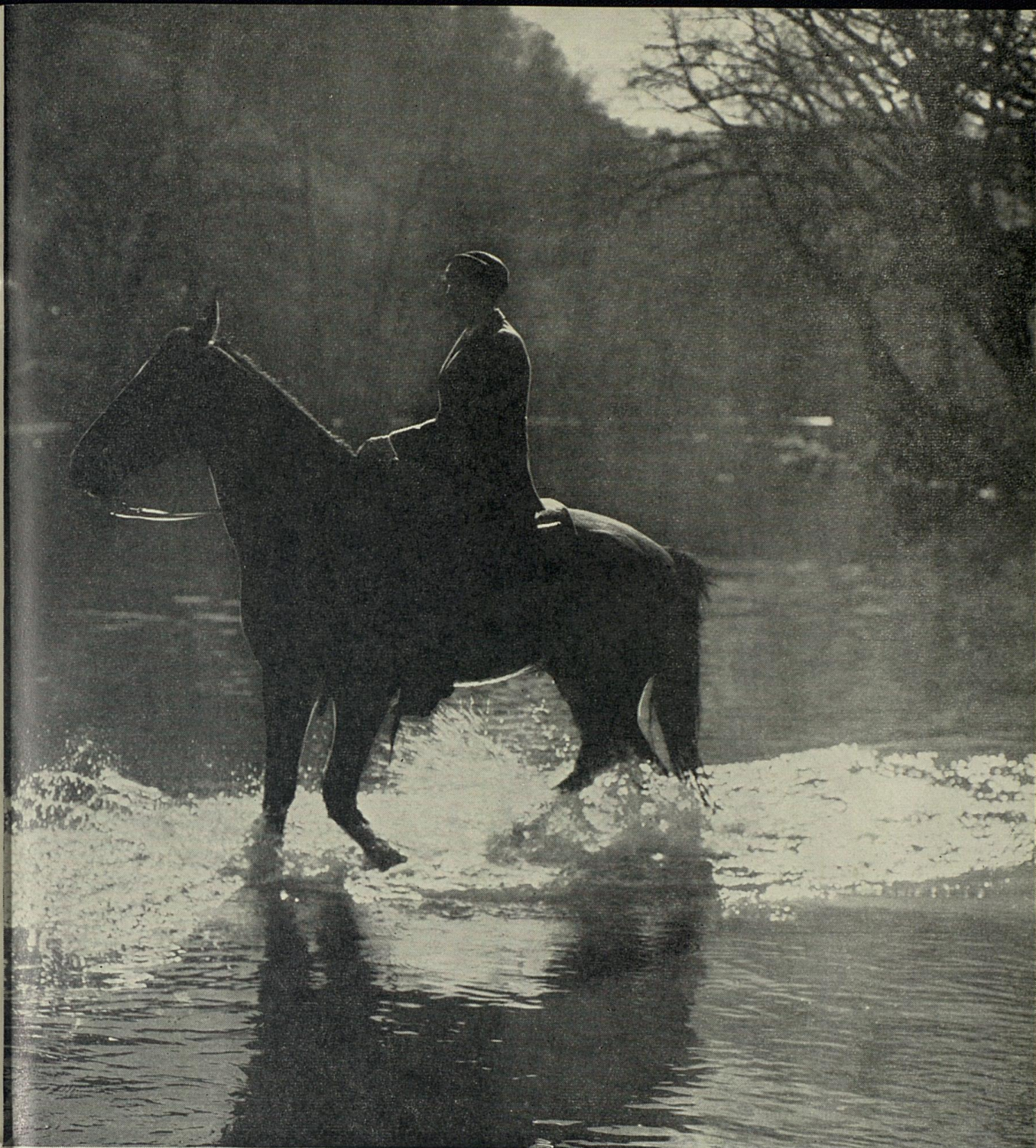
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**MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY**

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky 40507



MISS BETTY LESTER, O.B.E., R.N., S.C.M.

(See Beyond the Mountains)

