

# Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 38

Autumn, 1962

Number 2



September 22, 1962

MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY





CHRISTMAS NATIVITY PLAY AT WENDOVER  
An Annual Event for a Quarter Century

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN  
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.  
Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year  
Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

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VOLUME 38

AUTUMN, 1962

NUMBER 2

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

From the flyleaf of a Sixteenth Century prayerbook

The storke she rose on Christmas eve  
And sayde unto her broode,  
I now must fare to Bethlehem  
To viewe the Sonne of God.  
She gave to eche his dole of mete,  
She stowed them farely in,  
And far she flew and fast she flew  
And came to Bethlehem.  
Now where is He of David's line  
She asked at house and halle,  
He is not here, they spoke hardly,  
But in a maungier stalle.  
She found Him in a maungier stalle  
With that most Holy mayde.  
The gentle storke she wept to see  
The Lord so rudely layde.  
Then from her panting breast  
She plucked the feathers white and warm,  
She strewed them in the maungier bed  
To keep the Lord from harm.  
"Now blessed be the gentle storke  
Forevermore," quoth He,  
"For that she saw my sadde estate  
And showed such pietye.  
Full welcome shall she ever be  
In hamlet and in halle,  
And called henceforth the blessed bird  
And friend of babies all."

First printed 28 years ago in the Autumn 1934 Quarterly Bulletin



## THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

by

LYNNE HEY, R.N., S.C.M.

The week before Christmas started deceptively quietly at the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River. On Sunday morning, December 17, 1961, I got out of bed looking forward to a peaceful day, our one day off. After a cup of coffee, I went out in the cold morning air towards the barn to milk Ellen, our cow, and to feed the chickens and our four ducks. The two cats, Charlie and Beelzebub, were waiting for their breakfasts too. They had a long drink of Ellen's warm milk, then settled down to wash their paws and faces. My dog, Calamity Jane, was busy pretending to hunt but Randy, Judy's dog, was having a morning in bed as she was due to have puppies quite soon. After breakfast I sat by the fire, thinking of the day before me and what I would do with it. In an hour, Fate had decided for me! The cowbell on the clinic door rang and there stood the husband of one of my expectant mothers. His wife was "sick." Would I come right away? At 9:30 that night they had a lovely newborn boy called James. They had wanted a girl, but were just as thrilled to have a brother for 18-month-old Johnny. I left them admiring their new baby and drove home to eat and go to bed at 11:30 p.m. So much for my day off!

Monday started with a visit to the mother and her new baby and then various other calls, a normal day. In the evening I went to collect Susan, a friend from Hyden Hospital 15 miles away, who was to "take the night" with us. Just as I was getting into bed at midnight the cowbell rang again—another baby call!

At 10:00 a.m. on Tuesday, another lovely baby boy was born safely. Arriving home in time for lunch, I had a few hours in bed, then visited my two mothers and babies to see that all was well. Back home again after supper Judy and I decorated the Christmas tree for the children's party on Saturday.

Wednesday morning is clinic time at Red Bird, when our patients come in to see us. One of my babies, "caught" three months before, came for his vaccination shot and to be weighed; a mother of seven came to register for confinement at Hyden



Hospital in May; and others with various ailments. After lunch I went to visit my babies again. I waved goodbye to the first baby and settled myself in the jeep to start to the second visit, only to find that I had a locked wheel and couldn't go anywhere! Muttering under my breath I went to find a kind neighbor who let me use her telephone. Judy came out to me in her jeep, to be a chauffeur until my work was finished, and a mechanic came to take "Nameless," the jeep, to the garage. That evening we worked at filling the Christmas bags for the children. Each child has a toy and a bag of candy given them by the FNS, and how they look forward to the party when Santa Claus gives out the bags! For weeks the children had been asking when the party would be. As Judy and I have about 800 children between us, the task of filling bags takes some time.

On Thursday after completing my visits for the day, using Judy's jeep, I went to collect "Nameless" from Hyden and did some last-minute Christmas shopping. In the evening, Judy and I got to work on the bags once more. Warm and drowsy in bed that night, I thought at last, we were making progress in our preparations for Christmas.

Mercifully, Friday was an uneventful day. Afterwards I realized that it was "a calm before the storm." For before 8:00 a.m. on Saturday morning mothers and fathers with their children began to arrive for the party. Santa Claus was a little late due to the extremely muddy road he had to travel, but he was soon hard at work demanding a hug and a handshake from each child before they had their cookies and hot chocolate. The expressions on the children's faces when they saw Santa Claus were well worth the work to make the party possible. If only the generous people who send the toys could see them! Fortunately we hadn't miscounted and had a bag for every one who came and even one for Santa Claus in thanks for his help.

Whilst Judy started mopping up spilt chocolate and cookie crumbs, I went to Hyden to fetch Miss January who was to spend the night with us. At the same time, I took the husband of one of my patients to see her in the Hospital. She had had twins that morning, a boy and a girl—just what she wanted. I had hoped to be with her when they came, but they chose to arrive in the middle of the Christmas party when I couldn't leave.



As Miss January and I left Hyden, snow was starting to fall and it looked like we were going to have a white Christmas after all. Miss January jokingly said she hoped we had a baby call in the night so that she could come along with us. Sure enough, at 3:00 a.m., Judy woke me to tell me her dog, Randy, was in labor! We didn't wake Miss January as it wasn't the kind of baby call she meant. Randy had two puppies, a boy and a girl, her first litter. I was thrilled to see how puppies were born as I hadn't had the opportunity before. After a couple of hours sleep in a chair, I awoke to find it was Sunday morning once more and the Sunday routine awaited me. Everywhere was so pretty as snow had covered the ground and the trees, making it look truly Christmas Eve.

At 10:00 p.m., Miss January, Judy, and I started out for Hyden to attend the Christmas Eve Carol Service in St. Christopher's Chapel. The roads were icy and we had to drive slowly but eventually we arrived in time to have a cup of coffee before going to chapel. As the age-old story of the Saviour's birth was read and the familiar, beloved carols were sung, I thought about the week that had past and other weeks and months before it. I realized, then, how thankful I am to work in the FNS, with the people of the mountains, and how really worth-while it is to be a nurse-midwife.

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### AN ANSWER TO INQUIRERS

Yes, you may get an autographed copy of *Wide Neighborhoods* sent to you or, with your card, to a friend. Send exactly \$4.00 to Frontier Nursing Service, Wendover, Kentucky, and it will be shipped postpaid.

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### AN OLD SAYING

"If you once drink of the waters of the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, you are sure to come back."



## MIDWIFERY EDUCATION FOR NURSES

by

CAROLYN A. BANGHART, R.N., C.M., B.S.  
Dean, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Early in November I participated in a meeting of the Committee on Curriculum and Accreditation of Nurse-Midwifery Programs. This meeting was sponsored by the American College of Nurse-Midwifery, and was held at the Maternity Center Association in New York. Representatives from the six schools of nurse-midwifery in the United States were present. Dr. Gordon MacKenzie, a curriculum specialist from Teachers College, Columbia University, acted as consultant to the committee.

Criteria were set up for the evaluation of nurse-midwifery programs, stressing that the required core for all programs should be aimed at developing the ability to manage the normal obstetrical patient in such a way as to prevent the abnormal whenever possible, to recognize deviations from the normal, and to apply proper emergency measures, if such are necessary, before the doctor arrives. The publication of the criteria as set up by the committee will provide information for nursing and medical groups. The National League for Nursing has agreed to help interpret nurse-midwifery through its publications and members.

It is the desire of the nurse-midwife that each mother be cared for as an individual, with respect to her pregnancy, feelings, family background, and culture; and that the birth process be a "family affair." This kind of care could one day be universal with greater recognition of the value of the nurse-midwife, and the subsequent establishment of more nurse-midwifery schools which are educationally sound.

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### REPTILES OF THE MIND

The man who never alters his opinions is like standing water and breeds reptiles of the mind.

—William Blake, 1757-1827



## MISSION NOT ACCOMPLISHED

by

COURIER CARLYLE CARTER

Our mission—to transfer Flicka from the hospital to Brutus. A truck would take the least time. But Carol Lyman and I agreed that it would be most pleasant to ride—she was to ride Flicka and I would accompany her on Kimo. Neither of us were familiar with the trail but two reasonably intelligent college girls could surely follow a map.

We got up at six a.m., downed a hasty breakfast, fed and groomed the horses, and set off on our trail ride around 7:15. The whines and yelps of a raging dog fight accosted us when we had proceeded but a short way. I was content to let the ole hounds settle it among themselves, but Carol, being a brave, humane girl, leaped from Flicka, and succeeded in stopping the fight. We continued, shaken, but still enthusiastic about the ride which was supposed to be beautiful, particularly along the ridge trail.

We were warned that the ridge trail might be overgrown, but were not prepared for a jungle. It had rained heavily the day before and, as we foraged through the underbrush, we were soaked.

Once free from soggy bushes, our dampened spirits rose. The half-way mark was reached ahead of schedule. After eating lunch, which was small since the trip would not take more than seven hours, we studied the map in order to complete our journey. The first part was supposed to be the most difficult so we felt quite cocky and pleased. I told Carol it was thanks to her sense of direction that we were so successful, but she modestly sloughed off this compliment, saying I was a great help. Just then she chided me for reading the map upside down again.

Well we must carry on. The map said turn right. But where? This question perplexed us for three and one-half hours as we wandered through a wilderness, our minds alternating between gloom and hysterics. No house was near enough to ask directions, no traveler in sight. We could retrace our steps, but each path forward seemed to lead further into the wilds of Kentucky. Finally, defeated and weary, Carol and I turned back.



Flicka would not get to Brutus this day. In a short while, it began thundering and lightning ominously, then sprinkling; and alas, the downpour commenced. Sacrificing safety for comfort, we took shelter under a tin mule shed.

At six p.m. two bedraggled creatures, each leading a tired, mud-splattered horse, crept into Hyden, exhausted, hungry, and embarrassed.

The next day Flicka went to Brutus—by truck.

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### GREETINGS

from

Allan M. Trout

“I well remember a story the late William S. Kaltenbacher, former Louisville Times political columnist, used to tell about his Shelby County outfit. It was called State Guard then, and an inspector from the regular Army was approaching a soldier on guard duty, who neither saluted nor came to attention.

“‘Private,’ snapped the officer, ‘don’t you know you’re supposed to come to attention and salute an officer?’

“‘Why, shore,’ said the Shelby County boy.

“‘Well, don’t you see these two bars on my shoulders? They mean I’m a captain.’

“‘Well, shore I do,’ replied the soldier. ‘But Ben Pemberton’s MY captain.’”

—*The Louisville Courier-Journal*  
September 8, 1962

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### PRIZE PUMPKIN

The pumpkin used for the pies for our family party at Wendover on Thanksgiving Day weighed 50 pounds, 9 ounces. It was grown in the Wendover garden.

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### ASTRONOMICALLY SPEAKING

“Astronomically speaking, what is man? Astronomically speaking, man is the astronomer!”

—Quoted in *Forward*, Summer 1954



**OLD COURIER NEWS**

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Jane Clark, Dover, Massachusetts—September 4, 1962**

I have just returned home after two weeks in the Vermont hills where I took in a one-hundred-mile trail ride. My mare did very well. She was out of training for three weeks before I took her up due to a re-activated splint, but she finished third in our division of twenty-one horses. I was thrilled.

. . . . .

**From Emily Alexander, Bernardsville, New Jersey**  
—September 9, 1962

It's a grey, drizzly day and it seems to express precisely my melancholy at having to leave Wendover. You cannot imagine how grateful I am to you for letting me be a part of the FNS for six weeks. It was an invaluable experience—full of work and unprecedented pleasures, and full of excitement and moments of awe, such as the deliveries I saw. I do hope to return sometime, and in the interim I shall mentally relive all the marvelous moments of my six weeks.

. . . . .

**From Helen S. Stone (Pebble), Long Island, New York**  
—September 15, 1962

I am flying to California early in October for my Aunt's eighty-sixth, I think, birthday. I tried to include Mary Breckinridge Day in this trip but want to be here October sixth, so things just would not work out.

—October 23, 1962

Had a fine flight to San Diego for ten days and on to Cherry Evans' for about five. Lovely weather, beautiful colors and formations.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. W. G. Ellis (Pam Dunn), Fort Leavenworth,  
Kansas—September 26, 1962**

We had such a wonderful time at Wendover. I can't tell



you how glowing the children were about our visit and how thoroughly they enjoyed sleeping in The Hut.

Our life here is so different. Graham studies each evening for about four hours. I'm glad we have the horse to keep us busy. Right now, we're preparing for a horse show October 7. I spend a lot of time during the day with the horse and then with the horse and the children. At night, I catch up on house work.

We certainly do like this part of the country. The land is not completely flat and when you come on a crest you can see miles of farm land. Ft. Leavenworth itself has lots and lots of big old trees and is generally shady and hot. I'll let you know what the winter is like.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Timothy B. Atkeson (Paula Granger),  
Washington, D. C.—October 18, 1962**

Just a brief word to tell you that we have just had our fourth son, Nicholas, born September second [See Babies]. Timmy, our eldest, is almost five; and Chris is three and Andrew one and one-half. Our house is very lively!

. . . . .

**From Roberta (Bosey) Fulbright, Washington, D. C.  
—November 8, 1962**

The first problem upon arriving home was to find a house—we did. But, with our landlord in Montevideo, procedures became a little complicated. Fortunately, due to the life of a courier, I was a little more "in condition" than usual for lifting, shoving, and pushing beds, bureaus, desks, tables, sofas, etc.! And, thanks to Liz Palethorp and those blanket bindings, I made eighteen curtains! Also, due to the inspiration of Christine and Violet (Alabam being disqualified since she's a professional and not my contemporary) I have learned to boil water and proceed on to uneatable French peach cake but not bad barbecued spareribs!

Just as much as the day I left, am I grateful for the experience and good fun you gave me, and what fun it was for once to be able to tell someone else (who has five horses) how to care



for a horse! Sorry to hear that Bess is down—the new mule sounds like even more of a handful!

. . . .  
**From Carol Lyman, Denver, Colorado—November 12, 1962**

It was wonderful to receive the Bulletin and settle down in a nice comfortable chair to read the stories and remember the wonderful time I had with all of you.

I was really sad to hear about Bess and, somehow, I can't imagine Wendover without her. Oh, how irritated I would get when she would go one way and, of course, I **wanted** to go the other way. Or, when she was content to remain in one place when I was in a hurry to get to another! The job of watering the horses, for the couriers, will no longer be as challenging. Bess was a wonderful character and one who will be greatly missed.

The University of Denver is great. The campus is very attractive with a beautiful view of the mountains. They are impressive! My courses are interesting and stimulating and seem to keep me quite busy. (There seems to be no need for my talents in painting rooms or feeding pigs—very sad!)

. . . .  
**From Mrs. Harry P. Schriver (Linda Branch),  
Pineville, Wyoming—November 16, 1962**

I find myself quite fully occupied with Patrick, now 15 months, and Lisa, six weeks old [See Babies]. Maybe I'll get somewhat of a routine worked out someday.

Enjoyed reading about Mary Breckinridge Day in Hyden. It was a well-deserved occasion.

. . . .  
**From Mrs. Marion E. S. Lewis (Marion Shouse),  
Matamoras, Pennsylvania—November 19, 1962**

Always, at this time of year my thoughts turn to the hills. I am motoring down to Washington on Wednesday, stopping to pick up Cuffin (my eldest nephew) at Princeton en route. I shall stay in town for about ten days returning here by December first. It will be hard not to turn the car southwest instead of northeast. I could so easily come down from Washington in a day! What a day!



## BITS OF OLD COURIER NEWS

**Ruth Harrison** (Mrs. John Venable) of Winchester, Kentucky, and her horse, Union, together captured the Iroquois Hunt Club's General Roger Williams Memorial Trophy, the Army Remount Trophy, and the handy hunter class at the annual horse show in September.

**Patricia (Pat) Doyle** is attending Katharine Gibbs School in New York and is enjoying it very much.

**Brooke Alexander Leddy** and her husband are now living in Boston. Brooke is working while Mr. Leddy studies law.

**Barbara (Bobbie) Glazier Smith** has undergone a laryngectomy and is making a marvelous recovery. We quote from a letter Mrs. Brewer received from a friend in Hartford:

Last week at the Rehabilitation Center, I was talking with Mrs. Barbara Glazier Smith who has had a laryngectomy and who now has learned to talk quite well by means of the special "burping" process taught her by the speech therapist at the Center. She is so happy, that she is interesting other persons with the same problem in a "laryngectomy club" to try to help others. She is a real joy and inspiration to all of us at the Center. She now helps there as a volunteer and she is anxious to tell her story to everyone. She says that her greatest problem is making those around her comfortable as she talks!

## BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Timothy B. Atkeson (Paula Granger) of Washington, D. C., their fourth son, Nicholas Atkeson, on September 2, 1962.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Schriver (Linda Branch) of Pinedale, Wyoming, a daughter, Lisa Anne—their second child—on October 1, 1962. She weighed 7 pounds, 4 ounces. We are delighted that Lisa's parents have given us a little courier for 1980!

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Trenchard Moore (Kitty Biddle) of Watertown, Massachusetts, their second son, Grissnell, on October 10, 1962. Kitty writes,

Very gladdening to us as we particularly wanted a lot of boys. Paul is two and a half and barges around all day with the energy of a cyclone and the strength of a tank.



**SERMON PREACHED ON ALL SAINTS' DAY****November 1st, 1936****in the First Presbyterian Church  
Englewood, New Jersey****by the Minister, the late Carl H. Elmore**

Printed with the kind permission of Mrs. Elmore

We are gathered on this All Saints' Day to remember gratefully and appreciatively our loved ones who have passed out of sight—to commune with them and to worship with them. It is no time to wrestle with arguments or to marshal convincing proofs of immortality; for to us as Christians, the ringing declaration of our leader, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," gives the right to believe that our dead live on, happily and triumphantly. But the mere knowledge that they exist beyond the reach of pain or sorrow does not satisfy the clamors of our hearts. We want to know infinitely more about them. From our inmost depths the surging cry arises, What did death do to them? Where are they now? What is this new life of theirs like? Do they love me there as when on earth? Can they see and know what happens to me? Is there any communication across the gulf that seemingly divides us? These are insistent questions grounded in the very tenderest part of our nature. It is not sufficient answer to them to say, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." We want something more definitely tangible, more intimately reassuring than the traditional Christian affirmation. We want to know whether we can go on living with our dead, whether we can still maintain a warm personal relationship with them, or whether we must dismiss them out of our lives into some vague distant abode of spirits, with only the memory of them left until we too are released from the flesh and can join them where they are.

Now the answer to all questions of this sort centers in our conception of death. Much of our loneliness and distress in bereavement comes from the fact that we attach altogether too much importance to this simple and obvious act of nature. We



invest it with mystery and finality, with transforming powers, which do not belong to it. One of the astonishing discoveries of modern psychologists is a prenatal consciousness which importantly affects all our later life. Based probably on this discovery, a recent writer describes a conversation between twin babes as yet unborn. Both are conscious that some mysterious and inevitable event approaches. One says: "We have been very happy and comfortable here for months—how tragic it is that all must end." "Yes," replied the other, "Life that means anything to us will soon be over. Being born is a cruel necessity which destroys all our hopes and plans. Would God we might escape it and live on always as we do now." But the birth which seems to these unborn babes so trying is not the end of all they cherish—it is only an episode of life, the passing from a limited experience of existence into a large and more beautiful experience of existence. The child does not lose the mother or its little companion, it has them in far nobler and more satisfying ways after birth than before it.

Now if we could look at it through the clear eyes of the eternal, I am convinced that we would see in death exactly this same sort of thing. It too is just an episode in life. It means for all of us more life and not less—closer and more spiritual relationships with those we love and not estrangement. It is just the opening of a door, the passing from the seen world into the unseen. And when we are assured by the simple act of turning on a radio that the unseen world is quite as present in this room, quite as close to us while we sit here now, as the seen world, then the awful loneliness, the sense of separation which makes bereavement almost unbearable, largely ceases to be. You and I learned many inspiring things from our parents—they gave us a faith, without which at times life would be poor indeed, but one thing we got from them has never brought us anything but pain, the idea, the conviction that death removes those we love an immeasurable distance from us. That golden walled city with its gleaming pearly gates high above the most distant stars is one of the cruelest inventions the mind of man ever devised. I call you to witness that Jesus never gave his sanction to any such place. It is that appalling distance, those interminable leagues between our little world and the heaven where our loved



ones are supposed to dwell, that have made death seem the end of all happy, intimate associations with those who have passed out of sight. How can we live satisfyingly with people who are a billion light years away from us?

We often think of science as the destroyer of religion, but science has rendered religion at least one service for which we can never be grateful enough—it has swept the traditional heaven out of the skies and brought the unseen world as close to us as we are to the very thoughts we think. We suppose that we see our surroundings here as they are, but science tells us that these solid walls and fittings, these very corporeal bodies of ours only deceive us—there is no such thing as substance—all that seems to us so substantial is in reality only arrested force, or spirit if you prefer the word. Science declares that we, these pillars, this building in which we assemble are only whirling circles of electrons, infinitesimal nodules of force, each as widely separated from its neighbor as are the stars in the heavens. Science goes even farther, it tells us that what seems to us empty space all about us is vibrant with sounds to which our ears are deaf, lighted with rays to which our eyes are blind. In other words, I have all the authority of modern knowledge behind me when I say that if this room were filled with shining spiritual presences and reverberated with the sound of celestial voices, as I verily believe to be true, to you and me things would seem just as they do today. Our senses would tell us absolutely nothing about such happenings and such presences. Yes, it is science that gives one of our poets the right to say:

It seemeth such a little way to me  
Across to that strange country, The Beyond;  
And yet not strange, for it has come to be  
The home of those of whom I am so fond.  
They make it seem familiar and most dear  
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

And so to me there is no fear in death;  
And so the grave has lost its victory.  
It is but crossing with abated breath  
And white set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find my loved ones waiting on the shore  
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Whatever death may do to us, it does not separate us one from the other. It is just a step across from the seen to the unseen world.



But the bare fact that our loved ones out of sight are separated from us only by the flimsy gauze of a veil that screens our senses, is not enough. We want to know vastly more about them than merely that they are near—we clamor eagerly to find out what life in the unseen is like; and yet there ought not to be much mystery about it when we face the fact that we are just as much spirits all of us today as we will ever be after death. Confined though our spirit is in this mechanism we call the body, compelled to cope with difficulties such as appetites and passions inherent in the machinery it maneuvers, it still can in great and noble ways live its own life here on our little globe. It is by work, love, play, and worship that men live, declares Dr. Cabot in his significant book. That program would not have to be changed in whatever heaven there may be. To climb, to explore and aspire, to rejoice and befriend and sympathize, to build with one's being, truth and beauty and goodness—this is the high business of the human spirit in any world where it may dwell. Of one thing we may be positively certain. All that we loved and cherished in our departed is the same today as it was before. Death does not change them. Nor are they engaged behind the screen in some mysterious undertaking which elevates them above us, or invests them with strange differences until they become other than the dear ones that we knew here. Their spirits just go on living in the unseen as they did here in the seen. And we too as we open heart and mind to all that is spiritually enlarging, all that beautifies and illumines character, are living the same life that they live. As we learn to forgive, to ground ourselves in the peace which the world cannot give nor take away, as we grow more and more into the love which endureth all things, the love that never faileth, we too are progressing just as they progress and can to some degree at least, keep pace with them.

Now this whole matter as to what life in the unseen world is like, was to my mind clearly and finally made plain by Jesus during those days that followed the first Easter. Here after the resurrection, if the Gospels are to be trusted, we see a personality so strong, so radiant, so transcendent, that it shines through the barriers of the unseen world until even human eyes can see it. Just as in his ministry in Galilee and Judea, he showed us what



life in the flesh was meant to be—so in his appearance after the crucifixion he gives us convincing pictures of life beyond the grave. And as we analyze these appearances, we see that though he had been released from the bonds and limitations of the body, with all the universe at his command, he frequents the old familiar spots, the rendezvous where often he has met his friends. Assembled in the upper room where the highest and noblest moments of his earthly life had been spent—the disciples hear a voice and see him standing in their midst. Off on the fishing grounds where many a time they had battled wind and storm and watched the gleaming stars grow pale in the dawn, they see a form on the shore and there he is waiting with a cheery word, as he had waited for them so often after a long night of prayer on the mountain side. Surrounded presumably by all the interesting personalities of the ages, his heart turns to his old friends, his love for them does not falter. Thomas, wrestling with the doubts that ever clouded his spirit, heart-broken and unable to believe the good news of a risen Lord, is patiently sought out and invited to touch and see. To Peter writhing in the shame of his threefold denial, is sent a special word of forgiveness that lifts him to the clouds. And the tears of Mary in the garden lie heavy upon his heart until he can brush them away with a look that sends her bounding joyously back to the city. Death did not separate Jesus from his friends and companions, nor did it change in any way the interests, the enthusiasms he had known in the flesh. Living in the unseen, his love for those who had shared his earthly life, was not one whit altered or diminished. If that is a vivid picture of what takes place beyond the grave—and surely we have every reason to believe that it is—then all these paralyzing fears of ours about the strangeness, the difference, the remoteness of those who have gone on before us are entirely unwarranted. And James Whitcomb Riley is right when he says:

And you, oh you who the wildest yearn  
For the oldtime step and the glad return,  
Think of him faring on as dear  
In the love of there as the love of here.  
Think of him still as the same, I say,  
He is not dead—he is just away.

We have not however reached the bottom of the problem we consider today, until we face this further question which haunts



the minds of many among us. Can our dead speak to us, commune with us, or must there be always a blank emptiness between us? Well, if spirit cannot communicate with spirit, then man is the most deceived creature in all the universe. The whole of his religion is based upon the conviction that he can speak to God and that God can and does speak to him, does guide and direct his life; and when God speaks to me or when I speak to God it is spirit communicating with spirit. The conviction that we have here holds just as validly it seems to me, when it comes to the relationship between two human spirits, one in the seen, the other in the unseen. God has no need of tongue and lips. Words are at best the clumsiest sort of symbols. He brings his message to us, makes his will, his desires known to us, through inspiring thoughts, through some inward urge laid upon us, through opening or closing doors of opportunity before us,—and yet it is the voice of God, none the less. So it seems to me do our dead approach us. They have no need of words, their speech with us is like that to which Tennyson refers in his beautiful friendship with Arthur Hallam, "And thought leaped forth to thought ere thought could leap to word." We sit sometimes in gloom and loneliness, and suddenly a reassuring thought comes to us, like a bolt of light shot through the night. We heard nothing, but it was the voice of our dead whispering us in the ear. We struggle against odds and difficulties almost to the breaking point and suddenly on the edge of surrender, there comes to us a stiffening of the will, a quick inrush of courage, and we rise strong to carry on the fight. We saw nothing, but it was the heartening hand of our dead laid upon us. Yes, we may never hear a spoken word, but of one thing we may be sure, through thought and influences of various kinds, our loved ones in the unseen are continually speaking to us; and more than we shall ever know, if we carry through cleanly, joyously, courageously to the finish, we shall owe that victory to the silent strength, the encouragement, the inspiration brought to us invisibly by friends beyond the veil.

Have you ever noticed this in your observation of life and the universe about us? God's answer to a problem, God's solution of a perplexity, when we discover it, is always simpler and more natural than anything we can think of for him. I believe



that this is true about life in the unseen. That when we come to experience it we shall be amazed to find how very like it is to life as we have known it on this globe. I don't know any better way to express what I mean than by this quotation from a recent book of Dr. Gilkey's:

"During the last century a boy named John Todd was born in New England. When he was only six years of age, both his parents died and he was sent to a kind-hearted aunt who lived in a town not far away. With her he lived until, some fifteen years later, he went away to study for his profession. When he was in middle life his aunt fell desperately ill and realized death could not be far off. In great distress she wrote her nephew a pitiful letter. What would death be like? Would it mean the end of everything, or would there be—beyond death—a chance to continue living, growing, loving? Here is the letter John Todd sent in reply.

"It is now thirty-five years since I, a little boy of six, was left quite alone in the world. You sent me word you would give me a home and be a kind mother to me. I have never forgotten the day when I made the long journey of ten miles to your house. I can still recall disappointment when, instead of coming for me yourself, you sent your colored man Caesar to fetch me. I well remember my tears and my anxiety, as perched high on your horse and clinging tight to Caesar, I rode off to my new home. Night fell before we finished the journey, and as it grew dark I became lonely and afraid. "Do you think she'll go to bed before I get there?" I asked Caesar anxiously. "O no," he said reassuringly. "She'll sure stay up for you. When you get out o' these here woods you'll see her candle shinin' in the window." Presently we did ride out into the clearing, and there sure enough was your candle. I remember you were waiting at the door, that you put your arms close about me, and that you lifted me—a tired and bewildered little boy—down from the horse. You had a fire burning on the hearth, a hot supper waiting on the stove. After supper you took me to my new room, heard me say my prayers, and then sat beside me till I fell asleep.

"You probably realize why I am recalling all this to your memory. Some day soon God will send for you, to take you to a new home. Don't fear the summons, the strange journey, or the



dark messenger of death. God can be trusted to do as much for you as you were kind enough to do for me so many years ago. At the end of the road you will find love and a welcome waiting, and you will be safe in God's care. I shall watch you and pray for you till you are out of sight, and then wait for the day when I shall make the same journey myself and find you waiting at the end of the road to greet me.' "

"If ye being evil know how to give good gifts—how much more your heavenly Father." Surely that is the conclusion of the whole matter.

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### MODERN DEFINITIONS

A PROJECT—Any assignment that can't be completed by one phone call.

CRITERIA—Measures which the other person uses to underestimate what you have already overestimated the deal to be worth.

A CLARIFICATION—To fill in a background so detailed that the foreground must go underground.

ECONOMIST—A man who tells you what to do with the money you wouldn't have if you followed his proposals.

A CONFERENCE—A place where conversation is substituted for the dreariness of labour and the loneliness of thought.

A MODIFICATION OF POLICY—A complete reversal which nobody admits.

CONSULTANT—Someone who blows in, blows off, and blows out.

—*The Nursing Mirror* (England)  
June 8, 1962

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### HOSPITALITY

At a children's Nativity Play, no one wanted to be the innkeeper. A small boy, forced into the role, thus addressed Joseph and Mary: "I've got to say there is no room, but do come in and have a drink."

—Told to one of our English friends by the  
Bishop of London



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Joan Antcliff in London, England—September, 1962**

It hardly seems possible that only seven weeks ago I was with you all in Kentucky. So much has happened since I left. I stayed with a friend in Baltimore before sailing, and she gave me a marvellous time. Bruce (her dog) was thoroughly spoiled on the trip home. I visited him in the kennels last week, and found him well settled down and looking healthy. I met Anne Curry for tea and a long chat last week. She appears very happy in her work.

Yesterday I went for an interview at the London Hospital and as a result I am going back to district midwifery for three months, then I start preliminary work towards the Midwife Teacher's Diploma. Please give my love to everyone at Wendover.

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### **From Toni Lambert with Medico in Cambodia**

—September, 1962

I am really enjoying everything here in Cambodia. Kratie is a beautiful little town on the bank of the Mekona River. The people are delightful. When I first arrived I was told it would take time to establish any sort of prenatal care program, or to get the mothers in for delivery! Well, the very first week I was here in clinic every time I saw a pregnant woman with a sick child I gave her a piece of paper inviting her to return later in the day so I could check her. She not only returned an hour or so ahead of time, but brought about six of her pregnant friends with her! All came to visit the new "white madam midwife." In less than two weeks I have had about 55 women register for care, with appointments for about a dozen more. I have had seven deliveries. There is an OB-Gyn. doctor here who likes to do surgery, so he is very happy to have me conduct the normal deliveries.

I enjoyed the trip here from New York. We flew over the polar route, and had stopovers in Alaska, Japan, Hong Kong and Saigon. Our living conditions are nice. Much of the food is flown



in from Hong Kong and we have a good cook. Please give my greetings to everyone, and do write and tell me Kentucky news—I really miss it.

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**From Gwendolyn Buchanan in Boston, Massachusetts**

—September, 1962

I have been at the Boston-Lying-in for three weeks now, as night clinical instructor. It is a new program they are trying, due to the large number of affiliating students both from collegiate and diploma schools. I am still working on my thesis so am killing two birds with one stone. My best to Mrs. Breckinridge and I hope you all have a fine meeting on the 27th.

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**From Brigit Sutcliffe in Islip, Oxford, England**

—September, 1962

Lady Richmond, the wife of one of my patients, handed me a copy of "District Nursing" the other morning because, "There was something about Mrs. Breckinridge's place." What a good account you wrote, and I was so pleased not to miss it. I have not seen Muriel Joslin since she got back. It is sad how one drifts, but I shall always have memories. Occasionally I hear frogs or smell a nice Kentucky smell! Naomi had seven puppies in July. Mother sold them all while I was in Italy, as they were too noisy at night.

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**From Helen Trachsel Potter in Marion, Indiana**

—September, 1962

Harry (*her husband*) and I enjoyed our visit to FNS while on our honeymoon. I especially enjoyed the privilege of delivering another mother at Hyden Hospital. I miss midwifery very much and shall be glad when we are in Bolivia and I am back in the business. We hope to be in the field by next summer, if our finances are in order by that time.

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**From Dorothy Frazer Martt in Columbia, Missouri**

—September, 1962

To contribute to an organization of which one has personal knowledge and which is administered by one's friends brings real



joy. It is a pleasure to be able to make a small contribution to your worthwhile work.

Last winter and spring were busy for us as we supervised the building of our new house. Summer was even more full as we moved in and settled down to making the house our home. Our son is now almost eleven, and our daughter just turned eight. Jack is now associate professor of medicine at Missouri University. My brief experience with FNS seems an age ago, but will be in my memory forever.

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**News of Doris Park (Parky) from her sister in New York**

—September, 1962

I saw Doris this summer. She looked lean and fit. She has retired and is living in Bournemouth where she enjoys daily dips in the sea, and seems quite content to while away the time knitting for her church bazaars and our many great nieces and nephews who come along so regularly.

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**From Margaret Field in Jacksonville, Florida**

—September, 1962

This has been a strenuous and exciting year. Two events stand out as of paramount importance. After months of uncertainty, and then months of delays, Brewster Methodist Hospital's new building became a reality. For the first time in our history, we stand at the top of the hospital list in Jacksonville with our new service building containing the Operating Room and Central Supply, Pharmacy, X-ray and Dietary Department. The only patient area is Pediatrics. The move began in February and on Palm Sunday we had the formal Dedication. The weather cooperated beautifully and we had a big crowd and lots of enthusiasm.

The second outstanding event of the year is that I have been commissioned a deaconess of the Methodist Church. This is not only an honor shared with only eight women in Florida, but is a thing for which I have worked much harder than to gain admission to any of the schools I've attended or to get any of the positions I have held. The requirements are very high, and I worked from August to May to achieve this status. In the



middle of May I travelled to Atlantic City for the sixth Quadrennial Assembly of the Women's Society of Christian Service. About 10,000 women attended from all parts of the country. The commissioning service was held that week, and I was one of twelve candidates. I was surrounded by friends and supporters, and had cards, telegrams and gifts, and altogether I felt like a person of some importance.

As an administrative nurse at Brewster, I touch both the heights and the depths. But always there are lighter moments and also the great need that is apparent. So I plug along with faith, hope and love, sincerely hoping that in my life "the greatest of these is love."

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**From Rose Avery in Greensboro, North Carolina**

—October, 1962

Mary Lefevre Willis has resigned her public health position in Seward, Alaska and is looking forward to taking care of her family. I visited her in Alaska last year and went with her to some of her village clinics. We camped out on the Kenai Peninsula and spent a few days in Seward. In June of this year Mary brought her step-daughter, Joanne, age 7 years, for a brief visit with us and with her family in New York.

Please give my greetings to my old friends. It has been a long time, but many experiences with the FNS are still vivid in my mind.

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**From Meg Crowell Winkley in Lewistown, Montana**

—October, 1962

Many thanks for all the reading material you so kindly sent. I did not accomplish much the day the Bulletins arrived, as I had to scan through them all. I was happy to find "bits" from some of the people that I remember. So many changes have occurred—yet there seem to be many familiar things that remain. I was very happy to learn that you are not a bedridden invalid, as the newspaper article might make one believe!

I enclose a check for the Quarterly Bulletin, and regret that I have missed it all these years. All good wishes to you.



**From Jane Furnas in Tucson, Arizona—October, 1962**

I am well into the school year. We have 44 students taking maternal and child nursing this year, and it keeps us busy. I often show my FNS slides—it seems there is a never ending demand for them.

I see Dr. McEvers often—the FNS made a great impression on him. He still remembers and talks of cases he had in Kentucky. He is one of the very best OB men here in town. This year I am president of the Arizona League for Nursing, and a member of the District Nursing Board. Peggie (Foster) is helping as a consultant to a Restorative Nursing Conference which is having six conferences this year, here in Tucson. She is still working with the Visiting Nurses and is on loan to the University for this program.

I was so pleased to know that Betty and Anna May had a holiday in England. Please give my love to Wendover friends, especially Mrs. Breckinridge.

**From Noel Smith McAlister in New York—October, 1962**

Under a gracious ash tree in my mother's garden, with all members of my family standing around us, George McAlister and I were married three weeks ago. The birds swooped and sang in the orchard and the leaves in the woods at the edge of the orchard glittered red and yellow. The wild flowers that I had picked that morning—purple fringed gentians, red berries, brown ferns, goldenrod and blue asters all sat in little jugs. A more peaceful, simple, beautiful and touching ceremony I have never seen.

We are settled now amongst all our books, records, pictures and four pieces of furniture, at 297 East 10th Street. We have the third floor of a brownstone, overlooking a park. Every day something goes on—friends in to dinner, or we go to friends, and we have been away for weekends. Now at last we are home and it is Saturday morning. My love to everyone two-legged and four.

**From Barbara Nelson in Indonesia—November, 1962**

Within a few days three of us received our visas, said good-bye to friends in Singapore, and were on a cargo ship sailing to



a new land and a new life. While spending a few days at our Mission Home in Djakarta, we saw the new modern buildings, hotel, swimming pool and apartments built for the Asian Games. In contrast, rows of women in their colorful sarongs lining the banks of the famous canal that runs through the city, washing their clothes and their children. Since canals are used for the disposal of everything imaginable, and are the only source of water for many, sanitation is nil.

Two thirds of Indonesia's 96 million people live on the island of Java. The beauty of the hills between Djakarta and Badung in the middle of western Java is beyond the scope of kodacolor. Mountain and volcanic peaks form the background for golden terraced rice fields, swaying bamboo and estates of rubber, tea, cocoa, coffee and teak trees. As we left the city proper with its modern shops and office buildings, we travelled a bumpy road lined with open air shops, with many sheep, goats and bullock carts on the way. Eventually we reached Immanuel Hospital where I shall be working. I have yet to find my way around. When I asked whose place I was taking, my hostess replied, "Everyone's."

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**From Cary Gabbert in Winston-Salem, North Carolina**

—November, 1962

I have just read an account of "Mary Breckinridge Day" which Miss Lewis sent me. What a big occasion, and what fun it would have been to join the others in this expression of thanks to you for what you have done and are doing! For me, it was a thrilling experience to grasp firmly, with you all, the nursing challenge as it is met there in Kentucky; and the valuable information that is being incorporated into daily living.

I shall be thinking of you all especially at the reunion on Thanksgiving, and hope that you and all of Wendover are well. At present I am working, temporarily, in the delivery suite of the Bowman Grey School of Medicine Hospital—we average six deliveries a day. I have plans for work in Alaska or study in anesthesiology. Thank you, once again, for being a member in your FNS family.



### Newsy Bits

We were sorry to learn that **Chlora Dean** and **Martha Morrison** were involved in bad car wrecks this year. Each has written us that she is making a good recovery from her injuries.

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### Wedding

**Miss Noel Smith** and Mr. George McAlister in New York, at the end of September 1962. (See letter from Noel in this column.) We send every good wish to Noel and George for many happy years together.

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### New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fehr (**Margaret Prescott**) in Portland, Oregon, a son, Kenneth Paul, on September 27, 1962.

To Mr. and Mrs. John H. Stidham (**Bobbie Rawson**) of Cynthia, Kentucky, a son, Jonathan Andrew, on October 9, 1962. His mother is one of our former nurses and his father an FNS baby!

We send congratulations to the proud parents of these two boys, and every good wish for much happiness to Kenneth Paul and Jonathan Andrew.

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### POINTERS FOR A POLITICIAN ABOUT TO MAKE A SPEECH

One of the best remembered political orations of all time is the address given at Gettysburg by Abraham Lincoln. Address is hardly correct, for Lincoln used only 269 words.

Of this total, 197 were one-syllable words and 50 were two-syllable words. There were only 22 words of more than two syllables. Despite this economy, the speech seems to have lasted pretty well.

—*The Colonial Crier*, Autumn, 1962  
Colonial Hospital Supply Company  
Chicago, Illinois



## "GRAB"

New arrivals in the Frontier Nursing Service often ask why gifts of used clothing are called "grab." The reason lies back in the mid-twenties. There was so little cash money in the mountains in those days that we had lots of patients who desperately needed the used clothing sent down to us by generous friends. As soon as a box arrived at Hyden, the nurses tore it open and grabbed its contents. One would say she must have that warm sweater for little Jakie and another would exclaim that the shawl was just the thing that old Granny Benchley needed to keep her warm. In sort, the early nurses grabbed things. That is why the word "grab" was given then, and has been given ever since, to all the used clothing sent us.

As everyone knows we have periodic grab sales at all of our seven stations. This maintains the independence of the mountaineer. In the early days the things were most often paid for in labor, or eggs, or potatoes, or what have you. Now they are almost always paid for in cash money. The prices are kept so low that a child can get a good pair of shoes or a warm sweater for a dime. New clothing is never sold. It is always given away to meet the special needs of special people. During the winter months there are nearly always burned out families. We keep warm clothing and blankets and quilts on hand to help out when disaster comes. It is still the custom in here for neighbors to have workings and help build again a home that has been destroyed. For its part in the common effort the Frontier Nursing Service usually gives, through Social Service, the roofing and the nails.

M. B.

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## SAYINGS OF THREE OLD COUNTRY WOMEN

"My mind just got all wound up in thought."

"I'm like a lone chimney with the house all burned away from it."

"Last night I dreamed I was in Heaven and there were flowers everywhere."



## MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY

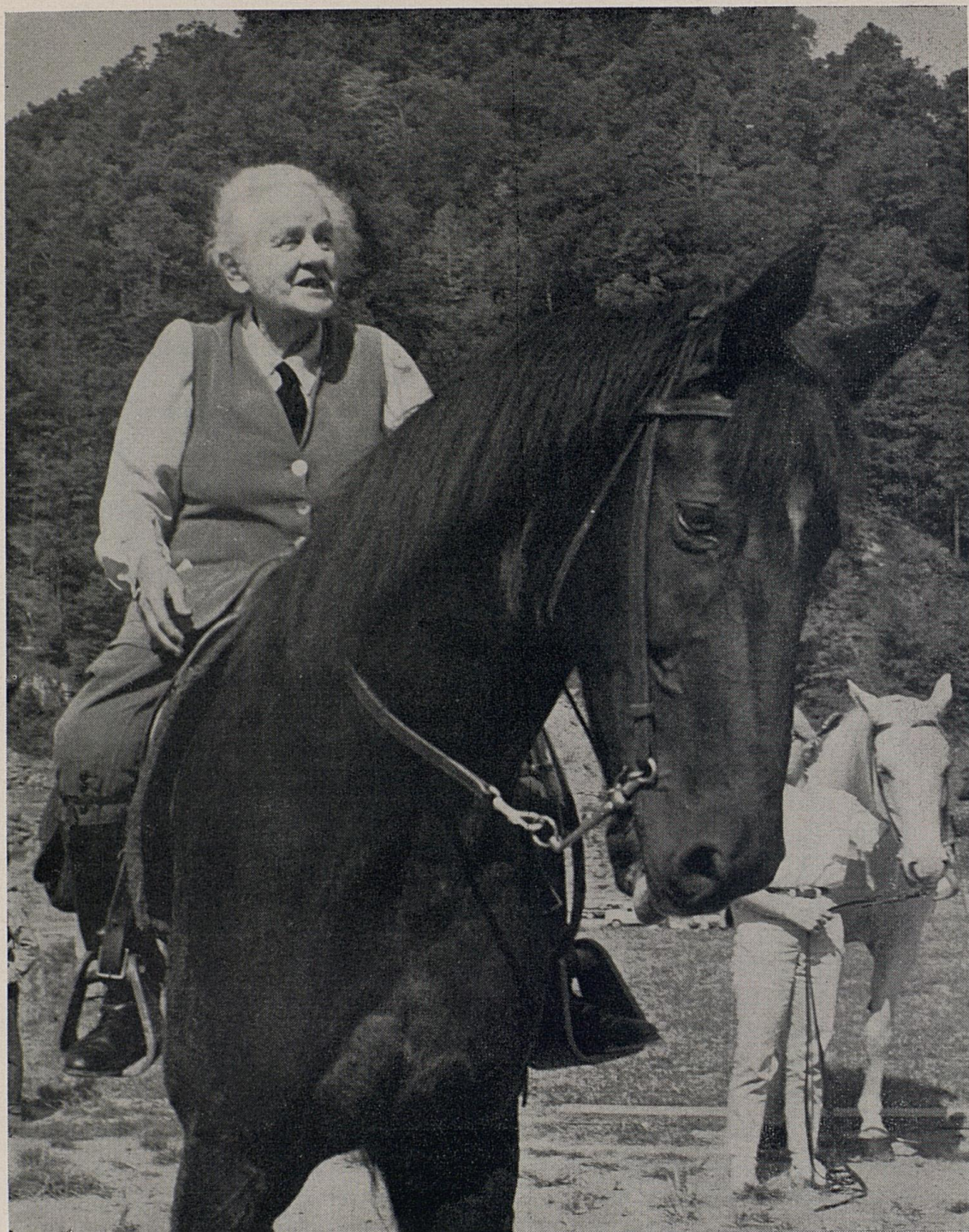
### A FOREWORD

Mary Breckinridge Day, sponsored by the Leslie County Development Association, under the chairmanship of Mr. Woodrow Sizemore, was held in Hyden on Saturday, September 22. Mr. Paul Cook, who was chairman of the Mary Breckinridge Day Committee, was Master of Ceremonies and introduced the speakers after reading many telegrams of congratulation. Judge William Dixon welcomed the guests and Judge George Wooton gave a brief résumé of Mrs. Breckinridge's life and of the history of the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. Francis M. Massie of Lexington, Kentucky, was the principal speaker. Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pennsylvania, a former Medical Director, and Miss Vanda Summers, Milford, Pennsylvania, spoke briefly, representing the old staff. Others on the program included Mr. Dewey Daniel of Hazard; Mr. Robert Montague of Frankfort, a young kinsman of Mrs. Breckinridge; and Mr. Raleigh Couch, Principal of the Leslie County High School, who told what Mrs. Breckinridge and the FNS had meant to the people of this area. Judge Elmer Begley presented a check from the oldest FNS Committee—Hyden; Mrs. Lyndon Combs of Hazard presented a check from District 12 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses; and two nurse-midwives, Miss Patricia Stevens and Miss Patricia Ware, gave Mrs. Breckinridge a "Star of the Blue Grass" quilt made for her by the women of the Brutus Committee. To conclude the program, little Marlene Wooton told Mrs. Breckinridge that a park on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River and a trail behind it had been named in her honor.

The cover picture of this Bulletin was taken on Mary Breckinridge Day and the occasion is described in "The Shining Day" by Vanda Summers and in the pictures of the parade which follow.

—Peggy Elmore





September 22, 1962

MARY BRECKINRIDGE ON DOC

This photograph and the one of the Beech Fork float were taken by the Louisville Courier-Journal.



## THE SHINING DAY

On September 21, 1962, as Brownie and I drove into Hyden, the past seventeen and one-half years of my life slipped away into oblivion and I was back in my old camping ground in the Kentucky mountains.

Peggy in a bright red coat was waiting for us in a jeep to take us to Wendover.

As we drove along my head was in a whirl—was I really back in these dear old hills? Mother Nature had not really changed. Man had made much progress.

On arrival at Wendover, we fell into the arms of old friends and new ones—such a warm greeting. As we dined and talked, one sensed that a great event was about to take place. Tomorrow is Mary Breckinridge Day—that was my last thought as I got into bed and Morpheus took over.

The Big Day dawned. The mist over the Middle Fork lifted and, as the sun came out, the hills appeared to sing with joy in anticipation of the great honour that was to be paid to a great lady.

Last minute preparations were completed and, as our jeep-load of non-paraders left, Wendover seemed almost deserted. We were on our way—jiggling and bouncing down the road, splashing through the Middle Fork River and onto the state road.

Suddenly there came into view a magnificent, newly-built High School lying on a high piece of flat ground. To reach it, we crossed a sturdy new cement bridge which led to the High School—our destination.

We jumped out of the jeep—all eager and excited—and, as we looked down from the school heights, we saw traffic had been halted on the state road and strains of a band could be heard in the distance. The parade was sighted—slowly turning off the road onto the bridge. What a thrill! A patrol car with flashing red lights was leading, followed by Betty Lester riding white "Kimo" and flanked by two other mounted nurses. Ever-ready couriers walked behind in case the horses got too feisty. Then followed twenty-one units which formed the parade. There were floats built by friends and neighbors from around the outpost centers, Hyden Hospital, Wendover, and Dry Hill. Walter Beg-



ley's float carried the High School Glee Club, and their sweet voices could be heard above the bands from the Clay County and the Hazard High Schools. The nurses from the centers in colourful FNS jeeps looked so smart in their grey-blue uniforms. The station wagon from Hyden Hospital transported nurses, charming in their snow-white uniforms. Cars, trucks, and mule-drawn wagons full of Leslie and Clay County citizens waved and cheered.

High on the hill by the schoolhouse was a horseback figure silhouetted against the blue sky. The figure was our beloved Mary Breckinridge sitting erect on "Doc"—waiting to greet the parade as it advanced in perfect order to pay respects and show gratitude for all that this Leader of the FNS had done for them, their children, and grandchildren.

Even "Doc," realizing that he had been picked out for the great honour of carrying the Chief, raised his noble head and with dilated nostrils whinnied with joy when he saw his stable mates in the parade. A resident courier, Kate Ireland, stood by on the alert in case "Doc" decided to join his pals!

It was a moving spectacle never to be forgotten. All eyes were turned on this figure on horseback as the parade slowly passed by.

One felt that this was a demonstration of love and affection from the people's hearts and they were delighted with this opportunity to show their appreciation publicly to Mary Breckinridge for having cared for them in sickness and in health during the past thirty-seven years.

As the last unit disappeared behind the schoolhouse, Mary Breckinridge, escorted by nurses and couriers, rode down to the playing field where the speeches were to be made. The Beech Fork float was a perfect speakers' platform. One-half of the truck was the rostrum. On the other half was built a log cabin, in the door of which Mary Breckinridge sat during the speeches.

The tributes rendered by good and illustrious friends included those of Dr. Massie and Dr. Kooser—both of whom will always be dear to our hearts. Loud-speakers carried the voices to thousands of people who were sitting or standing on the grass slope high above the speakers' platform.

A surprise speaker was announced. She was a pretty little



blonde aged eight years and, with the help of a stool, she went to the microphone and announced she was the 10,000th baby the FNS had brought into the world.

The final speaker was the central figure of this historic day and, in her familiar voice trembling with emotion, she told the colourful crowd gathered to pay her homage that she thanked them and loved them all and what more could be said than that.

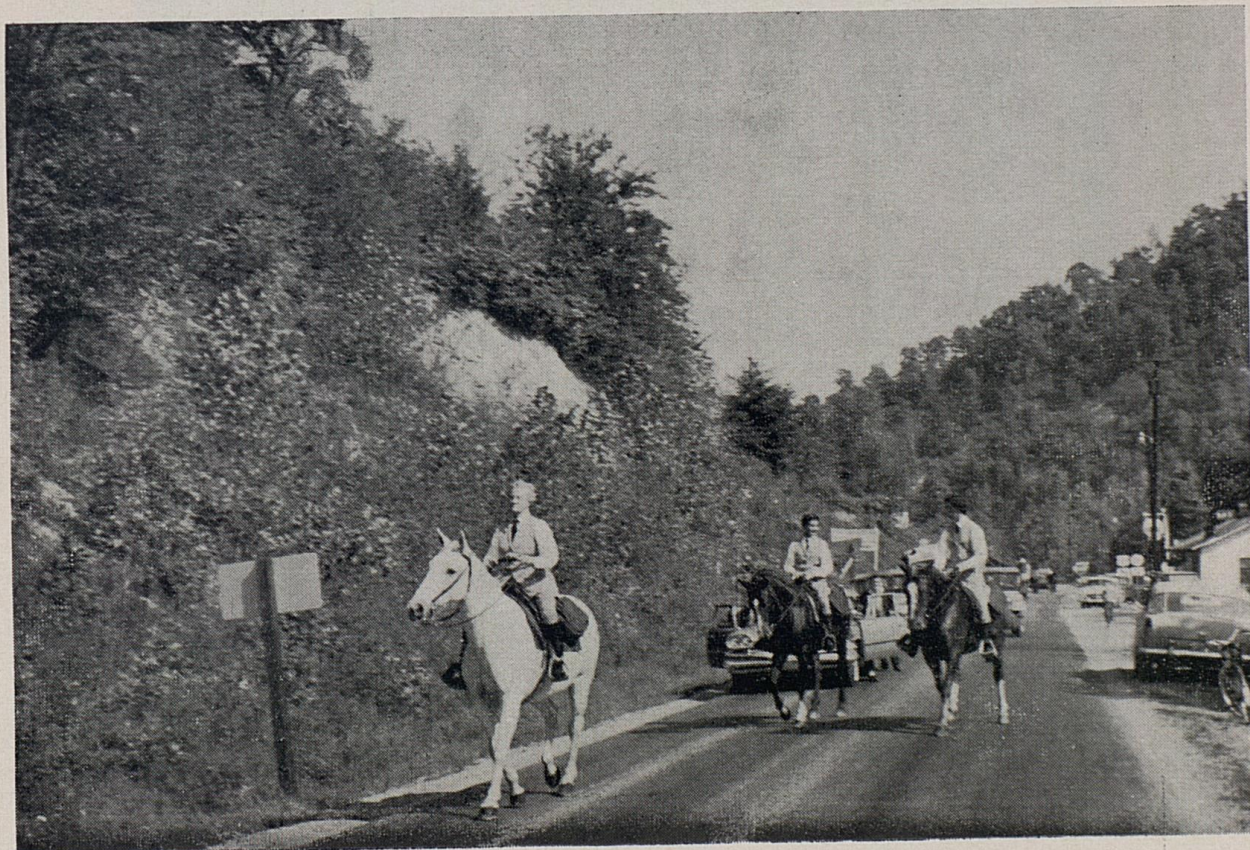
The Glee Club sang "My Old Kentucky Home" and, gradually, the crowd dispersed—some to go home, others to have picnic lunch on the ground. A most delicious luncheon was served in the schoolhouse for out-of-town guests and officials.

As the school grounds began emptying, there was a large exodus of cars, trucks, jeeps, and horses. The mule that was turning the wheel for the "stir-off" exhibit was unharnessed. John Wooton, age 92, stepped back onto his mule-drawn wagon and packed his fiddle away. Miss Tolk and Zilpha Roberts dismantled their handiwork table where they had displayed caps, aprons, pennants, etc., made especially for the occasion with the FNS initials. Cameras were put back in their cases.

Many hours of meetings, planning, and work had gone into the preparation for this excellent first parade. The Leslie County Development Association had done an admirable job.

With happy hearts we drove back to Wendover, and thus ended a Shining Day.

—Vanda Summers



START OF THE PARADE



ley's float carried the High School Glee Club, and their sweet voices could be heard above the bands from the Clay County and the Hazard High Schools. The nurses from the centers in colourful FNS jeeps looked so smart in their grey-blue uniforms. The station wagon from Hyden Hospital transported nurses, charming in their snow-white uniforms. Cars, trucks, and mule-drawn wagons full of Leslie and Clay County citizens waved and cheered.

High on the hill by the schoolhouse was a horseback figure silhouetted against the blue sky. The figure was our beloved Mary Breckinridge sitting erect on "Doc"—waiting to greet the parade as it advanced in perfect order to pay respects and show gratitude for all that this Leader of the FNS had done for them, their children, and grandchildren.

Even "Doc," realizing that he had been picked out for the great honour of carrying the Chief, raised his noble head and with dilated nostrils whinnied with joy when he saw his stable mates in the parade. A resident courier, Kate Ireland, stood by on the alert in case "Doc" decided to join his pals!

It was a moving spectacle never to be forgotten. All eyes were turned on this figure on horseback as the parade slowly passed by.

One felt that this was a demonstration of love and affection from the people's hearts and they were delighted with this opportunity to show their appreciation publicly to Mary Breckinridge for having cared for them in sickness and in health during the past thirty-seven years.

As the last unit disappeared behind the schoolhouse, Mary Breckinridge, escorted by nurses and couriers, rode down to the playing field where the speeches were to be made. The Beech Fork float was a perfect speakers' platform. One-half of the truck was the rostrum. On the other half was built a log cabin, in the door of which Mary Breckinridge sat during the speeches.

The tributes rendered by good and illustrious friends included those of Dr. Massie and Dr. Kooser—both of whom will always be dear to our hearts. Loud-speakers carried the voices to thousands of people who were sitting or standing on the grass slope high above the speakers' platform.

A surprise speaker was announced. She was a pretty little



blonde aged eight years and, with the help of a stool, she went to the microphone and announced she was the 10,000th baby the FNS had brought into the world.

The final speaker was the central figure of this historic day and, in her familiar voice trembling with emotion, she told the colourful crowd gathered to pay her homage that she thanked them and loved them all and what more could be said than that.

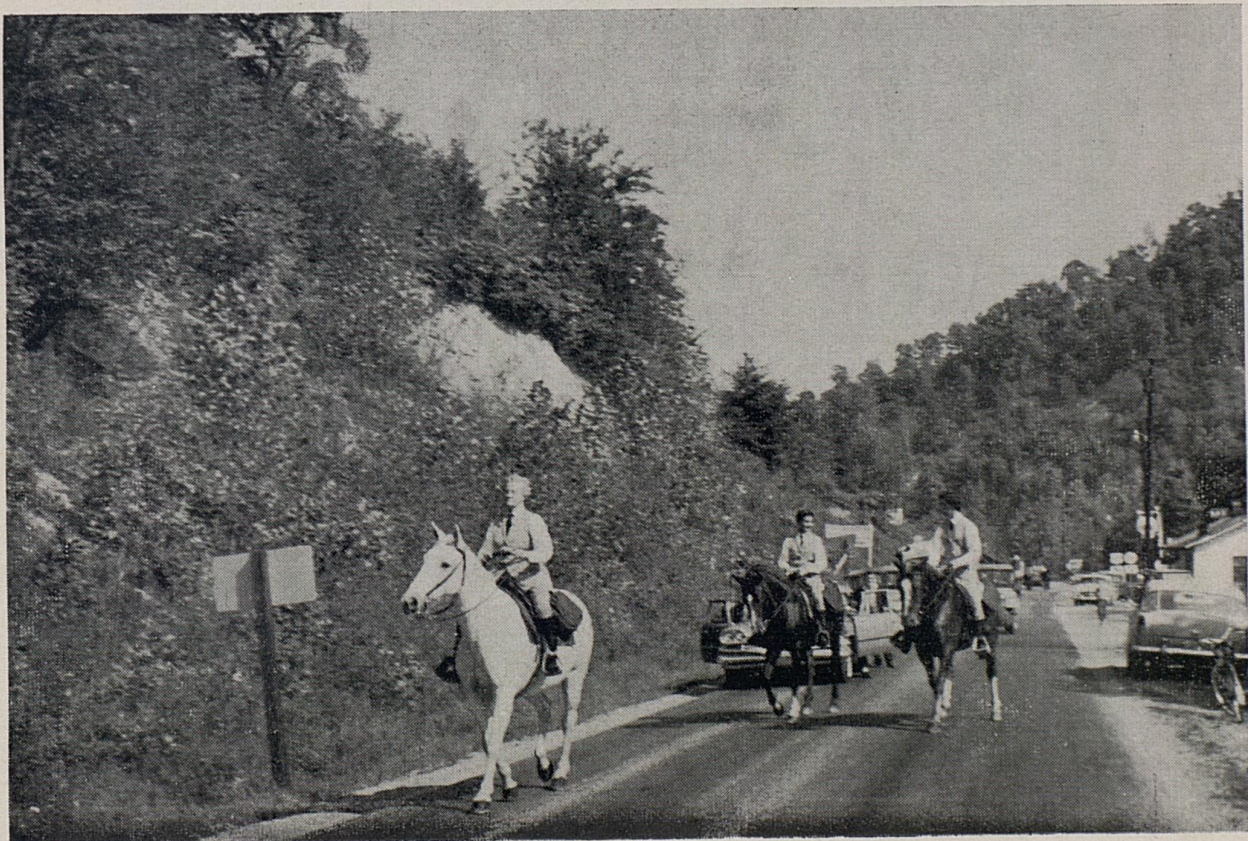
The Glee Club sang "My Old Kentucky Home" and, gradually, the crowd dispersed—some to go home, others to have picnic lunch on the ground. A most delicious luncheon was served in the schoolhouse for out-of-town guests and officials.

As the school grounds began emptying, there was a large exodus of cars, trucks, jeeps, and horses. The mule that was turning the wheel for the "stir-off" exhibit was unharnessed. John Wooton, age 92, stepped back onto his mule-drawn wagon and packed his fiddle away. Miss Tolk and Zilpha Roberts dismantled their handiwork table where they had displayed caps, aprons, pennants, etc., made especially for the occasion with the FNS initials. Cameras were put back in their cases.

Many hours of meetings, planning, and work had gone into the preparation for this excellent first parade. The Leslie County Development Association had done an admirable job.

With happy hearts we drove back to Wendover, and thus ended a Shining Day.

—Vanda Summers



START OF THE PARADE



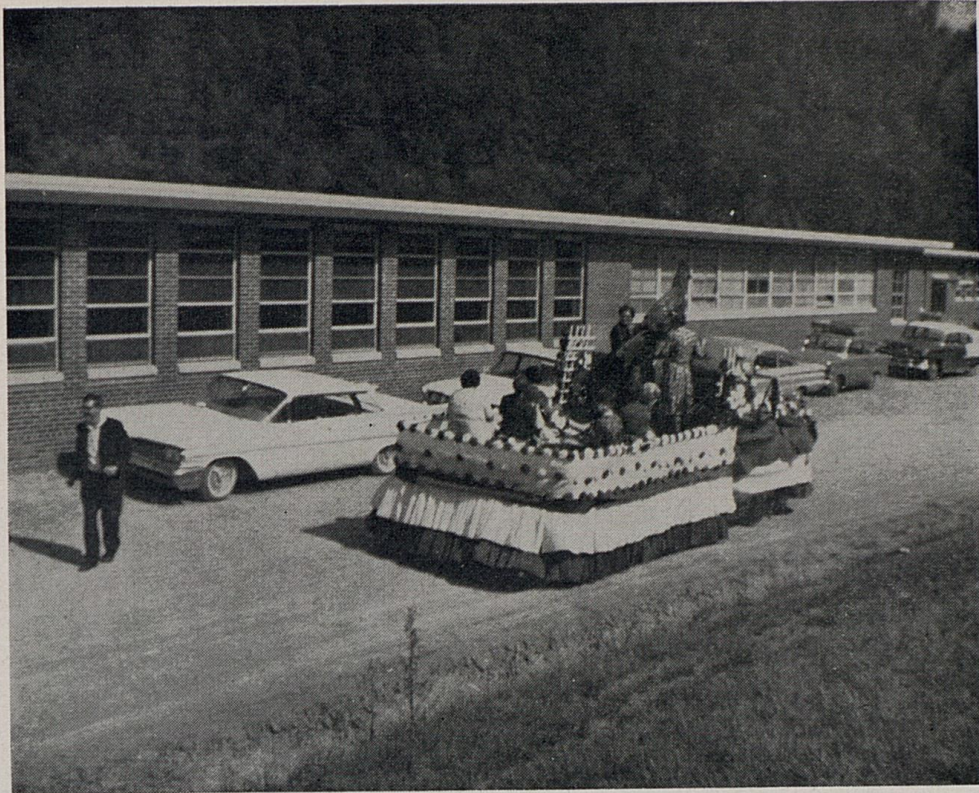


WOODSMEN OF LESLIE COUNTY FLOAT



BEECH FORK COMMUNITY FLOAT





RED BIRD COMMUNITY FLOAT



DRY HILL — CONFLUENCE COMMUNITY FLOAT





JEANNE MARLENE WOOTON, Age Eight Years

The heroine of the Ten Thousandth Maternity Case of the Frontier Nursing Service announcing the creation of Mary Breckinridge Park and Mary Breckinridge Trail on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River.



## MARY BRECKINRIDGE — AN APPRECIATION

by

FRANCIS MASSIE, M.D.

Mrs. Breckinridge and my many friends—you can have no idea of the thrill and pride I had on reading a letter from Judge Wooton asking me to speak at this occasion honoring Mrs. Breckinridge. It is an honor and a privilege, a high point in my life, and I am grateful. I am glad that oratory is no longer fashionable because orators, as I remember them, always spoke too long and then I have never been able to orate. But I do wish I had the ability to tell you the things that are in my heart today.

Mrs. Breckinridge's accomplishments, recognition and many honors are a matter of record and I shall not recount them here, but there is one story I must tell you which illustrates so well the world-wide renown of the Frontier Nursing Service. "Once upon a time" (a way to begin a story which still charms even when the story is true, as this one is). "Once upon a time" a letter was sent from England addressed to the Frontier Nursing Service in Kenya, Africa, where an alert postal-clerk wrote on it, "Try Kentucky, U. S. A."

The FNS and its Director are the most amazing examples of faith and works. You remember St. Paul said, "Faith without works is dead." When I think of this person and the evidence of her works I always feel each time I return as I did when I first visited the FNS, "I see it but I don't believe it." . . .

This, then, is no eulogy, no ante-mortem oration, but a sincere attempt to tell you something of the "most unforgettable character I have known." This must be a short summary of the things I have learned about and *from* Mrs. Breckinridge in the thirty-three years I have known her.

It is worth while to remember that here we have a "Captain," a commanding personality, a maker of medical-social history. Such minor footnotes as the remarks today could well throw light some years from now on some facet of an extraordinary personality. How we have wished we knew more about some of our great historical characters as people!

When I first came to know her I realized that here was a driving force, a superior mind and a marvellously effective



speaker. It was some years later that I saw the sweetness, self-sacrifice and tolerance; the fine and responsive sense of humor; the ability to make each feel that what he said and knew was important. I remember thinking in my immaturity "Mrs. Breckinridge has grown." Still later I realized that it was not Mrs. Breckinridge who had grown—I had, in my ability to perceive and appreciate qualities already there.

The evenings spent at Wendover in the "big room" around the open fire were often so stimulating that after going to bed sleep was difficult. Once, for example, some historical question came up, a question argued on our side with some heat and little information. We should never have sought refuge in the Encyclopedia Britannica on a near-by shelf. She was right.

She has said that she has never had any education—I am reminded of the story Robert Hutchins tells of an anxious mother who wrote him when he was President of the University of Chicago. She complained that she was making sacrifices to give her son an education, but that he seemed to be sitting in his room reading books. Dr. Hutchins wrote in reply, ". . . if he is reading *good* books, there is no way you or I can keep him from getting an education." Certainly nobody has ever been able to keep Mrs. Breckinridge from "getting an education." What, after all, *is* education? We are sure that she would not understand the mathematical equation for a wave. She neither knows nor cares that a wave has a mathematical equation. But she understands deeply what the physicist has said in his equation when the poet says "there are waters blown by changing winds to laughter."

Mrs. Breckinridge and her Wendover staff, a "matriarchal society" as Dr. Arthur McGraw of Detroit once put it, thoroughly enjoyed the "needling" to which she cheerfully and effectively responded. One memorable evening with "Brownie," "Buck," and Mrs. Breckinridge the talk was continued after all the others had retired (*somebody* had to do the work next day.) We moved into the "dog-trot" so as not to disturb with our earnest voices and gales of laughter those who had gone to bed. Talk, spontaneous and undirected, ranged over a wide territory; things, people, ideas, and ideals. Finally the conversation turned to survival after death, and if so, what sort of survival. It was then that the sweetness and tolerance in her character, the mag-

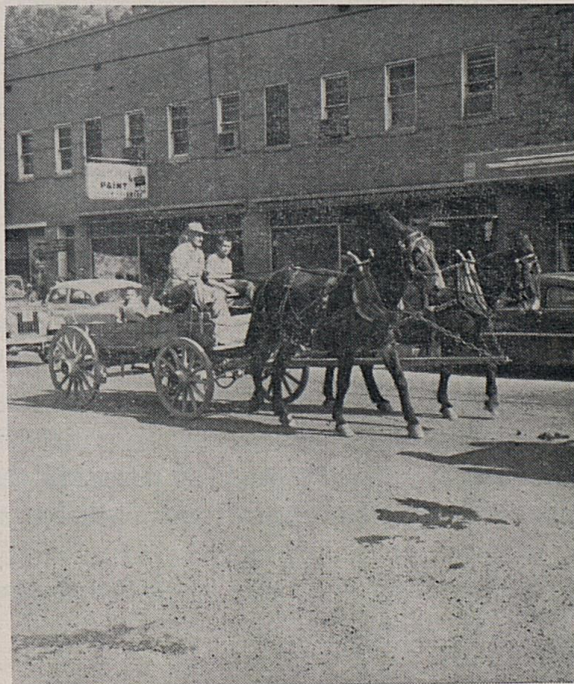


nanimity, showed so clearly when she gently suggested that a point of view different from hers might be "mixed-up," then led me to a clearer view of the "things unseen and eternal." She has been one who could dream dreams (*Joel II:28*) and still be wide-awake, could see visions and not be visionary.

Her ability to judge people on first acquaintance can be uncanny. Once Dr. McGraw came down, with Mrs. McGraw, to help in a surgical clinic. She sized him up correctly and at once as a person with a keen sense of individual and civic responsibility, a "person who cares," and recognized in him also a "blithe spirit."

Once a hospital resident on the way up to one of the surgical clinics asked, naturally, "What makes the place run?" The answer was, "Ask that on the way back." When the clinic was over and after an evening around the fireside at Wendover he volunteered, "I see now what makes it go." On another occasion an anesthetist for the surgical clinic, after her first trip, came very close to the real "heart" of the FNS when she observed, "They are all so *kind* to one another."

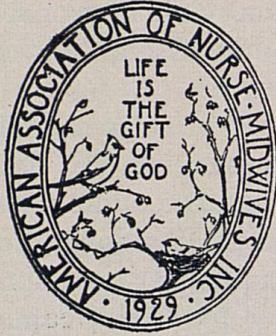
Of course, Mrs. Breckinridge is a "realist" or what she has done could not have been—but a *realist* who *knows* that realism can be sweet as well as bitter, kind as well as cruel; that a rose or a generous act is just as *real* as garbage and obscenity, and a lot pleasanter to live with. The example of this life given wholly to others will help us to know that this spirit which drives Mrs. Breckinridge, "this flame from the hand of God," will live on in the health of people not yet born; that this spirit is "the rainbow in our sky, this is the sunshine in our hearts"; this is our immortality.



A MULE TEAM IN THE PARADE  
ON MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY



## AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES



The thirty-fifth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky on Saturday, October 27, 1962. Members and guests were entertained to a buffet luncheon by the Frontier Nursing Service. Among the guests present were Dr. Francis Brewer, Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Dr. Mary P. Fox, Health Officer for Leslie County, and Dr. Herman Ziel, Chief of Obstetrics at Hazard Memorial Hospital. Also present were students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

The guest speaker was Dr. Robert Kimbrough, Medical Director of the College of Obstetrics and Gynecology. He and Mrs. Kimbrough drove from Chicago and were much enjoyed as guests of the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover. Rather than give a formal talk, Dr. Kimbrough very ably led an open discussion period on the use of the nurse-midwife in the field of maternal and child health. He spoke of a questionnaire that had been sent to fellows of the College of Obstetrics and Gynecology to which a good response had been received. A report of the meeting will be mailed to all members of the Association, many of whom are working in remote parts of the world.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

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## SURFACE NEED

We have learned to fly through the air faster and higher than the birds; swim under the sea deeper and farther than the fish; we can travel in space with greater freedom than the moon.

We now desperately need power to walk on the earth like a man.

—From *Arkansas Baptist*



## In Memoriam

MR. JAMES DAVIDSON  
Brutus, Kentucky  
Died in November 1962

MR. IRVING F. RAYMOND  
Stamford, Connecticut  
Died in July 1962

MRS. GEORGE R. HUNT  
Lexington, Kentucky  
Died in October 1962

MRS. THOMAS G. SPENCER  
Rochester, New York  
Died in August 1962

MISS LEILA M. WEEKS  
Tacoma, Washington  
Died in June 1962

There is a future, O thank God,  
Of life this is so small a part!  
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,  
But There — oh There — 'tis heart to heart.

*Lorena* — Author Unknown  
More than 100 years old

It was deeply moving to us to have a warm and generous friend living as far away as Tacoma, Washington. **Miss Leila M. Weeks'** interest in us was an abiding one. Now that she has gone her memory is perpetuated in the Service through a legacy that she left us.

When, in July, **Mr. Irving F. Raymond** passed over to the other side of death we lost an old friend who had cherished us and our work for a long period of time. He and his wife were as one in their interest and their compassion, and our hearts go out to her now in fullest measure. She has arranged for a gift through an insurance policy to be added to our endowment in his name.

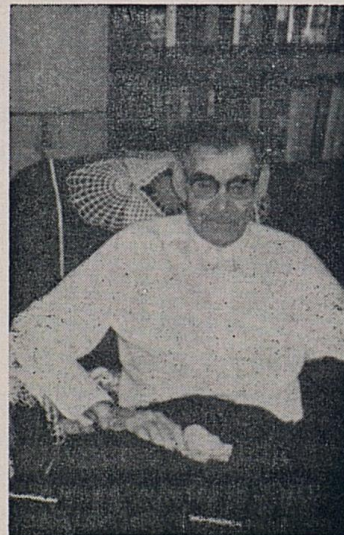
Rochester, New York, is an entrancing old American town. It was founded by the highest type of pioneers who endowed it with traditions of responsibility and a love of beauty. Among these early founders was George A. Hollister, the great-grandfather of **Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer**. It is not our custom to write of the public lives of our Trustees, of whom Mrs. Spencer was one. She carried the responsibility incumbent on one of her gentle birth and breeding throughout her life of 75 years. In



many of their public duties she and Mr. Spencer worked together. Their married life, blessed with two sons, was one of rare happiness. To have stayed in their home, to have known them well, was a high privilege. Another privilege was to wander with Mrs. Spencer through her beautiful gardens. The part given over to roses received the Jane Righter Rose Medal from the Garden Club of America. Mrs. Spencer knew the history of all of her roses and cherished each one. But deeper than all the beauty she created was the beauty of her own devout and compassionate heart. Now she is "a part of all the loveliness which once she made more lovely."

In the death of **Mrs. George R. Hunt** of Lexington, Kentucky, the Frontier Nursing Service lost one of its oldest Trustees. For years she served as Corresponding Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Board. For years she devoted her talents to the Service in the shaping of its policies and in the making of momentous decisions. Mrs. Hunt's public life is a matter of record in war as in peace and of this we do not write. From a long line of distinguished ancestors she had inherited rare abilities. After the death of her husband to whom she was devoted, she continued her many interests in behalf of others. We in the Frontier Nursing Service admired and loved this great lady.

In the death of **James Davidson** we have lost in this life one of the best friends we ever had and we shall miss him forever. He was not only a member of our Brutus Committee but a close neighbor to the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center on Bullskin Creek. Over the long years he watched over the nurses with a father's interest. There was no need they expressed that he did not try to meet. Until his heart condition prevented it, he climbed often to the spring high on the mountain to make sure that the water was running into the pipes and that no slide had hurt the spring. The home in which he lived with Emily, his wife, was open to any of



MR. JAMES DAVIDSON



us at any hour of the day or night. But Jim Davidson's gallantry and sparkling humor through his years of failing health are the qualities by which he will be remembered best by all who knew him. At our 1961 Brutus Committee meeting Jim declared that he should have a vote for every pint of blood that had been given him by other members. He kept all of us, when we visited him, in gales of laughter with his stories of his early years in the mountains.

Jim Davidson was always interested in the health of the mountain people. Even as a small boy he worried about these things. When he was about twelve he had this conversation with his mother:

Jim: "What will happen when the old women (referring to gran-nies) die who take care of people?"

His mother: "There will be some way provided and maybe a better way. This country won't go down!"

Some sixty-seventy years later in thinking over this conversation, Jim said: "I wish my mother could have lived to see the way that was provided."

In his 81 years of life Jim Davidson had the satisfaction of seeing his children and grandchildren grow up to lives of usefulness too. Now he has died, and we are sure that for him all the trumpets are sounding on the other side.

M. B.

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### DANGEROUS TRAVEL

Perhaps the sorest point, and one that had been left undecided till both parents saw that in Guy's present mood any opposition was hurtful, even dangerous, was the lad's obstinate determination to depart alone. He refused his mother's companionship to London, even his father's across the country to the nearest point where one of those new and dangerous things called railways tempted travellers to their destruction. But Guy would go by it; the maddest and strangest way of locomotion pleased him best. So it was settled he should go, as he pleaded, this very day.

—*John Halifax, Gentleman*  
by Dinah Mulock Craik, Published in 1857



### OUR MAIL BAG

**From An Old Subscriber to the FNS Treasurer:** I do admire you tremendously, you have cared for the finances of the Service for so many years! This doesn't need an answer, but I wanted you to know you are truly appreciated by me.

**From A New Subscriber to the FNS Director:** The enclosed check is a gesture of appreciation and gratitude of the work that you are doing and particularly for my joy in reading *Wide Neighborhoods*—a rare book and a remarkable service.

**From A Friend in Virginia:** I am one of the many friends to whom you dedicated *Wide Neighborhoods* "with fervor"—I have read and reread it and love it all! . . . The Bulletin is even more wonderful than usual and the report of 37 years of growth is one to be proud of. I wish your article and Mrs. Bolton's letter could be published in every newspaper.

**From A Friend in California:** Your Quarterly magazines are an inspiration and are always read with interest and pleasure.

**From A Member of the FNS Boston Committee:** The Bulletin is the most exciting delightful reading and I love every issue!

**From Another Member of the Boston Committee:** I read the Bulletin avidly.

**From An Earlier FNS Medical Director:** Enclosed is our contribution for the Quarterly Bulletin. We would not want to miss it and enjoy every issue.

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### TAKING HIS MEDICINE

Some years ago a man had occasion to stop for several days at a small frame hotel in a small country town. He was disturbed for two nights by someone running up and down in the bedroom above his. On the third night, when the disturbance took the form of a thumping sound, he went down to the desk to complain.

Said the clerk, "Oh, that is just Mr. So-and-So taking his medicine. He has to take it two nights Running and Skip the third night."



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. N. Horn, will hold its annual meeting at the Cosmopolitan Club on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 29. The Associate Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Miss Helen E. Browne, will show some wonderful new colored slides and give our report on the Service. All of you in the New York area will receive invitations to this meeting and will hear Mrs. George Stockly's report on the Bargain Box, a very satisfactory one.

The dates for the Philadelphia and Washington meetings have not been fixed as we go to press. But those of you who live in those areas will learn about them later from Mrs. Henry S. Drinker and Mrs. Gordon Loud, or their associates on those Committees.

. . . .

Mrs. David Dangler, Chairman of our Chicago Committee, writes of a most successful Committee meeting at which Mrs. Robert A. Kimbrough gave a delightful report on her visit, with Dr. Kimbrough, to the Frontier Nursing Service.

. . . .

The Boston Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Richard Higgins, with Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence as Benefit Chairman, held its Fifth Annual Christmas Preview Benefit in late October with very fine results indeed. The members of this Committee, in their various capacities, worked as hard as ever; the shops which took the space in the New England Life Hall were gratified by their sales; and the Frontier Nursing Service is most gratified by the generous financial return. Helen E. Browne (Brownie) was our representative, wearing the FNS winter uniform. New pictures of the Service, taken by Virginia Branham, were on display and every bit of the printed matter we had sent on was taken by the hundreds of people who attended the Benefit.

Various members of the Committee made various engagements for Brownie for speaking at schools and on the air and also gave her socially a very good time.



We are always happy when our old couriers and old staff members take engagements for us Beyond the Mountains. Mrs. Norman Bane (Bobbie Hunt) spoke to a group of Alpha Omicron Pi Alumae in Rochester, New York in September and showed colored slides of the FNS. We have enthusiastic reports about this from some of those who heard her.

Mrs. Gibson F. Dailey (Barbara White) spoke at a joint meeting of The Monday Club and Entrenous in Princeton, New Jersey, in November—a most successful occasion.

Kate Ireland spoke on the FNS with colored slides to the Annual Convention of the Michigan State Student Nurses Association on November 1, and to the Women's Evening Guild of Trinity Cathedral in Cleveland on November 6. As we go to press we have received a letter from Miss Margaret Hanson, President of the Michigan State Student Nurses Association, who writes:

“Miss Ireland's program was received with much enthusiasm by over two hundred student nurses—one of our best program session turn-outs. Many of the students seemed to be really stimulated and excited about the Frontier Nursing Service. The slides shown by Miss Ireland were excellent.”

. . . . .

*District Nursing*, the magazine of the famous one hundred year old Queen's Institute of District Nursing of Great Britain, published in its September 1962 issue a whole section on the Frontier Nursing Service. The stories by Jill Ash and Anne Cundle are illustrated. The article by Helen E. Browne on Hypofibrinogenemia, which the Queen's requested, gives a case history of one of the most interesting and difficult maternity cases which we ever handled.

. . . . .

It is rare for me to leave home nowadays because I find travel fatiguing and others are willing to carry outside engagements. But I had to go, with Brownie, to the fall meeting of our Executive Committee at the Pendennis Club in Louisville on Saturday, November 10. Our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (Marvin Breckinridge) flew down from Washington for this meeting and we all three were the guests of Mrs. Charles H. Moorman. I had a visit with our Chairman Emeritus, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, now confined to her home by months of



illness. But her interest in everything was as lively as ever and it was a joy to me to be with her again.

Since we had to be in Louisville on the 10th, Brownie and I went down on the 8th. This enabled Brownie to attend with Mrs. Moorman a dinner meeting of the English-Speaking Union. It gave me the opportunity of attending the meeting of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the Commonwealth of Kentucky. The meeting was presided over with distinction by its president, Mrs. J. Carter Stewart. I enjoyed enormously the reports of the various committees who are doing such fine work.

When we came back through Lexington I was able to attend a luncheon meeting at the Lexington Country Club of the Society Daughters of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Kentucky. The president, Mrs. Owen M. Moreland, was a charming presiding officer. The program included the singing of mountain songs, with a dulcimer, by a young woman from one of our leading Eastern Kentucky families.

. . . . .  
As always, in our August Bulletin, we send our best wishes to all of you everywhere for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*Mary Breckinridge*

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### A BIG FELLOW

The following conversation took place the summer of 1962, between me and a patient.

Me: "How long did you keep Billy at the breast before you weaned him?"

Patient: "Oh, my, I can hardly remember. Let me see. I know he was a big fellow, for I had to hire him to quit."

N. S.



### FEATHERS, AND MOSS, AND A WISP OF HAY

The marten flew to the finch's nest,  
 Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay:  
 'The arrow it sped to thy brown mate's breast;  
 Low in the broom is thy mate to-day.'

'Liest thou low, love? low in the broom?  
 Feathers and moss, and a wisp of hay,  
 Warm the white eggs till I learn his doom.'  
 She beateth her wings, and away, away.

'Ah, my sweet singer, thy days are told  
 (Feathers and moss, and a wisp of hay) !  
 Thine eyes are dim, and the eggs grow cold.  
 O mournful morrow! O dark to-day!'

The finch flew back to her cold, cold nest,  
 Feathers and moss, and a wisp of hay.  
 Mine is the trouble that rent her breast,  
 And home is silent, and love is clay.

—From *Mopsa The Fairy*, by Jean Ingelow, 1820-1897

### WELSH TRADITIONALISTS KEEP 58-LETTER TOWN NAME

Economy-minded officials of the British railways designed a short form ticket which would accommodate only an abbreviation of the 58-letter name of a Welsh town.

Under pressure from Welsh nationalists, the railroad backed down and produced a ticket six inches long and two inches wide bearing the full proud name, Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch.

The translation of the name: "The Church of St. Mary in the Hollow of a White Hazel, Near to a Rapid Whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's Church, Near to a Red Cave."

—Reprinted from *Science Digest*  
 August 1962



## FIELD NOTES

Edited by

PEGGY ELMORE

Wendover has had the pleasure of entertaining several of our mountain committees for dinner meetings in the evenings this fall. On Friday, August 31, the Beech Fork Committee met with its chairman, Mr. Paul Cook, presiding. In the absence of the secretary, Mr. Cook appointed Mrs. Carl Farmer secretary pro tem. Beech Fork is the oldest of our outpost center committees and Paul Cook is the son of its first chairman, the late Mr. Sherman Cook.

On the evening of September 7, the Wolf Creek Committee met with the chairman, Mr. Hayes Lewis, presiding. We were delighted to greet the secretary, Mr. Ray Pennington, who was brought by jeep with his wheelchair. He does not let the fact that he is crippled keep him from meeting his responsibilities.

On September 28, we welcomed to Wendover for dinner and the annual business meeting the members of our Red Bird Committee. The chairman, Mr. Oakley Spurlock, presided. To our special joy the chairman emeritus, Mr. Chris Queen, who now lives in North Carolina, was able to attend. The secretary, Mrs. Walker Wright, read the minutes of the last meeting and the chairman of the Sewing Circle, Mrs. Celia Marcum, made her report and asked for another bolt of cloth so that members of her Circle could make some more baby gowns. There was a large attendance of members. Under the leadership of Mr. Floyd Bowling, and the coöperation of other men, plans were lined up for reroofing the Clara Ford Center this fall and for repairing the driveway to the center. One might add that the center has now been reroofed with a lot of volunteer help given.

Members of our fine Hazard Committee came to Wendover the evening of October 6 for dinner and a business meeting. The chairman, Mrs. Dewey Daniel, presided with her usual charm. Mr. Dewey Daniel suggested that the Hazard Committee take as its special project this year the need for a large, new, stainless steel deep freezer at Hyden Hospital. He consented to act as chairman of a sub-committee in Hazard to raise the money for



this project. We want to add that the freezer is now installed at Hyden Hospital and paid for—a great blessing.

Our Hyden Committee dined at Wendover and held its business meeting the evening of October 12. The chairman, Mr. W. Roy Sizemore, presided over the large gathering of members of this vital committee. The secretary, Mrs. J. D. Begley, read the minutes of the last meeting. Some new members were elected and Mrs. Edward Farmer was appointed to be the new chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of Hyden Hospital. Many subjects of general interest were discussed.

The members of our Brutus Committee came to Wendover for dinner and the business meeting on October 19. To our great joy Mr. Jasper Peters was able to attend and to preside as he has done for the past thirty-two years. The secretary, Mr. Amon Couch, read the minutes of the last meeting. There was a large attendance of members who discussed fully problems connected with the nursing center and the area around it. Many thoughtful suggestions were made about recreational facilities for the young people.

. . . . .

We appreciate the gift of two metal desks for the Wendover offices from the Hazard Insurance Agency.

. . . . .

The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati has again sent four of its resident pediatricians to hold clinics at Hyden Hospital and several of the outpost nursing centers. We enjoyed having Drs. Arville V. Wheeler, Robert K. Shuler, J. D. Northway, and Michael DeLorenzo with us in November and are most grateful to them for all they did for our young patients.

. . . . .

The Frontier Nursing Service began its Christmas preparations on November 1 this year in order to get the shipments of toys and clothing to the busy district nurses as early as possible. We are fortunate in having courier Carley Clark stay on as Christmas Secretary. Most of the outpost nursing centers will have their parties for the children in their district on the Saturday before Christmas—December 22—and Wendover will have its traditional Nativity Pageant and party on that date.



The Annual Community Carol Service, to which everyone is cordially invited, will be held in the Hyden Presbyterian Church at 7:00 p.m. on Friday, December 21.

On Christmas Eve the FNS staff will have a Carol Service in St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden Hospital, as we have done each year since the Chapel was built.

We are deeply grateful to all the friends beyond the mountains whose gifts of toys, clothing, and candy for the children make our Christmas celebrations possible.

. . . .

It is a pleasure to have two members of the old staff back with us after an absence of several years—Janet Hudson, who is at Hyden Hospital, and Lena Gray who has taken on the house-keeping at Wendover. We are equally glad to welcome five new staff members. Susan McKee, Berlin, New Hampshire, Mable Turner, Hot Springs, South Dakota, and Ardeth Johnson, Chicago, Illinois, are registered nurses at Hyden Hospital. Virginia Sizemore of Hyden has come to us as Hope Muncy's assistant in the Hyden Clinic, and Frances Brown of Georgetown, Kentucky, is taking over in the Record Department at Wendover from Grace Frauens who has to leave us early in December.

Two of the old staff who came back to help us out this summer, Anne DeTournay and Mary Woodmansey, had to leave in the early autumn—Mary to enter nursing school in Montana and Anne to return to her home in Arizona.

. . . .

We have been most fortunate to have the Courier Service so well manned this fall. When Bosey Fulbright left in September, Kate Ireland returned to break in new junior couriers, Maudie Canham, Dedham, Massachusetts, Carley Clark, Winchester, Massachusetts, and Sandra Keep, Chicago, Illinois. When Sandy had to leave at the end of October, Betsy Palmer, also of Chicago, was here to take her place. Maudie was able to stay on until the end of November and Carley, who became Christmas Secretary in early November, will be with us until the week before Christmas. Jan Craig, who has helped Betty Lester in the Social Service Department many times, is back with us for a



few weeks. As we go to press we are expecting Kate back for a few days and another old courier, Libby Bradford, for the month of December.

. . . .

Mrs. Leslie Cundle of Liverpool, England, returned to the Kentucky mountains in October, to our joy. "Mum" has two daughters on the staff but she has kindly adopted all the rest of us! We have enjoyed entertaining the families and friends of a number of the staff this autumn, including Mrs. Breckinridge's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carson of Milwaukee, and her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Williams of Camden, South Carolina.

Mary Breckinridge Day brought several old friends to see us in September. Among them were Vanda Summers, who drove down from Milford, Pennsylvania, to spend ten days at Wendover; Dr. John H. Kooser, who brought his daughter, Nancy (Mrs. Robert Muhlbach) and his daughter-in-law, Patty (Mrs. John H. Kooser, Jr.) from Irwin, Pennsylvania for that week end; and Dr. and Mrs. Francis M. Massie who drove up from Lexington for the day but could not give us the pleasure of having them "take the night."

It is always lovely to have Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville at Wendover, and we were grateful to her for bringing Mrs. W. S. Brooks to see us for a few days in October. Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. Kimbrough of Chicago spent the night of October 26th at Wendover when Dr. Kimbrough was the guest speaker at the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. Another Chicago guest during October was Mr. C. H. Hardenbrook of the Abbott Laboratories.

Our professional guests have included Miss Marie Lochore, a nurse-midwife from New Zealand; Miss Mary Stephens and Miss Elsie Coe, English nurse-midwives who were returning home after several years with the Grenfell Mission in Labrador; Dr. John Githens, Chairman of the Department of Pediatrics at the University of Kentucky Medical School, who brought with him Dr. Jacqueline A. Noonan, Miss Julia High, and Mr. Mike Fagan; Dr. and Mrs. Doane Fisher and two nurses from the Harlan Memorial Hospital; and Dr. Pratibha R. Dutt from New Delhi, India.



Many friends, old and new, have dropped by for lunch, or tea, or to see around the Hospital, and we are grateful to all of you whose interest in our work brings you to see us.

The FNS staff celebrated Thanksgiving in its traditional way with dinner at Wendover at noon on Thanksgiving Day. Most of the staff were able to come in. The river wasn't fordable but the weather was lovely and no one minded walking around the mountain and across the swinging bridge. In addition to our "family", Mrs. Breckinridge's niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall Prewitt of Mt. Sterling, and Dr. and Mrs. Brewer's son, George, were with us.

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### EGGING HER ON

The river running through our neighbour's small farm was a grand playground for their ducks. One day the farmer's wife noticed the drake chasing one of them away from the water, urging her in the direction of home. Every now and then she squatted in the grass, and he nudged her sharply with his bill until she resumed her homeward waddle. Having succeeded at last in persuading her to enter the duck-hull, he sat down outside and waited. Soon a 'quack' sounded from within and the duck emerged, wings flapping; the drake rose to his feet and together they scurried back to the river. When the farmer's wife looked into the hull there in the nest was a new-laid egg.

—Mary Nicholson

—*The Countryman*, Summer 1962. Edited by John Cripps,  
Burford, Oxfordshire, England.  
Annual subscription for American readers \$3.50  
checks on their own banks.  
Published quarterly by *The Countryman*, 10 Bouverie  
Street, London, E.C. 4.

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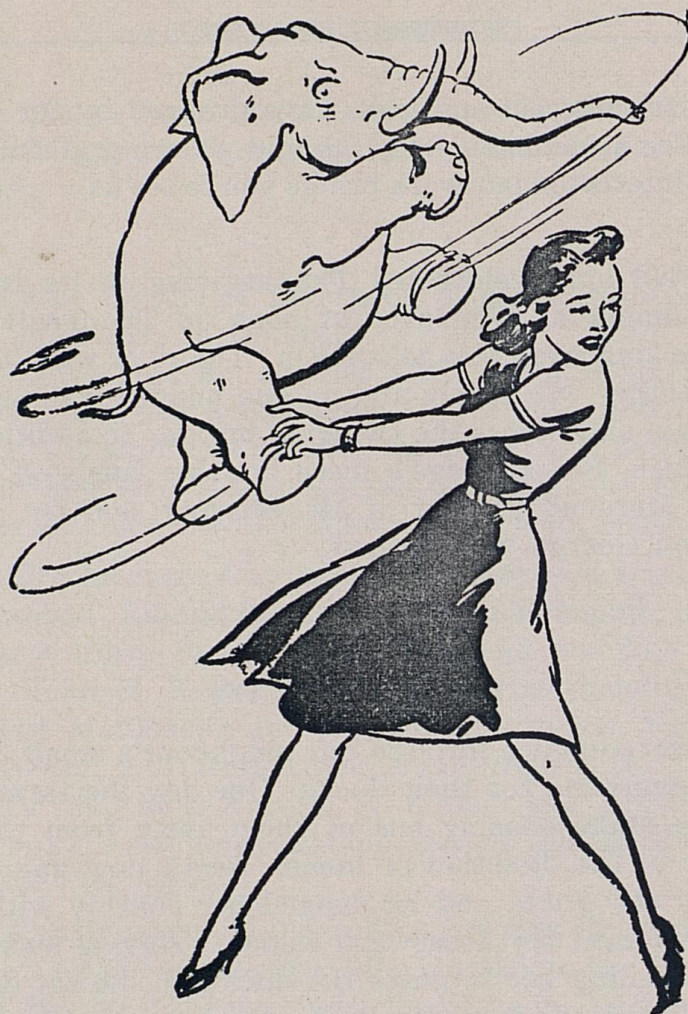
### HEADACHES

The prevalence of headaches is probably back of that claim by a scientist that pain strikes the body in the weakest place.

—Contributed



## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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Evacuated April 1, 1960

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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.



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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."

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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.
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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 cooperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

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

### DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

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and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY  
Security Trust Company Building  
271 West Short Street  
Lexington, Kentucky



## A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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

M. B.

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## Statement of Ownership

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, 1962.

(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. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., chairman; Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1962.

GRACE A. TERRILL, Notary Public.

Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires June 2, 1966.)





THREE SISTERS AND THEIR THREE BABIES

Left to Right:

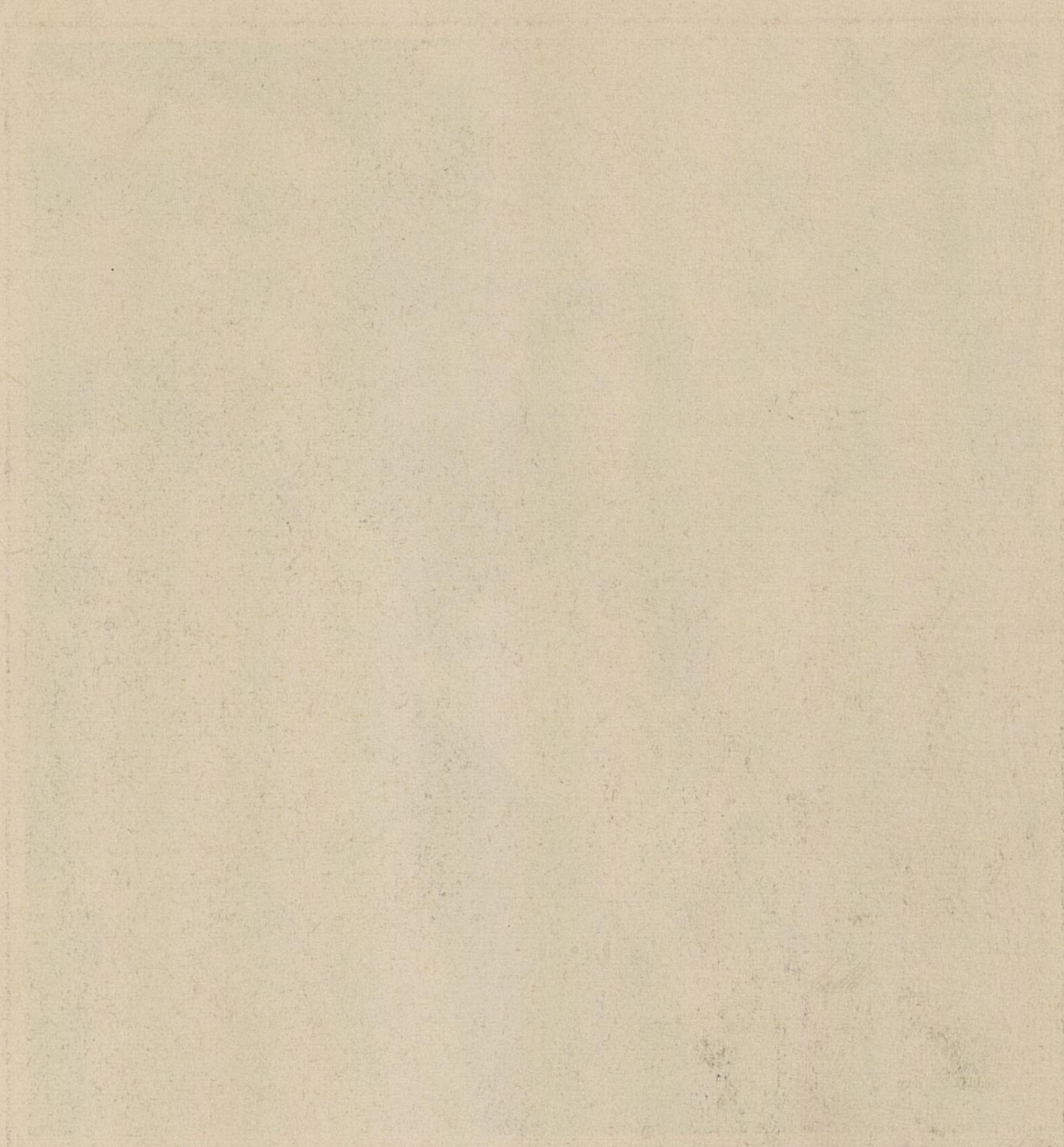
Mrs. Wilma Jean Hoskins with her baby, Regina Lynn

Mrs. Kathleen Roberts with her baby, Tony Edwin

Mrs. Gewandene Collett with her baby, Rhonda Sue

All three babies were born in the same twenty-four-hour period in August 1962 at the Hyden Hospital of the Frontier Nursing Service. This picture was taken in September by the FNS Field Supervisor, Margaret Willson. The mothers are standing in front of the Mary B. Willford Clinic near the mouth of Stinnet Creek.





Faint, illegible text or markings are visible in the lower central portion of the page. The text is too light to be read accurately but seems to consist of several lines of writing.

