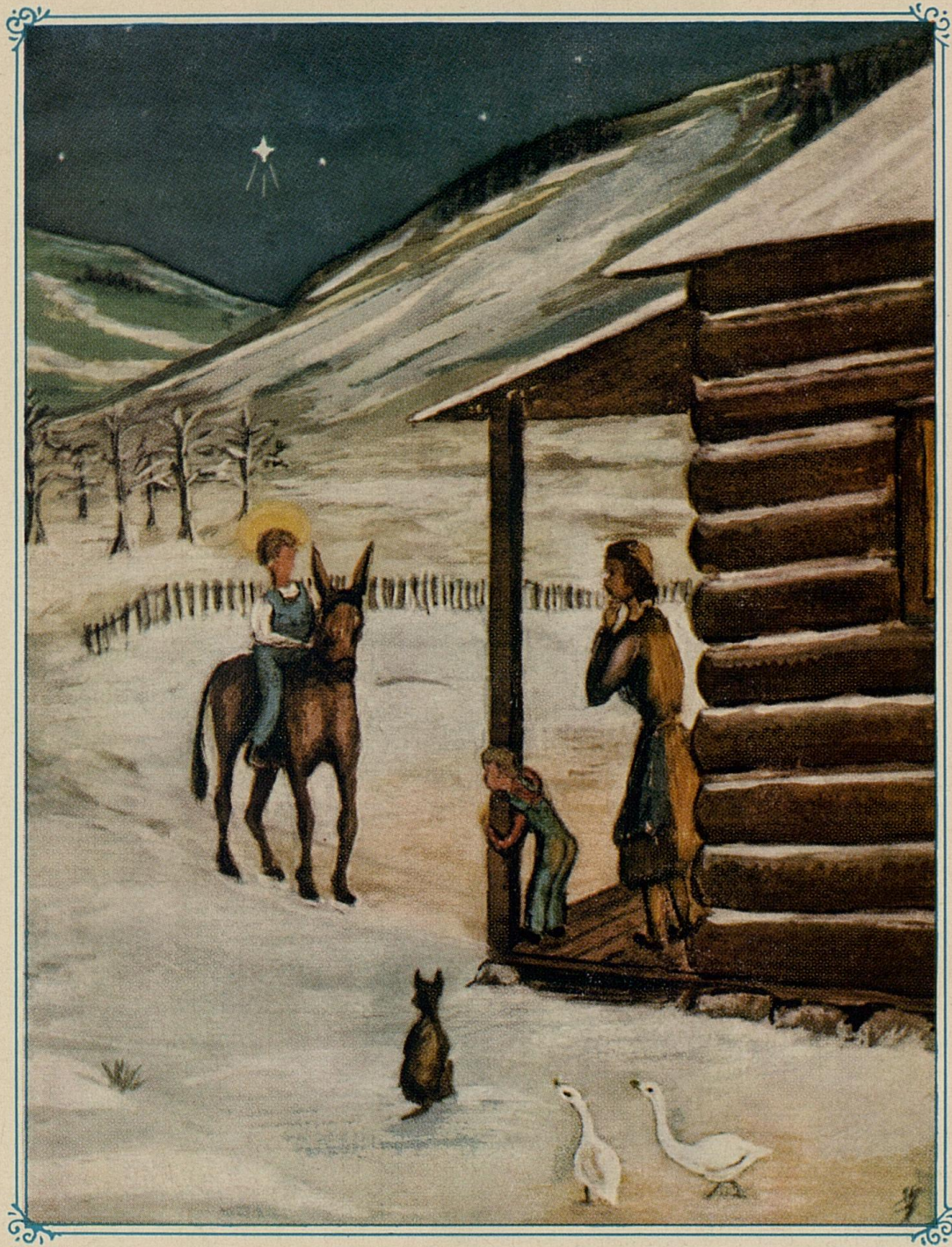


Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 35

Autumn, 1959

Number 2



And in the heart of earth and night
Find heaven, and Thee.

Henry Vaughan, 17th Century



KELLY BOWLING, a Confluence Baby,
and Pepper, the Confluence Nurses' Dog, Who Loved Children

Kelly Bowling died in 1938 at the age of seven years. This picture is printed with the kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bowling.

Our cover picture is the gift of Miss Vanda Summers

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PEACE

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul awake!—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan, 17th Century

EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

The cover picture on this Bulletin is our Christmas card to you. Many of us have no time to send out personal cards because this is our busiest season. Through your generous remembrance of our children it is our happiest season.

We print several things in this Bulletin about the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence which will have to be abandoned around the first of March. We call your attention especially to the poem by Mrs. Snowden Huff called **Our Sorrow**. The place on which to relocate the nursing center has not yet been decided upon. We have had nine or ten offers of free land.

Pictures of the new Margaret Durbin Harper Center, relocated on Wolf Creek, will be given in a later Bulletin. We are happy that Mr. Hayes Lewis of Big Fork post office has taken the chairmanship, and Mr. Chrisley Maggard of Cinda post office and Mr. Dewey Hendrix of Big Rock post office have taken the vice-chairmanships of a Wolf Creek Committee yet to be formed.

Some of the dislocations caused by the Buckhorn Dam Lake and the rise in the river have reached as far up as Hyden. Here is an excerpt from the issue of *The Thousandsticks* of November 19: "Notice to Subscribers: The Government has taken our place and we are forced to move to another location. If the movers arrive as scheduled there will be no Thousandsticks next week, otherwise there will be a paper as usual."

Our struggle with flooded areas and human beings, which all of you have shared in sympathy, has led us to print the account called **Operation Noah** from *Oryx* telling of the struggle with wild animals in the creation of Kariba Lake behind the Kariba Dam in Africa, which will be the largest artificial body of water anywhere in the world.

With our abiding gratitude to you for all you have meant to us during 1959, we wish you the happiest of New Years in 1960.

MY MEMORIES OF CONFLUENCE

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.
Field Supervisor, Frontier Nursing Service

When I first came to the FNS the Frances Bolton Center was only a name to me. Approximately one year after my arrival Bucket called and asked me to go to Possum Bend for a few days. After packing a pair of saddlebags with a few essentials, I rode to Possum Bend for a few days which stretched into the happiest five years of my life.

What are some of the most poignant memories I have of this lovely center which became my home for five years, and of the kind, gentle, mountain folk nestled in their cabins along the Middle Fork creek beds and foothills? They did so much in so many ways to make my stay happy and rewarding, as their people had done for the previous nurses for over a quarter century.

I can still see the bright, happy faces of the little children lined up in the one-room school houses like soldiers at attention for their shots, never a murmur or cry from any of them; and the little ones coming to the center to get their bones splinted, their cuts and bruises attended to.

I can still hear the familiar "hallo" at the gate at all times of the day or night, Peter's bark acting as a sentinel call. The familiar phrase, "my woman is punishing right bad." Saddling my lovely little mare Kelpi (Water Fairy) and riding out into a cold clear night with an expectant father leading the way on his mule. When we came to a frozen creek the mule somehow managed to get over, but Kelpi absolutely refused to try to cross it. Finally I dismounted and hoped to lead Kelpi across. Suddenly I slipped into a whirlhole in solid ice and was unable to get out. Kelpi stood quietly on the edge of the creek nodding her head as if saying, "I told you so, I told you so." The father's kind hand appeared from the frozen leaves along the creek bed with the remark, "I reckon we'd better git back the other way," meaning Devil's Jump. When we arrived dear old Granny was standing in the kitchen door with her sun bonnet on at 3:00 a.m., gently keeping time with one foot, "better hurry, better hurry," and peacefully smoking on her corn cob pipe.

I remember the big dogs, medium dogs, little dogs brought to the center on ropes and strings for their rabies shots. The sick cow with soft tail: "Will you try to save our cow? If we lose her hit means no milk for the least ones." Arriving to find the cow's sail slit with salt and pepper sprinkled in (she had symptoms of pneumonia), and then spending hours pounding pills for her. She did recover. Once I attended a sow that had had a retained placenta. I didn't know anything else to do except treat her as midwifery, but that seemed to work.

Then there was the swinging bridge after the 1947 flood which took on the shape of a bucking mule. The flood decided that it also needed much more ventilation and proceeded to remove a great many planks from the floor; also that it should rock itself to sleep at night so the cables were removed from the far end. Bridge or no bridge Mr. Stork is always busy. The considerate father took my saddlebags as we came to the bridge at sunset. "Let's us both not cross at the same time. Don't believe hit will hold two people. I'll go first with the bags and if I git across, you follow." (The river was in tide and we could not cross on horses.)

I vividly recall the shy lad who came for me on a late evening of Indian Summer. "Ma is like to die. Come quick." How right he was. How well I remember the kind men who gathered quickly after they learned that a stretcher was needed. This they made from small saplings and stretched her down the creek and into a flat-bottomed boat. The men walked along the river bank, taking turns paddling and all wading out into the river to pull the boat over as we came to the shoals. The mountain people gathered along the banks with cucumber leaves for umbrellas to lend any assistance necessary. These men walked five miles, but they saved a life. My patient was in critical condition from an internal hemorrhage but we got her to Hyden Hospital in time.

The sweet baby girl delivered on a cool night in November, plus a sizeable post-partum hemorrhage. Searching in all the corners and cracks for my stethoscope after everything was under control, only to discover rather plump grandma rocking peacefully in her old rocker trying to listen to her heart beat through two sweaters and a thick red undershirt. "Jist thought my heart oughta be tested."

Frozen-over Wilder Branch one December day. No better skating rink was ever made by man but Kelpi had no intention of learning to skate. With a long pole I broke holes through the ice and plodded on to a little mother in premature labor with Kelpi reminding me, "I will follow where thou leadest."

The trip up and over an icy mountain to see little John who was "right puny." For how much of the trip that day did I wish I had a few tips on scaling ice cliffs. After much slipping, crawling, reaching for any twigs and little shrubs in sight, I finally reached the top to come to the decision that I might likely end up at a much lower altitude than I planned if I kept on at the rate I was going. So I sat down and looked and looked, feeling very sorry for myself as I realized I was at the top and could neither go down or up—I was at the place of no return. Since necessity is the mother of invention, and I was desperate by this time, I took off my boots and found that woolen socks acted as a tread. So I went on to see puny John and returned in my sock feet.

The ride over Shoal Mountain on a beautiful Christmas Eve, a cloudless blue sky beginning the day. Arriving at Nannie's for a prenatal visit to find Susie, whom I had never laid eyes on before. Susie, under several layers of quilts, greeted me as I was trying to thaw out a bit by a slowly dying fire by announcing the fact that she was expecting and was "a wasting right bad." The frantic effort to get some things boiled in a lard can top from which they took turn-about falling off into the ashes. (I had not brought my delivery bags because of not knowing about Susie.) Mr. Stork was arriving in a terrible hurry. A red flannel petticoat was the baby's first dress. The ride back over Shoal Mountain at the edge of dark through a gently falling snow; "Silent Night, Holy Night" coming softly from a cabin nestled back in the hills.

I shall always remember with nostalgia the lights in the cabins at 3:00 a.m. no matter whether I was going out or coming in. The Middle Fork in her peaceful moods, in her angry moods with her swirling muddy waters when she dared you to cross. You were happy to fix your sight on some distant object on yon side for if you dared to do otherwise, dizziness from the swirling waters would topple you into the raging current. The lovely

golds, browns, scarlets, reds, greens of the fall season up Hellfer-Sartin Creek and over Devil's Jump.

No longer will the footsteps of the people who came there for over thirty years echo in the halls of the Frances Bolton Center which I grew to love.

When I left I felt like a shepherd who was leaving his flock. Now I feel like the shepherd of old who has lost his flock. It is with a sad heart that I must say, "Farewell, farewell Frances Bolton Center. You and your people will live on forevermore in my memory."

OUR SORROW

by

NORA LEE HUFF (Mrs. Snowden Huff)

Dedicated to the Frances Bolton Center at Confluence

On the banks of the Middle Fork River,
Twelve miles on below Hyden town
Stand the buildings of our Nursing Center,
To be lost to us soon and torn down.

Many years they have stood as a watchtower
For our people up stream and down hollow,
In our hearts we are saddened, so saddened
As we wonder what later will follow.

Will the Service be forced then to leave us,
Which has been here for thirty-two years?
Must our hearts be o'erburdened and heavy
And our minds full of doubts and of fears?

Through troubles, through sickness and sorrow
We have had them to help us along.
What will our communities be like
When the nurses who helped us are gone?

MEMORIES OF CONFLUENCE I

Yes, I read in the Quarterly Bulletin of the tearing down of Possum Bend Center and for a moment I felt very sad. It was such a contrast to the elated feeling I had when at Wendover you said that another nursing outpost was to be built 16 miles down the Middle Fork River and that you were sending me there as its nurse-midwife. That was 33 years ago and now the white house with its green trimmings has to be torn apart to make way for another kind of progress.

I would like to quote two words from Dr. Beasley's letter to the *Midwives Chronicle*, "Thank you," but this time to Mrs. Bolton who made possible the fulfillment of our object: "To Safeguard the Lives and Health of Mothers and Children."

—ELLEN HALSALL

MEMORIES OF CONFLUENCE II

Confluence—the converging of the streams and a meeting place for all. The Frances Bolton Nursing Center, this white friendly building with its green shutters and lofty barn, stood high above the Middle Fork, amidst the grandeur of the mountains, nestling among the dogwoods, redbuds, and evergreens; weathering the seasons as they came, standing strongly against all the elements, cradling inside the warmth and comforts of home—always with an outstretched hand, ready to greet and help all those who came.

The Kentucky pull gate opened more times than the golden leaves fell in the fall, with calls to attend a woman in childbirth, sickness, or any emergency, nothing was too small or too great.

Now the "old order changeth," but the memory will linger on—not only in the hearts of the people the nursing center served but in the hearts of those who lived there and loved it, and had the privilege of serving for so many years, and as one of them—I say—farewell.

—ROSE (CHERRY) EVANS

A CHRISTMAS OF THIRTY YEARS AGO

A letter from the late Mary B. Willeford to Mrs. Francis Boardman at Riverdale. For a picture of "Texas" see inside back cover.

Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center
Creeksville, Clay County, Kentucky
December 29, 1929

My dear Mrs. Boardman,

"Your lovely boxes reached us safely and in time for Christmas, and were greatly appreciated. I wish you and Mrs. Dailey could have been present for our Christmas party for the children in our district on Christmas Eve. It really was a sight worth seeing. It was a bright sunshiny day, but with snow everywhere, a typical white Christmas. By nine o'clock mules were seen arriving from every direction laden with the fathers, mothers and children, all very much excited, as this was in the new district and the first Christmas we had had there. By eleven o'clock about three hundred had arrived and a pretty sight it was. All gathered about the Christmas tree, the first that many had seen. Some school children sang for us, having been trained ahead of time, and a number recited Christmas poems. Then came the distributing of toys and candy, and the excitement and joy of the little people were pretty to see. We had warm clothing for the more needy families, but all the children had 'pretties' as toys are called here. The things you and Mrs. Dailey sent have made many hearts happy, and the baby things will keep many of our own babies warm throughout bitter winter weather.

"This new center which has been built and opened during the past fall is ten miles up Red Bird River from the Clara Ford Center. . . .

"It has been a very coöperative district, and in it we have been able to do the record number of inoculation shots for typhoid and diphtheria. On clinic days people come ten and fifteen miles and have in many ways shown their coöperation.

"We hope you have had as pleasant a Christmas as you have helped us to give our children here.

"My best wishes to you and Mrs. Dailey for the New Year."

Sincerely yours,

MARY B. WILLEFORD



—Brooke Alexander

Wendover Horses: "Next time they decide to water us in the river, you run, I'll roll!"

REPORT ON A BURMESE VERSION OF OUR OWN FRONTIER NURSES

A Review by Morris M. Weiss, M. D.

MY HOSPITAL IN THE HILLS: By Gordon S. Seagrave, M. D. 253 pp. W. W. Norton. \$3.75.

BURMA, the size of Texas, independent of the British Empire since only 1948, is the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal and lies within a horseshoe of towering mountains that separate it from Eastern Pakistan, India, Tibet, Communist China, Thailand and Laos. In the very northeast on a mountain nub near the village of Namkham and within sight of China, Surgeon Gordon S. Seagrave, Baptist medical missionary, 25 years ago created a hospital and nurses' school of particular good to all Burma, and a beneficent example of what knowledge, good will and hard work can do for ailing human beings.

In an earlier book, "Burma Surgeon," Dr. Seagrave reported the origin and progress of his institution. In another, "Burma Surgeon Returns," he recounted the destruction of hospital and school first by invading Japanese, then by the reconquering U. S. troops. In this present history, "My Hospital in the Hills," he reports the rebuilding of the establishment, his accusation and imprisonment for "treason" by the amateur and ultra-touchy Government of newly independent Burma and his complete exculpation.

Kentucky, Louisville in particular, has a place in this account. Dr. Seagrave's nurses go out among Burma's mountain people much as our own Frontier Nurses go to our mountain villages. One of his Burma staff doctors took a postgraduate course in our Louisville General Hospital. And two of his native nurses perfected themselves in laboratory techniques in the Kentucky State Board of Health's laboratories here. Also, Seagram's gave him an alcohol still.

As an entertaining account of an unbigoted religious doctor's accomplishment of the duty to which he dedicated himself this book is exhilarating. In passing, it provides some first-person footnotes to the history of modern Burma a-making.

Dr. Seagrave's medical success in Burma demonstrates how effectively and at low cost a small group can take care of a large, scattered population. His system is to have small hospitals staffed and managed by good nurses. Junior doctors visit those scattered little hospitals at frequent intervals, the specialists less often. It is a system followed in part in some rural areas in this country. It should be followed further. It keeps medical costs down, healing and prevention up.

—*The Louisville Courier-Journal*,
Sunday, December 11, 1955.

OUR MAIL BAG

From a Subscriber in Annapolis, Maryland: One of the most appealing features of your [Spring] Bulletin is that setting forth the current needs and their cost so each donor can choose a special interest and a gift within their means. It is a pleasure to give where funds are thriftily used.

From an Old Trustee: In the recent Bulletin we have read with great interest the Annual Report and several of the interesting articles, enjoying especially hearing from Nora Kelly whom I recall as very outstanding. I did so enjoy Brownie's account of the garden party at Buckingham Palace. What a relief it must be to have our good doctor back!

From a Friend in Louisville: I find myself watching for the FNS Bulletin. There was such a nice piece in the paper about Helen Browne and the FNS. She must have gotten a thrill from her visit to London.

From an Old Subscriber in New York: I do so enjoy the Bulletin. It has wonderful freshness. I go back to those days in Cincinnati when I used to come to your thrilling meetings the guest of dear Mrs. Davis Anderson.

"DOUGLAS MacARTHUR"

by

BRIGIT SUTCLIFFE, R.N., S.C.M.

One of the two nurse-midwives at
Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence

"Has Evelyn had her baby yet?" Sara and I asked each other, the moment we returned to the center from anywhere. "No, not yet." WE waited and waited.

Evelyn is a young mother expecting her second baby. Mac is the father. Both were desperately wanting a boy. They live on Bill's Branch, three miles below Possum Bend Center on yon side of the river, a mile up the hollow. Their nearest neighbor is two miles away. Several times they had arranged for a girl to stay with them but each one could not wait long enough. We wondered how Evelyn would manage, way off, by herself.

Then one Saturday morning at three-thirty a.m. a shout below our windows—"Miss Sara, Miss Brigit."

"It's Evelyn," we both woke with a shriek, as we recognized Paul their "neighbor man." Soon we were dressed and gave Paul the midwifery saddlebags to carry in his car as far as his house.

In no time Flicka and Merrylegs were tacked up and ready to go, both excited as going together is a treat for them. By this time it was daylight, misty and quiet, no sun yet.

Off we went, the horses proud of their smooth running walk, trying to outdo each other, but Flicka must lead or she would break her gait to get ahead.

The road was so rough we made better time than Paul and soon Flicka had the saddlebags. On we went, only the occasional comment between us breaking on the rhythm of hoofbeats.

Three miles down river and then splash into the ford! Oh, how beautiful with the mist rising to mingle with the steam from the horses' flanks, while they paused for a short drink. Now up the holla, past the beautiful sad weeping willow standing by its deserted house, then another empty home; next up the side of the mountain, with the branch trickling way below, now our house.

"Howdy howdy, is Evelyn all right?—no baby yet," all's

well—sighs of relief as we swing to the ground. Sara took the bags, I the horses, but no sooner were the saddles off, than Mac took my charges to walk round, rub down, and put up in the barn with some hay to munch on.

How nice to go in and find everything ready—tables in the right place, boiling water, and baby clothes airing. Sara checked Evelyn, while I talked to Reva Jean, on her last morning of being The Baby. Mac had a friend visiting, but Potter had “stepped out” with his gun. The four of us settled down to hot coffee and a discussion of boy versus girl babies, and how we had enjoyed the ride, etc.

Sometime while we were caring for Evelyn we heard Potter return but did not pay much attention to the two men moving in the kitchen, except occasionally to ask for more boiled water.

What a surprise when the door was pulled back and they said, “Well, aren’t you going to eat?” Too early for a celebration but near enough, so we ate in relays, relieving each other at the bedside. Nine-thirty a.m., it was their dinner (breakfast at three) and our breakfast. One of the best I have eaten and certainly the best squirrel and cornbread.

Not long to wait before Sara caught Douglas MacArthur—a boy—perfect. The joy he brought with him was wonderful.

Everything went smoothly, no worries. Soon the new mother was comfortable and little Mac had had his first bath, was in his brand new clothes, greedily having his first meal. Hardly any mess to clean up, no extra washing for the two men.

While we sat watching and waiting to make sure all would be well, Mac led our horses to the door, saddled and ready for the satisfied ride home, “way up in the day” and hot by now. We walked our horses slowly home, all four well pleased with ourselves.

What a wonderful morning!

PRIVILEGE AND DUTY

Irenee duPont I (in this country) said to his sons:

“No privilege exists that is not inseparably bound to a duty. May each generation of your descendants strive unceasingly to make the next generation better than his own.”

In Memoriam

MRS. C. K. BENEDICT
Glendale, Ohio
Died in July, 1959

MISS ANGELICA LIVINGSTON
New York, New York
Died in July, 1959

MR. JAMES F. BLACKERBY
Louisville, Kentucky
Died in June, 1959

MR. MAURICE S. MILLER
Winchester, Kentucky
Died in June, 1959

MRS. WILLIAM ROBINSON BLAIR
Sewickley, Pennsylvania
Died in May, 1959

MR. THOMAS HENRY PAYNE
Harrods Creek, Kentucky
Died in July, 1959

MRS. FLOYD BOWLING
Big Creek, Kentucky
Died in November, 1959

DR. LYDIA L. POAGE
Toledo, Ohio
Died in July, 1959

MISS JESSIE M. CARSON
Harrison, New York
Died in September, 1959

MISS EMILIE G. ROBSON
Boston, Massachusetts
Died in May, 1959

MRS. JOSEPH CARSON
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Died in September, 1959

MRS. C. W. SPRINKLE
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in May, 1959

MISS EMILY H. CHAUNCEY
New York, New York
Died in September, 1959

DR. WILLIAM D. STROUD
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Died in August, 1959

MRS. CLAUDE R. CORBUSIER
Washington, D. C.
Died in September, 1959

MR. JAMES M. THOMSON
Berryville, Virginia
Died in September, 1959

MRS. ADDISON DIMMITT
Louisville, Kentucky
Died in November, 1959

MISS CORDIE M. WILLIAMS
New York, New York
Died in September, 1959

DR. JOHN HARVEY
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in November, 1959

MRS. THOMAS WILLIAMS
Lawrence, Long Island, New York
Died in October, 1959

MRS. HAROLD OLNEY HUNT
Wayzata, Minnesota
Died in June, 1959

MRS. SAMUEL M. WILSON
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in September, 1959

"You have tasted of death, . . . Is it good?"

"It is good, . . . It is better than life."

"No, . . . it is only more life."

The Golden Key

by George MacDonald, 1824-1905

In the passing of our Trustee, **Mrs. William Robinson Blair**, we lost one of the most vibrant people we have ever known. During the years since I last saw her we exchanged letters from time to time and hers were so exactly as I remembered her that

she seemed to be sitting by me as I read them. She had been a generous supporter of Frontier Nursing Service for more than thirty years but she was as generous in the outpouring of her mind and heart. A woman of charm, gaiety, compassion, she will be missed in this world for years to come. The next world is the gainer because she has gone over into it.

Mr. James R. Blackerby, who was the Director for years of the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the State Department of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, first became our friend when we began to be in 1925. He asked us during that summer of riding through the mountains to find unreported births and deaths in Leslie County where our work started. This we did and the doing of it led to delightful interviews and correspondence with him. Working with him, and even more, knowing him, was an honor, the memory of which we shall always cherish. When **Miss Emilie G. Robson** died, after long retirement and illness, another link with our early years passed out of this world. She had been one of the first members of our National Nursing Council and was of immense service to us during those years. **Mrs. C. W. Sprinkle** of Cincinnati had followed us generously until her last long illness. Her letters were among the kindest we ever received. We are grateful for a trust that she arranged to be turned over to us after her death. We are grateful to **Mr. Maurice S. Miller** of Winchester, Kentucky, for a legacy which showed how he continued to carry us in his warm heart.

It has been thirty-one years since **Mrs. Harold Olney Hunt** first began her interest in the FNS and she has supported us annually during all of that time. She acted as secretary of the Minneapolis Committee. We had one of our meetings long ago out at her place. It is hard to see our old friends go no matter how joyous the awakening is to them. **Mrs. C. K. Benedict** of Cincinnati was ripe for the fuller life upon which she has entered now. We are grateful for the long years of support and friendship which she gave Frontier Nursing Service. **Miss Angelica Livingston**, of New York, who bore her historic name as finely as any of her ancestors had borne it, was not only a supporter of ours for a long period of time, but the aunt and godmother of our own Jean Hollins to whom she was deeply attached. In **Mr. Thomas Henry Payne** of Harrods Creek, Kentucky, we gave up

another friend of many years and I lost a kinsman who had been dear to me since we were young people. It was hard indeed to lose him, one of the best and most useful of men.

An eminent man on our National Medical Council was **Dr. William D. Stroud**, heart specialist of Philadelphia. One could fill pages about his distinguished career, but in our memorial notices we take note only of that point at which a career touches ours. We count ourselves among those who mourn him and will miss him sadly. But there is no question in our mind of his continued value in this world as well as in the next. **Mrs. Claude R. Corbusier** of Washington, D. C., was, until her last illness, not only a hard working member of our Committee in that city but a joyous one who lightened the burden of every load she touched. We have been greatly moved by the number of memorial gifts that have come in her name since she went over to the other side. In **Miss Emily H. Chauncey** another lovely person of the older generation has died. We are grateful for the legacy she left us and for her enduring thought of us. **Mrs. Joseph Carson** of Milwaukee was not only a supporter of ours from our early days, not only a loved cousin of mine, but one of the most gallant spirits I have ever known. During the long illness that preceded her death she reached out in love and thought for those around her with a touch that was more than human. Her Rector came each week to give her Holy Communion, and each day she lived in the spirit of that Communion. Conscious until almost the last hour before her passing, she had words of affection and humor for those about her. Hers was the kind of influence that we can never lose.

In the death of **Dr. Lydia L. Poage** of Toledo, we gave up one who had been on our National Medical Council in its early years. For a long time she had been ill and unable to serve, but now and then we had kind letters from her, whose early kindness we never shall forget. **Miss Cordie M. Williams** of New York not only supported us and wrote us until her long illness but has been so good as to leave us a legacy in her will. When **Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson** (Mary Shelby) died in Lexington many in the Blue Grass mourned her passing and no one will ever quite take the place she filled in Kentucky. A descendant of Governor Isaac Shelby, and the widow of Judge Samuel Wilson, she carried her

share of the responsibilities of her race. Among the last of her services was that of volunteer secretary of the Henry Clay Foundation. She had supported the Frontier Nursing Service for thirty-one years and was one of its Trustees.

There is so often a sense of personal loss to me in writing these memorials of Frontier Nursing Service friends that I find it hard to come to grips with them. **Mr. James M. Thomson**, who died in his 82nd year at his country place in the Shenandoah Valley, was the brother of my sister, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge. His distinguished career in the newspaper world, and in public service, would fill a long biographical sketch but what we shall remember is his geniality, his goodness, his integrity as a man, and his long support of our work in the value of which he believed wholeheartedly. His body has been buried in the "Old Chapel" cemetery near Berryville where his Thomson and Throckmorton ancestors have been interred. Eight nephews of his and of his wife carried the casket. One feels from the depth of one's heart that the nephew killed at Saipan and the nephew killed in Korea were walking with them.

There is no one familiar with the early years of Frontier Nursing Service who will not remember **Jessie Carson** with admiration and, in many cases, with affection. When she died in September after years of invalidism, one of the bravest people in this world moved on into the next one. She was physically brave in the years of the American Committee for Devastated France when I first knew her. She was mentally brave in facing and solving difficult problems while she was Contact Secretary for Frontier Nursing Service in the late Twenties and early Thirties. So many of our Committees were gathered together by her, first as sponsors for our earliest meetings, that she weaves in and out of our beginnings. She was always constructive, she was always courteous, and she was the best of loyal friends. God bless her in whatever work she has undertaken now.

One of the most remarkable women we have ever known was our old friend **Mrs. Thomas Williams** of Lawrence, Long Island, who died in October with the "waning woods," at the age of slightly more than one hundred years. She was ninety-six when I last saw her, with perfect hearing and eyesight and the

step and carriage of a girl. We were privileged to be among the charities of this great lady.

When **Dr. John Harvey** of Lexington died we gave up not only a member of the National Medical Council and its Advisory group, but one of our earliest and best of friends. There was nothing Dr. Harvey did not do for the early patients we brought down to him in the Twenties. Memories of repeated kindness pour back into our minds as we think of him whom we shall never forget.

In the death of **Mrs. Floyd Bowling** we have lost not only the secretary of our Red Bird Committee and one of its guiding spirits, but one of the best friends we ever had. Hers was a soul of rare beauty, compassionate, tender. Our hearts go out to the husband and son who survive her and to the whole Big Creek community which will miss her every day in the months to come. She herself is now gathered into "the well-spring of life, the light of eternal brightness."

Just as this bulletin goes to press we learn of the death of **Mrs. Addison Dimmitt**, a member of our Louisville Committee and a trustee of long standing. She was one of the loveliest people I ever knew and now she is "a part of all the loveliness which once she made more lovely."

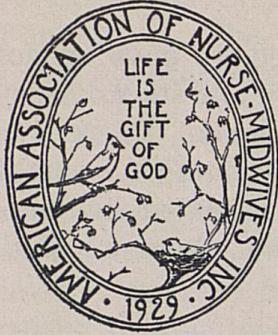
We extend our deepest sympathy to all those to whom these friends of ours were particularly dear.

M. B.

A PETITION

We, the people of the Confluence area, would like to express our deep appreciation for the wonderful service rendered by the FNS Nurses at the center these many years.

With this comes an earnest request that if at all possible the center be maintained. It has saved many lives, and we do not see how the communities can get along without it. If there is anything that the people in this community can do, we would be happy to be notified. We, the undersigned, will make every effort to help in this move.



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

The thirty-second annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, October 17. We were honored this year to have, as our guest speaker, Dr. John Whitridge, Jr., Chief of the Bureau of Preventive Medicine for the State of Maryland. His address was entitled, "Maternity Care and Preventive Medicine." Our speaker gave an excellent presentation of the positive approach to the field of preventive medicine, that of promoting good health, keeping in mind the definition of health given us by the World Health Organization—"a state of complete physical, mental and social well being, not merely the absence of disease." We were reminded of the great need for skilled workers in the field of maternal and child health, not only in this country, but all over the world. The nurse-midwife, with her special skills, can do so much to help the health team achieve good maternity care, both at home and abroad.

Out of state members attending the meeting came from Connecticut, Massachusetts, Michigan and Pennsylvania; and one member on furlough from her field of work in Liberia. Several guest nurses were also present. Much to our regret, Dr. and Mrs. Whitridge were unable to spend the week-end, as guests of the Frontier Nursing Service, but engagements in Baltimore made it necessary for them to leave right after the meeting. We hope they will make a return visit soon.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Benjamin Ruekberg (Nancy Harmon),
La Fayette, New York—August 26, 1959**

We are moving, September 1. The house we are going to rent is on a farm thirteen miles south of Syracuse University. The address is—Kingsley Road, La Fayette R. D. 1, New York. A large lawn surrounds the house and contains frequent islands of flowers. As the farm is situated on the plateau of a steep hill, it affords us fresh air and a beautiful, rustic view. This will be especially wonderful for the children.

This fall Nati will commute to the Syracuse University Nursery School. It's hard to believe that he is already beginning his "formal education." Davie, our 9 lbs. and 6 oz. April delight, is also growing rapidly and now weighs 19 lbs. and measures 25 inches in length. Nati and Davie adore each other and are becoming grand pals. Nati is also wonderful about helping "Mommy" and "Daddy" take care of Davie.

**From Fredericka Holdship, Sewickley, Pennsylvania
—August 28, 1959**

Only wish you could see Bridget's [her dog] offspring—five weeks old. They are and really couldn't be cuter. She ran out of milk when they were only three and one-half weeks old—a mite hard on poor Grandmother, but now that they have become adjusted to my schedule of feeding, all are fine and fairly quiet!

Jinny came down for a visit, and we had a marvelous time—lots of swimming and badminton—even some tennis.

Durango, Colorado—September 26, 1959

Saw Peggy Brown, Foxie and her twin sister before I left Santa Fe. Cherry and I are off for parts unknown, taking in the Mesa Verde Canyon and the old Indian cliff dwellings—maybe ride into the inaccessible spots, unless it's snowing as it was today.

Solana Beach, California—October 5, 1959

Cherry and I went to look for this Mission (The Mission San

Diego De Alcala) en route to the Rodeo on Sunday but we got completely lost and just found the Rodeo in time—never saw such lovely horses. Would like to send a few to Kentucky! We have a wee cabin right on Solana Beach—weather perfect.”

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From Mary Alice Waters, Marshfield, Wisconsin

—August 30, 1959

Already a week has passed since I left Wendover and still my mind is constantly occupied with thoughts of FNS and the people I met there this summer. No words that I could put on paper could express my gratitude to you for allowing me to spend seven wonderful weeks with the Frontier Nursing Service, nor could words convey the deep attachment I have for it. I have always considered it an honor to be thought of as one of the FNS family, and now, after having lived and worked with those who are the life and spirit of the Frontier Nursing Service, I am aware that it is not only an honor, but a very great one.

Not only did I have a lot of fun this summer in riding the horses, painting, chasing chickens during operation “Cluck-Cluck,” driving the jeeps, visiting the mountain homes, and doing the thousands of other things which occupied my time and every one else’s, but I learned a great deal from the various things I did and gained invaluable experience. Would you be kind enough to extend my gratitude and a hello to every one at Wendover? Once more, from the bottom of my heart—Thank you.

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From Jean Alexander, Curacao, N. A.—September 6, 1959

I am now in Curacao, after having spent five marvelous weeks on the islands of the Caribbean. I have spent hours looking at the most brilliantly colored fish, and have watched birds of equally marvelous color. My favorite island is the island of Tobago, where there are miles and miles of beaches with coconut palms that reach right down to the sea.

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From Victoria (Vicky) Coleman, Dover, Massachusetts

—September 17, 1959

After a beautiful drive through Berea and on to Lexington, an uneventful train trip, then madly hectic days at home, a won-

derful week end at West Point, and three very happy days with Jane Clark and her family, I am about to depart for Smith. Those three weeks with you all flew by so quickly that I sometimes wonder if it wasn't all a dream of some sort. I do love it there.

. . . .

**From Mrs. W. Channing Howe (Fifi Long),
Corning, New York—September 22, 1959**

So many years, fifteen I believe, since I was with you! Part of your life rubbed off on me, so distance in time only makes my fond feelings grow.

Would you please sign your book, as it would mean so much. I'm always proud and happy to have been a very small part of all you have done.

. . . .

**From Karen Woelfle, Bradford, Massachusetts
—September 24, 1959**

I want to thank you for letting me have the opportunity of working as a courier for the FNS, this summer. To me it shall always be one of my most exciting and unforgettable experiences. From the beginning to the end of those all-too-short six weeks, I was always aware of interesting things happening and never was there a dull moment. Any news of Flat Creek will always tend to make me a little homesick, for that district became so much a part of me. I shall be looking forward to Tidbits and the Bulletin when they arrive.

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**From Mrs. Charles Steffens (Jolly Cunningham),
Glastonbury, Connecticut—October 7, 1959**

I've read through a pile of my old letters home—written during my courier days. They are hilarious and brought back that marvelous summer with you in all-too-painful detail! But you wished to be caught up on my present doings, not the past!

Keeping house and garden reasonably presentable seems the major occupation. The vegetable garden, thanks to the weather this summer, was a real producer! I was Assistant Director at the local Girl Scout Day Camp part of the summer, and spent one week with my group of Mariners on the Youth Training Ship in Mystic, Connecticut. I have tried to keep my hand in with a

private patient or two, giving physical therapy treatments in the home. I have recently resigned as editor of the State Chapter Newsletter, having had a four-year stint at it. There must be someone who is more up to date and in touch than I!

The most fun and hardest work has been to complete the requirements for private flying license—fifteen hours to go. My husband and I own a small seaplane in which we've had some wonderful trips all around New England and down to Chesapeake Bay. We get braver and further afield each season. Kentucky mountains, unfortunately, are a little out of our "element" unless there are no restrictions for landing on that new reservoir!

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From Julie Foster, Granville, Ohio—October 27, 1959

You have no idea how often I think of you and the rest of the FNS staff. I think that the summer there was just about the most worth-while thing I've ever done in my life. I've so often wanted to write Mrs. Breckinridge and tell her how much I wanted to thank her and how much I had deeply enjoyed the summer. There's nothing like knowing that you are helping the world even if it is in your own small way.

I am now in my second year at Denison University in Ohio and am enjoying studying and all of the things they have going on here. I think I may major in French or psychology.

I had a fabulous summer in France this summer. I went over on the Experiment in International Living. You go over there and live with a French family for about four weeks and then go on a camping trip with your French brother or sister, whatever the case may be, with the other Americans and their French families. The whole summer was another real eye-opener, and I hope to do it again some time.

I have so often wished I could be down at the FNS watering the horses again or "booming" around in Hyden in the jeeps, running errands, et cetera.

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**From Mrs. William C. Forrest (Patricia Patrick),
Salt Lake City, Utah—November 7, 1959**

I was just thinking about the Frontier Nursing Service when I got the notice for the luncheon. I am married now and living in Salt Lake City.

We have an adorable four-month-old boy. I happen to be a little prejudiced, but I would think he was cute even if he wasn't mine. I think his hair will turn a red blonde when his baby hair falls out.

WEDDINGS

Miss Katherine Graham Palmer of Pasadena, California, and Doctor Harold Venable Liddle, on August 27, 1959.

Miss Cornelia Thomas of Augusta, Georgia, and Mr. John Lee Carroll of New York City, in Morristown, New Jersey, on September 12, 1959.

Miss Ann Joyes Wigglesworth, daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Richard Bowditch Wigglesworth, and Mr. John Llewellyn Clemmitt of Washington in Ottawa, Canada, on September 29, 1959. The reception was held at the U. S. Embassy. The young couple are now at home in Washington, D. C.

We cannot think of three lovelier brides or of three luckier young men. We wish for each and all of them every good thing in the years to come.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Potter (Barbara McClurg) of Chicago, Illinois, a son, their second, Charles S., Junior, on August 19, 1959.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Perry, a son, Samuel (Sam) Perry—their fourth son and sixth child—on September 12, 1959.

Both of these bouncing boys will, we know, make their mark in the world. We congratulate their parents and wish for them life's richest blessings.

FROM THE LATE CORDELL HULL

"If nations cannot send trade over their borders, they will eventually send soldiers." And it may be added now, jet planes, hydrogen bombs, and missiles.

SUNDAY WITH OUR NEIGHBORS

by
GRACE A. TERRILL

On Sunday morning, May 24, Betty Lester, Cecile Watters and I set out with Mr. Funny, Betty's dog, in Bruce, the jeep, to attend a memorial service up on Wolf Creek. For seventeen years, the Maggard family has held these services and members of the family who live in distant places come back year after year on the fourth Sunday in May to attend them.

There was a tide so we had to go up Hurricane—all along the way we were continually acknowledging welcoming waves from the good folk who live there. Some of them Cecile and I knew, but Betty knew them all and the friendly wave of a hand warmed our hearts and made the trip a happy one from the very start. It is beautiful up Hurricane, with its winding road, thick growth of trees, flowers and ferns, huge moss-covered rocks and Hurricane Creek itself, splashing along over rocks, murmuring and gurgling on its way. After coming out onto the Hazard Road, we drove for some time before turning onto the Cutshin Road that took us to the Wolf Creek District. Betty had been over this same road many times in her trips in connection with the relocation of the Margaret Durbin Harper Center on Wolf Creek and again we were gayly waved on our way. At every turn of the road we would look upon a new and lovely panoramic picture of natural beauty. Before we had reached our destination we had traveled over a hard top highway, a gravel road, rocky mountain dirt roads, driven through branches and creeks, over rough plank bridges and through cool, quiet, shady, wooded roads. It was delightful. Finally we stopped and parked the jeep on a road just above the little family cemetery where the memorial service was to be held.

The service was just beginning as we picked our way down the little path to a beautiful spot beneath many trees whose whispering leaves shaded the graves of those who were buried there beneath the sod. There were well over a hundred people seated on logs—all family and friends gathered together to pay homage to those loved ones there. Brother Logan Baker was the main speaker and in his quiet, well chosen words of comfort and hope

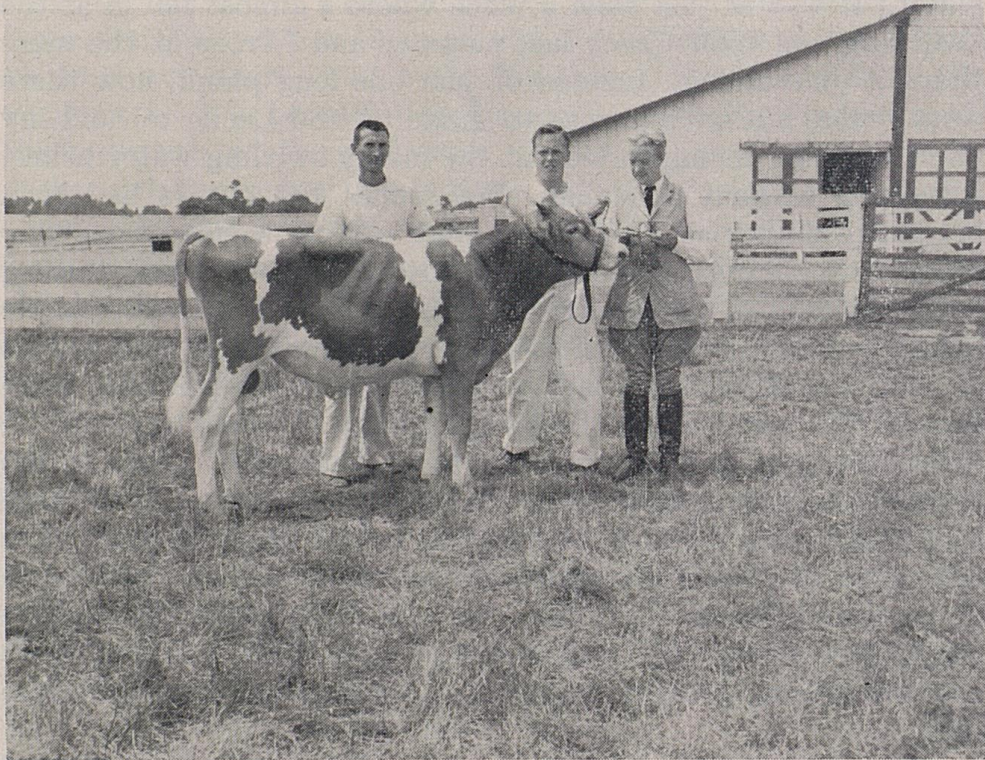
to that Christian family gathered there, I was somehow reminded of the words of that great old hymn " 'Tis the old-time religion—and it's good enough for me." There were songs and another brief talk by Mr. Raleigh Adams and then communion was served to those of us who wished to partake of it. As the service ended, we knew that we had stood on hallowed ground and that God had been with us.

Mr. Elmer Maggard had invited Betty and her friends to his home for dinner and immediately after the service, he and his wife came up to speak to us. His lovely young daughter, Louise, led us over a rocky path down the hill to the creek which had to be crossed to reach the Maggard home. Little did they know my aversion to walking on planks across rapidly moving water. It was at just such a place where I almost fell in at the "working" on Wolf Creek last summer and I froze at the mere thought of crossing. Instead of just one long plank, now there were three, but with Louise to guide us and Cecile to hold my hand, and not daring to look at the madly swirling water below, I made it without a mishap. We found that others had been invited to dinner as a goodly number of folk wended their way toward the Maggard home. We enjoyed meeting and talking with members of the family and friends gathered there and we sat on the long, wide front porch overlooking the cooling waters of Wolf Creek until the last preparations for dinner were completed. We watched a little beagle hound attempt to cross the creek by jumping from one rock to another—just about in the middle where it seemed to be the deepest, he stood on a large rock meditating whether to go on or not. I think he must have felt much as I did crossing those waters. Finally, he decided to go back and he ran along the road to a swinging bridge and we laughed as we watched him coming across. Had I known there was a swinging bridge, I'm afraid I would have done the same thing.

The dinner table set before us was laden with good food of all kinds and after the blessing, everyone seemed willing and ready to sample a bit of each. Those of us who had kept a home, realized all the work and planning that had gone into the preparations of such a bountiful meal. Though we knew she must be very tired, Mrs. Maggard was the perfect hostess as she and Mr. Maggard opened their home and their hearts to their

friends and loved ones that day. A true spirit of Kentucky hospitality permeated that lovely Christian home and when the little children gathered with us on the porch after dinner, we all talked together like old and dear friends.

It was a perfect day for me, a day filled with everlasting memories of the deep pleasure of new found friends, open hearts and doors into the lives of these, the most wonderful of all people, the good folk right here in our own Wide Neighborhoods.



MONTEREY F. FRONTIERSMAN

with Betty Lester, Mr. Ted Howard, Superintendent, Dairy Center, University of Kentucky, and an assistant, at the Kentucky Guernsey Breeders' District Show. Frontiersman won the blue ribbon for first place as a yearling, the purple rosette and ribbon as Junior Champion and the purple rosette and ribbon as Grand Champion of the Show. July 16, 1959.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

**From Gloria Fuchs Becker in Guinzadan,
Philippine Islands—August, 1959**

Our big news is the new star of the family who arrived on Sunday evening. We were hoping hard for a sister for the two boys. Paul has been talking so much about his baby sister that he would have been disappointed in anything else. The people at the Episcopal Mission in Sagada were very kind, and lent us a vacant house to stay in while waiting for the baby. We had a hunch that we should not stay at home until the last minute, as it is an hour and a half drive away from Sagada. Our hunch proved correct, as it only took an hour and a half from start to finish, for the baby to arrive.

The outdoor life in this mountainous climate seems to be good for the children. They are growing up to be very healthy for which we are very thankful. We will soon be making plans for furlough. Our five-year term expires in January, but we plan to begin our furlough in May. We are trying to swing it so that we can fly to Switzerland to see my father before coming home to Milwaukee which will be our headquarters for nine months.

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From Angie Hoolsema in Nigeria, West Africa—September, 1959

I am in Africa now as of May 29. I spent a wonderful week in London with my brother who was on furlough from Germany. I am studying the Liu language here with Jean Van Beek and Ella Boer, both of whom send their greetings. I enjoyed the FNS so much and think of the happy days, and I am thankful for the privilege of working with you and attending the midwifery school.

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From Noel Smith in New York—September, 1959

My stay with you all was the best part of the whole summer for me. I still wake up expecting to see the cabin porch out of the door and to hear the dear old chickens clucking on the hill. I never will get Kentucky out of my system! I was thrilled to

death at seeing all my old friends and clients, and Wendover was a perfect haven for me as usual.

I start work on Monday, but the children do not come to school until Thursday, leaving me with a few days for preparation. I am now in the country with my mother who had a fine trip.

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From Vivienne Blake Twiss in Ghana—September, 1959

Chris and I had an interesting leave. We spent two weeks on a trek to French Equatorial Africa. We met some interesting tribes and our A-35 Countryman stood up to the rough going very well. We flew home for Christmas, and it was wonderful to be with our parents. We rented a cottage in Midhurst and Miss Mickle (Ethel) turned up one day and gave me news of you all. We were both longing to talk FNS. At long last our first little one is due December 12—we are so excited. I am flying home in October and will stay with my parents who are now retired and very well. They are living in Old Portsmouth in Hampshire. Do please give my love to all those I know.

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From Bridget Ristori Francois in Riwaka, New Zealand

—October, 1959

Everything went off very well on the day (see Weddings), and 'twixt hops and lambs we sneaked a week's honeymoon and now we are comfortably settled in. We plan to do more building some day. It is strange, but very pleasant, no longer to be at everyone's beck and call. This is a lovely spot. Just now the wide valley of Riwaka is a patchwork of browns and greens interlaced with the blossoms of orchards and hawthorn hedges. Wherever I look someone is working either at the plough or planting. A happy Christmas to all those I know—how I wish I could pop in for a visit.

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From Lois Miller in Paris, France—October, 1959

At present I am in Paris doing language study where I expect to be until some time next summer, when I will go on to the Republique of Centrafrique where I will be doing work in midwifery.

From Audrey Williams in Penzance, Cornwall, England

—October, 1959

I did some private duty nursing for two months this summer. Now, I am back on the district again, and decided I would like to see something of Cornwall. The boats for the Scilly Islands sail from Penzance, so I am hoping my mother and I will get there next year to see the spring flowers. We have three palm trees growing in the garden, so it may be too warm for me, especially after Scotland!

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From Eileen Minton (Minty) in Hazard, Kentucky

—November, 1959

I would give anything in this world if I had the kind of physical constitution that would allow me to stay in territory like that of the FNS. I think it is beyond a doubt the most beautiful I have ever seen. Since moving to Hazard (nearly a year ago now) I have become a Notary for the State of Kentucky at large, and have been made secretary of the Mountain Deanery Council of Catholic Women. I also joined our church choir. A couple of days ago I read in the Hazard Herald about the Lewis reunion. As soon as I read "a great lady spoke," I thought immediately of Mrs. Breckinridge, so wasn't surprised when I read her name a little later on. Occasionally a rider comes through Main Street on a horse, and it always brings back memories of the horses at Wendover.

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From Margery Benedict (Benny) in Boise, Idaho

—November, 1959

It has been two months since I arrived home on furlough again, from Africa. I want to say thank you once more for the training I received in Kentucky in 1954-55. I did so enjoy my midwifery this term in Africa. My first two deliveries were twins—I remembered everything Miss Rayson had taught us, and how thankful I was. I have a nice delivery table in my new dispensary—a modern one from the States. I had taken out an operating table and when our doctor saw it, he wanted to trade for the delivery table which is just what I wanted.

Ruth Carlson of the spring '55 class and I were taking a

vacation in 1957 on the Oubangui River which is between the Congo and French Equatorial Africa. Our native pastor had told me that there was a nurse on the Congo side who took care of patients just the way I did, and he sent someone over with a message. We met on the banks of the river, and who should it be but Ruth Brown who had been with you for the midwifery course in 1954. We sat there on the bank of the river between two countries and talked of the days spent in the hills of Kentucky—a small world!

Newsy Bits

Weddings

Mrs. Bridget Ristori Tohill to Mr. Ron Francois in Riwaka, New Zealand, on September 5, 1959.

Miss Margaret L. Prescott to Mr. Eugene Fehr in Red Deer, Alberta, on November 7, 1959. Margaret graduated from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in October of this year. Her wedding dress, which was a thing of beauty, was hand sewn for her by her fellow students, before Margaret left Hyden for her home in Canada.

Our good wishes for many happy years go to these former staff members.

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New Arrival

To Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Becker (**Gloria Fuchs**) a baby girl, Lois Jean, on August 23, 1959, in the Philippine Islands. A sister for Paul and Mark.

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Our love and sympathy go to **Marian Adams** on the loss of her mother on November 11, 1959.

A RIDDLE

Who is the shortest man named in the Bible?

Answer: Bildad, the Shuhite in the Book of Job.

OPERATION NOAH

by

REAY H. N. SMITHERS

Director, National Museums of Southern Rhodesia

(Sections from "The Kariba Lake," *Oryx*, April, 1959)

On 3rd December, 1958, the two ports in the Kariba Dam, through which the whole volume of the great Zambesi River was then flowing were closed. This heralded not only a major step in this vast engineering project but also the commencement of the greatest environmental upset ever to befall a population of animals and birds within the African continent, in the memory of man.

The lake so created along the border between Northern and Southern Rhodesia will, by 1961, be by far the largest artificial body of water anywhere in the world, and will have a surface area of some 2,500 square miles.

Because of the nature of the Zambesi Valley, flat and wide with innumerable rocky kopjes and hills, the process of flooding will, over the next two years, produce many islands. Some will disappear under the rising waters; other will become permanent land, from a few acres to some 1,600 acres in extent. The great riverine forests of the Zambesi with their hinterland of rich vegetation on deep alluvium will disappear forever.

Because of the richness of its vegetation and the ample shelter and water available, the Zambesi Valley has not only been a suitable habitat for a heavy population of the larger wild animals, but has also acted as a highway up which many smaller animals and birds have found their way from the low country of Portuguese East Africa deep into the heart of the dry inhospitable country lying westwards. This highway is now cut forever and the rising waters, now far above the highest flood level of normal years, have isolated large numbers of animals on the new islands. Zebra, kudu, buffalo, impala, bushbuck, klipspringer, duiker and Sharpe's steinbok, to name only a few, have already been trapped and, among the smaller animals, baboons and vervet monkeys, porcupines and ant bears, many species of cats and mongoose, squirrels and rock rabbits. Moreover the ground so far flooded is by no means the part of the valley richest in wild life.

The problem of rescuing these animals is enormous. By early November, 1958, the Southern Rhodesia Game Department had four rangers at work with two boats and these have done magnificent work.

The work is hazardous. Added to the dangers of submerged stumps and floating debris, and injury from the struggles of the captured animals, there are crocodiles in the water and an unprecedented concentration of snakes on the islands. The first boats, although suitable for river conditions, are unsuitable for a lake already some 100 miles long and in places 15 miles across. It is subject to violent storms which, within minutes, whip up waves large enough to be a hazard to small boats.

This rescue undertaking, now popularly known as OPERATION NOAH, had already rescued by February, 1959, some 300 animals, the largest species so far handled being impala. Many novel techniques have been evolved but in general it is found that the best plan is to get the animals into the water and then either capture them or guide them swimming to the mainland. Some surprising observations have been made. Baboons and vervet monkeys not only swim well but are also capable of diving and swimming for considerable distances under water. Most of the animals, including warthog and bushpig, swim well, but many of the smaller kinds, notably rock rabbits and squirrels, swim poorly and in fact the latter succumb very quickly in this strange element unless rescued promptly. Bushbuck take to the water readily but it has been found virtually impossible to get impala into the water. When cornered, they turn on the beaters and either charge through their ranks or jump over their heads. Game nets, therefore, have to be used. The smaller buck such as the duiker and Sharpe's steinbok are reasonably easy to handle, but in all cases tranquilizers are being used to lessen the shock of handling and to make transport easier.

Rescue operations of the larger animals, such as elephant and buffalo, are out of the question and this applies equally to the dangerous predators, lion and leopard, but all these are recorded in other parts of Africa as swimming well and can probably look after themselves. It is not known how rhinoceros will behave, but experience in the Nile Valley, where both the white and black rhinoceroses occur on either side of the river without mixing, point to an aversion to water.

Already many islands have formed and many have disappeared under water. Where baboons and monkeys have been stranded the tops of islands remaining above water present a scene of complete desolation, with every scrap of grass eaten and every stone turned and turned again in search of insects. The supply of edible fruits has long since been exhausted and the unnatural diet causes such quick weakening of the animals that some baboons can scarcely run a dozen steps without falling over.

It is surprising to find rock rabbits (hyrax), their islands completely under water, perched on the tops of trees and it provides a great deal of personal satisfaction to catch them in a landing net and transport them safely to the mainland. Some of these have been marooned in the trees for periods up to four weeks yet they appear quickly to recover from their initial daze and run off among the rocks to safety.

It was originally thought that the birds could look after themselves, and, while this holds good for the stronger flying species such as turtle doves, many of the sedentary species such as robins, waxbills and babblers are holding tenaciously to their inundating islands. Many are now so emaciated that a flight to the mainland, which may be any distance up to several miles, is out of the question.

Rescued animals are, as far as possible, being put on the Southern Rhodesia side of the lake where the Government has recently set aside two large areas as game reserves, the Sijarira and the Matuziadona. In time they will be open to visitors. Both reserves are well watered and have major tributaries of the Zambesi flowing through them. They are therefore quite fitted to absorb such animals as may be saved in OPERATION NOAH and ecologically suitable for any of the species driven or transported to them.

Oryx, the Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, is a fascinating quarterly, subscription price 15 shillings annually. Membership in the Society is only one pound annually and includes *Oryx*. Your editor, a life member, suggests that you write for an application to the Secretary, Lt. Col. C. L. Boyle, The Fauna Preservation Society, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 1, England.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHILDHOOD

(On Looking at a Picture Which Today Would Be Considered
Too Sentimental to be in Good Taste)

by HOPE MUNCY

I remember this picture from early childhood. Indeed, we had one in our home. Perhaps it came with a box of Rose Bud Salve my mother bought from some child just to make him happy for, I am sure, there was no medicinal value. It is just possible that she had to buy a whole box of the stuff from one of my brothers who would often get a get-rich-quick urge to sell seed, salve, etc., only to end up by begging my mother to take the whole lot. In this case we would have many fine pictures depicting various aspects of bucolic splendor, for with each box of salve came a picture.

This particular picture, the one which impressed me so as a child, showed two small children on a dark forest path just getting ready to cross a log over a chasm, the depths of which couldn't be determined from the picture. It seemed endless and would have been impossible to get out of if one were unfortunate enough to fall into it. Behind the children, and unknown to them, walked an angel, all bathed in light, with hands outstretched and wings unfurled in an attitude of protection. I was sure with all my heart that all little children had a guardian angel and mine went with me. And who is to gainsay this? I, too, have crossed over fallen logs bridging deep chasms in an effort to reach the perfect azalea on the other side. I have done my share of swinging precariously from wild grape vines which only lightly clung to the frail tree branches overhead, and many times I have picked the wild blackberry and raspberry without ever having seen a snake, only the small, rough gray lizard which always seemed friendly to me. I was startled once by a red fox, but he was more frightened than I and made off rapidly through the underbrush.

There are many stories in newspapers today about children who have been lost in the woods but found unhurt. The guardian angel must still be at work, although faith today is weak.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The *Nursing Mirror and Midwives Journal* of England has a column in its September 1959 edition called "From the Nursing Journals of the World" which starts off with a quotation from a German nursing journal and ends up with one from the Philippines. Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin has considerable space given it for Hyden Hospital's new well, including a picture of the well drillers. There are also two paragraphs on the other urgent needs of Hyden Hospital.

We have read with deep interest an excerpt from the Charleston, West Virginia *Daily Mail* about the retirement of Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey after about 60 years in active practice in Charleston. A diplomate of the American Board of Pediatrics, Dr. Shawkey is a member of our National Medical Council. We are proud to feel that we have a personal place in his long and distinguished career.

We are also proud of the honor extended to Dr. Francis M. Massie, member not only of our Council but of the Medical Advisory Committee of this Council and a member of the Executive Committee of our Board of Trustees. He has been given its annual distinguished service award by the Kentucky State Medical Association. Nobody ever received this award who deserved it more.

On September 30, Helen Browne attended the annual convention of the Student Nurses Association of Ohio in Cincinnati. She was invited to speak to the students about nurse-midwifery at one of their afternoon workshops. Brownie tells us she had an enthusiastic audience with many questions about the education of the nurse-midwife and, more specifically, her work in the Frontier Nursing Service. During the morning the first business meeting of the convention was in session and Brownie was invited to attend as an observer. The interest shown by the members present and the excellent manner in which the meeting was conducted filled one with hope for the future of nursing and its professional organization. From the ranks of these young women come the leaders of tomorrow.

As a bit of advance notice to friends in the Washington and New York areas, we announce the John Mason Brown Benefit at the Mayflower Hotel on January 19, 1960, under the auspices of our Washington Committee and its chairman, Mrs. Walter White. Our regular annual meeting in New York will take place the afternoon of January 28, 1960, at the Cosmopolitan Club. Notices for these events will go out in advance to friends in both areas.

The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service is greatly in need of more volunteers to work at the Bargain Box, that thrift shop which is a real breadwinner for Frontier Nursing Service. For more information please write or telephone the Chairman of the New York Committee, Mrs. T. N. Horn, 17 East 89th Street, New York 28, New York, SA 2-4948 or Mrs. George J. Stockley, FNS Bargain Box Chairman, 125 East 84th Street, New York, New York, RE 4-7879.

PLANE, TOWN, AND TRAIN

Peggy Elmore and I went from the Blue Grass airport to **Boston** by plane on Monday, October 26, arriving around 11:00 p.m. at the Chilton Club. Peggy only stayed there the one night. After that she was the guest of courier Virginia Branham. But I was put up by courier Mrs. Theodore Chase, new Chairman of the Boston Committee, succeeding Mrs. Arthur Perry, also a former courier, at the Chilton for the whole of my stay.

Much as I had heard of the wonders of the Christmas Preview Benefit of the Boston Committee I was almost stunned by the magnitude of their conception and the way in which they had carried it out. This year they had taken two floors at the New England Mutual Hall and nineteen stores had rented their floor space. The exhibits were breath-taking, ranging from a whole section given over to antique furniture, including a paneled fire place, to the most captivating children's toys. The morning of Tuesday, October 27, was given over to the sponsors of the Preview and upon me fell the honor of cutting the ribbon. It was such a beautiful ribbon, and such a long one, and I am such a thrifty soul that I cut it at one end. I was terribly glad I had done this when the ribbon was presented to me afterwards to take back to Kentucky to use for our Christmas parties. So many

of the sponsors were old friends of mine that I got deep satisfaction in long talks with them, especially with Mrs. E. A. Codman and Mrs. William Jason Mixter.

That afternoon, all day and the evening of Wednesday, the 28th, and on Thursday, the 29th, the exhibits were open to everybody. People poured in to do their Christmas shopping. We feel that the stores found it worth their while again this year to pay liberally for the floor space, the more especially as we took no per cent whatever on the sales. We do make a bit of extra money by the snack lunches served by the members of the Committee. Mrs. Richard Higgins was Benefit Chairman this year, assisted by all of the younger members of the Committee and some of the older ones. They sat at information booths, they escorted people through the exhibits, they had smiles for everyone no matter how tired their feet must have been by the end of each day.

Two special features added to the pleasure of everyone. One was a display of pictures by contemporary artists. The other was an exhibit of enlarged photographs of the Frontier Nursing Service, each picture a work of art. The three people who had taken them were Marvin Breckinridge (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson), the late Hans Knopf, and Virginia Branham.

On Friday, October 30, Peggy Elmore started back for Kentucky, and I took a day coach to **Providence** for one of the most delightful days that anybody ever had. The new Chairman of our Providence Committee, Mrs. C. A. Robinson, Jr., met my train and took me to the Art Club for lunch with her husband. Our meeting was deeply moving to all three of us because the Robinsons had been the closest of friends to Sinclair Armstrong and my beloved Mary Hallack Armstrong who had both died since I last visited Providence.

After lunch Mrs. Robinson took me to her home for a welcome bit of rest before the meeting in her long drawing room at 3:00 p.m. The room was filled with people, some standing at the back, when Mrs. Robinson introduced me and I made my talk on Frontier Nursing Service. A delicious tea was served afterwards, during which I visited with my old friends, including two former chairmen, and some new friends. Courier Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Lucy Pitts), as secretary of the Committee,

had certainly done well with her invitations. Young representatives of the Pony Club sat in a corner by the piano.

My train back to Boston was an hour and forty minutes late so Mr. and Mrs. Robinson took me to dinner at another Club not far from the station. It was a pleasing end to a wonderful day.

Sunday was my last day in **Boston**. I went to Trinity Church (Philip Brooks church) with my young Grandin cousins, Jack, Susanne, and the three boys, John, Ned, and Preston. After the service they drove me to the home of Jack's father, Mr. John L. Grandin, and his daughter and hostess, Mrs. Isabella Grandin, for the most marvelous birthday party that ever was. It was Mr. Grandin's 85th birthday. The other son, the son's wife, and their four children made up the rest of the party. The long table shone with the generations and especially the bright faces of the youngest generation. There was a huge cake. After dinner Mr. Grandin was persuaded to recite an old poem he had written years ago and the young Grandins sang a song about him they had just written. Space limits my desire to name any more of the friends that I saw in Boston.

On Monday, November 2, Susanne Grandin drove me to the station where I took a train for **Chicago**, arriving the morning of Tuesday, the 3rd. My friend Mrs. David Dangler had put me up at the Fortnightly Club, where Brownie (Helen E. Browne) arrived by plane from the Blue Grass that evening. In the meantime I had an interesting day which began with a much needed shampoo and ended with a long interview by a delightful reporter from the *Chicago Daily News* who wrote the interview up delightfully. The highlights of the afternoon were visits from the Chairman and Secretary of our Chicago Committee, Mrs. Paul Church Harper (Courier Marianne Stevenson) and Mrs. Edward Arpee (Courier Katherine Trowbridge). I had a heart-warming conversation by telephone with Mrs. Charles S. Potter (Courier Barbara McClurg) who was going with her husband by jet on the Wednesday to Nassau and would miss our meeting. But she told me all about the newest member of her family, Charles, Jr., born in August.

Brownie and I had planned the Wednesday and Thursday in Chicago for purely professional engagements, of the deepest interest to us. Wednesday morning we had an appointment at the Chicago Lying-In with Dr. M. Edward Davis, Chief of Obstet-

rics, as fine a man as he is an obstetrician and that is saying a lot. He gave us a full hour of his time. Just as we were leaving him, his secretary, Miss Lewis, came in to say that Dr. John Forbes Perkins' wife had telephoned for us to stay put until she got around to pick us up. We had hardly gotten downstairs before there she was, Courier Fran Williams, and looking as young as she did when she worked as a girl with us. She took us over to her house for an all too brief but enchanting visit in which we talked about old times, modern times, and her children. A member of her household who impressed me profoundly was a sort of a collie dog named Sally, who had been a laboratory dog in the research of the Chicago Lying-In until Dr. Perkins brought her to his home. Loving, intelligent, serviceable, and now the devoted friend of the Perkins children, Sally had found her niche. It was pouring rain. Fran Perkins drove us in to Chicago where we could get a taxi to take us to the Fortnightly Club.

It was terribly important for us to get back there because our dear friend, Miss Janet Geister, was lunching with us. The three of us had a marvelous time discussing nursing problems from A to Z, reminiscing over the past and envisioning the future.

Brownie and I had only one engagement that afternoon, with Dr. J. A. Mahoney of the American Hospital Association, arranged for us by Miss Ryan. Dr. Mahoney was kind. He kept us until nearly 5:00 p.m., talking over with us some of the problems of rural hospitals, the problems of the high costs of city hospitals, and much else beside. He showed us all over the beautiful new, modern building, so much of it glass, which has replaced the quaint little old downtown house in which the Hospital Association lived when I last visited them. One room of the new building moved me deeply, the one named in honor of my old friend, Dr. Malcolm T. McEachern, with his portrait hanging there. I have never ceased to miss him in Chicago since he died.

Thursday morning Brownie and I had an engagement with Miss Dorris Webb, American Medical Association Placement Bureau, with whom we have had much correspondence. She could not have been kinder. We hope that among the list of names she gave us that we can find an assistant to Dr. Beasley.

We do so need someone to help him. Miss Webb showed us over the building and, through her, we met several delightful people.

We had two engagements for Thursday afternoon. The first was Mr. Donald Richardson, Executive Secretary of the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology, an old friend. He was not only informative in his conversation with us but, as always, delightful.

Our last engagement was with Mrs. Anne Zimmerman, Executive Secretary, Illinois Nurses Association, and we both enjoyed meeting her so much. As one always does with these top nurses, we discussed the nursing problems that everybody has and the special problems that belong in special fields of work like ours.

Friday morning, November 6, was the time of our big Chicago meeting, under the auspices of the Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. The Chairman of this Committee, Mrs. Paul Church Harper (Courier Marianne Stevenson), presided so well that I was mighty proud of her. The large hall at the Fortnightly Club seemed to me to be full to the brim of faces as I stood on the platform after my introduction by Marianne. Since this hall has excellent acoustics, we did not need the microphones and it is much more fun without them. After I had spoken I introduced Helen Browne who spoke specifically, in clear and moving words, to those of the nurses and student nurses who had come. When the meeting was over we all gathered in the long lounge of the Club for conversation in groups and in pairs. Many of those who had come were staying for lunch. I had time to talk with old friends, among them two former chairmen, Mrs. Frederic W. Upham and Mrs. Donald R. McLennan, and to meet other attractive people whom I had not known before. The one grievous note on this happy day was the absence of a third honorary chairman, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, because of the illness of her fine husband. I wish there were space to name all of the people I met or remet that day, including some of our former couriers.

On Saturday Brownie took a plane back to the Blue Grass and I had a purely personal day. My cousin, Joseph Carson of Milwaukee, came to Chicago to spend it with me. On Sunday, November 8, I took an early afternoon train to **Detroit**. The secretary of the Fortnightly Club, Mrs. Jean Wilbur, was so

kind as to drive with me to the station and see me on the train. Our Detroit Chairman, Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., and her husband met my train right down on the railroad tracks so I had no problem with porters. We drove straight out to their place at Grosse Pointe Farms where a bed with a board under the mattress awaited me and I had a wonderful night's sleep. Since we had no engagements until Monday night, there was that whole day for rest and a little walking in the garden and out among the trees.

After an early dinner we all three drove out to Bloomfield Hills and the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Booth where I had first spoken over thirty years ago. I told them it was like old home week to go back after an absence of some years. In their large basement room, with a beautiful tiled floor, we held our meeting. Such dear men and women were there, ranging from older ones that I had known long ago to some of the grown children of the Booths and the daughter of the Hodges. It steadies one in times like these to see a younger generation following in the steps of the older ones. After the meeting, at which Mr. Booth had introduced me, there were delicious refreshments.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 10, came our big Detroit meeting at the home of Mrs. Standish Backus at Grosse Pointe Shores. The long room where we met was filled with people that were visible. To me it seemed that some of the invisible people were there too. In introducing me, Mrs. Hodges spoke first of Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy and of what she had meant to all of us that were gathered there that afternoon.

After I had made my talk we all met in conversation over a delicious tea. Mrs. Backus was assisted in entertaining her guests by the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service Detroit Committee, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Frederick S. Ford, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Jr., and Mrs. Arthur B. McGraw. She went with us to the door of her hospitable home, and so ended a memorable afternoon.

I had to take a night train from Detroit for Lexington via Cincinnati. Mrs. McGraw came for an early dinner at the Hodges' place. Her chauffeur drove us down to the station and she saw me off on the train after I had torn myself away from Charles

and Grace Hodges. Since this B & O train, which I had taken in other years, no longer carried a sleeper beyond Cincinnati, Mr. Hodges had arranged for a man from the B & O to meet me and see that I got across to the train on the Southern. This was just as well because we were over an hour late.

When I got in to **Lexington** later Wednesday, November 11, there was my sister-in-law, Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge, to meet me. Oldtimers in the FNS will remember her as Martha Prewitt. She drove me to "Hope House," the lovely old place belonging to Mr. and Mrs. David Prewitt whose guest I was to be until after the wedding of my niece, Kate Breckinridge, to John Marshall Prewitt, a fourth or fifth cousin. The groom was commissioned from Annapolis in time to serve on a destroyer in the Pacific the last year of the Second World War. Some years later he left the Navy to take law at the University of Kentucky and now practices at Mount Sterling.

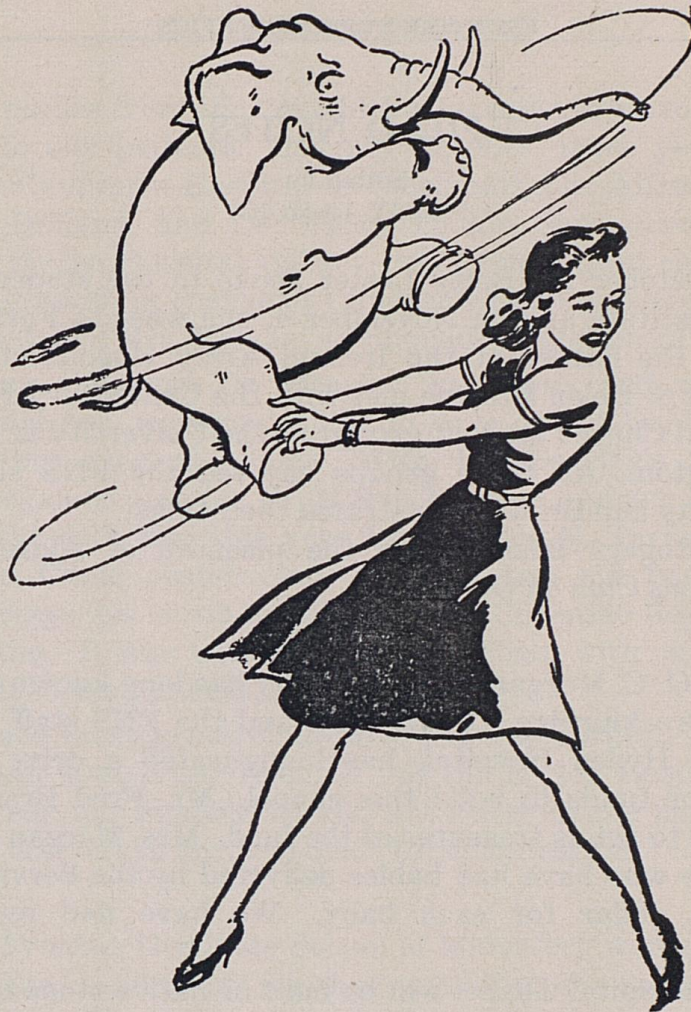
All the Blue Grass was astir with preparations for this wedding, parties being held, kin folk arriving by plane and train and car, bridesmaids hastily being fitted into their dresses almost as soon as they had hit Kentucky soil, presents arriving, notes, telegrams, all the enchanting preludes to a wedding of two much-loved young people. The bride's father, my younger brother Cliff (Col. Clifton Rodes Breckinridge), came from California to give his daughter away and we had a few happy quiet moments together.

The wedding at Christ Church at 4:30 p.m. on Saturday, November 14, was beautiful. The Rector, the Rev. Robert Estill, a cousin, was assisted by Kate's first cousin, the Rev. Alfred Shands. The church was jammed and about 175 of them came over to Hope House for the reception. Such a gathering of the clans!

On Sunday morning I left the dear Prewitts and their hospitable home and drove up into the mountains with Betty Lester, two beds, two mattresses, and other plunder, and a young volunteer who had lately joined us, Janet Craig. So ended my absence of three weeks from home.

Mary Breckinridge

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

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

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

On October 23, Betty Lester spoke to the students of the Oneida Institute and on November 4, she went to Fort Knox to speak to the nurses at the Ireland Army Hospital there. On November 8, Helen Browne met with the Canterbury Fellowship (Episcopal Church student group) at the University of Kentucky in Lexington. All three groups enjoyed the FNS slides with which Betty and Brownie illustrated their talks.

Dr. Rogers Beasley had the pleasure of addressing the Hyden Lions Club on October 1.

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Mrs. G. C. Morgan of Hyden, who has long known the desire of Mrs. Breckinridge, Dr. Beasley, and the FNS staff to have a chapel at Hyden Hospital, has inaugurated a drive in Leslie County for funds to build this chapel. Mr. Fred Brashear has consented to act as treasurer of the fund. Mrs. Morgan has asked the people who have had babies delivered by the Service to contribute a dollar for each baby. We have had over 12,000 deliveries.

The Hospital Chapel will be built of native stone on the site now occupied by the Wee Stone House and it will be connected to the Hospital by a ramp for wheel chair patients. It will contain the beautiful 15th Century stained glass window of St. Christopher, which was given Mrs. Breckinridge many years ago by the late Dr. Preston Pope Satterwhite.

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We are deeply grateful to Mr. Floyd Wells of Smilax, Kentucky, for giving us the lumber for the board fence around the barn and the paling fence around the yard of the new Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Wolf Creek.

Mr. Joe Roberts of Hyden has been most kind and generous in hauling some of the building materials and supplies to Wolf Creek free of charge.

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The Frontier Nursing Service is most fortunate in the doc-

tors and nurses from the "outside" who come to us to give their services to our patients. In early October, three pediatricians from the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, Dr. Alfred Michael, Dr. Phil Holland, and Dr. Nancy Hinkle, came down to hold clinics at Hyden Hospital and several of the outpost centers. Mr. Joseph Agranoff, in charge of Children's Hospital's social service department, and Mrs. Michael accompanied the doctors.

During the year Dr. Beasley was away and we had no medical director, we were unable to have one of Dr. Francis M. Massie's big surgical clinics. With Dr. Beasley's return we eagerly began to plan for Dr. Massie to come up from Lexington. He brought with him this year Dr. Charles N. Tarkington, the Lexington Clinic obstetrician, and our two old friends, Miss Louise Griggs, his scrub nurse, and Miss Christine Reynolds, the anaesthetist. It was wonderful to have them with us again and the benefit to our patients is incalculable.

We are most grateful to Mrs. Martha Cornett, Mrs. J. D. Begley, and Mrs. Wiley Keen, Jr., of the Hyden Hospital Auxiliary, for serving sandwiches and hot coffee to the patients who came the first day of surgical clinic for examination.

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The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery won a first prize at the Leslie County Fair for their exhibit on the dangers of flies in the home. The prize money was used to present each of the seven students in the School with a stethoscope.

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The 38th Class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was graduated on October 15. Anne DeTournay and Jean Kerfoot have remained with the FNS staff and Barbara Kieper, Margaret Kooiman, Margaret Prescott, Arlene Schuiteman, and Clara Sparks have returned to their homes in the United States and Canada.

The 39th Class will be admitted on December 1, as we have now changed the dates of the School to June 1 and December 1.

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We are glad to welcome to the FNS nursing staff Harriet Jordan, Leona Carlson, Barbara Williams, Patsy Tyson, and Sharon Bisset. Harriet was with us a couple of years ago and

has returned to help out this fall after completing her midwifery in Scotland.

We wish Pat Richards, who is leaving us in December, the best of luck in her new venture.

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Two senior student nurses from St. Lukes in Cleveland, Cynthia Bush and Pat Robison, gave two weeks of their vacation for volunteer work with the Frontier Nursing Service. Donna Lawrence and Nan Berle, nurse and laboratory technician respectively, from Chatham, New Jersey, were with us for a week of observation and help this fall.

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The Courier Service has been carried this fall by juniors Paula Johnson of Saunderstown, Rhode Island, Quita Serrell of Greenwich, Connecticut (daughter of old courier Migi Noble), and Helen Barber of Belfast, New York. These girls have done nobly in the absence of a resident courier. Jean Hollins, who is usually with us at this time of year, is recuperating at her home on Long Island following surgery for a repair of hernia.

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Nurse-midwives Olive Bunce and Josie Finnerty moved into the new Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center on Wolf Creek the third week in November. The house is still inhabited, during the day, by various painters and carpenters who are finishing up their work, but the nurses hope to have their beautiful new home to themselves early in December.

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The more than 5,000 children in the FNS territory will enjoy Christmas again this year through the kindness of friends all over the United States. We began our Christmas preparations the first of November and the first truck has already gone out to one of the outpost centers. We are fortunate in having several volunteers to help with Christmas this year. Connie Calhoun of Louisville is our Christmas Secretary; Janet Craig of West Liberty, Ohio, was here in November to help Miss Lester with the Alpha Omicron Pi packages and with the Social Service trips; Laura Jenson, a Keuka College student, is with us for her field period; and Delight Wing, a recreation worker with the Council

of the Southern Mountains, will be here for two weeks in December. The teachers in the Hyden School and members of the FNS Committee in Hyden have offered valuable suggestions and their help with the children's parties in Hyden. We are grateful to our friends who have sent their gifts in early so that the busy district nurses will have a little extra time to plan the Christmas festivities at their centers.

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We have had the pleasure of entertaining many delightful guests this fall. In September Dr. Beasley drove to Hot Springs, Virginia, for a meeting of the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology and brought Dr. John Rock of Boston back with him for a few days. Dr. R. Lee Walton, Pediatric Consultant for the State Board of Health, and Dr. Edwin West, both of Louisville, came by for one night and Dr. Walton returned later to show us his excellent teaching film on the well child. Dr. and Mrs. John Petry of Louisville spent several days with us in early October. Dr. Petry, Consultant Obstetrician for the Bureau of Maternal and Child Health, conducted the oral examinations for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Miss Forte and Miss Anderson of the Department of Health in Lexington were with us overnight when they gave the nutrition lectures to the students in the Graduate School. Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Warren of Washington, D. C., were the guests of the Beasleys for several days and Miss Marcia Dake, Dean of the College of Nursing at the University of Kentucky, came up with two members of her faculty, Misses Bettye Smith and Jane Kennedy. Dr. and Mrs. John Whitridge, Jr., of Baltimore were with us for an all-too-brief visit at the time of the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse Midwives in October. We also had a glimpse of several of the ex-staff—Helen Fedde, Esther Bacon, Virginia Bowling, Betty Scott Jakim, Ivalean Caudill, Evelyn Mottram, Peggy Kemner, Mardi Morrison, and Bea Miller—who came for the meeting. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Gosling, Dr. and Mrs. Howard C. Elliott, Dr. and Mrs. John Willard, and Dr. and Mrs. Paul Wells, of the Harlan Memorial Hospital, had tea with us one afternoon in late November, and Nancy Wilson (ex-staff) brought eight of her students at the Berea College School of Nursing up to spend a day in FNS territory.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton J. Parker of Washington, D. C., where Mrs. Parker is a member of the FNS Committee, came by for only one night. Just before Thanksgiving we had the joy of entertaining Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain and her daughter, old courier Fanny McIlvain, of Devon, Pennsylvania, and their friend, Mrs. Joseph B. Baker of Downingtown. It is always lovely to have friends—old and new—come in to see us.

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The Governor's Medallion for distinguished and meritorious service to the Commonwealth of Kentucky was awarded to Mrs. Breckinridge and five other Kentuckians at a ceremony in the Great State Reception Room of the Capitol in Frankfort on Friday, November 20. In presenting the award, Governor Chandler cited Mrs. Breckinridge as "a septuagenarian in years, albeit a teen-ager in spirit, and equal to over a centenarian in wisdom."

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As this Bulletin gets off to the printer, we are planning our annual Thanksgiving Day reunion. We know that while the staff gathers together at Wendover, members of the old staff in England will be having dinner with Nora Kelly at Watford. This year we are going to have the pleasure of a visit from couriers Kate Ireland, Leigh Powell, and Florence (Posy) Lincoln over the Thanksgiving week end.

JUST JOKES — CHILDREN

The new baby had very powerful lungs and he used them all the time. One day his brother, age five, said to the mother—"Mama, the baby came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," smiled Mother.

The small boy was silent for a minute and then said, "I don't blame the angels for kicking him out, do you?"

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Lady to small boy: "Having you was a distinct pleasure."

Small boy: "But I don't stink."

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Effective highway sign on the outskirts of Findlay, Ohio—"Drive carefully. We have lots of children, but none to spare!"

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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

M. B.

Statement of Ownership

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

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Managing Editor: None.

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(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky., chairman; Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, 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.

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1959.

GRACE A. TERRILL, Notary Public.

Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires June 2, 1962.)

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

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| Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y. |

inclusive of

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| Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Harvey Chenault, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky. |
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| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky. | |

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| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York | Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, New York | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York | Miss Ruth Spurrier, Louisville, Ky. |
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| Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md. | |

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S.C.M., LL.D.

Secretary to Director
Miss Peggy Elmore, B.A.

Associate Director
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Assistant Executive Secretary
Miss Patsy Crumley

Bookkeeper
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Record Department
Mrs. Cecile Watters

Quarterly Bulletin and Donor Secretary
Mrs. Grace Terrill

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

Resident Courier
Miss Jean Hollins

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Miss Hope Muncy

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

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Mary Whiteaker

Hospital Midwifery Supervisor
Miss Margaret I. Willson, R.N., S.C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery and Assistant Director**
Miss Carolyn A. Banghart, R.N.,
C.M., B.S.

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

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

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

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

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

Miss Jean Lamb, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Muriel Joslin, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Miss Brigit Sutcliffe, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Marlene Swindells, R.N., S.C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss Rosemary Radcliffe, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Pauline Comingore, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.; Miss Grace Roberts, R.N., S.C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Zeld Pierson, R.N., C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Josephine Finnerty, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



MARY B. WILLIFORD, R.N., S.C.M., Ph.D.
1900 - 1941

Assistant Director, FNS, riding Lassie
Author of A Christmas of Thirty Years Ago

