

Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 39

Winter, 1964

Number 3



WENDOVER IN WINTER
PIG ALLEY

See inside cover

The cover picture was photographed from the side of the mountain. It shows the back of the cow barn on the left, the mule barn and the hospital barn across Pig Alley. At the right, it shows a bit of the Garden House in the distance.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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APPROACHES

When thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, "Father, pardon!"
Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern Duty wakes to watch,
Then His hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.

—George MacDonald, 1824-1905

YARB LORE IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

"Her qualifications . . . were . . . some skill
in yarbs, as she called her simples."

Kingsley, *Westward Ho*.

In our Summer bulletin of 1941, we wrote as follows:

"For years it has been our dream to gather together the traditions of the Kentucky mountains about the medicinal uses of wild herbs or yarbs. That we have now begun this fascinating bit of exploration is due to our good fortune in having a visit this spring from an English artist, Mrs. Noel Rawnsley, who was as interested in drawing from nature the various plants as we were in collecting the legends. During the summer an American artist, Miss Leila Kirtland who has lived for many years in Japan, came to visit us and carried on with the sketches. For the local names of the yarbs and their medicinal uses we are indebted to our friend at Wendover, Mrs. Belle Morgan, who used them in raising her own family just as she had been taught by her mother before her. Mrs. Morgan's mother, Dorcas Wilson, was born in the Kentucky mountains in 1838. She married Arch Cornett and died in 1913 at the age of seventy-five. The medicinal use of the yarbs is widespread among the Kentucky mountaineers, and the source of our yarb tradition is unimpeachable

"All of the yarbs in the collection are wild. It seems useless to us to include such tame yarbs as horehound, which are indeed used medicinally in the Kentucky mountains but which are found in every herbal. It should be noted that not all of the yarbs are plants. We are including every wild growing thing that is used medicinally whether tree, vine, shrub or plant. Our object is to preserve from extinction the Kentucky mountain name and medicinal uses of the wild things."

We published in the Summer 1941 issue of the Bulletin, eight of Mrs. Rawnsley's and Miss Kirtland's drawings, made from zinc etchings after they were reduced in size.

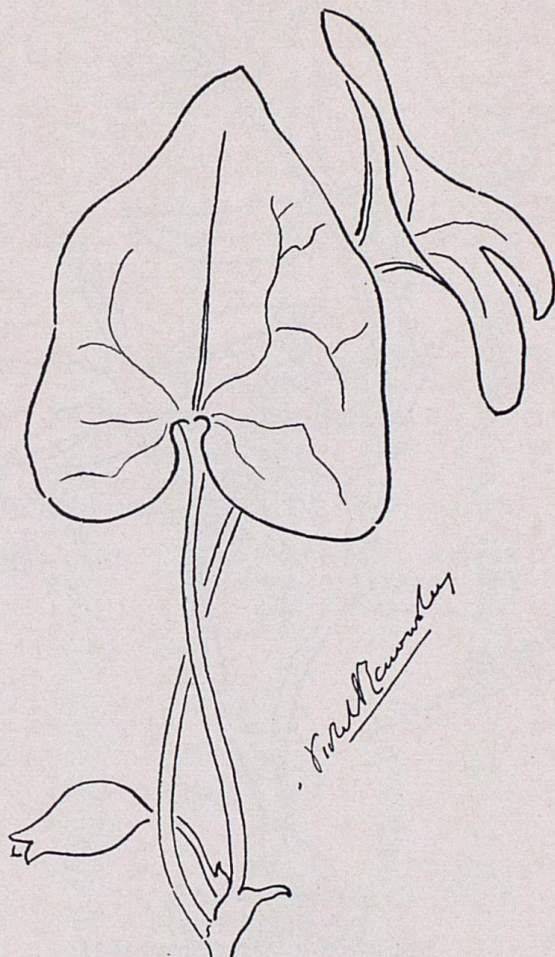
We intended to carry on with this series of yarbs but it was crowded out during the war years. In the Summer 1946 Bulletin, we did go back to the yarbs again. We printed the legends on eight additional yarbs with sketches by Mrs. Rawnsley and Miss Kirtland.

In this issue of the Bulletin we have republished the sixteen original sketches and legends and added to them the remaining unprinted nine of the original collection. With them is included a sketch of the Pleurisy Root by Vanda Summers, with Mrs. Morgan's description of its medicinal uses. For Solomon's Seal the medicinal uses are given as told us by Mr. Andy Barger of Brutus.

We did not intend to let this work drop for a long span of nearly eighteen years. But drop it we did because of many pressures from many other things. What has led us to take it up again has been inquiries from various sources about the wild yarbs native to the Kentucky mountains.

Mary Beckwith

Editor



I
HEART LEAF

A Plant

Sketched in late April, 1941

Where Found: In any kind of soil, but only in dense shade.

How Used: The leaves, fried with sheep tallow, are used as a salve for burns.



II
SPICEWOOD

A Small Tree

Sketched in early May, 1941

Where Found: Mostly in shade around little streams.

How Used: The limbs broken up and boiled for about twenty minutes are used as a "table tea", "sweetened in olden times with water from a Sugar tree". It was given to children because it was "so good for them".



III
LADY SLIPPER

A Plant

Sketched in early May, 1941

Where Found: On the tops of mountains in very poor ground.

How Used: The whole root is steeped as a tea and boiled for about twenty minutes. The drink is given to young girls to regulate the menstrual flow, to expectant mothers to build up the abdominal muscles, and also to women after childbirth if they have too much flow.



IV
SASSAFRAS

A Small Tree

Sketched in early May, 1941

Where Found: In sun or shade almost anywhere.

How Used:

1. The leaves, beat up in sweet milk, are used as poultices for boils. They are put on cold.
2. The roots are washed and the red bark peeled off and steeped for a tea which is given for measles and to "thin your blood when you have too thick a blood and need a tonic."

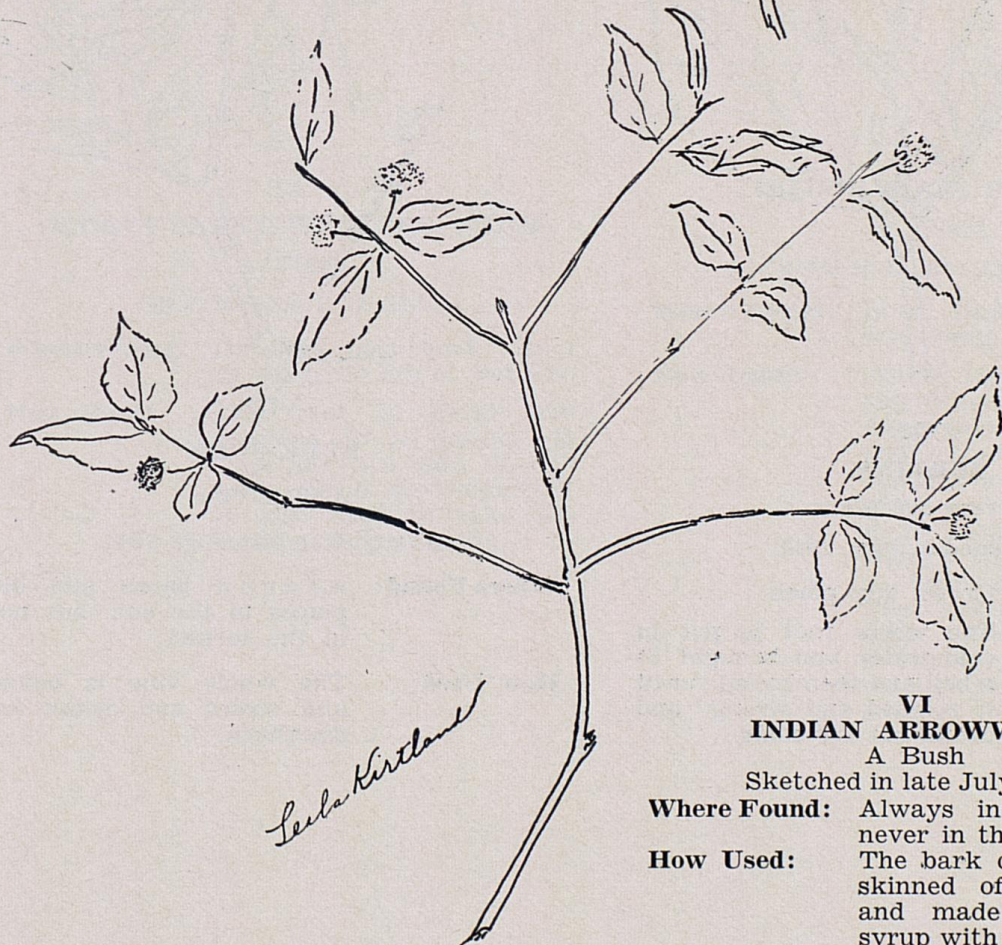
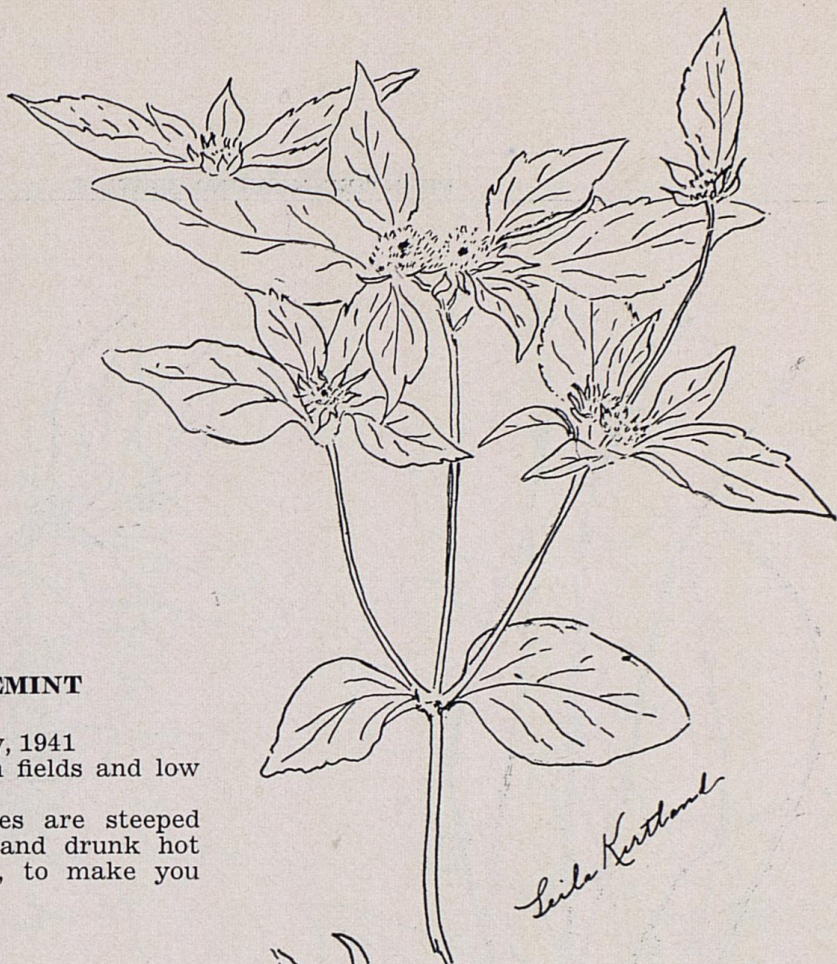
The root of this Sassafras has a red bark and the tree has both a bloom and a blue berry. There is another form of Sassafras with no bloom and no berry and with a white bark to the root. The white bark root is never used, but the pith of the tender stems of the new growth of this other Sassafras is used as an eye medicine.

V
WHITE HORSEMINT

A Plant
Sketched in July, 1941

Where Found: Mostly in fields and low land.

How Used: The leaves are steeped like tea and drunk hot for colds, to make you sweat.



VI
INDIAN ARROWWOOD

A Bush

Sketched in late July, 1941

Where Found: Always in the forests, never in the sun.

How Used: The bark of the root is skinned off and boiled and made into cough syrup with honey.

This bush gets its name because the Indians used the stems for making arrows.



VII

BURVINE

A very tall Plant

Sketched in July, 1941

Where Found: Grows any place.

How Used: The whole root is put in cold water and brought to a boil and then boiled "until it is good and strong" and drunk hot for colds.



VIII

BLUE JOHN

A little Vine

Sketched in late July, 1941

Where Found: Around barns and old places in the sun, but not in the forests.

How Used: The whole vine is boiled and cooled and drunk for diarrhoea.



IX

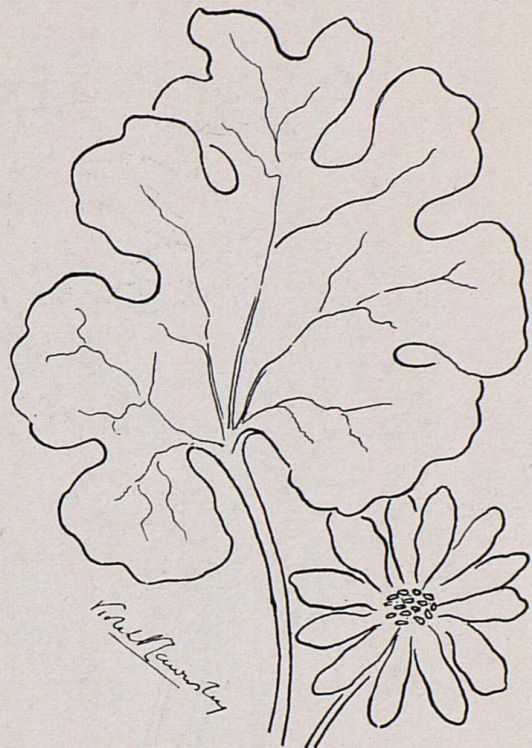
SCURVY PLANT, WILD GERANIUM

A Plant

Sketched April 22, 1941

Where Found: On very poor land, sunny or shady, in dry or wet soil.

How Used: The root is dried and pounded to a powder. It then has two uses. It will "stop blood anywhere." It is also used to take the scurvy off your teeth.



X

BLOOD ROOT, PUCCOON

A Plant

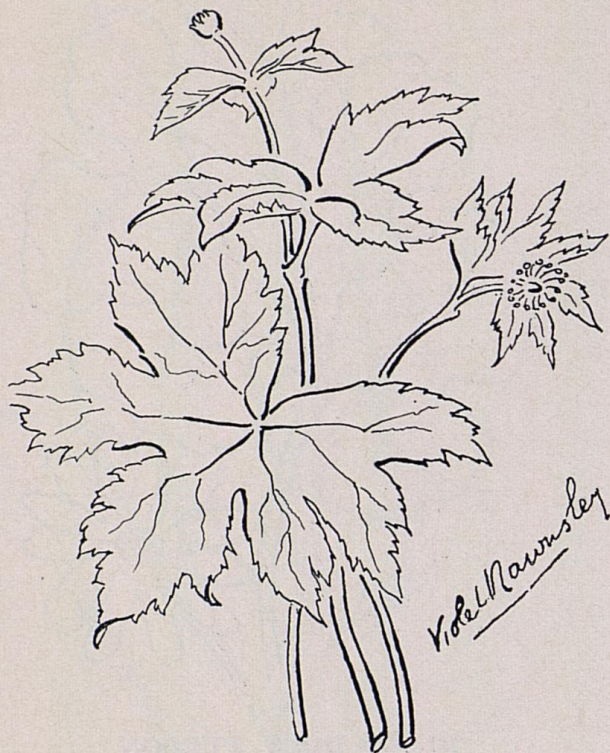
Sketched in late April, 1941

Where Found: In all kinds of soil, wet or dry, sunny or shady.

How Used: To one root about one inch long is added enough Indian Arrowwood to cover the palm of your hand and four bunches or sprigs of winter-green leaves. Boil this until it is strong, then put in enough whiskey or alcohol to keep it from spoiling. The mixture is a blood tonic, taken internally, and it is also used "for hurting through breasts and around skirts."

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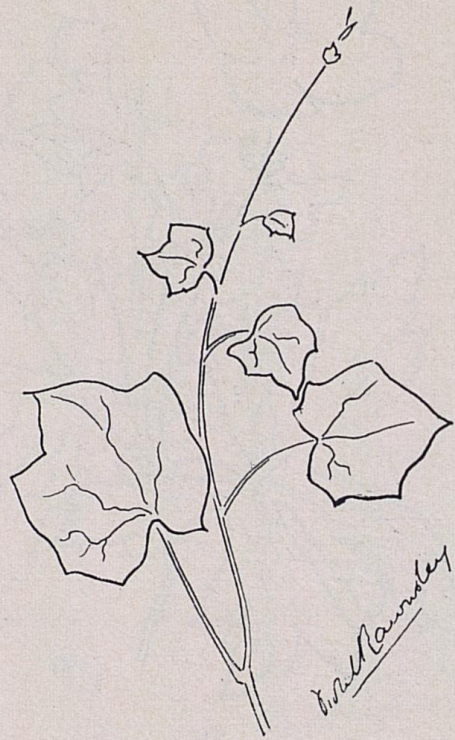
XI
GOLDEN SEAL

A Plant

Sketched April 30, 1941

Where Found: In very dense shade, on mountain tops, in dry soil.

How Used: The whole root is soaked in cold water, then strained, and taken internally for a bad stomach or as a tonic. May be used externally for sore eyes. For a sore mouth the root is chewed.



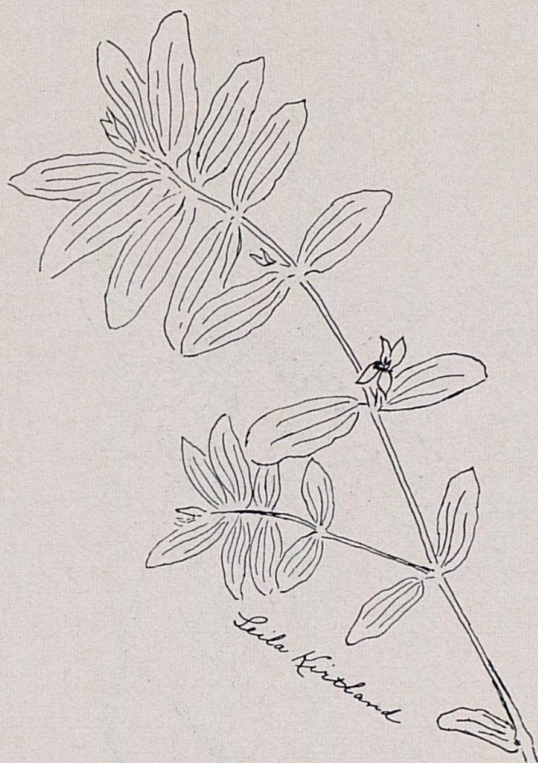
XII
WILD SARSAPARILLA

A Vine

Sketched in late April, 1941

Where Found: In shady places, in wet or dry soil.

How Used: The whole root cut up and soaked in cold water makes a blood tonic. You drink the water off it cold.



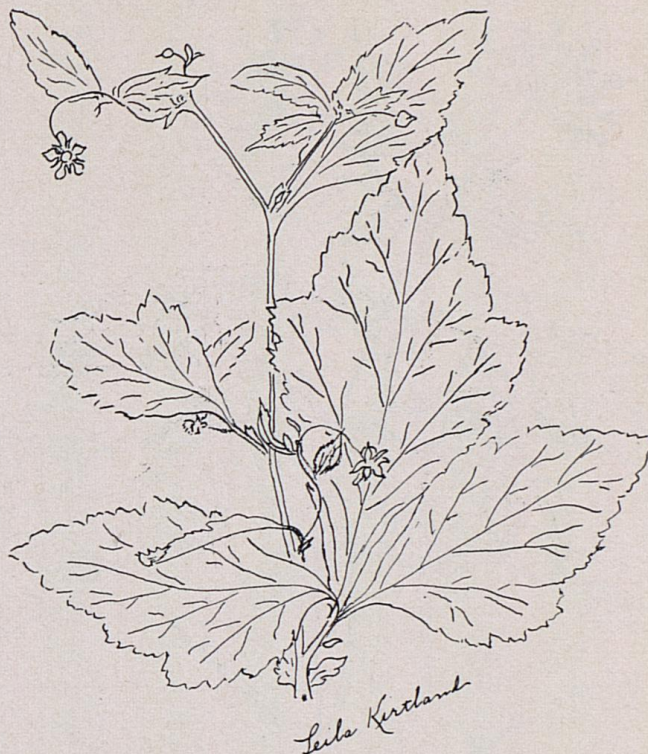
XIII
MILK WEED

A Vine

Sketched in July, 1941

Where Found: In sun or shade, in wet or dry soil.

How Used: The whole vine is broken and the milk from it is dripped on the feet, between the toes, for toe itch.



XIV
WILD PEPPER PLANT

A Plant

Sketched in July, 1941

Where Found: Low down on the hills, mostly in poor soil.

How Used: The whole root dried and powdered makes black pepper. In olden times it was the only pepper people had. From this black pepper a tea is made by pouring boiling water over the powdered pepper, letting it stand, straining it, and drinking it cool, a swallow now and then. It is good to stop diarrhoea.



XV

COHASH, RATTLE WEED

A Plant

Sketched July 28, 1941

Where Found: In the forests, in the shade, in any kind of soil.

How Used: The whole root is boiled in water for twenty minutes, and the water is then drained off. About half a tea cup full is drunk twice a day to stop the pain and regulate the flow in the menstrual period of young girls. It is also drunk by expectant mothers to strengthen the muscles that help in child birth.



XVI

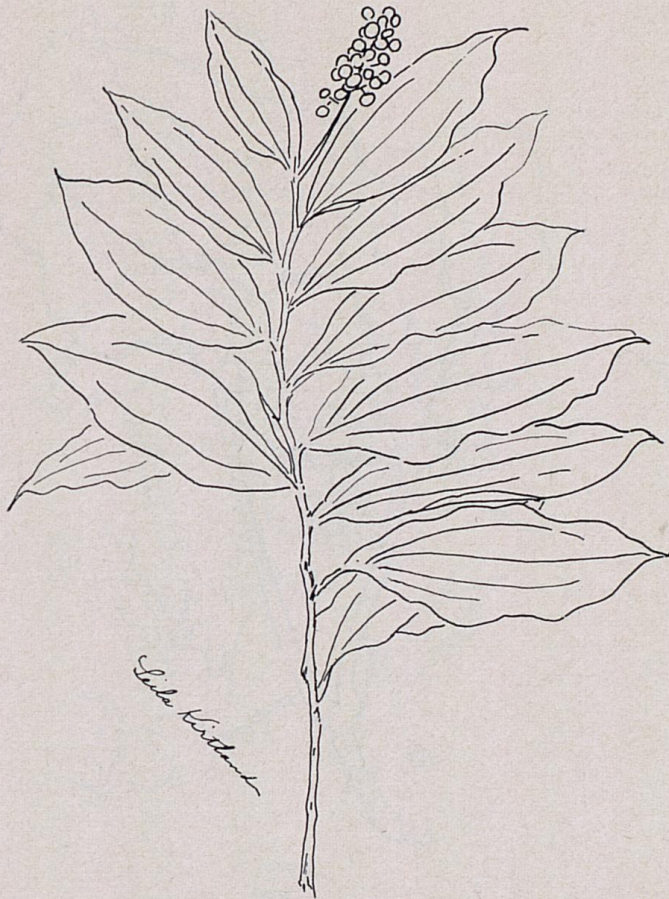
DEADLY NIGHT SHADE

A Plant

Sketched July 28, 1941

Where Found: Around old places, but sometimes in the forest. It likes the sun.

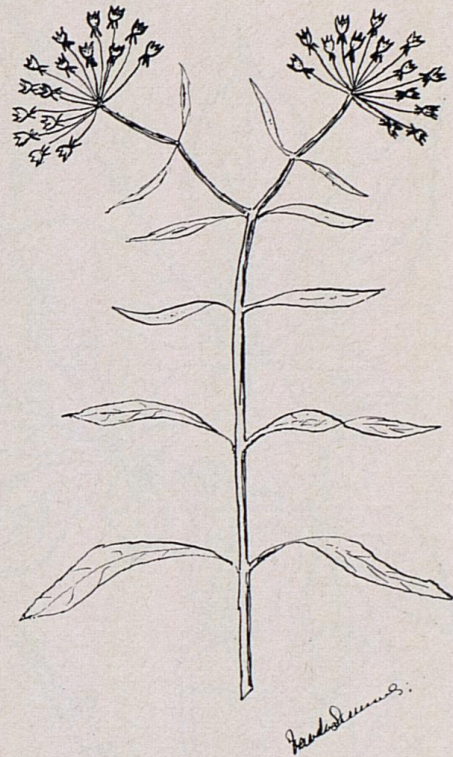
How Used: Beat up the leaves with sweet milk until the mixture is "right green" and apply externally for poison ivy. Wash the bad places and then wrap them up. Never use internally because Deadly Night Shade is a poison.



XVII
SOLOMON'S SEAL

A Plant
 Sketched July 28, 1941

Where Found: In the forests.
Part Used: Root, boiled to a pulp.
Uses: Mixed with lard and applied to any sores or boils (risens).



XVIII
PLEURISY ROOT

(milkweed, butterfly weed, every bit of a dozen names)

A Plant

Where Found: In sun, in lowest part of the land.
Part Used: Root, steeped into a tea.
Uses: For side pleurisy.



XIX
GINSENG

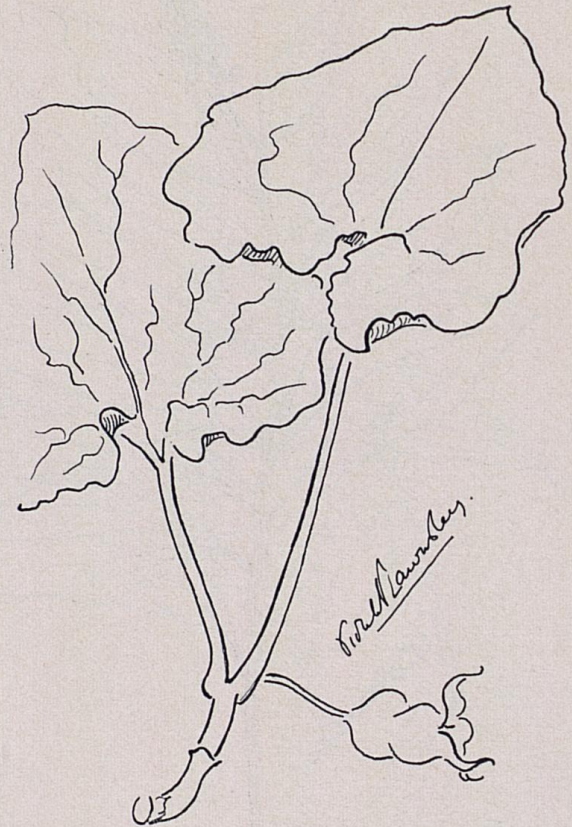
A Plant

Sketched April, 1941

Where Found: Always in dense shade, poor ground, mostly on tops of mountains, dry soil.

Part Used: Root, steeped into a tea.

Uses: Given to babies for colic and to young girls for pain during the menstrual period.



XX
WILD GINGER

A Vine on the Ground

Sketched May 3, 1941

Where Found: In dense shade and rich soil.

Part Used: Whole root, dried and powdered.

Uses: As a spice in cooking. Not used for sickness. Hasn't been used locally for years, just sold to the trade for medicine.



XXI
MAY APPLE

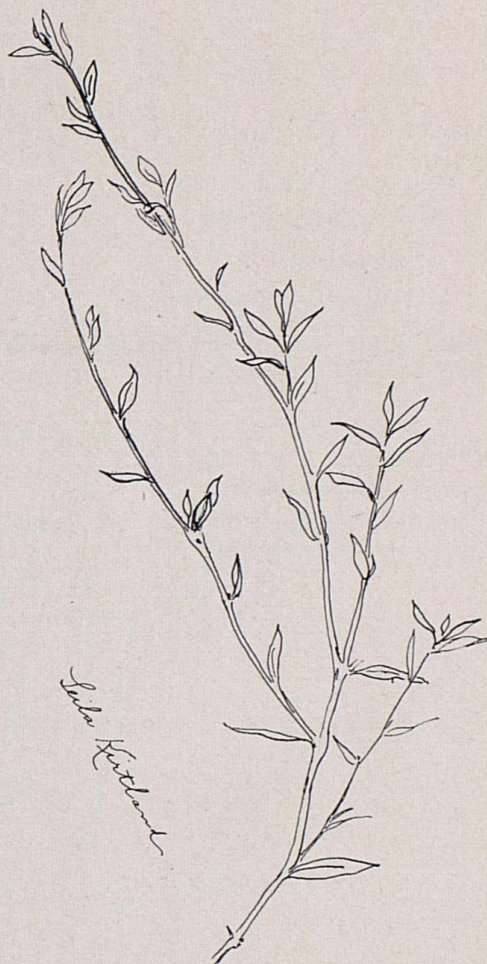
A Plant

Sketched April 30, 1941

Where Found: Grows anywhere.

Part Used: Root, boiled with other herbs, only the least tiny bit used as it is very poisonous.

Uses: For tonic.



XXII
GOOSE GRASS

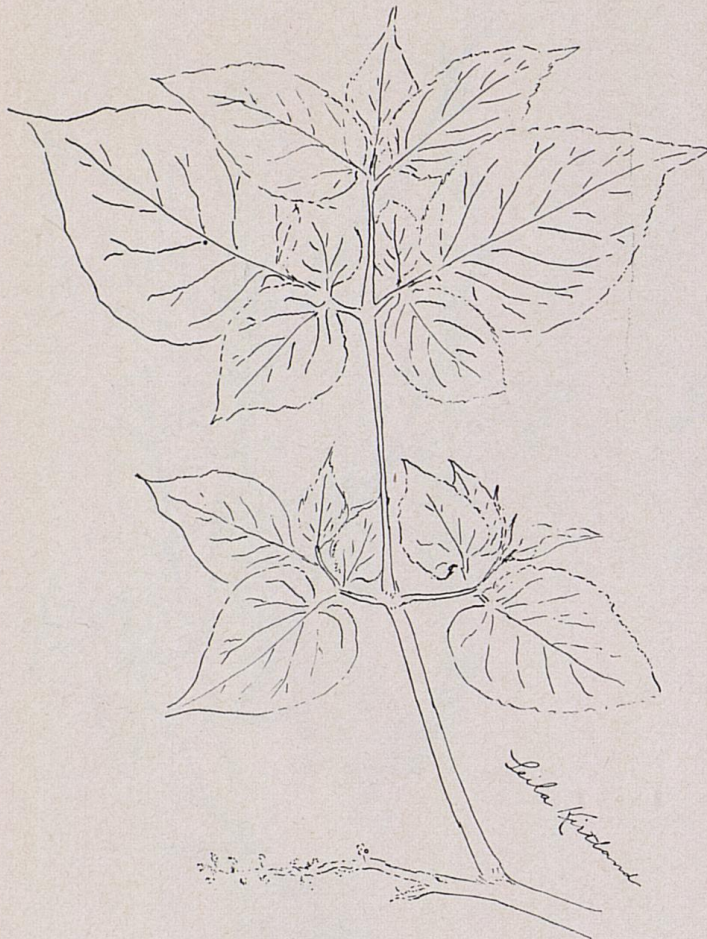
A Little Vine

Sketched July, 1941

Where Found: Around barnyards and gardens; is a little vine.

Part Used: The whole vine, put on in cold water and brought to boil. Boiled until strong as can be, and cooled, strain and drink a tea-cup full about 3 times a day.

Uses: For flux.



XXIII
SPIGNIT

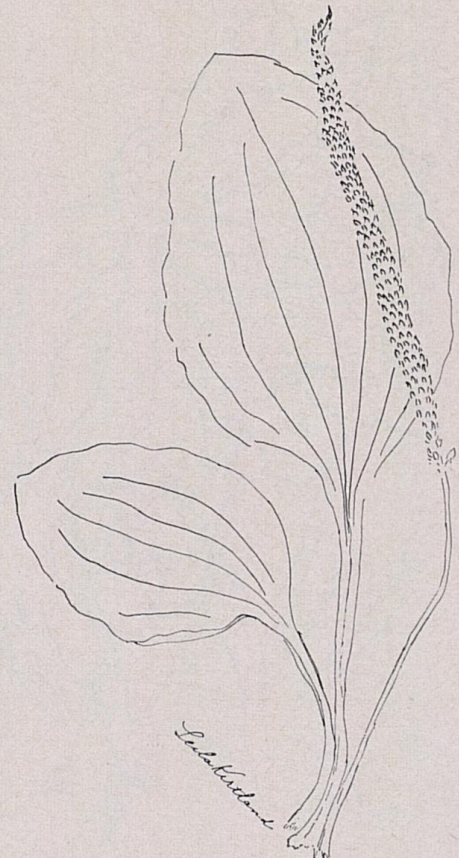
A Plant

Sketched July, 1941

Where Found: Anywhere in poorest ground you can find, sun or shade.

Part Used: Whole root, put in cold water, let stand two or three days, drink it without straining, and keep adding water to it and drinking it.

Uses: For kidneys, makes them act.



XXIV
PLANTAIN

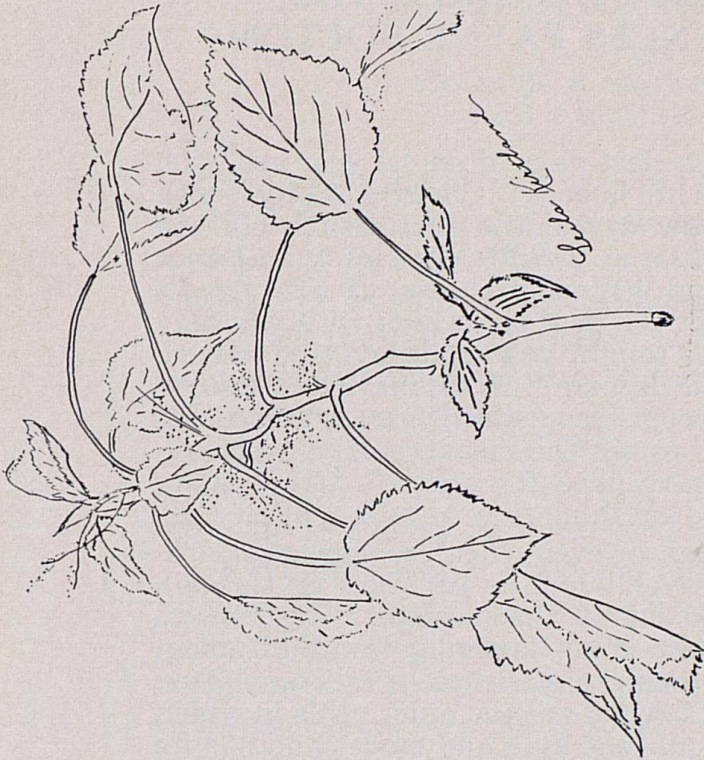
A Plant

Sketched July 28, 1941

Where Found: Grows in any old place prefers sun.

Part Used: Leaf, mashed, wilted in front of fire, and used as poultice.

Uses: For boils.
Good greens to eat.



**XXV
NETTLES**

A Plant

Sketched July, 1941

Where Found: In dense shade and along streams, all through the mountains.

Parts Used: Root, steeped into a strong tea, and drunk by the tea-cupful several times a day.

Uses: For spring nettles (hives, whelps, knots).

**XXVI
POKE**

A Big Plant

Sketched July 28, 1941

Where Found: Grows everywhere. You can go to where there isn't any and build a brush pile and burn it and it will come up in the spring.

Part Used: **Berries:** mix $\frac{1}{2}$ pint berries with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whiskey and make a mash and take as needed, internally, for rheumatism. **Root:** roast it, split open, bind on for any kind of pain—externally.

Uses: Rheumatism.



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as

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM THE HONORABLE FRANCES PAYNE BOLTON

My dear Junior Leaguers:

Isn't it good that when the last days of an old year are upon us we are reminded that new life is born? Christmas Day—with all its miracle of birth—a new day dawns even as the old one sinks into the long past. How is it with each of you Junior Leaguers and daughters and granddaughters of Cleveland's League? Are you ready to let the past go, taking with you only the fundamental lessons it has taught you about love and hatred, joy and sadness, ecstasy and despair? What have the lessons been? Have you begun to accept disappointments, deprivations, disciplines? Have you begun to see the measure of your happiness is the cup of joy you have filled for others? If my many years of living have taught me anything they have taught me this.

Life should be full of laughter even when the skies are dark. For surely Life is a great River which is carrying us through countless milleniums of ages out of Unconscious Perfection to Perfected Consciousness. There is no Beginning and no Ending, only a great stream of continuing experience. There are often terrifying rapids, but always beyond are the quiet pools in which are mirrored the wonders of all that lives and moves and has its Being within the Essence of the Infinite.

So in this time of confusion, of hate, of tragic misunderstanding and consequent fear, I would remind you of the words, "Fear not, for I am with you," remembering also that Perfect Love casteth out fear.

One more request, one added question. What is America to you? Are you ready to serve her in this dangerous moment of her history? What part of yourself will you use in the coming year to demonstrate your love for her freedoms? Ask these things of yourself when you take a few minutes of your busy days to "be still and know that I am God."

And may He bless and keep you in the year ahead, granting you ever increasing knowledge and wisdom, and the courage you as Junior League women will need in the leadership for which you have the responsibility.

My warm regards to each and everyone of you.

Faithfully yours,

FRANCES P. BOLTON, M. C.

—Reprinted from *Topics*, December 1963,
with its kind permission and with
Mrs. Bolton's permission.

STATISTICS ARE VITAL

by

FRANCES E. BROWN, A.B., M.R.E.
Head of Record Department

Statistics and records are vital to every organization and the Frontier Nursing Service is no exception. How else can we obtain a picture of our service being accomplished in accordance with the purpose for which this organization was begun?

When the word "statistics" is mentioned, many people close their ears and minds to what is being said. Literally, they "tune out" and refuse to listen to the revelation of fact.

May I presume that YOU are still reading this article and share with you a few of the results and impressions which have interested me in my first year of tabulating records for the FNS?

Certainly almost everyone enjoys a baby. Last year the nurse-midwives of the FNS delivered 412 of these precious bits of humanity. Of this number 214 were male and 198 were female, a rather close race for sex numerical superiority. Our hospital in Hyden evidenced a desire to be completely neutral in this race, however, as 304 live babies—152 boys and 152 girls—were delivered there. Such impartiality would not often occur, I should think.

Another interest is related to the names of the people in our area who are registered with us for care. At the close of the last fiscal year, we had 1900 families on our active records. 1371 of these families had just 50 surnames. Following is a table showing the results of my survey:

No. families bearing same name	Total no. families	No. different names
20 - 102	1059	28
10 - 19	312	22
5 - 9	269	40
1 - 4	260	145
	1900	235

Thus, 55.7% of our registered families had 11.9% of the family names in our active file. Perhaps you will be interested in the "Top Twelve":

Morgan	102 families	Lewis	45 families
Hoskins	76 "	Smith	45 "
Bowling	72 "	Napier	41 "
Sizemore	68 "	Couch	38 "
Asher	53 "	Howard	38 "
Roberts	48 "	Woods	36 "

When checking records of one center or another, it is not unusual to find that all families of the same surname are living in the same district. Sometimes they are in adjoining districts and occasionally scattered in more than two areas. Here they settled and here they live facing as best they can the problems which are theirs.

Lest any of you think that in-breeding has occurred, let me hasten to say that this is not true. Occasionally distant cousins may marry, as is commonly done elsewhere, but, otherwise, marriages are between young people of different families, true to the pattern of culture in our civilization.

Of interest to me, also, is the naming of the babies. In working with the records, I have found that in the early days many of the children were given names from the Bible. We have Abijah, Benjamin, Caleb, Elisha, Elijah, Jonah, Joshua, Obed, Timothy, Ruth, Naomi, Orpha and Rhoda. Then is seen the apparent seeping in of such outside influences as movies, radio and television. There are favorites among our people, as elsewhere, as is reflected in naming children Shirley Temple, Harold Lloyd, Robert Young, Robert Taylor, Franklin, Delano, Douglas MacArthur, Dwight David, Jimmy Dean, Tammy, Elvis and most recently Maverick.

Although I have made no special study of the following, my impression is that Debbie is now a very favorite name for little girls and I am convinced that Wayne is the most often chosen name for a boy in the family. Sometimes it is Johnny Wayne but often the Wayne is coupled with Gary, Douglas, David and many others. A large proportion of our families have a Wayne among them.

You see there are many facets to record keeping and it need not be dull and dry. Each figure represents an individual or some service performed for an individual or family. When approached in this light, our statistics become vital indeed for they are a record of people and people are the finest, greatest and most interesting creation in all the world.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Harry Carpenter (Barbara Hood),
Cambridge, Massachusetts—November 20, 1963**

This summer, I found that my FNS experience came in very handy. My husband is studying to be a doctor and he was most fortunate to win a Smith, Kline and French Fellowship to study tropical medicine on the island of Mindanao in the Philippines. I quickly learned some lab techniques so I could join the medical team up in the mountains.

In order to reach the clinic, we traveled for a day on horseback, crossing a stream 48 times! The saddles were made of wood and the reins were rope. (Luckily we each had a soft pillow to sit on!) The people, belonging to a tribe called the Bilaans, were most friendly. In payment for medical services they brought us many treasured delicacies such as wild dove and a slice of monkey meat.

Half an hour's journey from our medical clinic, we learned that some of the people are still cannibals. Needless to say, we didn't wander very far from the clinic.

It was obvious that we were strangers. In fact, we were the second and third non-Filipinos to go to this particular community called Kenam in the province of Cotobato at the southern tip of the Philippines. Very few people had ever seen a white person before and never anyone over six feet tall.

The Bilaans have a rich culture which is fast disappearing. We were intrigued by the enchanting folktales and the unusual musical instruments. One of the most highly prized instruments (the value is equal to one horse) is an agon (very similar to a circular dinner gong). The Bilaans use their agons like the Africans use their drums to signal from one mountain side to another. Although there are no telephones or short wave radios in Kenam, everyone knew that we were coming, through their agon code.

From Betsy Palmer, New York City, New York

—November 27, 1963

It's exactly a year ago now that I first went down to be with you all in Kentucky. It's all as clear to me as if it were yesterday. I did have such a good time and often long to be back with you. When I think of how I loved it and of how the mountain ways seemed suited to my tastes, I wonder what on earth I'm doing up here. However, New York has its fascinations too.

Ever since I've been back in New York I've been busy. When I abandoned my plan to go to graduate school in favor of returning here to New York, I rented a little one-room efficiency apartment that came available in the block where I work. It's unfurnished, however, and never having kept house before, it has been a formidable undertaking just to make it presentable and livable. The one thing that I have, and for which I've been very grateful, is Kentucky quilts. They keep me both warm and gay! With time, the trimmings will come.

Brother Henry and I had a delightful pack trip through the Cascades in September. I enjoyed seeing that part of the country. The tall, deep timber is magnificent and although, for a wilderness pack trip, it didn't seem very wild or rough, the people were delightful, the weather fine and so on.

Back at work binding books, I'm liking it as much as ever. We have a number of interesting projects under way and I feel I'm still learning a great deal.

Thanksgiving is just around the corner and I'll be thinking of you; and with Christmas coming soon too, I'll be praying that you receive 10,000 dolls and red trucks.

.

From Mrs. Samuel Newson (Sylvia Bowditch),

Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1963

Our trip to Japan last spring was such a great success that Sam has been asked to take another group in May. It was my first visit in the spring and oh how lovely that country is then. If I can arrange it, I'm hoping to go again too.

The children and I had a grand week's camping trip in the High Sierra with Ruth Chase and a friend this summer when Ruth was here on a visit.

We are looking forward to mother's visit for Christmas. She is flying out and will celebrate her eighty-ninth birthday with us just after the New Year. The children flourish. Our oldest will soon be twelve and the boy is eight and a half—both lots of fun.

. . . .

From Felicia (Flicka) Delafield, New York, New York

—Christmas, 1963

I had a marvelous trip to Africa this summer. First I visited my sister in Liberia, and then I went to Kenya, Tanganyika, and Somalia with U. N. friends. I am working at Spence-Chapin, which I thoroughly enjoy.

. . . .

From Ellen Ordway, Lawrence, Kansas—Christmas, 1963

There is little in the way of news or excitement to report from Lawrence, Kansas, this year (no junkets, side trips or excursions to Mexico or other colorful spots). But by true grindstone procedures, significant progress has been made on the Ph.D. thesis and I have high hopes that it will be completed during the coming year. My only concrete sign of progress at the moment, however, is three manuscripts in press (two of them co-authored, the third, a small chunk of the thesis). The next publications, I hope, will be the completed thesis itself.

After having spent the previous two summers in Mexico, I was looking forward this year to one last summer of field work in Kansas to tie up some of the details in the biology of the bees I am studying. But according to "the best laid plans . . .," this year happened to be a record breaker for heat and dryness and the bees just stopped their nesting, "behaving" and all other normal activities, leaving the loose ends still untied. But there is always a good side, and now I do have some interesting data on what happens in an exceptionally hot and dry year.

My plans for the coming year remain much as they were for the past year—remaining at my desk until the thesis is completed. The only anticipated break in this routine will be in efforts to find a job for next year.

**From Mrs. John DeMaria (Anne Kilham),
Rehoboth, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1963**

It was so wonderful to see Brownie and Jinny in November, to see pictures of Kentucky and to hear good news of everyone at Wendover. Brownie is a very impressive speaker.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert F. Muhlhauser (Ann Danson), Glendale,
Ohio—Christmas, 1963**

Sandy is a Wellesley senior and Rick is a freshman at Hanover College in Indiana, a lovely small college where he seems to be happy.

—January 14, 1964

We are so happy that the Cincinnati Committee is going to be reactivated. I have gotten in touch with all of the local couriers and all have agreed, so far, to be "ushers" at the tea on January twenty-eighth. I hope the roads will be clear and dry. We had six inches of snow on New Year's Day. It had just about melted when it started all over again Sunday morning and now we have eight inches.

—January 31, 1964

The meeting was well attended by enthusiastic friends. The pictures were lovely—I only wish there had been time for more—and as you know Brownie is an excellent speaker. Needless to say, I was so happy to meet her and fell under her spell immediately. She is so friendly, charming and pretty.

Those couriers who "ushered" were Allyn Johnson Shepard, Treon McGuire Christine, Beth Burchenal Jones and Mary Burton Garrison. Oh, I was there too! Edith Harrison is now at St. Mary's Hospital, Tucson, Arizona, finishing her nursing course.

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**From Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship, Sewickley,
Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1963**

I purchased a wee cabin in the mountains and had to dig a well—don't like to mention it! We hit an Artesian well at sixty-two feet, much to my horror 'cause we had to dig a ditch for the overflow. There is no heat in the cabin yet—but someday.

**From Mrs. Frank Augustus Sparrow (Anne Reynolds),
Norwich, Vermont—Christmas, 1963**

Our three boys are growing so fast. William is four and a half, Christopher is nearly three and Jonathan at six months has shown himself to be the most demanding. I, unfortunately, had always thought that by the time you got to number three there would be smooth sailing. I still hope that one day we'll have a daughter so that she can share in the wonderful experience of the FNS with the many other couriers. I for one shall never forget the winter months I spent in Wendover.

Frank is finishing his final year of residency at the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital in Hanover, New Hampshire. He claims his field of speciality to be general practice—and in these times it does seem to be unique. He has been offered a wonderful setup in Woodstock, Vermont and so it won't be too long before we are making what I hope is our final move.

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**From Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Mary Wilson), McLean,
Virginia—Christmas, 1963**

We are all busy and well—trying to recover from the recent national shock. Sam and I were in Nassau at the time—just couldn't believe it! The children and my mother will all be here for Christmas and Amy's debut.

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**From Mrs. Irving L. Fuller, Jr. (Vicki Coleman), Arlington,
Virginia—Christmas, 1963**

Life is very full and wonderful at the moment. "Peep" is in the Foreign Service and working on a Master's of International Law in night school. I am teaching in a school for emotionally disturbed boys. It's exhausting, but a great challenge and wonderful work. We will both keep on as is until we get shipped abroad—which should be sometime next fall.

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**From Mrs. Benjamin Reukberg (Nancy Harmon), Newburg,
Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1963**

We now have a quartet of merriment-makers. Nathan, David and Elizabeth were joined April 30th by Peter Brodie

Ruekberg. After we had chosen Peter's name, we learned that a Peter Brodie had been born in Scotland in 1760. The latter P.B. was the great, great, great, great, great grandfather of the new P.B. Young Peter is doing quite well. At six months, he had 8 teeth. At six and a half months, he was saying Hi, DaDa! Pardon the parental glow but our blond blue-eyed cherub has a "contagious happiness" which has brought great joy into the lives of all of us.

Despite being outnumbered by the boys, Beth is holding her own quite well, as she is very adept at charming the boys. Although a "tomboy" at times, she likes to wear dresses and be feminine. Little Davie also is quite a spoofer. He has given himself the nickname—"The Friendly Giant." He is looking forward to entering kindergarten next fall. Nathan is in the second grade and doing quite well, especially when it comes to creative activities.

I have been helping the Shippensburg Human Relations Commission with its survey of local conditions and the Newburg Elementary School with its library. Other activities in the past year have varied from gardening to attending an AFSC family camp (with our whole family), and from helping build a dam in our field, to social service projects. Ben has been teaching at Shippensburg State College where he is assistant professor of political science and history. He has just about finished the writing and (hopefully) the revising of his dissertation dealing with Soviet ideology and foreign policy aims.

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From Mrs. Ruth P. Chase, Wellesley, Massachusetts

—Christmas, 1963

I am now learning to be a remedial reading teacher so that I can help those children and parents having trouble with basic education. I do hope I can be of some real use in this field of work.

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**From The Reverend and Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris),
Redding, California—Christmas, 1963**

We have been richly blessed here and have received bountifully of His Grace and Gifts. The Mission grows steadily, we have over a hundred families and a \$30,000 budget. The women

continue to loom gorgeous ancient-liturgical colored vestments (Wedgewood blue for Advent; red, black and oatmeal [unbleached linen] for Lent, etc.). The men have created an outdoor redwood chapel which we used all summer at eight o'clock, with sun-glasses and large hats. Our first building is begun and we already are losing our farmhouse flavor. We depart for a week in a rented cabin near Tahoe, or, as the westerners say, "We are going to the snow."

The Kennedy, Oswald and Tippitt families will be very much in our hearts as the Christ is born again in our lives, that men may know peace and good will.

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**From Mrs. Dandridge Franklin Walton (Theresa Nantz),
Bowling Green, Kentucky—Christmas, 1963**

We're still in Bowling Green but not for long. We've not yet sold our house but maybe it was for the best. We're not going to Madisonville now but Paducah. Dan will be associated with the firm of Emery and Carroll there. We're real excited about this change. Private practice is his first love and the opportunity there seems terrific. It means I'll have to go back to work for awhile but in the long run it should be worth it. I am thinking about trying to get a job with the State Child Welfare or the Department of Economic Security.

Sarah Halley is quite the little girl now. She jabbars all the time. She still calls Bailey nothing but "boy" and is wild about him. He returns her adoration fully. He's a good sized baby—24 pounds at nine months but not too slow. He's been standing now for almost two months.

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**From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Landsdown, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1963**

Our daughter, Marjorie, is now a Freshman at Maryville, Tennessee—and very happy. She is good at folksinging and playing the guitar so is involved with the "coffee house" which one of the professors has let them develop in a room in her house. Her brother, who graduated from Maryville in June and married a Sophomore there, is now at Graduate School in Iowa. He plans to be a high-school teacher. His wife is working at the Atomic Energy Commission and taking correspondence courses. Our

next boy was also married this summer! He and his wife are at Yale Divinity School and have taken examinations for the Peace Corps. They are determined to go to Africa next year under some program to teach for two or three years. Our eldest boy is at the University of Wisconsin. We've just been there with our lively grandson (two and one half) for Christmas.

I am a school nurse in Philadelphia now in a big Junior High School. I love my work but if I were not working, I might have the chance to visit Wendover! Marion Shouse Lewis' letter to Old Couriers made me homesick for a glimpse.

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**From Mrs. Charles L. Trowbridge (Dusty Pruyn), Long
Island, New York—Christmas, 1963**

My husband and I and our family have been living on Long Island for the last four and a half years, first in Garden City and since the summer, in Brookville. We have two boys and two girls from four and a half years to nine months. Charlie commutes to New York where he does maritime law, and I stay very close to home—in fact do nothing but try to keep things “organized.”

. . . .

From Corinna Harmon, Boston, Massachusetts

—January 12, 1964

Somehow I've gotten myself living in Boston in a large white many-doored apartment with three friends from Bennington. I'd planned to live at home, but once it was suggested to me that I come here, the idea gnawed at me until it was inevitable. Each day I walk the streets looking for a job—I've worked in factories, a hospital, restaurants and taught nursery school. Today an interviewer said, “You've done things that we all dream of doing. I'm afraid our job would bore you.”

When I tell people about the FNS, I find myself trying most to describe the self-sufficiency, the balance of modernization and closeness to the land. What a disappointing change it is to find that I am now asked to do one or two menial chores in a business—to lose the vision of the purpose of an organization and to be excluded from the process of decisions. My life at Wendover was very relaxed mentally and emotionally, but now I again contend with wild theories and questions that stump me.

**From Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis, (Pam Dunn), in
Turkey—December 29, 1963**

In January, six other American women in the neighborhood and I will start lessons in Turkish. Since we have that many in this neighborhood interested, the Turkish-American Institute will send an instructor out to teach us twice a week.

Graham, Colonel Salisbury (a neighbor and our sponsor) and I played golf the day after Christmas—my first time over here. It was a beautiful day, crisp and sunny; and the grass was green and the mountains surrounding us magnificent. I had a tremendous game—the best I've shot in my life—and it was very good getting out. We saw a funny thing happen while we were playing. There was a man trying to lead a camel. The camel wanted to eat grass and when the man tried to get him to move he just swished his head all around and bucked—that is a funny sight. Camels can be dangerous and finally the man gave up. Another man brought a donkey out, hitched the camel to him and the camel was very docile as the donkey led him away. Hence, that is why you always see a camel caravan led by a donkey.

We are continuously glad that we live where we do. It might be expensive but it is pretty and you can't beat the view. The neighborhood is one of the best in Izmir and I have the neat little back streets to take Catherine for her walks.

—January 11, 1964

Graham's promotion (to Lieutenant Colonel) ceremony was January 9th in General Peirson's office. He pinned the silver leaf on Graham's left shoulder. There were two flags on the General's desk—Turkish on the left and Greek on the right. It was a pretty exciting day for us. The promotion party is scheduled for the twenty-fifth in our house.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Jane Leigh Powell flew down from New York to spend Thanksgiving at Wendover. She first came as a courier in the fall of 1954 and last year is the only time she has missed being here for Thanksgiving. It was wonderful to have her here again. She is technician at Roosevelt Hospital in charge of operating

their Heart Pump. She had to rush back, after the week-end, because an operation was scheduled. She has written us:

"We did operate on Wednesday morning and everything was just fine. The child was eleven and a nice easy case to do. She was ready to jump out of bed the next day!"

Libby Boardman (Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd, Jr.) is now living in Chicago where her husband is head of the Undergraduate School connected with the University.

News of **Mary Alice Waters** (Mrs. Charles Sheridan Styron) from her parents:

On June 14th Mary-Alice graduated from Carleton College with a Phi Beta Kappa, and the next day was married here in Marshfield (See Summer, 1963 Bulletin—Weddings). That same day they left for a honeymoon camping trip afoot, and back-packing tent, sleeping bags and food through the mountains of the Wind River Range in Wyoming for six weeks. Their trails took them along the Continental Divide and up to 12,500 feet, with days on end without seeing another human being. They are now at 3315 Adeline Street, Berkley 3, California, doing graduate study at the University of California.

We extend our deepest sympathy to **Mabel Hobart** (Mrs. Eric Wentworth) in the loss of both her parents last November; and to **Suzannah Ayer** (Mrs. John Harleston Parker) in the death of her father in October. Sue's mother and sister died earlier in the year—a very sad 1963 for Sue.

We are grieved over the death of Mrs. Francis M. Massie of Lexington. She not only was the mother of our courier, **Elly Massie**, (Mrs. John Edmonds Stalford) but was the wife of our beloved Doctor Massie who is a member of our Executive Committee and on our National Medical Council. Over the years we in the Frontier Nursing Service have had no dearer friends than the Massies. Our hearts go out in love and tenderest sympathy to Elly and her whole family.

A BABY

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Lee Carroll (Nina Thomas) of New York City, a son, on February 5, 1964. This good news has

just arrived and we don't know his name. We only know that he is a most fortunate baby and we send his proud parents our warm congratulations.

HARRIET HOLLISTER SPENCER MEMORIAL

With the fast growing population and the fast diminishing nature areas dotting the countryside, it was heartening, indeed, to learn of the gift of properties and 679 acres on a high bluff in the Town of Canadice, Ontario County, to the People of the State of New York by Mr. Thomas G. Spencer, as a memorial to his wife, Harriet Hollister Spencer.

This is of more than passing interest to us since Mrs. Spencer has played a vital role in the Museum's expansion program. She designed and planned and contributed to the planting of the Garden of Fragrance as an integral part of the Outdoor Science Center of the Museum. This was dedicated on June 18, 1958, and carries out some of the traditions of Tudor and Stuart Gardens.

Mrs. Spencer donated several Chinese and other antique rose varieties and inspired the family of the late Mr. Lambertus C. Bobbink to donate some 220 historic roses. These form a surrounding hedge and a central bed which attract rosarians from all parts of the country.

For the herb garden, Mrs. Spencer contributed over 100 varieties that had been grown in her own garden. She also generously donated the trellis arches covered with ivy which create a cloistered effect, the quaint pots of herbs and the bee skep hives.

Mrs. Spencer was named a Fellow of Rochester Museum in 1958 and her passing in August 1962 was a deep loss to the community she so generously served. The Harriet Hollister Spencer State Recreation Area is indeed a living memorial to this lovely woman who gave so much for the beautification and conservation of nature's gifts.

Museum Service
Bulletin of the Rochester Museum of
Arts and Sciences
February, 1964

PARSON GRAY

A quiet home had Parson Gray,
Secluded in a vale;
His daughters all were feminine,
And all his sons were male.

How faithfully did Parson Gray
The bread of life dispense—
Well "posted" in theology,
And post and rail his fence.

'Gainst all the vices of the age
He manfully did battle;
His chickens were a biped breed,
And quadruped his cattle.

No clock more punctually went,
He ne'er delayed a minute—
Nor ever empty was his purse,
When he had money in it.

His piety was ne'er denied;
His truths hit saint and sinner;
At morn he always breakfasted;
He always dined at dinner.

He ne'er by any luck was grieved,
By any care perplexed—
No filcher he, though when he preached,
He always "took" a text.

As faithful characters he drew
As mortal ever saw;
But ah! "poor parson" when he died,
His breath he could not draw!

Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774

THE HEALING ARTS

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.
Nursing Supervisor, Hyden Hospital Clinic

This day dawned with a clear blue sky. The barren boughs of the trees covering the hillside were beginning to dress themselves in delicate, fragile shades of green. Mother Earth was busy working a carpet of plush green to cover her barren floor—a time heralding the resurrection of all life from a winter of sleep.

Just as I entered the clinic, two of our nurses from one of the outposts confronted me with a tiny bundle and with these words, "We have brought you a dying baby." One look told me that this tiny mite was really dying. The only sign of life was a faint gasp now and then. Well, as long as there is a spark of life, there is always hope.

With this thought in mind, we set to work. External heat was applied, mouth to mouth breathing helped establish more regular respiration, oxygen was administered. Dr. Brewer felt that fluids by gavage would be the least traumatic and the quickest method of replenishing fluids to tiny, little dehydrated Beth. With shaking knees and prayer, I passed the gavage tube, aspirating about 1 oz. of what looked like coffee. My goodness, what an early age to start this beverage. Nevertheless, I put in the necessary amount of fluids we thought this baby could tolerate. Hour after hour went by and we kept the spark of life intact.

Dr. Brewer went on to a hurried lunch. With trepidation and fear, we moved little Beth upstairs for care and she was placed in an incubator.

When Dr. Brewer returned from lunch, he said, "Well, I didn't expect this baby to be alive this long." With a smile, he added, "You did a good job". I answered, "We all tried, Dr. Brewer. You know miracles do happen these days also". Thus little Beth became known as the "miracle" baby.

Little Beth was the only miracle we had that day, but not too many weeks later, Grandmother rushed in, in a state of hysteria, with a darling 2 year old with blonde curls and large

blue eyes, "My baby done swallowed rat poison," she said. This poison contained strychnine. The child was in a state of continuous convulsion with the sardonic grin. But with much hard work on the part of the whole staff, little Diane's convulsions ceased. She was admitted upstairs and made a complete recovery.

Another near miracle.

As in any clinic, we have many routine cases—refills of medicine, cuts, burns, asthma attacks, mine accidents and what not. Also, there are some rather funny incidents. For instance, there was the time when little John was rushed in by his mother with these words, "He done gone and put rice in that right year of hisn." After calming mother down, I thought a bit of washing was in order; so I started washing out the ear and was soon rewarded by grains of rice resembling an assembly line filling the basin. "Now, John, next time you decide to plant a rice patch, suppose you try and find a bit more acreage" . . . With a shy grin, "I reckon I will", and he left the clinic none the worse for wear and tear.

Thus ended another day in the clinic. These thoughts went with me from the clinic, "Is not this the carpenter?" (Mark 6:3). As a carpenter one should be proud that Jesus worked with wood. As a nurse, I would strive to attain His excellence. Let us, as partakers in the healing arts, not forget that compassion, tolerance and some sense of humor are still basic and fundamental in the cure of all people everywhere down through the ages.

PREFERRED ME TO YOU.

A patient to Dr. Beasley at the Hyden Clinic —

"a Hazard doctor has 'preferred' me
to you."

AMJ

OLD CLOTHES AND OLD TIMES

by

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

Assistant Director and
Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary

Anybody who has been to the first day of a sale at a department store knows what the crowd waiting for the doors to open is like.

It happens with us too. Many of our friends send used clothes, shoes, etc. and we sell them to our people. Children's clothes sell for 10c per garment and adults' items for 20c each. Needless to say, families who are very poor or have been burned out get things free.

Recently, we had a sale in the basement of Mardi Cottage, where the midwifery students live, to which between 80 and 90 people from around Hyden came. The best way to advertise is to tell someone on each creek and the word gets around in no time.

Preparation is real work, if one is alone, but when the Women's Hospital Auxiliary members help, it is fun. We all got together and sorted mens, womens, childrens and babies' things on separate tables. The next morning at nine o'clock the door was opened. There was a rush to get in and I had to bar the door after the first twenty came in, but everybody took it in good part. As there was room for more, I opened the door and others came in. I assured those who were waiting that there were many unopened boxes so that they would get their share of good things.

It is strange though what a fascination there is about an unopened box. Heaps of things were on the tables but, before I could stop them, some buyers were at the boxes which I had stacked to one side. With a yell, I stopped them and the buying went on and the laughter and the talking. As they paid and stowed their purchases in the bags or pillowcases which they have learned to bring with them, some of us re-lived the days, in 1928, when I first came to the Service and worked on a Hyden district.

One woman reminded me of the time she wanted me to

deliver her baby at her home which was miles out of district and I said that she must come to the hospital. She refused and her parting words to me were, "You will come", while mine to her were, "I will not come". Weeks later, a call came for me on a cold March night. The woman was in labor and the local midwife needed help. Following the rule of the Service that we must answer such a call for help, I had to go, which meant I had a long horseback trip. When I arrived, the patient raised up in her bed and said, "I told you you'd be here." What could one do but laugh when one realized that at that time nothing was wrong except a long labor and she wanted me there. As it turned out, it was fortunate that I had been called as the actual delivery was difficult—the baby weighed 12½ lbs. He is grown up now and has children of his own.

Then there was the man who reminded me of a road making project of cutting out a trail around Thousandstick Ridge so that I could cut off three miles of horseback travel. About twenty men assembled one morning at 6 a. m. at the house of the man who had started the project and where I had had breakfast. At noon, we all ate lunch, cooked at home by the women and brought to us on the ridge. The trail was ready for travel before dark and how my horse and I appreciated that short cut.

The times I got lost—having no sense of direction—were also remembered. I would turn up at a house a long way from where I wanted to be. Somebody would ride his mule and set me right, after giving me coffee and food if it were meal time.

So the sale went on and by noon most folk had left with bulging bags. We could have talked all day about those early days, but time passes and, in the hurry and bustle of the present, we must keep pace.

Christine Morgan, the young secretary in the Record Department, who helped me, was my right hand. She helped with the sale and with the clearing up afterwards. So many children have warm coats, sweaters, gloves and socks for school and so many mothers are saying with gratitude, "Thank all of you who send us things and help us".

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Mary Ruth Sparks on holiday in London, England

—November 1963

Maggie Wilson called me the night I arrived in London. She and the three FNS girls now at Woolwich came to my hotel the next day, and we went together to the Thanksgiving Day Reunion at Watford. There were nineteen members of the old staff there, and I was able to enter into most of their reminiscing, as many of them had been stationed at the centers at Confluence and Bowlingtown. The best surprise was to see Bridie (Gallagher). We are going to the theater together to-night, and Betty Hillman is driving me to Stratford tomorrow. Your pre-trip information is being most helpful, and I am loving every minute. If it were not for my little job of work at home, I would be applying for work here! I will probably be home shortly after Christmas.

. . . .

From Nora Kelly in Bushey, Herts., England

—November 1963

This note cannot in any way convey to you how all 19 FNS-ers, who have just left my house tonight, feel towards you personally, the Frontier Nursing Service, and the American people at this time. I am sure that in our hearts we pray that God will comfort and lead the nation in this dark hour.

The 19 present for the re-union were: Ellen Marsh, Peggy McQueen, Lorraine Jerry, Janet Hudson, Margaret Willson, Jill Ash, Joan Antcliff, Anne Curry, Eve Chetwynd, Eileen Grogan, Mary Ruth Sparks, Bridget Gallagher, Susan McKee, Doris Dunstan, Janet Coleman, Gladys Doubleday, Betty Hillman, Winifred Dennis and Nora Kelly. We had messages from Ada Worcester, Edith and Ethel Mickle, May Green, Annie Ellison and Violet Clark, Alison Bray, Bessie Waller and Marjorie Jackson. Everyone sent very best wishes to all the FNS.

From Joy Broomfield in Cyprus—November 1963

I am now working for SSASA (Soldiers, Sailors & Airmen Families Association) in Cyprus. I arrived last month on a two year contract. I hold infant welfare and antenatal clinics, and do home visits for RAF families stationed in Famagusta. Another nurse looks after the Army families and we share a bungalow, near the sea. We rank as honorary captains, and have a bat-woman to clean and wash for us four days a week, so we are well looked after.

After a grey English summer in the lake country I find the lovely sunny days here delightful. The worst of the heat has gone, and the weather here is now like an English heat wave, except that it is cooler at night, and there are no long, light evenings. The families here often ask me if I have been abroad before, and are very interested when I tell them about the Frontier Nursing Service. Best Christmas wishes to you all.

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**From Clara-Louise (Pete) Schiefer Johnson in Moorestown,
New Jersey—November 1963**

Are there any ex-FNSers in Peru, S. America or on the S. S. Hope? Eric (*her husband*) flew to Lima last week where he is doing business until he goes on to Trujillo where he will be working for the next couple of years. Once again we are searching for boarding schools for the children—this time in the United States. Heather should be in the ninth grade next year, and Freddie in the eighth.

We would be more excited about going abroad if we had not arrived so recently, and found a house we like very much and a community that is friendly, interesting and conveniently located. Our pictures will now probably never get hung here!

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From Judy McCormick in Wabag, New Guinea

—December 1963

After spending three months in our 180 bed hospital in Mambisanda, I moved into my own bush house in August. I am at Yaibos which is about 11 miles from Mambisanda. I have a clinic and two bush wards which will accomodate 20 in-patients. We admit about 52 patients each month. I have three native

helpers. Nyia, the doctor boy, is in his second year of training at the Lutheran Doctor Boys School. He is becoming a skilled and knowledgeable medical worker. Niame and Peame are my two girl helpers, and it is my responsibility to train them to be helpers in the maternal and infant welfare program. We have 1,360 children under 6 years of age registered in our area, as well as 78 prenatales. Most of the mothers still prefer to remain at home for delivery, but we do encourage them to attend clinic regularly. The women seem quite enthusiastic about coming to hear us talk and want to learn what to do to keep their children healthy. We have been giving DPT immunization to all children who come to clinic, but have many more to reach.

I will have a vacation in March or April, and plan on going to the coast for two weeks. Life here in the Highlands, with all the sunshine and comfortable temperatures, and the really nice people with whom we work, makes for a good combination. May you have a Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year!

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From May Houtenville in Plainsboro, New Jersey

—December 1963

I think of you and all my FNS friends so very often throughout the year, but especially at Christmas time. I have been very busy lately, the main reason being my number three son. William Timothy was born on September 7. I am now blessed with three very active children—my only wish is that I could have three more, just like them! Johnny is almost four and Amy is two, and they both love Timmy to pieces.

I have given two talks to nursing students, but did not follow through last year while I was pregnant. I hope that this year, with your permission, I will be able to show the slides and enlighten young nurses by telling of the rewarding work you are all doing through the FNS. Merry Christmas to all!

. . . .

From Carolyn Coleman in Erie, Pennsylvania

—December 1963

My memories are down in Kentucky with thoughts of the hectic scramble to fill Christmas bags, the midnight carol service at Hyden, and the welcome absence of a commercialized Christ-

mas Spirit. Last, but not least, the experience of being on a home delivery a few days before Christmas.

Being a "visiting nurse" in Erie is not quite the same as in Kentucky, but exciting nevertheless. I am working with a practical nurse on a large city district, full of fascinating and challenging situations.

My father has done very well, on the whole, since last spring. Please give my greetings to all, especially to Mrs. Breckinridge.

. . . .

From Sheena Pickard in New South Wales, Australia

—December 1963

I am having a fabulous time on a sheep property. I am supposed to be looking after three children, but they go to school which is wizard for me! Spend most of my time in the saddle. I have named my horse Missy, and think of you all a lot. I would love some FNS news.

. . . .

From Joyce Stephens in South Cerney, England

—December 1963

I can picture the pre-Christmas bustle at Wendover and the centers—how I would love to find myself back at Flat Creek. Wendover seems such a hopelessly long way off, in time and distance.

Neddy Metcalfe was here for a flying visit and it was so good to see her. She has the most fascinating collection of tales from the Congo, and obviously enjoys the life. She arrived from New Zealand to an arctic spell here, and wondered what had hit her. She was, no doubt, glad to get back to Brazzaville where she now has her headquarters, having moved across the river from Leopoldville.

All good wishes to all the FNS for 1964.

. . . .

From Sally MacMillan Muncy in Cocoa, Florida

—December 1963

We have had a good year. Paul is better and enjoys commercial fishing, health permitting. Linda has a thriving baby sitting business and is doing well in school; Kathy is our Scout

enthusiast and Betty is in her first year of school. I enjoy working in this constantly changing missile industry, but do not spend as much time at home as I would like. Our best wishes to you for the coming year.

. . . .

From Louise Fink Bockman in Nome, Alaska

—December 1963

My resignation from the Division of Public Welfare was effective December 15. I had liked the work, and perhaps had become too involved and devoted to it for the good of my family. However, these things are taken care of, as now I am preparing and re-arranging things at home to be ready for a new baby due February 15. We are hoping for a girl. Best wishes for the New Year to all the FNS.

. . . .

From Marjorie Jackson in Wareham, Dorset, England

—December 1963

I now have my own bungalow, and am so enjoying gardening, etc. when it is my own garden. I am doing night duty in a small maternity annex at the Cottage Hospital in Swanage, ten miles from here. I travel to and fro by car, and I did not find it much fun last year with all the snow and ice. I wish a Happy Christmas for you all, especially for Mrs. Breckinridge.

. . . .

From Martha Tempel in Cameroun, Africa—December 1963

My brother sent me last year's Quarterly Bulletins in my Christmas package, so I have been spending my siesta period each day reading them, and enjoying them. I do think of you all often. I am working at this time setting up standards for our prenatal clinic here at the Bafia Hospital, and also for the dispensary that has been opened about twenty miles from here. I had four months classes in obstetrics for our students nurses' aids from July to November. Miss Edna Metcalfe, who was once at FNS is our Regional Consultant for WHO. I wish all kinds of good things for you in the year of 1964.

. . . .

From Zelda Pierson in Haiti—December 1963

December 20 will mark one year of service for me here in

Haiti. Much has happened in this year. I now feel much more a part of the culture. I have delivered 70 babies, and registered over three hundred mothers for prenatal care, as well as seeing around 200 patients in the clinics each day. I am occupied with a variety of activities which makes me very happy. I still have much to learn about the people and their language.

It gives me special joy to care for some children in my home. Little Bennie is my special joy, as I cared for him for two months in my home, after his mother died. He was brought to the dispensary, very thin and dehydrated. His own family did not want him as there was no mother to care for him, and there were other children. I knew of a couple who had been married for several years, and were longing for a baby, so I was able to arrange for adoption papers, so Bennie was placed in their hands. He is now six months old, very happy and loved by his new parents.

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From Noel Smith McAlister in Pomona, New York

—December 1963

You should see little Liz. She sits up very well by herself, and talks in her own language. She is such a dear, and has bright red cheeks, blue eyes and blond hair. She giggles and laughs all the time. We very much enjoy living in the country and have had a lovely fall, and now three inches of snow. I wish I could be with you all for a few days!

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From Carolyn Booth Gregory in Evanston, Illinois

—December 1963

These days I am a busy teacher of speech correction in the schools of Evanston; while Hugo (*her husband*) begins his second year on the Northwestern faculty. Our children are growing all too fast—4 and 9 now. My daughter is learning to ride and looks forward to being with you one day. Since time is getting short and I know your Santa trucks leave early, I am sending a check for the children. I will never forget the season I helped Santa!

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From Pat Heller in The Cameroon Republic—December 1963

It is almost six months now since I sailed for England, and

one month later flew to the Cameroons. Our hospital has 110 beds and training courses for 50 midwives and 8 student nurses. The latter are my primary responsibility. So far I have been supervising procedures and teaching native invalid cooking. The FNS suddenly assumes much larger proportions when looked at from this area! The experience gained in Kentucky is really a big help. I meet many similar situations here. Please give my greetings to all.

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From Judy Cundle in Smiths Parish, Bermuda

—January 1964

I thought of you all a lot over Christmas. It seemed so quiet here, with no candy bags to fill, no toys to sort, and no children's party to arrange. I shall always remember my last Christmas at Wolf Creek, with the roads so muddy that cars could not get through. Instead, we had a procession of mothers and children on mule-back, led down by the men, just as they must have been in the old days.

The work here was slack when I first arrived, but it is now getting busier. I have very little midwifery, as most of the mothers deliver in hospital. We have a child welfare clinic once a week, attended by a doctor from the health department, and all pre-school children can get free advice and treatment. The families pay an annual fee, as in the FNS, and a small charge for each visit. I am enjoying the work, and am helped enormously by the experience I gained with FNS.

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Newsy Bits

Mary Nell Harper writes from Ethiopia that she delivered triplets, and that the mother was not too sure about being happy over it all. (We are sure that Mary Nell was happy!)

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We were so sorry to hear from **Margaret McCracken** that her dog Nikki was killed by a car one day this winter. Both Mac and the FNS have lost a good friend.

.

Margaret Field writes that she has bought a car, and is

learning to drive. She wonders why she has not done this long ago! Come and see us, Margaret.

Luree Wotton is in language school in Manila. In July she hopes to start work in Mindanao. Good luck, Luree.

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We send our love and deep sympathy to **Olive Bunce** on the loss of her father in November 1963, and an uncle in December. Olive writes us that she has joined the British Overseas Nursing Association, and will let us know where she lands.

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Much sympathy goes to **Barbara Nelson** on the loss of her father in October 1963. Barbara flew home from her field work in Indonesia to help care for her father, and she hoped to return after Christmas.

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New Arrivals

To Mr. and Mrs. **Jack Houtenville** (May Felton) of Plainsboro, New Jersey their third son, William Timothy, on September 7, 1963. (see letter).

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To Mr. and Mrs. **Rodney Frederick** (Marian Adams) of Reading, Pennsylvania, a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, on December 19, 1963.

We send congratulations to the happy parents, and all good wishes to the lucky boy and girl for many good years ahead.

WHAT IS A PEDESTRIAN?

A pedestrian is a man with two cars and a wife and seventeen year old daughter.

Contributed

POSTAL SERVICE

When living in a Jamaican village I had to make a journey from home by car, expecting to return the following afternoon. That night the district through which I had to travel was visited by a strong "norther," and the high wind and torrential rain damaged a bridge which lay across my only route; so I sent a telegram to my wife, explaining that I would be away from home for another night. The postmistress, aware of the alarm still occasioned in those parts by the sight of the orange envelope, wrote on the outside "Nothing bad!" and thus set my wife's mind at rest without delay.

—John Verity, Tanganyika

The Countryman, Summer 1963, Edited by John Cripps,
Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

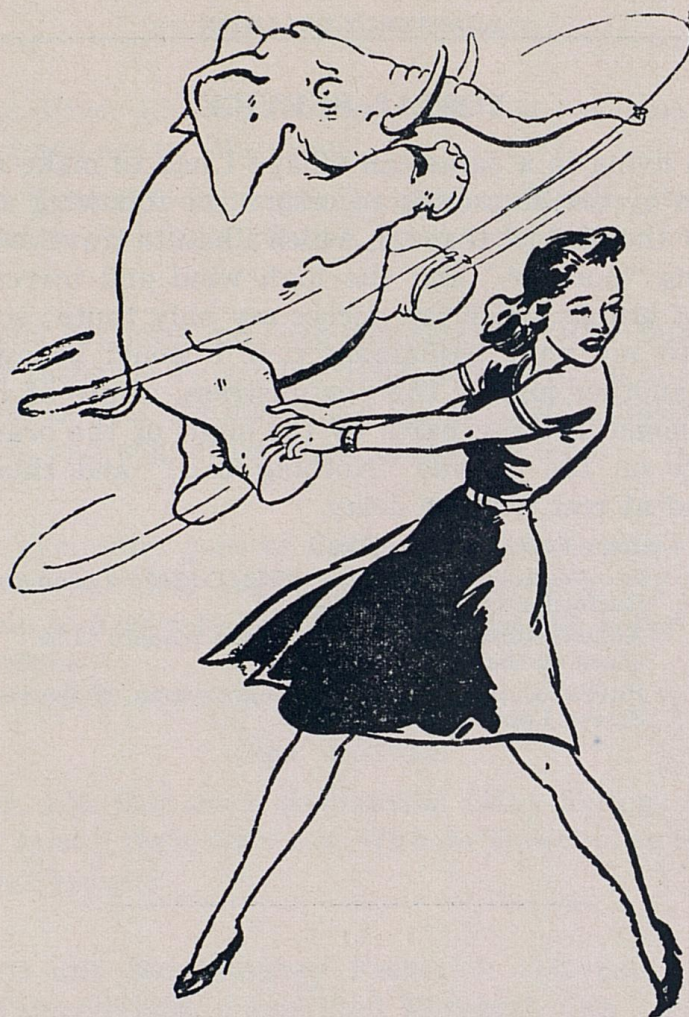
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Street, London, E. C. 4.

A BRITISH dairy is working on a way to keep milk fresh for months without refrigeration so it won't have to come in bottles, but can be stored in large containers, to be tapped at will. These things used to be called cows.—Baltimore Sun.

Excerpt from *GREETINGS from Allan M. Trout*
The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.
Monday Morning, December 9, 1963

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

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The 40th Annual Meeting of Trustees, members, and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will be held on Wednesday, June 10, 1964, at the Louisville Country Club. It will be preceded by luncheon at 12:30 p.m. Mrs. Henry R. Heyburn, the Chairman of the Louisville Committee, and her associates on the Committee are in charge of all arrangements. We look forward, as always at our Annual Meetings, to the happiness of seeing again many old friends.

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We acknowledge with much appreciation an article in *The Bulletin Board* of the Junior League of Detroit, written by Cathy Baumgarten. We are grateful to the author and to the Junior League of Detroit for the unusual accuracy of this particular story.

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On December 6, 1963, Mrs. Charles P. Williams of Greenville, Mississippi, reviewed *Wide Neighborhoods* at a meeting of the Greenville Study Club.

On February 4, 1964, Miss Vanda Summers and Mrs. Shouse Lewis (courier Marion Shouse) spoke to the members of the Community Club of Port Jervis, New York. They showed colored slides as they told of their experiences with the Service while serving as a nurse-midwife and a courier.

We always appreciate it when friends take the time to tell others of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service.

. . . .

Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Executive Director of the Visiting Nurse Association of Detroit, has retired on February 13 after forty years of service. Under her leadership the VNA in Detroit is one of the finest organizations in the world. Aside from its public health preventive work the VNA gives home care to the sick in the old tradition of nursing. Miss Sargent has added the post of consultant on chronic disease and on aging, for the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare of Washington, to her many other duties. We in the Frontier Nursing

Service have been honored for years that Miss Sargent has been a member of our nursing council.

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The Very Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Estill, members of the FNS Blue Grass Committee, have been transferred to membership in the Louisville Committee. Mr. Estill, who has been Rector of Christ Church, Lexington, for years, has been made Dean of Christ Church Cathedral in Louisville.

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Our meetings Beyond the Mountains this winter were all carried by my Associate Director, Miss Helen E. Browne. Many are the letters that have come back to us of the enthusiastic response she evoked among the people who heard her. The best way to tell about these meetings is to let Brownie describe them in her own words. Here follows her account of her engagements:

Indianapolis—In mid-January I made a quick trip to Indianapolis to accept the invitation of the Indiana Obstetrical and Gynecological Society to be the banquet speaker at the Society's annual winter meeting on January 15. I had a delightful and interested audience, and was entertained most graciously by the doctors and their wives. On the morning of January 16, I spoke to the graduate students in the School of Social Service at Indiana University. I was introduced by our old staff member Genevieve Weekes who is assistant professor of Social Service at the University. Miss Houk, Director of the School of Social Service took me, with other faculty members, to the Athletic Club for lunch, following my talk.

Cincinnati—I left Wendover again on January 27, for Cincinnati where I was the guest of Mrs. Roger K. Rogan at her lovely home in Glendale, Ohio. Mrs. Rogan's niece and our courier Beth Burchenal Jones met me at the bus station and drove me to Glendale, and left to pick up her young English husband, Mr. E. Donald Jones, and they came to Mrs. Rogan's for dinner. Mrs. Rogan's two delightful house guests were Mrs. Rowntree from England who visited Wendover some years ago, and Mrs. Stride from Toronto, Canada. On the morning of Tuesday, January 28, I went to the Children's Hospital to pinch-hit for Dr. Beasley who had been invited to speak to the

medical staff and residents. Dr. Edward L. Pratt, Medical Director, was most kind in his acceptance of me as a substitute speaker, and I had an interesting time telling the group of the long-standing relationship the FNS has had with the Children's Hospital, and something of the small patients we have sent to Cincinnati for care.

In the afternoon of this same day we had the big FNS meeting at the Queen City Club at 4:30 P.M. Mrs. John B. Hollister, Mrs. Harry S. Robinson and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan were cochairmen for the meeting. The good crowd that gathered at the Club was evidence of all the hard work that went into preparations for the meeting. Mrs. Robinson's son, Dick Robinson, was so kind as to show the slides for me. Refreshments were served after I had spoken, and I had the pleasure of meeting and chatting with FNS friends in the Cincinnati area, including a group of women from Ft. Thomas, Kentucky, who make patients' gowns for our Hyden Hospital. It was fun to see several old couriers, and old staff member, Betty Ann Bradbury, who has just started work at the Veterans' Hospital in Cincinnati. On Wednesday, January 29, I said good-bye to Mrs. Rogan and took the train for New York where I stayed at the Cosmopolitan Club.

New York—On Friday, January 30, I dined with our New York chairman, Mrs. T. N. Horn, and her sister Mrs. C. P. Williams and members of the New York Committee, Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland and Miss Marion Fitzhugh. On Saturday afternoon I had the great thrill of going to the opera with Mrs. Horn to hear Lohengrin—the first time for me in many years. On Sunday I went out to Long Island to spend the afternoon with our courier and New York Committee member, "Pebble" Stone.

Monday, February 3, was a big day. In the morning Dr. Louis Hellman, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Downstate University of New York Medical Center, picked me up at the Club and drove me out to Brooklyn, where I spoke and showed slides to Dr. Hellman's staff at Kings County Hospital, at their regular Monday conference session. In the afternoon we had the big FNS meeting in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club. Mrs. Horn opened the meeting with a report of the work of the New York committee during the year. The

Bargain Box committee had done an amazing amount of work, and I had the excitement of receiving a huge check for the FNS from Mrs. Walter S. Binger, Treasurer of the New York committee. Mrs. George Stockly, our faithful and hard working Bargain Box chairman, was unable to be present due to illness. There was a very good attendance at the meeting. Mrs. Horn told about her visit to Wendover last spring, and then I spoke and showed FNS slides, after which a delicious tea was served. After the meeting Mrs. Horn, Miss Fitzhugh, vice-chairman of our New York committee, and couriers and old staff members gathered in the big lounge of the Club to drink a toast to Mrs. Breckinridge. How we wished she could be with us in person—we knew she was with us in spirit.

On Tuesday, February 4, I went back to Kings County Hospital to speak to the nurses—students and graduates, who were eager to hear about our work in Kentucky. Miss Ada Williams, Supervisor of Maternity Nursing, had visited Wendover last fall with Dr. Hellman. On Wednesday, February 5, Mrs. Samuel Ordway had a luncheon for me so that I could meet some members of our New York Committee. In the afternoon I took the train for

Philadelphia. Fanny McIlvain, our courier, met me and drove me to the home she shares with her mother in Devon. On Thursday, February 6, Mrs. McIlvain, Fanny and I drove to Marion where our Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, had arranged for a meeting of the Philadelphia committee in her home. Our courier, Nancy Glendinning, had prepared a delicious lunch and brought it to Mrs. Drinker's house, already to serve. We had a good meeting, and the members present were delighted to hear from their treasurer, Mrs. Clifford B. Lull, that their contributions to the Bargain Box had brought in more money for the FNS than last year.

I had two lovely days with Fanny and her mother before taking the train back to Kentucky on February 8. For all the many kindnesses and hospitality shown me on my trip to the "big cities", I send a big Thank You.

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There now only remains for me to thank all of our com-

mittees and friends Beyond the Mountains for all their generous help.

Ever gratefully yours,

Mary Breckinridge

OUR MAIL BAG

Letters have poured in on us from all parts of the world following the assassination of President Kennedy. Some of these letters have been in English and some in French. All have expressed the utmost sympathy and concern. A personal letter of thanks by the recipient went to each writer. This is written to express our gratitude to all of these overseas friends for their sympathy and their deep kindness is the expression of it.

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

Helen E. Browne, Associate Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, was appointed an Officer of the Most Noble Order of the British Empire (O.B.E.) by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth in the New Year's Honors List published on January 1, 1964.

All of Brownie's FNS family and her friends everywhere are delighted to bask in her reflected glory!

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We are most grateful to the Kansas Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars for a new suction machine for Hyden Hospital. This gift was in memory of the Kansas Society's organizing president, the late Mrs. John Warren Kirkpatrick.

The Lexington Clinic, Lexington, Kentucky, has been so kind as to give us a large quantity of needles and bandages which will be most useful at Hyden Hospital.

A new red Jeep, "Atwood," for use at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center, has been added to the FNS fleet through the generosity of Mrs. John W. Price, Jr. of Louisville.

Mrs. W. B. McIlvain and Fanny of Devon, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Joseph Baker of Downingtown, have given a most beautiful, handwoven dossal for the Wendover Chapel.

Through the kindness of friends in Hazard, a good piano has been obtained for Mardi Cottage, the home of the student nurse-midwives.

For all the kindnesses of all our friends everywhere we are eternally grateful.

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Donald Cornett, son of the Wendover foreman, Mr. Hobert Cornett, and Mrs. Cornett of Camp Creek, was awarded his Master's degree in civil engineering from the University of Florida in December 1963. Don and his wife and young son have moved to New Orleans where Don has accepted a position with the Humble Oil Company.

The 46th Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was graduated in St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden Hospital on Saturday afternoon, January 18. The students and guests were entertained at tea at Mardi Cottage immediately following the service. Marion (Tommie) Nighman left that afternoon for California to see her twin grandsons who had arrived in late December. Ardeth Johnson stayed on for two weeks to help out during the interval between Schools, before returning to her home in Chicago. Betty Iddings went back to Ohio and Marian Hiebert to Canada, where she is to be married this summer. Nancy Leland and Hettie Lake have remained with the Service as district nurse-midwives and Mable (Skip) Spell will return to the staff in March.

The 47th Class was admitted on Monday, February 3. Four of the students—Joan Fenton, Kay Hunt, Gwen Gessner, and Priscilla Reitz—had been with the FNS for some months. Edith Clark comes to us from Creston, British Columbia, Canada, and Fairy Faith Cochlin and Lydia Frank are both on leave from the mission field in Africa.

For some time we have known that the living room at Mardi Cottage, although spacious, was inadequate as a combination living-dining-lecture room, and that there was no quiet place in Mardi Cottage for the students to study. Work began in the fall to make a large lecture-study room from three small bedrooms in the Annex above the Hospital. This current class is the first to have the use of this big, airy, and quiet room, and they are very pleased with it.

. . . .

We have been fortunate in having several nurses join our staff this winter. We are glad to welcome Patricia Moseley, Tampa, Florida; Margaret Ann Emrey, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Susan Hantelman, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Nancy Ann Sandberg, Grantsburg, Wisconsin; Jean Rowan, a nurse-midwife from Culross, Fife, Scotland; and Greta Wiseman, Frederic, Wisconsin. Greta is no stranger to the FNS, having taken her midwifery here in 1957. She is on furlough from Pakistan and will be at Hyden for about two months.

We are most grateful to Lynne Hey for coming back to Hyden Hospital to help us out for a month this winter. Our best

wishes go with the three nurses who have left the Service recently—Barbara French, Patricia Stevens, and Bonnie Whitman.

. . . .

Kate Ireland has been in and out several times this winter. She has had the excellent help of junior courier Martha Rockwell of Putney, Vermont, who was with us during the Bennington College non-resident term. Just before Martha has to leave us in early March Laura Riley of New Hartford, Connecticut, will arrive to carry on the continuity of the Courier Service.

. . . .

This year the woolly worm, a weather prognosticator of the Kentucky mountains, showed a broad black band on its nose, a brown band around its middle, and a narrow black band around its tail. According to reliable sources, this meant that the worst of our winter weather would come early in the season, it would be better in the middle of the winter, and we would have another spell of inclement weather at the end. Well, so far, the signs were correct. We had our first snow the day after Thanksgiving and December and early January were thoroughly nasty with much ice and snow and freezing temperatures. The last two weeks in January and early February were reasonably pleasant. Now we are waiting to see what March will bring!

In spite of the woolly worm, Kentucky winters are unpredictable and only a few hearty friends brave the mountain roads to come to see us. Jan Craig spent a few weeks before Christmas at Wendover and with friends in Hyden. Miss Margaret Thomas of the Children's Bureau was with us for a couple of days in early December. Joy House was the scene of a Beasley family reunion over Christmas when Dr. and Mrs. Beasley's son Rogers and daughter Gabrielle came home for the holidays. The doctor's mother and aunt, Mrs. Shubael Beasley and Mrs. W. F. Omberg, came up from Memphis, and his brother, Dr. Shubael Beasley, came from Atlanta with Mrs. Beasley and their four children. Dr. Jorge Deju of the State Department of Health slid in from Frankfort to give the FGSM students their oral examination in January. The Rev. John Lohmann of Lexington was at Hyden twice to hold a Communion Service in St. Christopher's Chapel. He was accompanied by Dr. Kenneth C. Tufts

on one visit and by Dr. John Chamberlain on another trip. Dr. M. A. Carnes of the University of Kentucky Medical Center spent one day at Hyden and gave a most interesting and helpful lecture on anesthesia and analgesia to the nursing staff.

P. P. P. & P.

"This is Perkins, Potter, Parker and Potts, good morning."

"Is Mr. Potter there?"

"May I ask who is calling?"

"This is Mr. Sullivan's office, of Sullivan, Chadwick, Bicknell and Jones."

"Just a moment, I'll connect you."

"Mr. Potter's office."

"Mr. Potter, please. Mr. Sullivan wants him."

"Will you put Mr. Sullivan on the line, please."

"Mr. Sullivan? Ready with Mr. Potter."

"Hello, Pete? This is Joe. Okay for lunch? Good, see you."

—*The Colonial Crier*, Nov.-Dec. 1963
Colonial Hospital Supply Company
Chicago, Illinois

A PERFECT CITIZEN

"What would you call a perfect citizen?"

"A man who feels like singing the national anthem when making out his income tax return."

Contributed

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| Dr. Carl M. Friesen, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. John W. Greene, Jr., Lexington, Ky. | Dr. William R. Willard, Lexington, Ky. |

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

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| Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md. | |

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AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

Director
Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.
S.C.M., LL.D.

Secretary to Director
Miss Peggy Elmore, B.A.

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

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Assistant Executive Secretary
Mrs. Ruth Mink

Bookkeeper
Miss Lucile Hodges

Assistant Bookkeeper
Mrs. Madeline Gamble

Record Department
Miss Frances E. Brown, B.A., M.R.E.

Quarterly Bulletin and Donor Secretary
Mrs. Grace Terrill

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

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

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

Secretary to Medical Director
Miss Hope Muncy

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

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Mary Whiteaker

Hospital Midwifery Supervisors
Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.
Miss Jean Rowan, R.N.; S.C.M.

Dean Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Katherine Vandergriff,
R.N., C.M., B.S.N., M.S.N.

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

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

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

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

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

Miss Alice G. Herman, R.N., C.M., B.S.N.; Miss Hettie Lake, R.N., C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)
Evacuated April 1, 1960

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Elsie Maier, R.N., C.M.; Miss Lois Anne Voigt, R.N.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)
Mrs. Mable Turner, R.N., C.M.; Miss Edna Johnson, R.N., B.S.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Patricia Ware, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anne Marie Lorentzen, R.N.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)
Miss Gayle Lankford, R.N.; Miss Patricia Moseley, R.N.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building
271 West Short Street
Lexington, Kentucky



MARVIN THE MARE
with Kate Ireland, Courier and Trustee

This picture, taken in front of the horse barn at Wendover, and the cover picture, are both by Judith Pridie.

