

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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A SALUTE TO THE COURIERS



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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

A great deal of gladness and pleasure is anticipated in the May '78 Courier Conclave, celebrating fifty years of Courier Service as the unending thread binding FNS activities together. This Bulletin, as a Courier Souvenir, includes the schedule of events for May 11 and 12 (page 3) and the program notes describing the dramatis personae. A Salute to the Couriers is followed by acknowledgement of the honorees; our first woman courier, who brought professional photography to FNS, is presented on page 29. The tribute to Miss Agnes, so long chief correspondent and confidante of couriers, on page 25, is followed by a stirring poetic description of her real life. A representative and affectionate selection of Courier Tales spans the fifty years of the Service and is concluded by a present-day account of courier life on page 32.

Of particular note is the intriguing review of one of the more significant contributions ever made by couriers to Leslie County—Nancy's Nook (page 42).

Already over 200 couriers have responded to the invitation and some 75 are anticipating the Conclave. Like Lewis Carrolls'

"Four young oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their shoes were brushed, their faces washed,
Their clothes were clean and neat,
And this was very odd because
They hadn't any feet."

"Four other oysters hurried up
And yet another four,
And thick and fast, until at last,
Came more and more and more,
All jumping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore."

Wendover, too, is eagerly looking forward to May.

W. B. Rogers Brasley

P.S. The Kentucky Assembly amended the Nurse Practice Act to identify the extended role of the nurse and to enable certification of nurse practitioners, nurse anesthetists and nurse-midwives.

THE 1978 COURIER CONCLAVE
Honoring Marvin Breckinridge Patterson,
Agnes Lewis and Fifty Years of Couriers
At Wendover, Kentucky
May 11, 12 and 13, 1978

Schedule

Thursday, May 11:

Upon arrival in Hyden, stop by the Mary Breckinridge Hospital for housing assignments and directions/transportation to **Wendover** for

- Tea —4:30 p.m.
- Sherry —5:45 p.m.
- Dinner —6:30 p.m.

Friday, May 12:

- 9:00 a.m. Meet at the Mary Breckinridge Hospital for a tour of the new hospital, Hospital Hill, the old Hospital and Hyden
 - 12:00 noon Lunch—Mary Breckinridge Hospital Cafeteria
 - 1:00 p.m. Leave MBH for visits to the Outpost Centers
 - 5:00 p.m. Evensong—St. Christopher's Chapel—Hospital Hill
 - 5:30 p.m. Sherry—Director's Office—Old Hospital
 - 6:00 p.m. Dinner—Mary Breckinridge Hospital
- After dinner, FNS staff, representing the various components of our primary health care program, will conduct a panel discussion, followed by a question period.

Saturday, May 13:

Wendover for the morning and lunch at 12:00 noon.

.

We are thrilled that some 70 couriers have written that they plan or hope to come to the Courier Conclave and we hope that number will increase by May 11. We are asking you to let us know definitely by April 15, if possible, that you are coming, but if you find out later that you *can* come, just give us a call and we'll find a bed for you somewhere.

Since many of you will probably fly to Kentucky, we are arranging for a chartered bus to leave the Blue Grass Airport in

Lexington early Thursday afternoon and return to Lexington after lunch on Saturday. Most flights from around the country arrive in Lexington in the late morning and leave in the late afternoon.

We have much to show you on the Friday but we have left Thursday evening and Saturday morning free to give you all a chance to talk with Agnes and Marvin, with staff and each other. If anyone has something special they would like to see or do, the couriers in residence will do their best to oblige.

For some of you who have not been to FNS for many years, the changes in FNS and in the area—the physical changes—may be somewhat startling. We cannot provide any horses for you to ride or groom but we can promise that the Big House at Wendover is much the same, Opal's food is the best in the world, the spring is the loveliest time of year in the Kentucky hills, and a warm welcome awaits you all.

**COURIERS WHO WILL OR HOPE TO COME
TO THE 1978 CONCLAVE
(As of February 28, 1978)**

Abigail Allen (1973)
West Palm Beach, Florida
Marian Barrett (1977)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Florence Booker (1942)
(Mrs. James N. Rawleigh, Jr.)
Harrods Creek, Kentucky
Julie Breckinridge (1967)
(Mrs. James E. Davis, Jr.)
Charleston, West Virginia
Marvin Breckinridge (1928)
(Mrs. Jefferson Patterson)
Washington, D.C.
Barbara Bullitt (1939)
(Mrs. C. V. Christian)
Delray Beach, Florida
Mary Burton (1942)
(Mrs. Richard P. Stewart)
Glendale, Ohio
Joseph Carter (1920's)
Versailles, Kentucky
Janet Chafee (1940)
(Mrs. R. A. Cushman)
Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada

Jane Clark (1959)
Hallendale, Florida
Emma Coulter (1940)
(Mrs. J. B. Ware)
St. Louis, Missouri
Jan Craig (1962)
(Mrs. J. J. Dete)
West Liberty, Ohio
Marth Cross (1943)
(Mrs. Cross Bradberry)
Sheridan, Wyoming
Nancy Dammann (1941)
Hyden, Kentucky
Frances Dulaney (1967)
(Mrs. Frances D. Berger)
Louisville, Kentucky
Miriam Early (1973)
Frederic, Wisconsin
Amelia Emerson (1973)
Concord, Massachusetts
Hope Foote (1931)
(Mrs. James R. Gibbons)
Greenwich, Connecticut

- Lee Fox (1976)
Bronx, New York
- Gillian Gordon (1969)
Old Westbury, New York
- Ann Guthrie (1969)
(Mrs. Robert Brinly)
Louisville, Kentucky
- Edith Harrison (1960)
(Mrs. E. P. Conyers)
Winchester, Kentucky
- Joan Henning (1953)
(Mrs. Bosworth M. Todd, Jr.)
Louisville, Kentucky
- Prudence Holmes (1935)
(Mrs. Russell E. Near)
Ukiah, California
- Kate Ireland (1951)
Wendover, Kentucky
- Barbara Jack (1940)
(Mrs. Robert S. Rowe)
Dalton City, Illinois
- Bronwen Jenny, M.D. (1961)
(Mrs. Eric R. Anders)
Denver, Colorado
- Katherine Jamieson (1977)
Toledo, Ohio
- Beth Kidd (1957)
(Mrs. Ranlet Miner, Jr.)
St. Paul, Minnesota
- Deborah King (1977)
Wendover, Kentucky
- Emily Lippert (1973)
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
- Lela Love (1969)
Washington, D.C.
- Lydia McAnerney (1975)
Concord, New Hampshire
- Marianna Mayer (1968)
(Mrs. Gil Fuchs)
Hyden, Kentucky
- Lorna Miller (1964)
(Mrs. A. G. Eckian)
Stamford, Connecticut
- Carrie Lou Morgan (1966)
(Mrs. George A. Parker)
Gaithersburg, Maryland
- Diana Morgan (1947)
(Mrs. A. V. S. Olcott, Jr.)
Hopewell, New Jersey
- Leah Morris (1977)
Ridgefield, Connecticut
- Melissa Morris (1971)
(Mrs. Richard Charest)
Seneca, South Carolina
- Lydia Mueller (1976)
Novelty, Ohio
- Carm Mumford (1930)
(Mrs. John D. Norton)
Washington, D. C.
- Theresa Nantz (1959)
(Mrs. D. F. Walton)
Frankfort, Kentucky
- Miggy Noble (1937)
(Mrs. Howard P. Serrell)
Greenwich, Connecticut
- Jane Norton (1932)
(Mrs. Walter N. Haldeman)
Glenview, Kentucky
- Betty Parrish (1965)
(Mrs. James G. Kenan III)
Lexington, Kentucky
- Helen Parrish (1973)
(Mrs. Charles Beach III)
Beattyville, Kentucky
- Laura Parrish (1970)
Lexington, Kentucky
- Ann Patton (1970)
Highland Park, Illinois
- Diana Post (1967)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
- Ann Proctor (1975)
Washington, D. C.
- Rebecca Quinn (1977)
Merion Station, Pennsylvania
- Ann Reynolds (1956)
(Mrs. Frank A. Sparrow)
Princeton, New Jersey
- Nan Sersig (1969)
West Somerville, Massachusetts
- Lanny Smith (1974)
(Mrs. Robert C. Welch)
Leverette, Massachusetts
- Amy Stevens (1956)
(Mrs. Bruce McC. Putnam)
Wayland, Massachusetts
- Marianna Stevenson (1934)
(Mrs. Paul Church Harper)
Lake Forest, Illinois
- Mary Stevenson (1940)
(Mrs. Spencer H. Hackett)
Ligonier, Pennsylvania

Catherine Taylor (1941)
(Mrs. Leonard Bughman)
Rector, Pennsylvania

Nina Thomas (1958)
(Mrs. John Carroll)
New York, New York

Catherine Troxel (1942)
(Mrs. George M. Todd)
Perrysburg, Ohio

Kathy Vignos (1971)
New York, New York

Edith Welch (1945)
(Mrs. Robert G. Potter, Jr.)
Edgartown, Massachusetts

Lydia Wilder (1973)
Corvallis, Oregon

Frances Williams (1929)
(Mrs. John F. Perkins, Jr.)
Chicago, Illinois

Kathleen Wilson (1934)
(Mrs. W. H. Henderson)
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Bonnie Witrak-Scanlon (1973)
Excelsior, Minnesota

Phoebe Wood (1966)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Edie Verbeck (1940)
(Mrs. C. Parker Wood)
Tampa, Florida

THE COURIER'S LAMENT

Snow and ice will soon be gone,
Spring tides will be startin',
Dogwood trees will be in bloom,
All down "Hell fer Sartin".

Mountain waters rushing clear,
Song birds swiftly dartin',
Little rainbows in the spray,
Over "Hell fer Sartin".

Tears unbidden dim my eyes,
At the thought of partin';
When I'm far away "outside",
I'll dream of "Hell fer Sartin".

Written by Inty's sister

From the Spring, 1937, Quarterly Bulletin

A SALUTE TO COURIERS



Helen (Pebble) Stone, Freddy Holdship, Jean Hollins, Marion Shouse Lewis

The Frontier Nursing Service Courier Service was the outcome of Mrs. Breckinridge's experience with the young girl chauffeurs who had volunteered for work in the Motor Corps of the Comité Américain pour les Régions Dévastées de la France (C.A.R.D.) after World War I. During the earliest years of the FNS, Mrs. Breckinridge relied on two young male relatives, Joe Carter and Brooke Alexander, and Brooke's friend Jim Parton, for invaluable help with the care of the horses and the transportation of guests in the mountain area. The arrival of another young cousin, Marvin Breckinridge, in the spring of 1928 inaugurated the Courier Service for "young women eighteen years or older who have completed their secondary education"—and the couriers remained all female until the arrival of Doug Carroll in the fall of 1973.

Many of the early couriers were kin of Mrs. Breckinridge, or the daughters and nieces of friends, or of the women who were forming the first FNS City Committees outside of the mountains. It was not difficult to find young women who were anxious to lend their talents and enthusiasm to an area of need. Their names are legion—there have been nearly 800 altogether—and most of the girls who came in the late twenties and thirties stayed on or

returned time and again as seniors to "break in" and supervise the new "juniors", or to respond to some crisis in the life of the FNS. We cannot name you all but there are some whose lives have been closely interwoven with this organization for thirty - forty - nearly fifty years: Carm Mumford, Dorothy Caldwell, Marion Shouse, Helen (Pebble) Stone, Fanny McIlvain, Jean Hollins, Freddy Holdship . . .

Was the FNS short of junior couriers? Was there an epidemic, among patients or staff or horses? Was a Christmas Secretary or an addresser-of-appeals or relief in Social Service needed? Did Mrs. Breckinridge need new photographs for the *Quarterly Bulletin*, or to illustrate her talks and meetings around the country? There was always an old courier—or three or four—ready to hop into a car, or on the train, at a moment's notice and arrive, beaming, at Wendover, ready to go to work. In 1936, Jean Hollins spent a semester at the University of Kentucky, learning about animal husbandry, and, thereafter, spent most of her time until her death in 1961 at Wendover as the Resident Courier where, with her incomparable kindness and care and concern, she became everybody's right arm. When Jean went on vacation, or needed help, there were always one or more of the "old crowd" ready and willing to come to her aid.

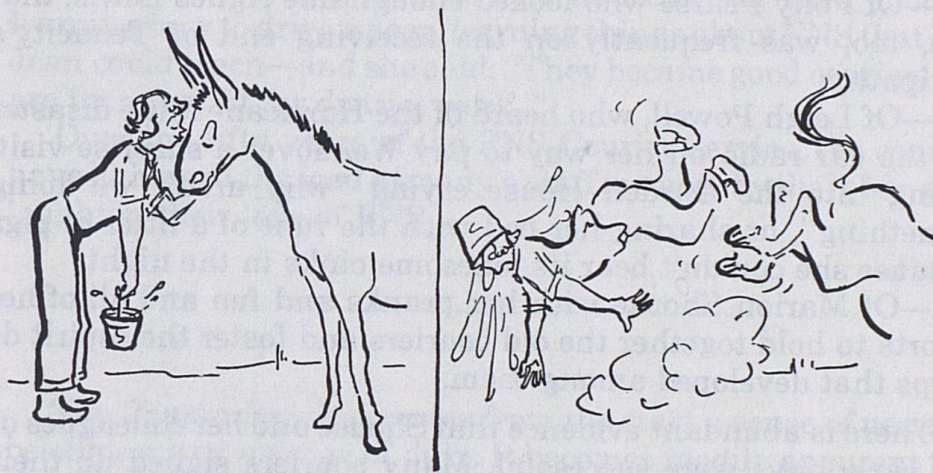
During the years of World War II, with its attendant staff shortages, the couriers spent almost as much time as aides in the hospital and on the district as they did with the horses. Others went to war. Alison Bray, the first English courier, served in the Auxiliary Territorial Service; Marvin Breckinridge was a roving reporter in Europe for CBS News; Pebble became a Flight Commander in the WAAFS, Biz Campbell and Nancy Dammann served in the WACs; Peggy Harrison was involved in the Red Cross Transport work abroad and was at one time assigned to a British Ambulance Unit in Finland. Others continued to come back to help FNS while they waited for their husbands to return from war.

In many ways the fifties and early sixties were leaner years for the Courier Service than were the war years. Many of the "old crowd" were busy with their families and more and more of the "young things" were going to college. There was always a long waiting list for the summer months but during the winter, fall and spring, there was frequently only one junior courier at

Wendover—or Jean was alone except for some of the other old faithfuls. However, this period saw other junior couriers settle down to become the loyal seniors on whom we could depend—Kate Ireland, Leigh Powell, Jinny Branham—who were in and out constantly and Timmy Balch, Polly Pearse, Amy Stevens, Beth Burchenal, who stayed at Wendover for months at a time. And on into the sixties and seventies a loyal group of younger women were available to stay on after the normal courier term as seniors or office volunteers or nurses aides, or to coordinate courier and volunteer activities.

Elsewhere in this Bulletin we are reprinting some of the stories from the various decades which illustrate the life of a courier at FNS. But there are countless other tales and memories . . .

—Of Ruth Chase who went on a home delivery in Kentucky and found her brother's picture in a copy of the *New York Times* which had been used to paper the walls;



—Of Elizabeth Duvall and Elizabeth Sutherland who had to lead *eight* horses to the Head of Hurricane to meet guests, and of Pebble who went to meet a female guest and forgot to take along an extra pair of riding pants. With total aplomb, Pebble gave up her own and rode home wrapped in her raincoat!;

—Of stories of the Garden House fire when all the residents, including Jean and the junior couriers, lost every stitch of clothing except what they had on, and staff hastily sent all they could spare over to Wendover (including a bathing suit—in

January!). Jean said it was one of the happiest times of her life—she didn't have to worry about clothing—they just piled everything in the middle of the floor and, each morning, picked out something to put on without having to worry about how it looked!;

—Of stories of leading cows to centers when the couriers weren't used to this activity—and the cows weren't used to being led, as one courier expressed it;

—Of Fanny jumping on a horse in her nightgown to ride for help the night of the pump house fire;

—Of Jinny Branham—"Miss Fix-it"—and her efforts to "water proof" Leslie County youngsters by giving swimming lessons, and the artistic skill she brought to the building of St. Christopher's Chapel;

—Of Freddy Holdship and the "diagnoses" she made of such exotic diseases as "yellow fever" while working as an aide on the Confluence District, and her love of the redbud in the spring;

—Of Polly Pearse who looked enough like Agnes Lewis, that she, too, was frequently on the receiving end of Tenacity's antipathy;

—Of Leigh Powell, who heard of the Hurricane Mine disaster on the car radio on her way to pay Wendover a surprise visit, flying into the Garden House crying "why aren't we doing something", or sharing her bed with the runt of a litter of pigs because she couldn't bear its lonesome oinks in the night;

—Of Marion Shouse with her pranks and fun and all of her efforts to hold together the old couriers and foster the esprit de corps that developed among them.

There is abundant evidence that Shouse and her colleagues of the early days were successful. Many couriers signed up their baby daughters for the Courier Service at birth—and we have had twenty-one mother-daughter (or father-daughter) couriers, six mother-and-two-daughter combinations, sixteen pairs of sisters and numerous nieces and younger cousins who followed the footsteps of their courier relatives.

The interest gained by a term of service in the Kentucky mountains has become a lifetime commitment for many women. Marvin Breckinridge Patterson became the National Chairman of Frontier Nursing Service, and was succeeded by Kate Ireland. Both served as chairman of city committees in Washington and

Cleveland. Freddy Holdship, Mardi Bemis Perry and Leigh Powell are presently members of the Board. Mardi "fathered" the eminently successful Boston Christmas Preview, Leigh served as the volunteer head of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital and Development Fund Drive, Freddy was chairman of the Pittsburgh Committee for some years, followed by another courier, Mary Stevenson Hackett.

At the present time, ninety-three former couriers serve on FNS city committees, five are chairmen or co-chairmen of these committees, and many others are committee officers—lending their time, their talents, their means, to further the interest of FNS wherever they may be.

Much has been written about the contributions of couriers but the high esteem in which Mrs. Breckinridge held her girls was, perhaps, best expressed in a very small comment in a Bulletin of the late forties. She was writing of a group of new staff nurses who had spent some time at Wendover under Jean Hollins' supervision—learning how to ride and care for their mounts, learning how to drive a Jeep, learning things about FNS that only Jean could teach—and she said: "They became good couriers and are therefore fit for district work."

Over the fifty years of the FNS Courier Service, the couriers have lightened the load of many a staff member by the labor, their laughter, their love of FNS.

—P.G.E.

The Courier Service creates from the start a sense of personal belonging and a sense of duty. It becomes readily apparent that the courier is part of a larger structure which depends on the support of each individual within the system in order to function. The rewards that a courier receives lie not so much in the area of individual achievement or recognition, but from a maturing through a process of giving which broadens and deepens one's understanding of the FNS, the people and his/her self.

—Anne Saunders in 1977

COURIER TALES

From the Autumn, 1931, Quarterly Bulletin:

On Monday we started out on "Rounds," an expression that means riding between Centers—a trip of about one hundred miles on horseback. We were sent out to take an important letter that demanded an immediate answer. You see, the mails are very unreliable, and awfully slow, so the "Courier Service," as we call ourselves, has to be called out. We had Glen and Bobby, two perfectly darling coal black horses, and one pair of saddlebags for tooth brushes and a change of shirts. Isn't that an exciting way to start out on a four days' travel?

The first night we spent at Bowlingtown, arriving amidst a downpour of rain, after riding thirty miles. Next day we started at 5 o'clock. There was the most glorious sunrise I have ever seen. The country around here is very beautiful, mountainous and verdant with flowers growing everywhere, masses of goldenrod, iron weed, and devil's paint brush.

We stopped at Brutus for lunch and went on to Red Bird that night. In the morning we rode over to Flat Creek for lunch, on to Beech Fork for the night, and then back to Wendover the next day. We were much impressed during our Rounds with the nurses at all the Centers. They were as nice as they could be, and very forbearing with Couriers who arrive late, and leave at extraordinary hours in the morning.

Wednesday we got up at 6:30 to go to the Head of Hurricane Creek to meet three doctors who were coming in to hold clinics. We had a hectic time getting off. Have you ever tried to groom and saddle five horses when you felt as though you should still be "dreaming sweet dreams?" Rhody, the mule, felt facetious and dashed madly around, leading us a merry chase, but we finally caught her with a bribe of sugar. Diana, a little sorrel mare, that we hoped would run loose in front of us, suddenly remembered her oats at home and started back. We managed to round her up, and arrived at the Head of Hurricane just as the Hyden-Hazard bus was departing in a cloud of dust, leaving three men standing forlornly by the lone log that marks the trail down to Wendover. We introduced ourselves as couriers of the Frontier Nursing Service, got them mounted and brought them safely home.

Friday morning Willeford and I took five children out to the

Children's Free Hospital in Cincinnati for treatment. We started off in "Royal Harry," the Service car, packed in like sardines with the children, age 4, 6, 7, 9 and 11. We both had a box of Kleenex apiece in case of car sickness. We arrived in Lexington at 5 o'clock and caught the 5:50 train to Cincinnati, reaching there at 9:30. The children were exhausted and so were we but at least we felt triumphant at having accomplished the trip without losing any of them. Really, it is a task to keep track of five very lively children even if they are good. I've never seen such a remarkable exhibition of poise as they displayed. They'd never seen a train, or been in an elevator, or seen a city brightly lighted at night but not one of them was frightened or expressed undue surprise. Every one of their actions was worthy of a fifty-year-old diplomat.

Tomorrow we drive back to Wendover to meet some guests whom we are to take on "Rounds".

Yours for the life of a Courier,

—Carmen Mumford

.

From the Autumn, 1935, Bulletin:

Woody and Flint were both sent to Wendover from Hyden this morning to be tended by the couriers. We diagnosed distemper and isolated them in the horse hospital barn. Agnes has given us a pink and blue flowered smock to wear when we go to their stall. With blue jeans protruding below, the effect is wonderful! The water hydrant is 100 yards from the hospital barn and it is simply amazing how much sick horses can drink! The cook said she could tell I wasn't use to "toting" water. I don't believe she will be able to say that by the time Woody and Flint have recovered!

The sore on Rex's back is a huge hole now. We put vaseline on it this morning and stood him in the sun for two hours. Then we applied hot Epsom salt compresses until the scab finally lifted enough to be cut off.

Kelly rode in from Confluence yesterday with Llanfechain to have him treated. We're working hard on him with hot compresses, trying to get him well enough to use in a few days.

Poor Bucket has practically to give up her job as midwifery supervisor to be chief consultant for the couriers about sick horses! We're washing every horse's back with alum once a day now to harden them and prevent backs breaking down this hot weather.



The new mare, Lady Ellen, the four year old which is the couriers' pride and joy, was awfully lame in the right foreleg this morning. Kermit says its just the shoe and I surely hope he's right. We led her to the river to see if the water would relieve her leg but it didn't seem to help much. It's too bad this has happened just when she was beginning to get less nervous. She's the loveliest horse to ride, with a perfect running walk, but she does love to walk backwards!

Green called from Red Bird yesterday to say that Laddie was very thin and needed a rest. Tommy had a growth removed from his back ten days ago in Lexington. Walter took him down in the truck; he returned with two stitches in his back, feeling very sorry for himself. Yesterday the wound got infected and Bucket is helping us paint it with silver nitrate. Tommy objects strenuously and has become very adept at pawing, which makes treatment quite a problem. Gloria needs special treatments. She loves nothing better than to lay back her ears and kick so we are becoming very adept at dodging heels. Poor Ned has a huge abscess on his upper lip which gives him a most doleful appearance! At first he objected strenuously to hot compresses, but we found that by holding his nostrils closed he was so worried about not being able to breathe he forgot all about his lip.

We've got six horses more than we have stalls for tonight! It took a lot of figuring but I think they're finally all settled—one in

the calf barn, one in the back lot, and four at the "Georgia Wright Clearing".

—Kathleen Wilson

.

From the Summer, 1937, Bulletin:

Bugles and drums and marching feet called, and the Frontier Nursing Service quickly responded. In other words, four horses, replete with nurses and couriers, took part in the Coal Carnival parade at Hazard on Labor Day. Fortunately, Pebble Stone had just arrived from New York, so there was a courier to lead each horse. The horses were shod with rubber pads to prevent their slipping on the pavement. Mac led the procession, carrying a round placard with the FNS seal. Next came Vanda on Bonnie, Sybil on Flint and Lucile on Gloria. There had been some apprehension concerning Bonnie's behavior. She had been offended by the rehearsals at Wendover. However, beating on waste baskets, waving newspapers and umbrellas, were less nerve-wracking than the actual parade. Bonnie merely bowed to the applause and pranced gaily to the delight of the onlookers. I trust we all carried out Willeford's instructions and acted like ladies. However, it was quite a temptation not to retort to some of the remarks made by the spectators. The favorite one was, "Why don't you ride double?" The whole affair was great fun, and there were no casualties, even minor ones.

—Anne Upton

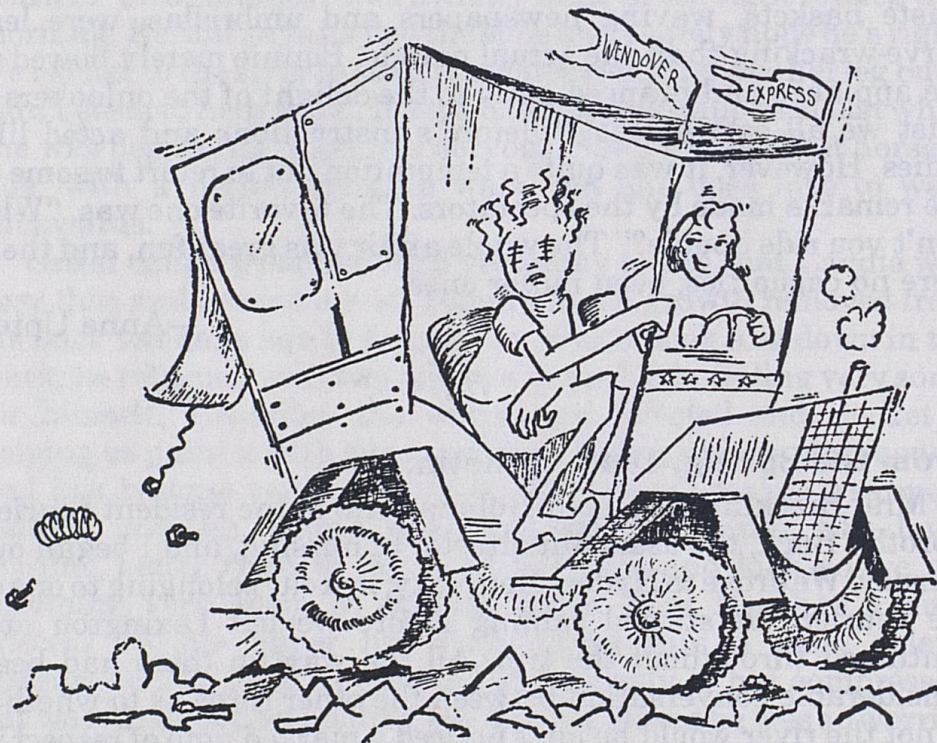
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From the Spring, 1948, Bulletin:

Mrs. Breckinridge, Jean Hollins, who is the resident courier, Dorothy Buck, the assistant director of nursing, and I began our journey. We drove to Hyden, Kentucky, in a car belonging to one of the couriers. It started raining before we left Lexington and continued throughout the trip. All the way up there had been considerable conversation between the other three as to whether or not the river would be up. I noticed a marked note of respect in their voices when they referred to "the River," but there was no way I could establish any remote relationship between this phantom body of water and the four of us on a concrete highway in

a Ford roadster. I had no thought of fear or even trepidation. No one can be afraid of anything when they are with Mrs. Breckinridge. Her dynamic character projects to you the knowledge that the potential accomplishments of the future are too important to be detained by any obstacle which might present itself at the present time.

Jean took us out of Hyden on an unsurfaced mud road and everyone, excepting myself, voiced in chorus the query, "Will Bounce be at the tin garage?" I had little time to wonder at this. We arrived at a tin garage by the roadside, no more—no less, and I was perfectly convinced that a Pekinese dog, Bounce by name, would emerge from its shelter to be added to the passenger list. But no! Jean stopped, climbed out of the roadster, and said, "Let's shift." That left me a bit dazed, but I followed her out just to look like I knew what she meant. By this time she had opened the garage doors and revealed Bounce, the only mechanism in the world which, to my mind, has a soul—the jeep.



We transferred luggage, passengers, and parcels to Bounce by flashlight and started on down the mud road. At the bottom of the

next hill the road came to an abrupt end, and the only thing ahead was a healthy, gurgling stream. We took to the water and lurched down the creek. Eventually we came to the mouth of the creek and, to my utter amazement, we turned and went straight across the river. By this time I knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that Jean had only to tap Bounce lightly on his right back fender with her riding crop, and he would have jumped any fence in the county for her. She propelled us across the ford in the river to the comparative safety of a mountain road on the other side—a road which went straight up!

About a mile farther on we saw the warmth of the lighted windows of the "Big House" at Wendover. I know now that it was then I first fell in love with the Frontier Nursing Service. I felt its warmth long before I saw its fires.

—Margaret "Bobbie" McDowell

From the Spring, 1952, Bulletin:

At Flat Creek I unloaded the pipe, insulation, No. 20 oil for the furnace fan and various other oddments for Stevie (the Flat Creek nurse). Then I loaded an old-fashioned Singer sewing machine into the back, and Mrs. Cantor into the front. We reached the ford about an hour or hour and a half after I had crossed it before. Right in front of us was a man and a mule. He looked at us, and we looked at him, but no one said anything. I started Mr. Turveydrop across and the water started pouring in. Mr. Turveydrop died almost in the middle. The engine quit, and the water came in.

The man on the mule told us that he had known we couldn't get across; that if I had taken off the fan belt we *might* have gotten across, and besides that, I had gone across the deepest part! We thanked him very kindly for his generous and timely information. It was so helpful!

Could he get us a mule? Well, he might be able to. (He didn't.)

A boy came along with a gun. He allowed as how a team *might* be able to pull us, but he didn't know where there was one!

Well, we sat in the middle of that river for over half an hour. The water got deeper and deeper as the river was still rising. It got deep enough so that there were two inches in the back of the jeep, and in the front it was flush with the top of the gas tank under the seat. As if that wasn't bad enough, Mrs. Cantor had to point out to

me how much the water was rising, all the black clouds that meant more thunderstorms, and other cheerful items like that. She was afraid the jeep would either tip over, or float downstream, or both!

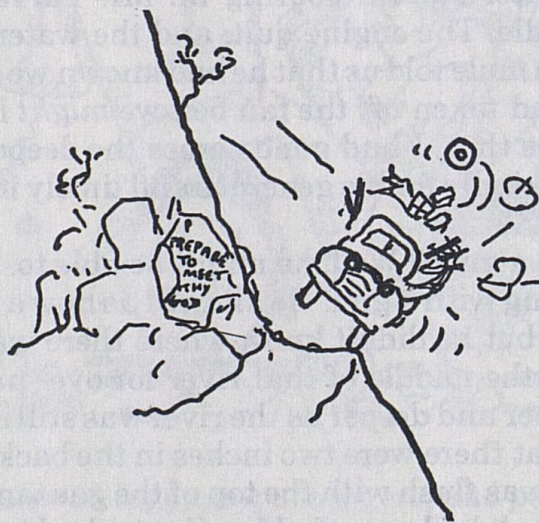
—Mary (Timmy) Balch

Editor's Note: In the days when most roads went through creeks or rivers, it was not uncommon for the jeeps and their drivers to get caught by rising streams. Aided by a Mel-O-Toast truck and a pick-up from the Flat Creek Mission, Timmy and Mr. Turveydrop were rescued from the Red Bird River. Jean Hollins was the only courier who ever successfully forded the Middle Fork and drove up Muncy Creek when the water was over the headlights of her jeep!

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From the Autumn, 1953, Bulletin:

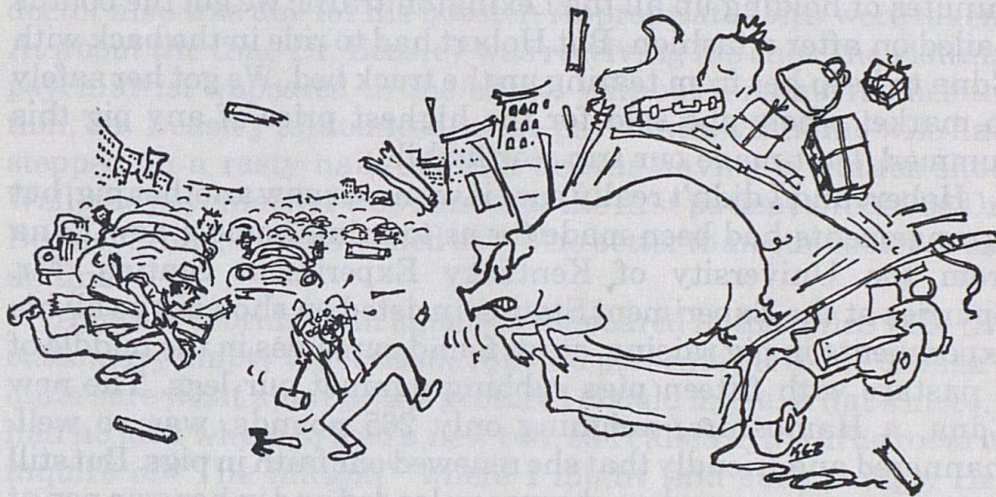
If you think Betty Lester's story about Louise, the two-month-old pig, was good wait 'til you hear this one. Hobert Cornett and I had to take the 725-pound Duroc sow—Edna, Duchess of Wendover—to Lexington to market. We took a departing guest with us and had to put all of her luggage on a platform over Edna's head. This definitely aggravated Edna, who spent the first half-hour trying to dislodge the platform and remove all the luggage, but luckily in vain. Then she discovered that the platform provided a good shade, so she sought other games to play. The spare tire was tied by a heavy rope to the back of the cab. By the time we reached Manchester, Edna had severed the rope, and from Manchester to Tyner she played football with the tire.



This made the driving for Hobert very easy! Only 725 pounds running around in the back of the truck, and she always scored a goal as we were going around a curve!

After all this exertion, Edna settled down for a nap. She couldn't have been quieter until we got to Lexington, But, she being a country sow, the city noises were strange to her and she woke up to observe the changes. First we had to go to the railroad station to unload the luggage of the guest. By this time it was noon and Edna's sunshade was not much help so, after a half-hour of driving around Lexington, Edna decided to unload herself.

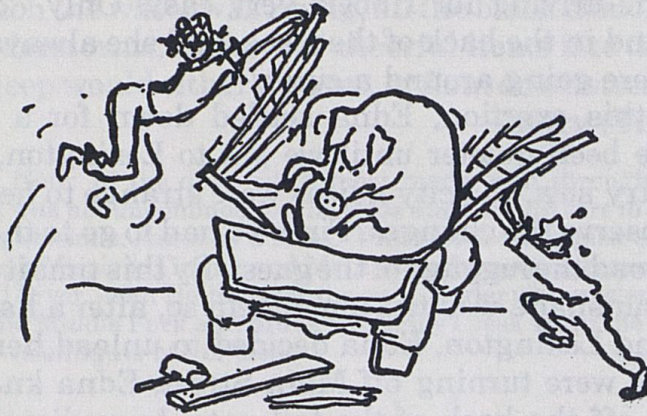
Just as we were turning off Main Street, Edna knocked the extra boards off the back of the tail gate. Immediately Hobert leapt out of the cab to the back of the truck to keep Edna in, while I made a 500-foot dash down Main Street to retrieve the lost boards.



Hobert said, "Keep her away from the tail gate while I get the hammer."

I waved my arms once. Edna waved her snout twice! Then I yelled for Hobert. He got back just in time to save Edna and me from rolling down the street together.

After this it was I who went for the hammer. Luckily, I found two—one with which to nail the boards back on and one, a wooden mallet, with which to keep Edna at bay. It may sound inhumane to hit a pig on the head with a mallet, but 725 pounds of mad pig has to be controlled somehow. While Hobert tried to pound the boards, I hung on to the side boards trying to prevent Edna from raising the truck bed. But Edna's weight being greater than mine, I found



myself being lifted three or four feet into the air. An amusing spectacle it must have been for the onlookers! After fifteen minutes of holding up all the Lexington traffic we got the boards nailed on after a fashion. But Hobert had to ride in the back with Edna to keep her from tearing up the truck bed. We got her safely to market where she sold for the highest price of any pig this summer! That made our trip worthwhile.

Hobert and I didn't really care if we never saw another pig, but arrangements had been made for us to bring home a new Edna from the University of Kentucky Experiment Station. Mr. Spurrier at the Experiment Station insisted on showing us all his experiments in pig raising, so we found ourselves in the middle of a pasture with fifteen pigs rubbing against our legs. The new Edna, a Hampshire, weighing only 265 pounds, was so well-mannered and friendly that she renewed our faith in pigs. But still we were very happy when she was unloaded and in her own pen at Wendover.

When I went to the kitchen for my late supper what did I find but pork chops!

—Kate Ireland

Illus. by Kitty Biddle

From the Summer, 1964, Bulletin:

The arrival of volunteers at Wendover can be somewhat untimely. Agnes always accepts help even when it is not really needed at the moment. With her ever ready fund of little projects, she is never caught short of things to do.

Sue White and I arrived late one Tuesday evening in March and were given a quick briefing on new people, places and things. This was my third trip and Sue's first. In the morning, Sue would go to Flat Creek with Mabel Turner and I would go to the hospital to "fill in" for the secretary to the superintendent.

The hospital work has been fascinating, as well as fun. After a few days of mundane jobs, I became quite proficient with the telephone and intercom. Gradually, I was taught the payroll, birth certificate, mail and other numerous routines. All seem so easy, but are extremely intricate in purely FNS style.

One morning "Trink" Beasley arrived at the hospital announcing that she had stepped on a rusty nail and needed a tetanus shot. "The Matron," as Liz Palethorp, Superintendent of the Hospital, is often called, was reminded that this meant that the doctor also was due for his booster. Appropriate steps were taken. At about the time Dr. Beasley was receiving his shot, the visiting psychiatrist appeared in the office. Without a moment's hesitation, Dr. Beasley announced to the psychiatrist that his wife had stepped on a rusty nail and that he was having a tetanus shot! Well, the psychiatrist was sure that the first patient should be Dr. Beasley! Alas, all was ironed out. Who better than our doctor could do this?

Another morning, an employee appeared in the office with the customary empty toilet tissue roll and presented it to me. I wasn't quite sure what appropriate gesture I should make. What's more, I had no idea where to find a new roll, so I called to the drug room to inquire of "The Matron" where I might find such things. Her retort was somewhat unexpected—"It's in the left-hand file cabinet, middle drawer—look under Payroll." Alas, one never knows where one may expect to find items filed with FNS.

My next call to duty was an "invitation" to help Sue White paint some of the rooms at Flat Creek. When the color charts had been reviewed I went to the Hospital to telephone Agnes. "Do they really want these colors? Can't you persuade the nurses to choose another color? I'm ordering extra white. Please see that the Flamingo and Lilac are properly toned down." I assured Agnes that all would be well. As the days went by, we were surprised and, I must say, pleased with the results. Mixtures are still classified information, but the rooms look wonderful.

After this project, Sue and I returned to the hospital to see how

Liz had done without us. Considering our absence, she had done remarkably well! With the situation so well in hand, we decided to take the week-end in Lexington. "The Matron" caught wind of this, and asked if we would pick up a few I.V. fluids for her. We gaily agreed, and took the sealed brown envelope to the appropriate company. While the order was being filled, we chatted with the amiable gentleman behind the desk and casually inquired as to how many cases we were getting. Our car being already jammed with various other things, we had in mind two or three cases for "The Matron." This gentleman quoted me a figure. I laughed, thinking he was joking. To be sure, however, I went out into the street to get the car. There I saw three men and a sidewalk full of cases. Again, all I could do was laugh. Where were we going to put all of those cartons? I couldn't imagine that they would all fit in, but with a bit of good luck, good management, and considerable juggling and rearrangement, everything was put in the car—four cases of fluids, two saddles, two people, one dog, and assorted clothing—and we were off.

Back at Hyden, and the usual routine—Hark! I hear a voice.

"Jane."

"Yes, Miss Lester."

"Will you change your clothes and take an emergency trip to Cincinnati? The station wagon is waiting at the Gulf."

Ah, yes, life as a courier has its busy moments.

—Jane Clark

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From the Winter, 1967, Bulletin:

Present day couriers are lucky in that they work more closely, I believe, with the professional staff than did our generation. One courier, for example, is assigned fulltime to help Miss Anna May January with the cancer research survey. A second courier assists Miss Betty Lester with her numerous social service projects. A third works with Dr. Mary L. Wiss on clinic days. In addition, the girls are often sent to the centers for several days at a time to work on the records or to keep a nurse company when her teammate is on vacation.

—Nancy Dammann

From the Spring, 1969, Bulletin:

I left here at 5:30 a.m., walked the mile to the road, drove to the hospital, picked up the baby, drove to Hazard, took the train to Lexington (five hours) where there was a three hour wait, and the train to Louisville, arriving at 9:00 p.m., where the chauffeur met me. I finally got to the Childrens Hospital where, unfortunately, there had been some mistake and they weren't expecting me. I staggered in (the baby was big and fat) in my cotton dress and ankle socks, sat down in the nearest chair, too tired to waste words, and waited for someone to take the baby—but nothing happened. They read the papers and stood and stared at me. Then a nurse came up and read the papers and stood and stared at me and I sat with the baby and stared at them. Finally I said, "Well" and one of them came and said, "Are you the baby's mother?" and I answered wearily, "No, I take care of the horses." And so a long hysterical conversation started and I'm sure I disgraced the Service. Anyway, they took the baby and as I left I could see them all crowded at the window, watching me drive off with the chauffeur, no doubt still wondering where the horses were!

—Lucy Pitts

July 16, 1941

... and in contrast, from Lucy Pitts' daughter ...

Yesterday another courier and I had to take patients to Children's Hospital and pick up some others. In all, we brought eight people back. We left at 8:00 a.m. and didn't arrive back at Wendover until 10:00 that night.

—Lucy Grosvenor

July 17, 1965

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From the Autumn, 1974, Bulletin:

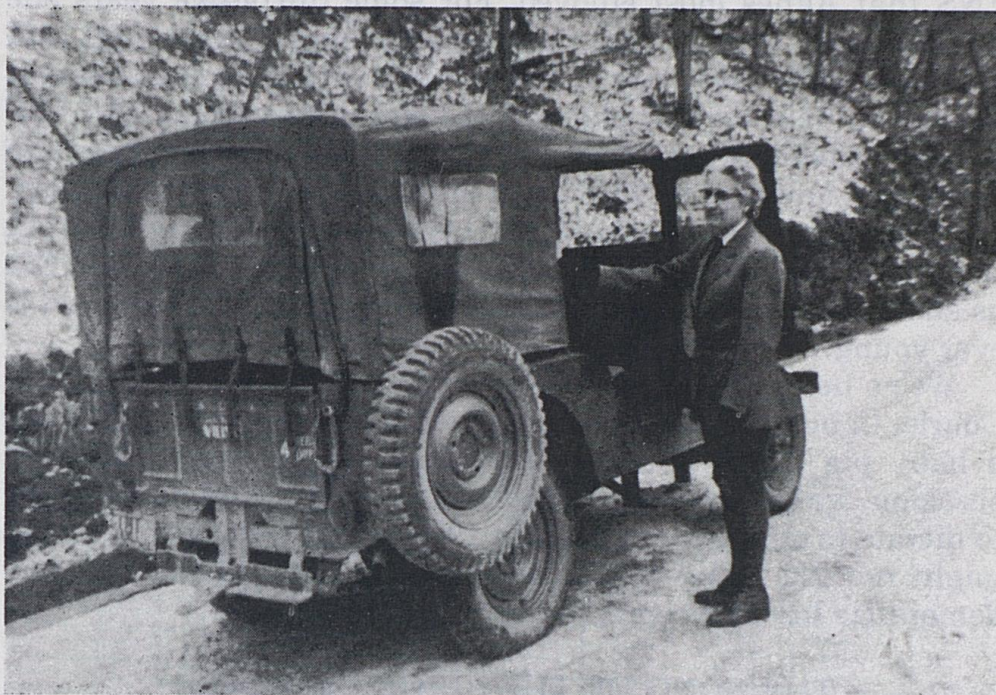
Flat Creek was a different experience altogether. Staying with a district nurse was an opportunity to see first hand the humane, competent, and personal care that is the outcome of the organization at Wendover and Hyden. Getting to know some of the nurses and seeing them at work let me appreciate even more the kind of care that is possible when nurses and doctors know patients well, know whole families, their histories, etc. The nurse I stayed with was fairly new to her district and was in the process of going up

each creek and visiting each family regardless of whether or not anyone was sick. As I met families on these visits, I soon saw how friendly everyone was to us. We were always invited in and had cordial conversations, often very interesting. In these visits, in seeing the people who came to the clinic, those who worked there, going to a nearby church, I got to know many of the people in the district. In fact, except for the nurse, most of my time at Flat Creek was spent with the people on the district, many of whom became very good friends. I have happy memories of a sunny November afternoon when we played tag with our neighbor's children, chanting, "One, two, three, get off the old man's apple tree", followed by a game of basketball and ending with two boys about twelve years old challenging the nurse and me to a tag team wrestling match (which we lost); of having to climb out of a warm bath to accompany the nurse one rainy night to visit a frail old man propped up in bed surrounded by relatives; of singing songs with an old man and eating withered apples with a wrinkled old woman. Never in my life have I gone to a strange place and felt so much at home so soon. The day I left Kentucky I went to visit a friend near Flat Creek whom I'd particularly liked. As I was leaving we were holding hands and she said, "God bless you, honey, We'll miss you. You seemed like one of us from the very beginning." How could one help but feel at home among people with that kind of hospitality?

Now when I hear former couriers telling how their time at FNS was one of the most important experiences of their lives, I can understand and agree. It is rare to come into contact with an organization that seems to be as close to its ideal, without being static, as FNS. I hope to come back and visit soon and, hopefully, some day to work. But whether or not I actually do, I shall always have with me the wonderful memories of everyone I knew and all that they did in Kentucky. It was a joy to be briefly a part of the work at FNS.

—Sally Hamby

AGNES



The co-honoree of the 1978 Courier Conclave, with Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (Marvin Breckinridge), the first woman courier, is Miss Agnes Lewis. It will be no surprise to anyone that she was never a courier but, of all the FNS staff over the years, Agnes was closest to the Courier Service.

Agnes' arrival to join the FNS staff in 1932 was something of a shocking experience for her. In the first place, she had thought she would be working in the civilized environs of Lexington and, in the second, she was put in charge of the horses when she scarcely knew one end of a horse from the other. But she learned, just as she learned, over the years, all about plumbing and heating and building and supplies and purchasing and maintenance and rainbow files and personnel problems and cows and pumps and wells and springs and water tanks and equipment from A to Z and Wendover and Hospital Hill and the Centers and anything else one could mention. And through it all Agnes remained the perfect gentlewoman and retained her ready sense of humor. Sometimes we wonder how!

The supervision of the thirty to forty horses scattered over two counties also included the supervision of their two-legged

companions—The Couriers. We suspect that this was the part of FNS that Agnes most enjoyed. For some thirty-five years she corresponded with prospective couriers, shared their joys and problems while they were at FNS, put up with their dogs because she loved their owners, shared her abiding respect for and fair-minded consideration of her fellowman, welcomed their return to Wendover, and kept up with them through letters year after year.

Agnes may not have mastered the Jeep as she did the horse but she established the same rapport with the couriers of the Jeep Era as she did with those of the horseback days because her heart is ever young.

We've heard the rumor that the couriers attending the Third Courier Conclave in 1940 "demoralized Agnes Lewis by giving her a baby pig", and from what we know of the guests on that occasion, we believe the tale that was told. We would not presume to dictate to our courier guests in 1978 by suggesting that Agnes might not like a pig this time, but we do suspect that we may demoralize her sufficiently by reprinting . . .

THE SONG OF THE SIEGE OF AGNES

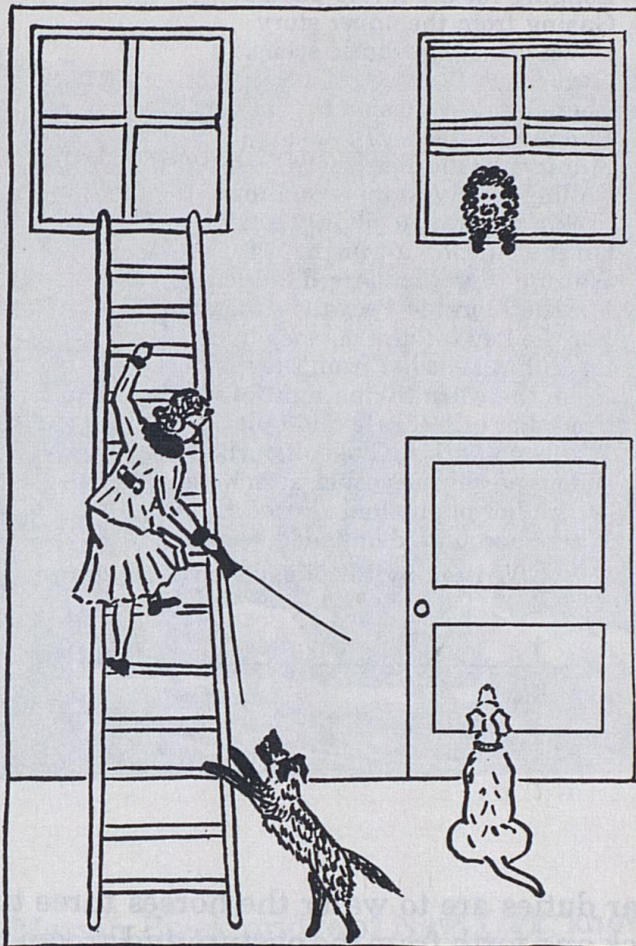
An Epic in Heroic Style

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

By the steps of Garden Housey
By the porch, beside the ladder,
Stood poor Agnes with a flashlight,
In her hand an Eveready.
Loud behind her roared the river,
Barked the dogs and howled and whimpered,
Neighed the horses in their box stalls,
Sloughed the wind and clucked the chickens,
Sang the dogs their high-pitched love song,
Bigger, Stranger, serenading.

There the harried, tired Agnes
Pulled her overcoat around her,
Set her feet firm in the pathway,
Pathway blocked by canine bodies,
Necks all twisted in the moonlight,
Singing to the lady poodle
From the steps beneath her window.
Many times she tried to pass them
Bigger clinging to her nylons,
Stranger growling, biting, leaping,
And poor Agnes flailing at them,
Flailing at them to no purpose,

Beating noses, squashing paws,
 Pulling tails there in the moonlight
 While the creeks ran to the river,
 Running swiftly 'neath the stars.



Still she could not reach the doorway,
 Could not pierce the canine phalanx,
 Could not get into her office,
 Stood outside beneath the window,
 Joined her voice to Bigger's yowling,
 Blended in with Stranger's cries:
 "Brownie, help me!" called poor Agnes
 As she scurried up the ladder,
 Ladder leaning 'gainst the building,
 Placed there handy for her rescue,
 Providential, welcome ladder,
 Each rung shining through the dark.

"Brownie, open!" hollered Agnes,
And the dogs continued howling,
Heads uplifted towards the window,
Eager paws upon the low rungs,
Throats torn open with their longing,
Longing for the lovely poodle
Gazing from the upper story
Down upon the frantic scene.

There hung Agnes on the ladder,
Clutching still her Eveready,
Shining 'round her trusty flashlight,
Calling loudly to the watchman,
Seeking entrance, plainly anxious,
On the balcony a-waiting,
Waiting next the blessed ladder
For the sound of Brownie's footstep,
For the key to turn the lock back,
Lock that kept her from the inside,
From the warmth and light of inside,
From her office, safe and quiet
Where no barking dogs disturbed her,
Where no canines could attack her,
Where her phone had started ringing,
Where accounts demanded keeping.

Written by Lil; Illustrated by Lydia

Our regular duties are to water the horses three times a day, take them back and forth from the pasture and groom them, nurse their cuts and bruises and be on hand to run errands all the time, ("errands" around here mean hundred mile truck-driving jaunts, carrying a nurse's equipment if her sick call, delivery or public health work can't be reached by jeep which it hardly ever can, running messages by jeep between Hyden Hospital and Wendover), paint places that need to be painted, and serve tea every afternoon. We're never bored and none of it seems like work except shopping.

—Sue McIntosh in 1953

A PHOTOGRAPHER/FILMMAKER



“Miss Marvin Breckinridge of New York, known to the world at large as the maker of many photographs of scientific expeditions from Yucatan to Central Africa, and the head of her own photographic studio . . .”

What an absolutely marvelous description, one that every aspiring photographer dreams of having written about them at some point! This one was particularly well deserved as Marvin was one of the greatest contributors of photographs and movies to the FNS. And no amateur was she!

In 1928, after being the first woman courier, she returned to Leslie County to make “The Forgotten Frontier”, a silent, black and white movie depicting the work of Frontier Nursing Service.

Over five reels of film were shot under more than difficult conditions, with the end product being a unique portrayal of life in this area, and most probably the only one of its kind documenting that period of mountain times. It has been hailed as being equal to any of the silent movies produced in that era. For years it served as *the* fund-raising film for FNS. It was of particular interest when shown at Government House in Canada in 1939, at the invitation of Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir. Lord Tweedsmuir was a highly esteemed Governor General of Canada but was perhaps better known to lovers of rousing adventure and spy tales as the author John Buchan.

Marvin's interest in photography led her to study with Clarence White in 1936. Any serious photographer should be drooling at the thought of that experience as Mr. White was one of the leading photographers whose work is still being shown—and sold at exorbitant prices.

In 1937 she returned again to Leslie County, this time to volunteer her services as a still photographer. The photographs she produced are in the true documentary style and could easily be ranked with the works produced by the Farm Security Administration photographers (Dorothea Lange, Arthur Rothstein, Roy Stryker). To this photographer's eye, her prints are beautifully done, showing great skill and talent. For years her photos graced the covers and pages of the *Quarterly Bulletin*—as well as being catalogued in the Library of Congress!

As the years continued, she did work for such fine magazines as *Harpers Bazaar*, *Vogue*, *Town and Country* and *Life*, moving away from the documentary style into a new form of photography—photo-journalism, as World War II began.

One could write pages on her skills and experiences as a journalist, but my interest in life is photography so I will leave that out. It may interest some of the readers who have access to old *Bulletins* to look through them again and also to look at the work of Doris Ullman, another New York photographer who did documentary work in this area in the 20's. As these two women are my only resources at present (and probably at all), for viewing documentary work done in the past, it has brought great enjoyment, insight and admiration. I only hope I will be able to do as well.

—Gabrielle Beasley

BETTY LESTER REMEMBERS . . .**Two Early Couriers—**

I arrived in 1928 from England. After spending a night at Confluence these two boys appeared—Brooke Alexander and Jim Parton. They were awfully nice boys and full of life. We talked for a while; then I got on the extra horse they had brought and we started for Hyden. I had not ridden for quite some time, but I felt quite happy on a horse. We weren't hurrying. I think the boys were a bit weary of coming to get nurses—they would wait behind me and then come galloping on up past me. Then they would drop back again, and come charging on past once more. I thought, "I'm not going to put up with this—I'll show them I know how to ride." So the next time I went on and kept up with them and we had a lovely ride. They were quite fun—those two boys. Afterwards they said I was "all right"!

Filming *The Forgotten Frontier*—

Marvin wanted us to carry the patient across the river in the boat—so we all settled down and began to cross—and her camera jammed. She said, "Don't you dare move until I get this camera unjammed"—she was standing on the other side of the river on the bank—it took her about ten or fifteen minutes to get it unjammed and there we were, freezing in the middle of the river—not daring to move!

Marvin was a perfectionist. She expected us to do everything perfectly and we did. One thing she made me do that I really didn't like. She made me wear a white uniform and cap and shoes and then change into riding uniform at Bull Creek Clinic—we always just put a white apron on over our riding uniforms. But what she wanted, we did. She really wanted it done perfectly and she got it perfectly—she really did a marvelous thing.

In the final scene, Marvin wanted a nurse riding out into the dark. So we went down to the river and she said I had to hold a flare. Well, I had no idea what a flare was—they put it on a stick and handed it to me. Well, the wretched thing sputtered and nearly scared my horse to death and he took off, with me on him of course. I hung on to the thing because I knew Marvin wanted me to—I knew we were flying down the river road and getting nearer and nearer to the ford and it was black dark. Eventually, I thought I had to do something because the horse was running away—so I dropped the flare!

THE PRESENT-DAY COURIER



What would your life be like if you were a courier today? You would most likely have some type of relationship with a college or college-like environment, whether past, present or future, whether serious or flirting. Some friend, or some friend's parent, or some organization introduced you to FNS—a place of philanthropy that is run for the people and not the philanthropists; a place whose staff exudes sincerity but not naivety; a place whose philosophy is trend-setting in health care, yet in keeping with the tradition of Mary Breckinridge's exciting and efficient ideas and energy. You will stay for about two months; you will learn the sounds and smells of only one season. Depending on your style, you may be greatly or only somewhat impressed, but you will come away with an impression that is not likely to leave you.

According to the rules of applying, you are at least eighteen, you can drive a stick-shift, you and the coordinator of couriers and volunteers (the head courier) have agreed on one of the eleven overlapping six to eight week time slots (the summer is reserved for college students), you have a hundred dollars for room and board which means Opal Morgan's cooking, and you bring your

body, your willingness and a spare tank to Wendover. As part of your application, you may have an interview by a former courier; as part of your acceptance, you may have to switch periods, or hang on a waiting list, or both. In all cases you will know this address: Coordinator of Couriers and Volunteers, Frontier Nursing Service, Wendover, Kentucky 41775.

During your short time here, a long time's worth of things happen. You see what goes on in a hospital: taking vital signs in the ER, talking to inpatients who will tell a portion of their personal and genealogical life's tales, counting pills in the pharmacy, developing x-rays, wheeling wheel chairs, filing papers—getting a good look at just about everything that can go right or wrong in a modern forty bed hospital. You see what goes on in FNS: the hospital, the primary care center, the district outposts, the Home Health Agency, the Frontier School of Midwifery and Family Nursing. You do a special project that, with the help of the head courier, you have arranged with FNS or with the community. You can produce a play with school kids, you can volunteer at the day-care center or at the Department of Human Resources; you can organize a health education class, you can help produce a Christmas pageant, or you can simply try to befriend a patient, or a couple who are homebound. A lot of people like to make conversation. You find out what they like to talk about and they do the same for you. Some of these things you do every week, like rounds, and some, just occasionally or only once.

The head courier does not work above you as much as with you, and for you. To coordinate your activities means to balance the special and the tedious amongst all of you, considering your varying abilities, interests and personalities. She must plan ahead in detail and be prepared to ignore her plans and make new ones at the ring of a phone or the skid of a jeep. She is also a courier herself, finding herself suddenly involved in some project which she didn't know existed. She also arranges for other volunteers to come to FNS to create and fill a job that she and the volunteer and the agency agree is suitable for all concerned. She helps at Wendover—as a hostess and tour guide—and she meets with the FNS Steering Committee. Currently she is Debby King who has been working with your predecessors to maintain the program as a fluid one, constantly changing as do the individuals, the FNS and Leslie County. She has chosen you to do a job because she

feels that you can take advantage of the possibilities the job offers you. In your last week you fill out an evaluation of the program and your experience with it. One recent courier said of Debby, "It is her fairness," and another, "her sensibility and receptiveness to new ideas (that) made the program stimulating and exciting."



Couriers load mail and supplies for the outpost centers

Other recent couriers have written in their evaluations:

"One can learn as much or as little as one likes."

"If once in a while the work seemed to infringe on the boring, the next day you'd be doing something completely different and interesting."

"The three key qualities for a courier: flexibility, compassion and a willingness to work."

"The courier program is a positive way of discovering what rural health care means."

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Pete and Margaret go down the road for some talk and checkers with an old couple. To get to their house, they cross a swinging bridge. The first time across one of these most people are afraid, or figure they wouldn't mind a dip in the Middle Fork River. They stand in the middle of the bridge, Pete jouncing the row of old wooden boards and enjoying the sway, Margaret peering into the green water and the white banks of ice. Peter leans over the wire next to her. "I like this bridge. I think I'm going to take it home with me."

"What are Robert and Elizabeth going to do?"

"I'll take them home with me too."

"What're we going to do after you start taking everything away?!"

"I'll just have to take FNS home with me. Load the whole thing up in my van and take it on home."

"C'mon, it's getting late."

"You go ahead." Peter closes his eyes for a moment, letting his nostrils and ears impress all their gathered sensations of the past weeks inside their owner. He starts walking, his grin a notch quieter than it has been. "They're going to be pretty crowded in my backyard."

—Jonathan Fried

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

The whole idea of being a volunteer—a sense of loyalty and duty—giving of yourself to others and to a cause—not just a one-time fling, but a lifetime of service.

In preparing for this Bulletin I found myself pondering these ideas as I read through virtually every Bulletin article about the Courier Service from its beginnings to the present. HEAVY sociological thoughts began running through my head as to the changes in the Courier Service over the years. If you can bear it I would like to share them with you—and beg forgiveness if someone is offended.

For some strange reason there have been very few male couriers. Maybe it is because, until recently, the FNS was truly a stronghold of female domination. The women who worked for and ran the Service were the epitome of independence and capability. Because of this, and the fact that women, up until recently, have not really had the opportunity or encouragement from society to make use of their skills, the FNS Courier Service was an ideal place for young independent women to make a contribution. I share with you a quote from a young male guest in the summer of 1939:

“When we were with you was one of the few times in my life I’ve regretted I wasn’t a woman. Then I would be able to be of greater service to you. As a man I was utterly worthless, only good to be led around and ordered by the capable ladies who help run your place. It certainly made more understandable to me the position of women in the workaday world who complain of male domination.”

These women had a great sense of responsibility to a job drilled into them by their families. I was amazed to see how many of them returned time and time again—making a point to set aside certain periods in their life to give in service to FNS. Did you know that for several years there was an annual courier conclave? Again from the summer of 1939 . . .

“Wednesday morning the annual meeting of the courier conclave took place in Mrs. Breckinridge’s room. All of us felt that the courier organization as such should again be financially responsible for some contribution to the FNS. We also felt that nearly all ex-couriers would like to be included in whatever gift the conclave decides on. Last year courier contributions were suf-

ficient to buy the horse, Robin Hood. This year our goal is even higher. We hope for sufficient donations to buy phosphates, lime and grass seed to make usable pastures."

As the years have passed on the opportunities for young women to go to college and make careers for themselves have increased greatly. And with it, the need to search out places to work and be independent has declined. One realizes this in seeing the return role of couriers in the past two decades. It is no longer feasible to come back year after year for two or three months at a time—BUT—the opportunity for loyalty—the idea of a lifetime volunteer to a service still exists—and the young man who wrote in 1939 and others would be welcomed with open arms as the ideals of giving of oneself, one's means, are not limited to the "fairer sex".

So much for sociological theory. I hope every former courier who reads the excerpts from the old Bulletins will remember and laugh at having a similar experience—and the rest of the readers will get a feeling for the Courier Service—passing the word along that the Equal Rights Amendment now applies!

—Gabrielle Beasley

Many things constitute my memory of Mrs. Breckinridge—meeting her on a sunny afternoon, while I was riding Doc or Missy from pasture, and seeing her tend her geese or speaking with Hobert; pointing out the saltless cracker to her at tea-time; or being with her before dinner. But my real memories lie in the words of this educated and wise woman. She always seemed to say the right things to the right people, although she was not a person who engaged in petty conversations. She was a person who could constructively criticize, if necessary; and who could find reassuring and loving words for one who had undergone a small crisis.

It was wonderful being a small part of Mrs. Breckinridge's "brainchild".

—Jean (Woody) Woodruff in 1965

URGENT NEEDS

For Wendover:

4-slice toaster	\$ 49.95
3 dozen towels for the kitchen at \$9.25 per dozen..	27.25
30 white, washable window shades @ \$5.99 each .	179.70
Material for 6 new tablecloths for the long table in the Dog Trot	79.50

For the Emergency room at the Mary Breckinridge Hospital:

1 B-D Electrodyne Life Pak with Cardiac Monitor and Defibrillator, to replace outdated model which needs continual repairs	5,038.20
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For the Courier Service:

- 1 Coordinator of Couriers and Volunteers, for a minimum of one year, to carry on the excellent work done by Debby King who will leave FNS later this year. This is a most urgent need. Any former courier who might be interested, or have someone to recommend, should write Dr. Beasley immediately.

I found out immediately that each jeep has a definite personality of its own. Part of Army's is that he has a secret to his headlights. There are three switches and only two in the right sequence will work the headlights, and the secret is to find out which ones!

—Jane Clark in 1959

OLD COURIER NEWS

From Laura Ellis (1977), London, England

My best regards to everyone at Wendover. I have been having a wonderful time studying and travelling in England and on the continent. Hope you are all having a pleasant winter despite all the snowstorms I've heard about. I won't be back until June and thus will miss the Courier Conclave.

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From Alison Bray (1938), London, England

Katie's letter about the Courier Conclave arrived just a day or two ago. How I wish I could be with you, but I'm afraid it's quite impossible. I'm sure it will be a great success. The Bulletin also arrived this last week—it's always a joy to get it and I read every word. Much love to all.

.

From Meg Hanna (1977), Tokyo, Japan

I am having a wonderful time, and learning a great deal, being here in Japan. I live with a very kind, older, Japanese couple who speak no English, so I must use my Japanese every day. Tokyo has both traditional and modern elements to it, so I'm gaining a lot of insight into Japanese culture and lifestyle.

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From Nancy Oseasohn (1973), Dallas, Texas

I'd love to visit but law school keeps me busy. It is a lot of work but so far my teachers are all good, fellow students are interesting and fun to be with, the work is clearly relevant to the real world and at best it is fascinating. The one new class is Moot Court where we "appeal" a case as though we were in practice. It ends with a competition so many students are eager to get working and do well. I have a good partner so I am anticipating this class with relish.

From Patricia Fichtner Dinsmore (1954), Umpqua, Oregon

I'm a pediatric nurse in a small community hospital and so often think of my valuable Wendover experience. We live in a rural area on a sheep ranch and it often reminds me of Kentucky. Good luck for a wonderful Conclave. I wish I could be there.

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From Pam Wheeler Keck (1965), Plainfield, Indiana

We've had a busy summer—building a house. Even though we've been at it since October, we're still not quite finished. The house is in the woods and this last snow walled us in.

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From Cynthia Bray (1975), Leeds, England

Life is going really well over here in rainy ol' England! I've gone part-time and do two days secretarial and three days nursing—really good. I only wish I had done it before. My flatmate and I have decided to save up and come and visit you all next autumn so be prepared! Have a smashing Christmas and my love to all of you and the many friends I made whilst with you.

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From Chris Klosson (1972), Montague, Massachusetts

I regret that I cannot come to the Courier Conclave but will be there in spirit. Fifty years . . . whew! That's some milestone. I'll be teaching and it's not feasible for me to come. My mind treats me to frequent fond memories of Wendover and Hyden friends.

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From Holly Cheever (1971), Ithaca, New York

Vet school drags on—two and a half years more of bondage! I'm babysitting for a farm with some livestock for a year which makes this year pleasant in one respect at least. Perhaps I'll manage a Kentucky visit in the summer—hope so.

**From Polly Beckwith Hawkes (1972),
Charlottesville, Virginia**

We're fine here—Nathan is big—has been walking since he was barely ten months so we're *very* busy! I'm still working three days a week and loving it.

.

From Susan Holmes Taylor (1973), Lachine, Canada

Philip and I are living outside of Montreal now and this Christmas we have another little person to share with. Our first child, Peter, was born in April and is now eight months old. It should be a very special Christmas this year.

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From Lorna Miller Eckian (1964), Stamford, Connecticut

We've made some big changes lately. Al decided to leave private practice and is now Medical Director of the Glenbrook Division of the Sterling Drug Company in New York City. I eagerly read the Bulletin and one of these years will get back for a visit. The children are now 2 and 4 and approaching the ages to stay long visits with grandparents!

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From Sally Hamby (1974), Bronxville, New York

I still hope to come back to visit and since I'm on the verge of getting a car, driving to Kentucky seems feasible. I'm getting a masters degree in the performance of medieval and renaissance music and teaching music and performing some. I'm giving a recital in April.

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From Linda Dodds (1974), Seattle, Washington

I'm living in Seattle. I graduated in May and thought about places I'd like to live and Seattle won. But what I didn't realize is that it is probably the hardest place in the country for nurses to find employment—especially new grads. I ended up with a counselling type job in a weight loss clinic but I'm working on

getting a job in the University of Washington Hospital. Seattle is a very nice city—although it's a big city, it seems fairly rural.

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From Sarah Brooks (1969), San Francisco, California

Life in San Francisco is ever interesting, and I have FNS to thank for heading me into nursing. I only wish that health care in cities such as this could adopt more of the FNS quality of care/caring.

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From Linda Branch Eggeman (1952), Lovell, Wyoming

Another year and with time and all the changes I read about in the Bulletin, it's hard to believe it's the same FNS that I came to twenty-five years ago. I still think of teatime and Sunday Chapel and my knees shaking, reading the Epistle or Gospel! I saw Ann Kilham DeMaria in June when I was in Maine to see my mother. She's doing well with her art work. Please remember me to the few I know.

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From Phoebe Westwood (1975), Ann Arbor, Michigan

I have now graduated and have been an R.N. since October. I'm working as a staff nurse at Mott Children's Hospital of the University of Michigan, on an infant unit—newborn to eight months. There is so much to learn. My brother lives near here so it is good to see him often.

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**From Amy Stevens Putnam (1956),
Wayland, Massachusetts**

Besides my work at the Youth Guidance Center, I've spent the fall helping my mother who's 81, writing out applications for part-time graduate school of Social Work, and driving in a carriage show (Lois and Charley Cheston were there also), and, of course, taking care of my three that are at home and Bruce. Our oldest, Carol, is a freshman at Stanford. We were in California visiting her and attending Bruce's 25th reunion, the week of the Christmas Preview.

**From Laurel Winograd Benhamida (1971),
Champaign-Urbana, Illinois**

News of the 50th anniversary of the Courier Service has jolted me out of inertia. I would love to return to the mountains for a visit, but doubt that I can. My life is going to be very home-oriented for the next year—I just had my first child on December 3, a boy, Ismael Ali. (Two years ago my husband, an Algerian studying in the U.S., and I were married in California.)

For the last couple of years I have been teaching English to foreign students at the University of Illinois. I enjoy it, but am still attracted to medical careers. If my husband and I decide to stay in the U.S., I may go back to school to get a degree in public health education. In the meantime, I'm going to see what volunteer work I can do or maybe get involved in teaching Lamaze techniques to (almost) non-English speaking women who are here because their husbands are studying. I've become very interested in language problems in health care.

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Newsy Bits

Anne Grogan (1977) left in January for a Peace Corps assignment in Chile.

Margaret Batson (1976) graduates from college the week of the Courier Conclave.

Susan Ziel (1970) is head nurse in Respiratory ICU at the University Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Patsy Lannon (1973) is working as an audio-visual assistant at the University of Maine in Augusta.

Celia Coit (1942) has a four day a week job with the King Tut exhibition.

Cornelia Hamilton, M.D. (1967) is doing medical research in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Taddy Clow (1976) is in Selina, Kansas as a Vista Volunteer.

Panni Hobson (1972) is working and studying outside of Boston this year.

Susan Storer (1975) is studying in Sweden.

Lydia McAnerney (1975) is working for a magazine in Concord, New Hampshire.

Ann Danson Muhlhauser (1934) is planning a trip to Nepal in the spring and **Doris Briggs Haverstick** (1936) leaves for a trip abroad on May 14.

Ruth Butler Harper (1977) was married on October 1, and is now living in the Florida Keys where her husband is doing some writing.

Perhaps the best reason we have had from a courier who cannot come to the Conclave in May has come from **Patrice Lihatsh** (1969)—she writes that she is getting married on May 13!



FROM COURIER TO STAFF

Marianna Mayer Fuchs (1968), Home Health Nurse
Debby King (1977), Coordinator of Couriers and Volunteers

NANCY'S NOOK



Nancy's Nook came to Hyden with the spring of 1976, at first only spoken of and hoped for, but finally concretely here in rented space on Main Street. Sparse is the most often remembered

impression of Nancy's Nook in the first weeks and months. Some shelf space on each side, not filled; a beginning stock of new books; many used books with an offer to buy more; Mexican momentos; a wide open middle space; and free coffee: Hyden had a book store, and Nancy Dammann was off on a new venture.

Nancy's Nook has changed dramatically in two years, and Ms. Dammann has a growing sureness about the complicated book business. The central impression of sparseness is gone. Full book shelves line the walls; paperbacks book racks allow only single file walking space. Hallmark cards and gifts are in the once empty center aisle. Every space is filled. The calendars are hung across a line so as not to require shelf space.

The book store meets community needs and reading tastes. There are craft books, traditional as well as vegetarian and natural food cookbooks, popular paperbacks, and magazines. The selection includes books on family, on counselling, on having babies, nursing them and caring for them—books which were not available nearer than Berea before, perhaps not even there. The Kentucky collection presents tall tales, poetry, photographs, and mountain craft tradition as well as books on the mountains themselves with their wealth of birds and wildflowers.

Only a specialized children's bookstore offers a wider selection of good children's books in paperback. Many parents who had never bought books for children before have discovered these paperbacks so that birthday and Christmas gifts often include books now in addition to toys and clothes. The children's books seem especially significant because of the long lasting benefit if children begin to enjoy books early. Of course, making good, inexpensive children's books available does not insure that children will read or be read to, but it certainly increases the possibility.

Nancy's Nook stocks textbooks for the family nursing students, books which used to require a trip to Lexington with the beginning of each new term.

The library can buy books at a discount and often orders through Nancy's Nook. Further, the bookstore will handle special orders for everyone for anything in print. Book ordering was formerly done by the library as an extra service, and the library staff is thankful to Ms. Dammann for taking that job.

Ms. Dammann's new venture has certainly not always been

easy. With the remarkable help of Margaret Hacker she has prevailed through cold draughts and a poor heating system. Worst of all, the roof has sometimes seemed alive with leaks. During one cycle when the rain threatened never to stop, Nancy and Margaret seemed to have a new pan in a new spot to catch a new leak every day; everything had to be covered with plastic. Soon Nancy's Nook was offering a special sale—books rescued from the leaks.

Nancy's Nook has a special, unconventional style. Nancy has not allowed running a book store to enslave her; she insists on closing in time for gardening and on having some free time. When she began, she switched hours of operation until she discovered what seemed to work for her and for her customers. Even now that the hours are set the sign on the door still says Nancy's Nook is open until "4:30ish" on weekdays. As part of her unconventional operation Ms. Dammann asks her customers what they would like for her to stock, and she has always been open to recommendations about book orders.

With her very personal style Nancy sometimes finds herself in funny predicaments. She may say, as she sorts through her special orders, "Oh dear! Did I order that book for you? I think I already sold it." To a customer who offers pennies for the uneven change she says, "No, no! Don't confuse me. My cash register tells me exactly what change to give you. I short change people sometimes, you know."

No matter the lack of convention! Nancy Dammann has given the town, and the area, a gift with her book store. Nancy's Nook is not simply another new store or even simply another of the many changes in the area in the last few years. Nancy's Nook has added to the quality of life in Hyden.

—Sue Palmer

The river has risen so much that they couldn't get the truck in so I spent the afternoon carrying great boxes of food across on a horse that was practically swimming. It is the most amazing feeling to be on a horse in the middle of the river.

—Lucy Pitts in 1941

FIELD NOTES

Edited by Peggy Elmore

We regret to report that Mrs. Mary Jane Lewis, the Home Health patient whose photograph was on the cover of the Autumn Bulletin, died at her home in Leslie County on January 16, 1978.

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Our grateful thanks to Mr. Jonathan Fields of Confluence for the gift of a sewing machine to meet the urgent needs of the housekeeping department at the Mary Breckinridge Hospital.

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As this is a Bulletin devoted almost entirely to Couriers, we are pleased to introduce the couriers who have been with the FNS during the awful winter of 1978:

During January and February—Sarah Leggett, Cohasset, Massachusetts, Nancy Rockwell, Weston, Connecticut, both from Dartmouth College, and Martha Whelan, also of Cohasset.

During February and March—Bruce Wolf of Louisville, Kentucky, who plans to enter medical school in the fall.

We hope these young people, who have seen many plans cancelled by snow and ice, realize that "they also serve who only stand and wait" for the roads to clear!

On March 1, Bruce will be joined by Elizabeth Maynard of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and Z. Sayre Seldon of West Hartford, Connecticut.

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Evelyn Peck, Associate Director of FNS, will be a guest speaker at a workshop on "Recent Advances in Cancer Care and Counseling", sponsored by the Ephraim McDowell Community Cancer Network, to be held at Greenbo State Park on April 6-7, 1978.

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The spring meeting of the Board of Governors of Frontier Nursing Service will be held at Wendover and Hyden on April 8-9,

and the Annual Meeting of Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated will take place in Lexington, Kentucky, on June 8.

When FNS took over the operation of the ambulatory care clinic in Wooton, Kentucky, on January 3, 1978, Sharon Koser was transferred from Beech Fork to be the family nurse in charge. Juanetta Morgan returned from a leave of absence to be the clinic secretary at Wooton and Dr. Anne Wasson is providing medical back-up and holds a weekly clinic at the new center. Wooton also provides clinical experience for some of the Family Nursing students.

Other interdepartmental transfers have taken place during the winter. Upon completion of the education program, Lynne Pethel was re-assigned to the Bob Fork Clinic, Martin Bledsoe returned to the Primary Care Center at the Hospital, and Lucy Wilson is relieving at Flat Creek while Tiny Guy takes Family Nursing II. Joanne Mauk, who has done an efficient job in several FNS departments during her many years on the staff, has taken on her new duties as an administrative assistant for Maintenance, and Joanne Farmer, secretary to Pat Campbell and general "girl Friday" at MBH, has transferred to the Pharmacy. Anna Smith has joined the staff as Pat's new secretary. Charlotte Albrecht transferred from the medical-surgical floor to the Home Health Agency and Carol Morgan has returned, and Marjorie King has come, to assume nursing staff positions in the inpatient area. Pharmacist Donna Mancuso is now spending fulltime at the Oneida Center and J. G. Morgan has assumed his new duties as assistant to John Campbell in Maintenance.

Other new staff members whom we are pleased to welcome are Pharmacist Bill Marsh, Assistant Controller David W. Keen, nurse-midwives Cindy Kaufman and Sandra Sanchez, and Jane Hurrey who has assumed her special duties as the FNS oncology nurse under a grant from the Ephraim McDowell Community Cancer Network. Our hard-working nurse-midwives were deeply grateful to Sister Martha Walsh who spent a month with us, and to Arlene Schuiteman, a 1959 graduate of the Frontier School of Midwifery, who came for three months following her return to the States from her mission in Ethiopia.

Brown University has been well represented at FNS recently through the time given us by two senior medical students, Linda Semlitz and Erwin Lange, and by an undergraduate student, Jonathan Fried, who has come to FNS for six months as a volunteer in the audio-visual department.

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We are most grateful to Dr. Donald Palmer, a pediatrician, and to Dr. Marshall Pitts, a pediatric surgeon, both from Alabama, for providing vacation relief for a week for our busy medical staff. This was Dr. Palmer's second visit to FNS in recent months.

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The winter weather has not encouraged many friends to visit FNS but we did enjoy a visit in February from Miss Roberta Clegg, Assistant Administrator of the International Grenfell Association.

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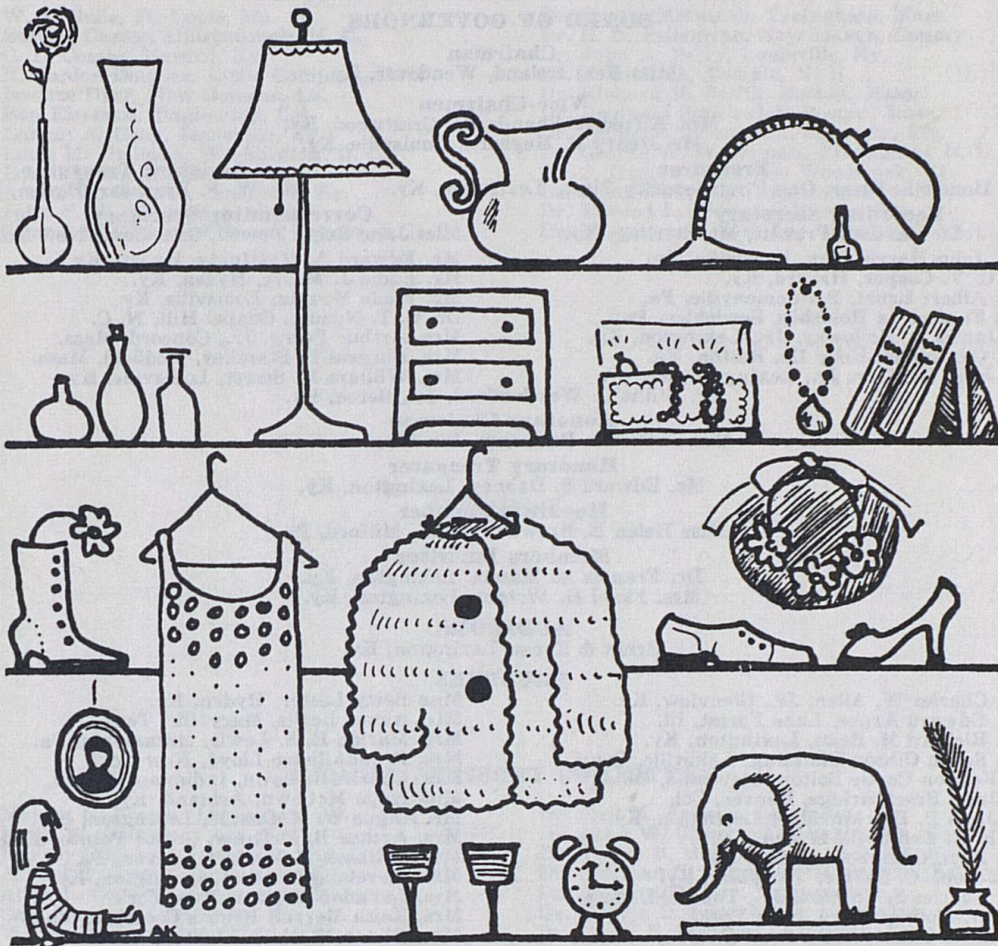
Since this Bulletin is primarily all about couriers, OLD STAFF NEWS has been omitted. However, we do want to send our sincere sympathy to one former staff member, Nancy Sandberg, whose father died suddenly in December.



This morning was devoted entirely to the stables. I can hear you all saying in startled tones, "But we gathered that every morning was spent in devotion to the stables," which is quite true!

—Marion Shouse in 1936

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| Miss E. Jane Furnas, Phoenix, Ariz. | Miss Ruth Spurrier, Frankfort, Ky. |
| Miss Louise Griggs, Lexington, Ky. | Miss Marion Strachan, New York |
| Mrs. Elinore Hammond, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Helen Tirpak, New York |
| Miss Elsie M. Warner, Philadelphia, Pa. | |

MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL

Medical and Dental Staff

Thomas Dean, M.D., A.B.F.P.,
Medical Director
Anne A. Wasson, M.D., A.B.F.P.,
Chief of Special Services
E. Fidelia Gilbert, M.D.
Stephen Thorngate, M.D., F.A.C.S.
David Coursin, M.D.
G. Bradley Gascoigne III, M.D.
Joseph A. Levine, D.D.S.

Nursing Staff

Patricia Campbell, R.N., Hospital Nursing
Care Coordinator
Susan Albritton, R.N., A.A., C.N.M., F.N.,
Assistant Nursing Care Coordinator—MTD
Margaret Hamblin, R.N., A.A., Assistant
Nursing Care Coordinator, Medical-
Surgical Unit
Bernadette Hart, R.N., C.N.M., Assistant
Nursing Care Coordinator—Maternity
Mary Weaver, R.N., A.D.N., C.N.M., F.N.,
Assistant Nursing Care Coordinator—
Primary Care Center

Administrative and Supportive Services

Kenneth Palmer, M.B.A., Hospital
Administrator
Joe R. Lewis, R.Ph., Pharmacy
Gary Worley, M.T. (ASCP), Laboratory
Phillip Reppond, M.S.W., Social Work
James Click, L.P.T., Physical Therapy
Charles McCrady, R.T., X-Ray
Betty Helen Couch, A.R.T., Medical Records
Mae Campbell, Food Service Manager
Lillie Campbell, Housekeeping
Nannie Hornsby, Purchasing
John C. Campbell, Maintenance

F.N. indicates nurses who have completed post-graduate education in Family Nursing
C.F.N.P. indicates family nurses who have taken and passed the national certifying examinations.

Director

W. B. R. Beasley, M.D., M.P.H., D.T.M. & H.,
Hyden, Kentucky 41749

Associate Director

Director of Nursing
Evelyn M. Peck, R.N., M.A.
Hyden, Kentucky 41749

Administrative

Peggy G. Elmore, B.A., Administrative
Assistant

Ron Hart, B.A., M.Div., M.R.E.,
Administrative Assistant for Primary
Care Administration

David W. Keen, B.S., Assistant Controller

Mary Combs, Bookkeeper

Ann Browning, Billing Supervisor

Darrell Moore, B.A., Personnel

Ruth O. Morgan, Donor Secretary

Frontier School of Midwifery and Family Nursing

Elsie Maier, R.N., M.S.N., C.N.M., C.F.N.C.,
Dean and Director

Carolyn Miller, R.N., M.A., N.M., Nurse-
Midwifery Education Coordinator

Christine Schenk, R.N., M.S., C.N.M.,
C.F.N.P., Family Nurse Education
Coordinator

Molly Lee, R.N., C.N.M., M.T.D., Assistant
Director and Senior Nurse-Midwife

Ida Laserson, R.N., M.S., C.N.M., P.N.P.

Lillian Link, R.N., B.S., F.N.

Esther Seeley, R.N., M.N.

Carol Tracy, R.N., B.S.N., P.N.P.

Elaine Waters, R.N., M.S.N.

Karen Gordon, M.P.M., Research Assistant

DISTRICT NURSING SERVICE

District Nursing Care Coordinator—
Position Vacant

Nancy Williams, District Records

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing
Center

Laura Pilotto, R.N., A.A., F.N.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

Rita Miller, R.N., F.N.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial
Nursing Center

Christina Guy, R.N., A.A., F.N.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing
Center

Wanda T. King, R.N., C.N.M.

Bob Fork District (Betty Lester Clinic)

Gail Alexander, R.N., A.A., F.N.

Lynne Pethel, R.N., F.N.

Oncida Center

Mable R. Spell, R.N., C.N.M., F.N.,
Assistant Director

Cynthia Sherwood, R.N., C.N.M., C.F.N.P.

Wooton Center

Sharon D. Koser, R.N., B.S.N., C.F.N.P.

HOME HEALTH AGENCY

Karl Gorwoda, R.N., Nursing Care Coordinator

Mary Fuchs, R.N., B.S.N.

Janice Noren, R.N., B.S.N.

Dawn Osborn, R.N.

Elaine Berdan, R.N.

Charlotte Albrecht, R.N.

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

Contributions to Frontier Nursing Service, Inc. are tax deductible under Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954.

Gifts of stock should be sent to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
Mr. Homer L. Drew, Treasurer
First Security National Bank & Trust Co.
One First Security Plaza
Lexington, Kentucky 40507

Gifts of money should be made
payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
and sent to
Office of the Director
Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Kentucky 41775

WENDOVER

I have a fancy that each night
A lighted candle gleams
Across that quiet window sill,
To lighten with its beams
The dark that falls for all of us
Who there have shared our dreams;
And laughed and slept, and walked and wept.
It beckons with its beams
Across the years, the joys and tears
That blended in its name;
And by its call vanquishes fears
Where-ere on land or sea
We hear the name, well loved, long called,
Still changelessly the same;
In all this change
Still changelessly the same.

—Marion Shouse
November, 1941
From the Autumn, 1941, Quarterly Bulletin



PETER RABBIT

A courier-directed drama of the 1978 winter season, presented at the Leslie County Public Library and the Mary Breckinridge Hospital.