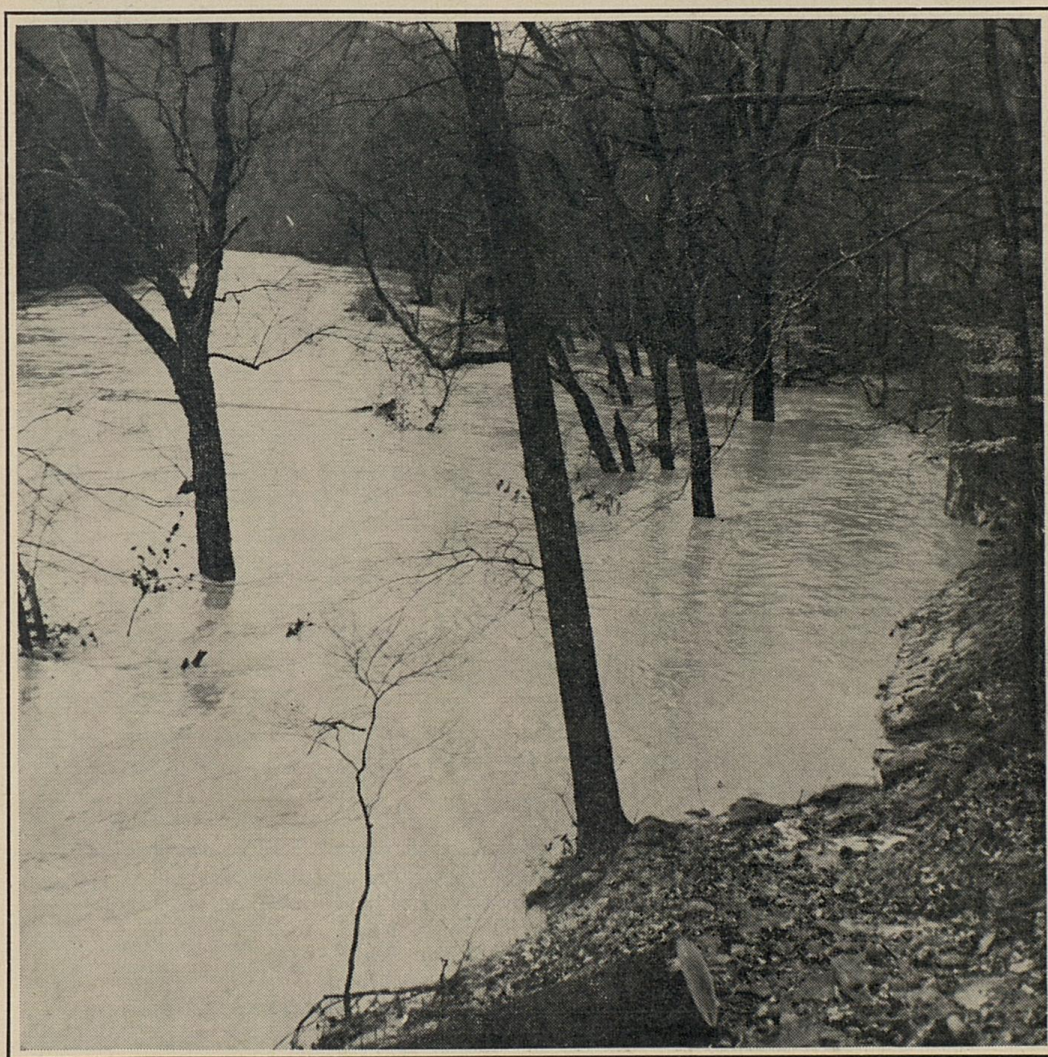


FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 38

SPRING, 1963

NUMBER 4



THE WENDOVER ROAD UNDER WATER



The Wendover Road after the March 11th Flood, with a log in a tree (left) which shows the height of the flood waters.

Photograph by Margaret Willson

It was not possible to take pictures of this flood because the crest came at night. The cover picture, of a big tide, was taken in 1956 by Virginia Branham. It depicts the Wendover Road when the water was receding.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published at the end of each Quarter by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.,
Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year

Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

VOLUME 38

SPRING, 1963

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

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QUARLES' EMBLEMS, EMBLEM VII

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of thy soul-enlivening eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way;
Without thee, LORD, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight,
My eyes are darkened with perpetual night.
My GOD, thou art my way, my life, my light.

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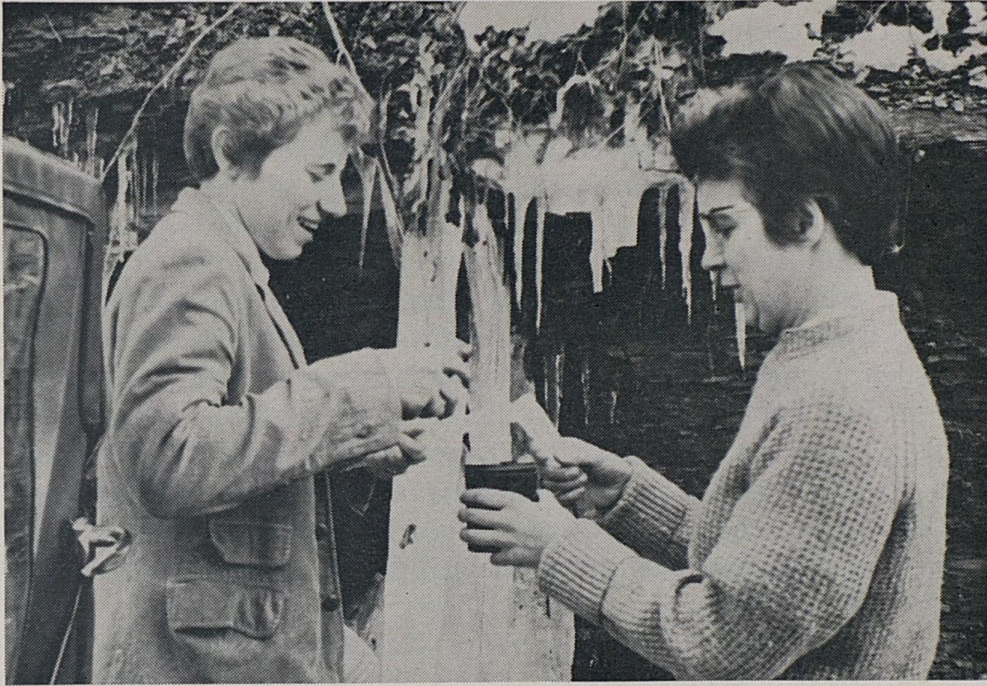
Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye;
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sun-beams, close thy wings and stay;
See, see how I am blind and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

Francis Quarles, 1592-1644

SHORT CUTS AND SUGAR LUMPS

by
JUNE MOORE, R.N.



JUNE MOORE (left) and MARGARET WILLSON (Field Supervisor)

Breaking up icicles to put in a plastic container. This kept the bottle of Sabin Vaccine cold in the jeep.

'Twas a clear, cool day in February, the sixteenth to be exact. For a week I had been giving type #2 Sabin Polio Vaccine on sugar lumps, and had run into nothing but misfortune. I'd been stuck in the snow and ice two days in succession, had walked miles up slippery creeks and branches—that were usually accessible by jeep, and had to turn back one day due to a slip in the road.

Today was the day I would accomplish great deeds with the "sugar lumps." I packed my jeep with live Sabin Vaccine—on ice; sugar lumps—in a tin, and was ready to roll by 8 a.m.

Crown, my jeep, started on the first try, although the thermometer read four below zero. Having given Crown a huge drink of petrol, and having cleared his windshield of ice for the second time, I was threading my way along Thousandsticks. The hills

were steep and snow-covered; the road was narrow and winding, but at 9:45 I arrived safely at Bull Creek and began the day's work.

The first two homes were located beside the road and the people were very receptive, so that it took only a few minutes to give them their vaccine and be on my way. Access to the next house, however, required some thoughtful deliberation. I could cross the creek on a pole directly in front of the house, or I could use the foot bridge a quarter mile upstream and walk through the fields. When I remembered the number of "hollers" I had encountered on previous occasions on that creek, I decided to save time and to take the short cut by crossing the pole.

The pole, to my dismay, was about four inches around and covered with ice. Since I still am not an expert "pole walker" on dry poles, I knew I could never cross this one without falling off and getting wet. Just a short piece below the pole there were rapids, therefore the water could not be very deep. My boots were waterproofed due to numerous applications of neetsfoot oil and saddle soap, so through the water I went. It was deeper than I had expected, but not so deep that it came over my boots and got my feet wet.

Upon returning from the house I could not find the rapids where I had previously crossed. The slush and ice—floating from upstream—had backed up, hiding them completely. I walked a distance downstream until I thought I was at the point where I had crossed. Cautiously I put my foot on the ice, and to my surprise I did not sink. As I lifted my other foot to proceed, I suddenly found myself thrashing about neck-deep in the icy water. My feet did not touch bottom, and I could not breathe due to the shock. After what seemed to be an eternity, I struggled safely upon the opposite bank.

What had happened? One minute I was feeling my way across the rapids and the next I was sitting shivering on the opposite bank, with pulse racing and breaths coming in gasps. What if the current had pulled me under the ice? How had I gotten to the other side? My boots were full of water and extremely heavy. Could I possibly have swum even the short distance breaking the ice as I went and not even remembering how I'd done it? My senses returned and I stumbled up the bank to my jeep. By this time my clothes were beginning to freeze. There

were small icicles hanging from my sleeves. I then thought only on getting back to the hospital and into dry clothing.

During the forty-five minute ride back to the hospital I had time to think. My left sleeve from the elbow down and my left glove were not wet. I must have been carrying the vaccine in my left hand. Had I remembered the vaccine and held it above water? The sugar lumps which had been tucked under my arm were obviously wet. Although I was wet up to my neck, my collar and the left side of my head were dry. Could I have possibly done a side-stroke in those wet clothes and heavy boots?

I encountered no one on the way back until I reached the last hill before the hospital. There was a truck stuck half way up the hill. I opened the door a crack and shouted for him to back up and let me pass. He did as I asked, but, from the expression on his face, he was rather surprised that I had not stopped and offered to help.

Upon arriving at the hospital I rushed to the bathroom of Haggin Quarters to get out of my wet attire. The warmth of Haggin Quarters melted the ice and I made a wet trail wherever I went. I crawled into the bath tub to prevent a complete mess for the maid, and after several futile attempts discovered that I could not get out of my boots! The maid offered her services, but these were also unsuccessful. The house seemed deserted, but the maid finally found one of the nurses who came to my rescue.

After a hot shower and dry clothes, I resumed my task of the day. A stalagmite of ice beside me in the jeep, which had formed from my dripping clothes on the way home, was a constant warning against further escapades at creek-crossing or taking "short cuts with the sugar lumps."

"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes, madam," replied the milkman, "of course we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad! I've been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."

URGENT NEEDS

Like the rest of the world, we had an unusually severe winter. When the thermometer dropped to twenty degrees below zero, it was inevitable that we should have frozen pipes, pumps, jeeps—and people! No sooner had we gotten everything thawed and running again than the floods “hit” us twice within a week, flooding the garden and pastures at Wendover and the pasture at Wolf Creek. Then the mountains at Hyden and Wendover began “crawling” again, causing slides, tumbled-down retaining walls, broken pipe lines, et cetera. The waters had hardly receded sufficiently to get the roads open and travel back to normal when the forest fires started!

FLOOD DAMAGE TO FNS PROPERTY: estimated.....\$2,000.00

Note: We have already received contributions in the amount of \$619.00.

The cost of repairs and replacements given below is staggering, but we know that many of you will help and that everything essential to the carrying on of the work will be met. If you cannot give a new roof we shall be grateful for one square of shingles; or, if you cannot give the room for the deep freezer and storage, one square foot of construction will be deeply appreciated.

HYDEN HOSPITAL PLANT

This consists of a number of buildings located on 37 acres of mountain land. The principal buildings are the Hospital; Joy House (residence of the Medical Director); Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; Mardi Cottage (quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery); St. Christopher's Chapel; an oak barn; employees' cottages; and smaller buildings. Some of the most **urgent needs** for this boundary are listed below:

1. **HOSPITAL—REROOFED:** 75 squares of asphalt shingles (235# weight), new sheathing, et cetera, and labor—estimated.....\$3,000.00
2. **FIRE ESCAPE OFF CHILDREN'S WARD:** old wooden structure replaced with metal steps and railings—materials and labor—estimated..... 1,000.00

3. FILING ROOM BUILT: adjoining drug room for storage of records which are now over-crowding the office of the medical secretaries—concrete blocks, cement, etc.—labor—estimated.....	2,000.00
4. A ROOM FOR DEEP FREEZER AND STORAGE: built of concrete block, with concrete floor and metal roof—materials and labor—estimated.....	800.00
5. ASBESTOS TILE FOR FIRST FLOOR ROOMS AS FOLLOWS:	
Superintendent's office—168-sq. ft. installed @ .40.....	\$ 67.20
Clinic Admissions office—180-sq. ft. installed @ .40.....	72.00
Medical Director's office—304-sq. ft. installed @ .40.....	121.60
Front Entrance Hall—72-sq. ft. installed @ .40	28.80
Back Entrance Hall—65-sq. ft. installed @ .40	26.00
	315.60
(The Hyden Hospital Auxiliary is raising money to lay tile on the Clinic and Waiting Room floors. We hope that some of our readers will want to give the tile for the other rooms, listed above, so that all of the work may be done at one time.)	
6. BATHROOM IN MATERNITY WING: wash basin to replace old one—new basin and installation—estimated.....	50.00
7. BATHROOM IN GENERAL WING: wash basin to replace old one—new basin and installation—estimated.....	50.00
8. SHOWER IN MATERNITY WING: metal shower cabinet replaced with ceramic tile—materials and labor.....	192.50
9. WASH ROOM—FIRST FLOOR: floor repaired, new linoleum laid, plaster repaired and room painted—materials and labor.....	89.52

10. AUNT HATTIE'S BARN — METAL ROOF PAINTED (2 coats): 25 gallons paint and labor—estimated.....	200.00
11. JET PUMP: new motor installed.....	168.50
12. HOSPITAL FURNITURE—TO BE PAINTED: paint and labor—estimated.....	395.00
15—Beds: paint and labor for 1—estimated.....	\$15.00
14—Bedside Stands: paint and labor for 1—estimated.....	10.00
6—Chairs: paint and labor for 1—estimated.....	5.00
13. ALL-WOOL BLANKET ENDS —for layettes: 100 lbs.....	150.00
14. OUTSIDE CLOTHESLINE FOR BABIES DIAPERS AND GOWNS: metal supports, line and labor.....	33.89
15. PAINT SPRAYER: used but in good condition.....	40.00
16. BED LAMPS (Adjustable) FOR PATIENTS: 12 @ \$9.64 ea.....	115.68
The Hospital would very much like a baby carriage that you no longer need, to take sick babies out for sunshine and air.	
17. CURTAIN MATERIAL FOR GENERAL WARD (9 rooms): sun-fast, tub-fast and preshrunk—50 yards.....	34.50
18. ELECTRIC CLOCK FOR OPERATING ROOM:	7.75
JEEP	
1 New Jeep—Heavy Duty: to replace The Gosling, in use at Hyden Hospital, and now broken and old—price after trade-in of old jeep—approximately.....	1,900.00

**MARGARET VOORHIES HAGGIN QUARTERS
FOR NURSES**

1. Metal Fire Escape Steps and Rails off Third Floor: materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 800.00
2. Trim of Stone Building and all Screens Painted: materials and labor—estimated.....	500.00

3. Boiler Repaired: new back section and installed.....	316.95
4. Hallways and Stairwells on all three Floors Painted: paint and labor—estimated.....	150.00
(1 floor—paint and labor—estimated \$50.00)	
5. Radiators Cleaned and Sprayed with Aluminum Paint: 47 radiators at \$1.00 each.....	47.00
6. Cannister Set: for kitchen.....	5.00
7. Movie Projector: for education and entertainment of staff.....	500.00
8. Tape Recorder: for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.....	250.00

MARDI COTTAGE

Quarters for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

1. New Roof: 23 squares of shingles, replacing origi- nal roof put on in December, 1941—materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 400.00
2. New Fence Around Yard: materials and labor—es- timated.....	75.00
3. Blackboard and Easel: for use in Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery—quotation.....	25.00
4. Living Room Rug: Olson—Size 10' x 13', listed @....	98.50
5. Electric Heater for Attic Bedroom:	50.00
6. Dining Room Chairs—Repaired: 6 @ \$2.50 ea.....	15.00

JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence were met by the Helen Newberry Joy Fund.

WENDOVER

1. Big Log House to be Treated for Termites: estimate by approved exterminator.....	\$ 250.00
2. Big Log House—Stoker Repaired: new fan and pul- ley assembly, brace and new motor installed— parts and labor.....	185.00
3. Big Log House—2 Offices and 1 Bedroom—Painted: paint and labor—estimated.....	150.00
4. Log Cabin—3 Bedrooms and Bath: Work necessary to make building warmer in severe winter weather and to save on heating costs.	

Underpin house with concrete blocks; insulate ceilings and outside walls; replace cement chinking between logs, etc.—materials and labor—estimated.....	1,000.00
5. Cabin—Fire Screen:	10.00
6. Upper Shelf—Eaves Extended 2½ Feet: materials and labor—estimated.....	250.00
7. Lower Shelf Boiler Repaired: new safety valve, air vents, etc.—parts and labor.....	110.50
8. Retaining Wall Below Big Log House at Front Gate (Flood Damage): debris cleared away and rip-rap wall built—cement and labor.....	239.35
9. Retaining Wall—Opposite Pebble Workshop To Be Rebuilt: cement and labor—estimated.....	300.00
10. Jeep Shed—Rebuilt: materials and labor.....	830.91
11. Repair of Hen Houses and Baby Chick Houses and Fencing of Yards: materials and labor.....	136.06
12. Rebuilt Typewriter for Record Department:	100.00
13. Food Mixer: less trade-in of old one.....	34.50
14. Soldering Iron:	11.85
15. Standard Handbook for Secretaries:	5.95

MULE

To replace old and faithful Bess, Wendover now has a young, strong mule to plow the garden, haul coal to the Upper Shelf, scatter manure over pastures, et cetera. We hope someone will want to adopt him.

Dan.....	\$125.00
His harness.....	18.75

COW

A beautiful Guernsey cow—registered Pied Piper's Charm, who gives an abundant supply of milk and yellow butter.....	200.00
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THE GEORGIA WRIGHT CLEARING

1. Closet Put in Becky Jane's Bedroom: materials and labor.....	\$ 42.26
2. Paint for Kitchen and 3 Bedrooms: (painting done by tenants).....	33.79

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial

1. **Retaining Walls—Washed Out in Heavy Rains—
Rebuilt:** (at terraced blossom patch, at back of center and along driveway)—debris cleared away and wall rebuilt—labor—estimated.....\$ 250.00
2. **Water Tank Repaired:** new conical cover, tank and hoops painted; inlet and outlet pipes protected against freezing—materials and labor—estimated 150.00
3. **Deep Well Pump Repaired:** parts and labor..... 37.20
4. **Clinic Cupboard for Drugs and Supplies:** to replace one built with the center in 1926—materials and labor—estimated..... 50.00
5. **Clinic and Waiting Room—Wallboard:** replacing warped pieces, putting wider stripping on to cover cracks and painting afterwards—materials and labor—estimated..... 75.00
6. **Window Shades (Washable):** 10 @ \$1.77 ea..... 17.70
7. **Fire Lane 10' to 12' Wide—Cleared Above Center:—
labor**..... 21.00
8. **Metal Tray for Wheelbarrow—Installed:** tray and labor—estimated..... 10.00
9. **Pruning Shears:**..... 4.00

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial

1. **Center To Be Treated for Termites:** estimate by approved exterminator.....\$ 200.00
2. **Furnace Room—Wet Weather Spring Diverted:** locating source of spring, diverting it; digging trench and laying drainage tile in crushed rock to carry off water outside the basement—tile, crushed rock and labor—estimated..... 100.00
Note: This past winter six inches of water stood around the base of the furnace after heavy rains.
3. **Water Tank and Pipes:** frozen pipes located underground and thawed; hydrant at barn repaired; tank emptied, cleaned and painted—materials and labor..... 91.28

4. Patients' Wash Room—New Commode Installed: (old one cracked in sub-zero weather)—commode and installation—estimated.....	50.00
5. Waiting Room—Wallboard: warped sections re- placed and new stripping put up as needed; floor repaired and room painted—materials and labor —estimated.....	75.00
6. Hall Floor—Replaced with Oak: old pine floor splin- tered past repair—materials and labor—esti- mated.....	100.00
7. Floors in Living Room and Two Bedrooms—Sanded and Refinished: (old floors badly splintered and difficult to keep clean and waxed)—materials and labor—estimated.....	75.00
8. Clinic Examining Lamp: gooseneck, floor type— quoted @.....	15.00
9. Waiting Room:	
Bookcase —lumber and labor—estimated.....	25.00
Cupboard —(for saddlebags and clinic equipment) —estimated.....	40.00
10. Paint for Kitchen, Clinic and Hallway: to be put on by volunteers—estimated.....	30.00
11. Curtain Material: for kitchen, living room and clinic—34½ yds. @ .59.....	20.36
12. Sled: for hauling coal, spreading fertilizer, etc.— materials and labor.....	7.20
13. Inside Stepladder: for painting, washing windows, etc.....	5.63

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial

1. Center To Be Treated for Termites: estimate by approved exterminator.....	\$ 200.00
2. Center Road Along Creek: remove slip, put in 15" culvert, clean out ditch line, etc.—culvert pipe and labor—estimated.....	250.00

- 3. **Horse Barn—Whitewashed Inside:** 4 stalls, a runway and a tack room—lime and labor..... 31.60
- 4. **Cypress Water Tank:** (kept full for fire protection) empty, clean, repair roof; paint tank and hoops; replace fallen rocks in rip-rap wall—materials and labor—estimated..... 50.00
- 5. **Chicken House Repaired:** lumber, roofing and labor—estimated..... 25.00
- 6. **Mirror for Bedroom:** size 16" x 26"..... 8.00

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

Clara Ford

- 1. **Center To Be Treated for Termites:** estimate by approved exterminator.....\$ 200.00
- 2. **Road—Creek to Center:** deepening drain ditch, filling in holes and spreading gravel—gravel and labor—estimated..... 150.00
- 3. **Replace Chinking Between Logs:** original chinking loose and some missing, making it difficult to heat house—cement and labor—estimated..... 75.00
- 4. **Screen Wire for Porch Off Living Room:** 1 roll..... 20.00
- 5. **Furnace Repaired:** new grate installed..... 42.50
- 6. **Living Room Chair Repaired and New Slip Cover Made:**—material and labor..... 18.00

WOLF CREEK NURSING CENTER

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial

- 1. **Pasture—7 Acres (Used to Graze FNS Heifers):** applying ground limestone, fertilizer and re-seeding bare spots after the flood—materials and labor—estimated.....\$ 150.00
- 2. **Manure and Sawdust Bents:** galvanized wire replaced and concrete floor put in—materials and labor—estimated..... 50.00
- 3. **Steel Card File—2-Drawer Section:** for nursing records..... 13.65
- 4. **Paint for Kitchen:** 1 gallon..... 5.00

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER

"Possum Bend"—Frances Bolton

This center was at Confluence for 32 years. It was evacuated in 1960 under orders of the United States Government. The site is now an access area for the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir and the buildings have all been torn down by the Government. The new Frances Bolton Nursing Center has not yet been relocated. The money given the Frontier Nursing Service by the United States Government for these buildings, is invested in government bonds, with the interest added to the principal annually.

BOX SUPPER ON BULLSKIN

by

PATRICIA STEVENS, R.N., C.M.

On the evening of May 4, 1963, the citizens of Clay and Leslie Counties in and around Brutus held a Box Supper to buy a freezer for the nurses.

As an auctioneer Mr. L. H. Burns, Jr., was superb, and the supper was a complete success. The old people who were unable to come wanted to know all about the boxes, how they were decorated, and who bought whose box.

Mrs. Lee Burns very kindly donated a Lone Star quilt to be raffled off. All the ladies were quick to tell us how pleased they were that it was won by Mrs. Brewer, the wife of our Medical Director.

But the most oft-repeated questions are "How much did you make?" and "Have you got your freezer?" Altogether, our friends and neighbors in the District gave us \$250.00 which was just a little less than the cost of the freezer we had selected, but the FNS gave us a check to cover the difference, and so—very happily—"Yes, we have got our freezer!"

And now it is our turn to say "Thank you" to all the wonderful people who gave so willingly of their time, money, and encouragement that the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center on Bullskin might have a freezer.

TIME OF DISASTER

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

Six years after one of the biggest floods in their history, the three headwater tributaries of the Kentucky River—the North Fork, Middle Fork and the South Fork—again went on a rampage.

We who live on the Middle Fork saw the water rising and knew that, because the sluices of the Buckhorn Dam would be closed, there would be trouble for our area. The water rose higher and higher until all of the low land as far up as Hyden was inundated. The river road was blocked and all the families living more than five miles below town were cut off.

The two parts of Hyden were separated as the backwater from the river caused Rockhouse Creek to rise covering the causeway, and boats had to be used to ferry people back and forth.

Rescue squads—members of Civil Defense—came in from Middlesboro and Corbin, going up and down the river surveying the damage and taking down supplies and bringing people in to report their needs. Some of the county people who own small motor boats offered them for use and men who could pilot them volunteered their services. All day long men were on the river.

We were in a disaster area and the Red Cross Leslie County Chapter secretary was in constant communication with Headquarters reporting and getting permission to do what we could to help any flooded-out families. We did not have many of these because in the Buckhorn area people have either left or moved higher up on the mountains. Soon—two fine Red Cross Disaster Relief workers came in and a motor boat was assigned to them. The county judge and I went off down river with them to reconnoitre. It seems unbelievable that we boarded the boat in the middle of Hyden and set out into a vast expanse of water. On we went past Asher's Branch and Ellis Branch. Bull Creek and Cutshin Creek would have been impassable by road. Finally we came to the big bridge at Dryhill. Here was an impasse. The water was lapping the bridge floor and we must get out and either carry or drag the boat around the side. To our surprise

and joy, up the lower side came a motor boat piloted by Judge Wooton's brother Don. Quickly we transferred ourselves, leaving the onlookers to tie up the boat. Off we went on a fast trip, past Polly Merrill Branch, Peach Orchard and Hell-fer-Sartin—all unreachable by road—to the mouth of Wilder. Ordinarily county roads go up these creeks but not now—everything was a lake.

We were there to see how many families were marooned, how many expectant mothers, mothers with babies and school children needed help. Judge Wooton talked to the men sitting at the water's edge. Then off we went to Trace Branch across the river, following the same routine. Below here there are very few houses as people moved out or higher up when the Government took their land.

After we had our information we started back, stopping at Confluence Post Office and store to see what provisions there were. Not many. Food was running out and people were scrambling through the undergrowth on the mountainsides to report. Through it all there was the spirit of the mountain folk to help one another. "What I have I will share with my neighbors." "If somebody gets sick we will let you know or if we have a boat we will bring them to Hyden." These people expected us to do our part and send help. Government Surplus Supplies were available for distribution and clothes were sent in by friends outside.

An amphibian vehicle, called a duck, was sent to the Red Cross and supplies were taken down the river to designated places for people to collect their food and other supplies. School children were brought up to Hyden by boat. Families opened their homes to them, especially to the high-school students, so they could continue their studies. Expectant mothers were brought up to Hyden Hospital to await delivery and sick people were transported by men who stayed on call all through the emergency, with their boats gassed-up and ready to go. The county health nurse and the Frontier nurses went down to give typhoid inoculations at points to which boats could bring families. Everywhere there was coöperation and help.

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FLOOD

by

FRANCES E. BROWN, B.A., M.R.E.

Those of us at Wendover will long remember Old Man Winter of 1962-63. There were sudden and beautiful snows; there was ice; there were several way below zero days and nights. But the most memorable events occurred on March 11th.

Early in the morning it began to rain and it continued to rain—paying no heed to the old saying “Rain before seven, clear before eleven.” The river was still fordable and a jeep or two went up Hurricane way. Mrs. Breckinridge went to Hyden to keep some appointments. Peggy was the chauffeur.

Through the early afternoon, Brownie kept watching the river and reported it rising. It was still raining and every crevice on the mountains now carried a rushing stream of water making its way to join the fast swelling tide of the Middle Fork.

At four o'clock, the end of the normal work day, the local employees set out for home. One truck barely made it across the Hurricane culvert before the culvert and road above it were swept section by section on into the river. Hobart couldn't get the jeep across and came back to tell us the news. I walked to the culvert with Hobart and watched the group of faithful FNS workers make their way across the pasture, across the footbridge, across Mr. Brashear's cornfield to the road and Clinton's truck. I waved them on their way and returned to Wendover.

The news that greeted me was that Peggy with Mrs. Breckinridge, in Pat Ball, were stranded up Hurricane and that someone would go out from the hospital and bring them to the mouth of Muncy where they would have to walk around the mountain. To make a long story shorter than it might be, Peggy did get the jeep out of Hurricane and proceeded to the mouth of Muncy Creek. Brownie rushed to the swinging bridge in Daffy Down Dilly and went to help Mrs. Breckinridge and Peggy get around the mountain trail.

In the meantime, I made two trips to the culvert with others interested in seeing the damage wrought by this big tide. And

then came Brownie with her passengers safe and sound and definitely wet.

At this point, I climbed the steps to the Upper Shelf to find the water rushing by my door not too many inches below the floor level. After attempting to ease this situation, I changed to dry clothes and went to supper.

Later, in my room, the sound of water falling from the sky and tumbling down the mountains, the roars of Breckinridge Branch and the ever swelling river rang in my ears. Then came Lucile with the message that Mr. Walter Lewis had called from Hyden that my car was in danger in the garage where I have to keep it. I asked her to call him back and give permission to do anything necessary to get the car to safety. Only moments later came Alabam with the message that drivers were needed to move the cars and FNS jeeps from the mouth of Muncy. I donned my best wading clothes and set out to meet Peggy, with Mickey and Babs (two unforgettable couriers) and we started down the garden path. No sooner had we gotten to the road than my boots were full of water, but it made no difference as we waded many torrential streams before we crossed the swinging bridge and reached the highway.

Leading our parade, I spied a barrier in the road and discovered that a part of the hill had given way and the trees from the slide were lying across the road. Fortunately for us, the car facing us was driven by young men who lived not far up the road and had there a chain saw. A short trip in our jeep, a few turns of the motor and the blade had severed enough of the trees for us to get by. So on to Hyden where we parked our convoy on high ground at Joy House and rode back to the mouth of Muncy Creek with Miss Palethorp as our chauffeur. She watched us cross the footbridge over Muncy Creek with water rushing over the lower end. Once more my boots received a gush of cold water.

Around the mountain, across the swinging bridge, through a field to the gate near the bull barn, back to the road and toward home we came with the rushing muddy Middle Fork close by our side. As we saw the lights of home, we also saw that this same Middle Fork had completely inundated the road and blocked the entrance to the garden path. We couldn't get much wetter; so we waded in and got colder and colder as the water swirled around us, finally as high as our waists. But we were home and

nothing at Wendover was seriously damaged. How grateful we were—and as I went to bed, my prayer was, “God help those less fortunate than we are this night.”

NEIGHBORLY KINDNESS

The site for the Mary B. Willeford Memorial Clinic at Stinnett, in the Beech Fork district, was given to the FNS years ago by the late Mr. Albert Hoskins of Stinnett, a warm friend of the Service. This clinic was built of logs and it is used by the families in that end of the district for weekly clinics.

This spring the building needed a lot of work done on it and a kind neighbor, Mrs. Ernest Roberts, suggested that they have a “working.” Everyone couldn’t work at the same time but some of the women started almost immediately scrubbing the floors, painting the walls, woodwork and furniture and putting up pretty cotton curtains at the windows. While the women were busily getting this done, the men were “figuring” on what needed doing on the outside. The log supports under the porch were rotten, five window lights were out, a rotten log had to be braced, and the windows and door badly needed painting. Mr. Carl Farmer donated cement blocks for replacing the supports for the porch and other men put them in promptly. Then they cleared away all of the old lumber and debris around the building and in the yard and sowed grass. As soon as they can spare the time, they plan to do the painting, repair the roof and build a small coal house before winter so that the nurses will not have to carry buckets of coal from the center to the clinic each Wednesday.

The kind friends who have already given their time in doing this much needed work are: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Bige Begley, Mrs. Carl Farmer, Mrs. Ruby Collett, Mrs. Phyllis Bray, Mrs. Hallie Simpson, Mrs. Eunice Hoskins, Mr. Hobert Hoskins, Mr. Cecil Witt and Mr. Emmett Farmer.

It is wonderful for us, and especially for the Beech Fork nurses, to have this spontaneous and generous help from our friends and neighbors. We appreciate it more than words can begin to express.

Agnes Lewis

AN ADVENTUROUS NIGHT

by

BARBARA FRENCH, R.N., C.M.

and

JUDY PRIDIE, R.N., S.C.M.

After a strenuous day of plodding through mud and rain (not just English, but monsoon rain), Judy arrived home ahead of Barbara and decided to fix her supper, scrambled eggs. As she swallowed the last bite Barbara rushed in and said, "One of my patients, for hospital delivery, is in early labor and I think I had better start in with her since the creeks are coming up rapidly. Would you go in with me because I heard that Cutshin Creek is up to the road at Saw Branch and may be over the road when we get there!" The drive in to the hospital was somewhat exciting since the creeks were full and rushing and it was lightning and pouring rain and the mother was having good strong contractions.

On arriving at Saw Branch the water was approximately three feet over the road making it difficult to see the road since the creek runs along side at this point and they both make a sharp curve. Luckily the driver knew which way the road went and we drove through the deep water without mishap. At 8:00 P.M. we arrived at Hyden Hospital and left our mother in care of the midwives. Maggie Willson suggested we grab a bite to eat and head back to Wolf Creek as the creeks were in full flood.

We started back and got within a half mile of Saw Branch and ran into water over the jeep's headlights—an hour before, this section had not been flooded. The engine stalled and only a faint glimmer of light from the headlights could be seen. We were very thankful for our new jeep (Hartley) because it started again and we managed to back out, much to Barbara's relief since she could not swim. We met a car full of miners returning from work who were about to drive their car through the flooded area also. We assured them that it was too deep so they left their car on a high spot and walked the eight miles to Cutshin to check on the safety of their families.

We drove back to the nearest phone to call Wendover to see what to do next. Brownie said, "Don't take any risk, but if you can, get nearer to the center." We decided to go "around

the block" by way of Bledsoe, Pine Mountain, and Leatherwood and down Cutshin—which turned out to be 50 miles—much to Judy's amazement. Just out of Hyden we met a group from Wendover blocked by a tree over the road. They had to wait until a chain saw arrived to remove a section. We waved goodbye to the Wendover group, shouting, "We'll call Brownie when we arrive at our destination, probably the Cutshin Mission." As we proceeded up Route 421 it continued to storm. The lightning was near enough at times to see Beech Fork rushing at us. We finally arrived at Route 221 and started over part of the Pine Mountain Range. At this point Judy asked, "Are we nearly there?" Barbara answered "Not much farther!" (As the crow flies—by jeep two hours!)

We drove on uncertainly since neither of us were too sure of the way. Rounding a bend we discovered our way blocked by a large tree and no one in sight. We got out of the jeep to survey the situation and were quickly soaked to the skin by the pouring rain. Finally we decided to try to pull the tree out of the way with jeep and chain. Judy hooked the chain to the jeep and tree and stood in the rain to direct the operation. The tree moved easily and we carried on. Much to our dismay we came across another tree over the road and used the same technique. We started off again with Barbara assuring Judy it wasn't much farther (another hour). When we were well over half way we came upon another tree (sapling) which wasn't so coöperative. We knew we couldn't go back since the road was flooded by then and we couldn't stay there because the hillside with rocks was slipping down around us. We were contemplating our predicament when we saw headlights approaching. It was a miner from the Blue Diamond mine returning from work on the second shift. We tried again with his help to pull the tree away, but failed. He said, the only way is to go over, "fly"! So with Judy and the miner standing on the tree to weigh it down slightly, and with Barbara at the wheel, Hartley, after two attempts, climbed gracefully over the tree without incurring any injury. The miner decided to leave his car and walk home.

We were further blocked from the Wolf Creek Center by a flooded bridge at the mouth of Roan. So we drove on to the Cutshin Mission and arrived at 2:00 A.M. We aroused Miss Heide and asked if we could "take the night." She was surprised to see

us and really amazed, after hearing our story, that we ever got there. She fixed us a hot drink and a warm bed and we crawled in eagerly.

We were peacefully sleeping when the doorbell rang. The man at the door said that his sister-in-law was in labor and he couldn't get her to the hospital because of the high water. He had called the hospital to explain his plight. The hospital midwife, Miss Willson, told him to try to get in touch with us at the Mission. Barbara aroused Judy, who slept through the noise and told her she had a chance to catch her first Kentucky baby. Fortunately we had our delivery bags with us. After dressing hurriedly we drove off to find the house—the man was to wait on the road for us. Several hours later the baby arrived. He had some difficulty breathing but this was quickly relieved. The mother had a rather elevated blood pressure which without proper treatment could have been fatal. The relatives were very grateful that we were there and insisted on fixing breakfast for us.

We left mother and baby sleeping peacefully and driving back we were happy to see the flood receding. Finally we made our way back to our Center and went to bed. The events of Monday night and Tuesday seemed to be a chain of incidents, but we felt that God had led the way.

An American traveling in Italy stopped at a small inn for the night and instructed the native courier who accompanied him to register him. Later in the evening he asked the courier if he had complied with his orders.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did you write my name?" asked the American.

"Well, signor, I can't pronounce it," was the reply, "but I copied it from your portmanteau."

The American could not remember having affixed his name to his luggage, but, being very tired, decided not to press the matter. The next morning, upon coming downstairs, he was greeted by the desk clerk with, "Good morning, Signor Warranted Solid Leather."

“ . . . WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD ”

by

PATRICIA WARE, R.N., S.C.M.

It was rather like being marooned on a desert island. At least, that's the way Pat and I felt about it at Brutus (on Bullskin in Clay County) just after the big tide on March 11.

The swiftly running water had swept away bridges, turned roads into rivers and gouged ravines in the highways. In spite of this we made visits on horseback or on foot, managing to cover most of the district. But there were two obstacles which we could not surmount. The road was completely blocked both to our right and left. Hence the desert island feeling . . . we could not get out!

To our right the small town of Oneida, eight miles down creek from the center, was under water. We drove down as far as we could. There was Oneida. Buildings seemed to rise from a lake, trees looked like small shrubs, the bridge would have been useful for a submarine jeep. Mercifully, though, there had been no one injured and no loss of life.

Then we turned about to inspect the obstacle to our left. This was a “slip” in the road, about three miles up creek from the center. It seemed that half the mountain had crumbled into the road. Clay and mud and rocks barred the way. Huge uprooted trees lay atop the rubble with their branches intertwined.

Within a day or so, the flood waters receded and Oneida was “open” again. But the slip remained. Days passed and still no teams of men came to remove it.

I began to get worried. There were patients on the other side of that slip whom I just had to see. Besides, it should never be said that an FNS nurse was prevented from making her visits by a mere landslide.

The telephone, thank goodness, was working. I called a storekeeper on the other side of the slip.

“Ted, I need a chauffeur! Could you meet me on your side of the slip in thirty minutes?”

Ted was more than willing. I drove to the store just my side of the slip, parked my jeep, shouldered my bags, and walked

the precarious route half-way around the mountain to where Ted waited in his truck. Off we went.

Ted drove me to see all my patients, and after I had finished, back again to the slip.

I got out of the truck. I looked at the mountain. It seemed an awful long way to walk round . . . I looked at the pile of rock and clay and trees . . .

"Ted," I mused, "Do you suppose I could walk **over** the slip?"

Ted looked at me as though doubting he had heard aright, but being very polite and a true Kentuckian, just said "Well, . . . I don't know now . . ." Pushing his hat back and scratching his head ". . . it's awful soft in the middle."

Ted's brother Walter was standing on the other side of the slip, also surveying the mess.

"Well," I made my decision, grinned confidently, and said "I'll try anyway. If I get stuck, come and pull me out!"

Off I set and was doing fine until I reached the middle and then I hit quicksand. First one foot sank in, and then the other. The mud oozed up past my ankles. I was trapped and could feel myself sinking.

Ted, on his side looked . . . , and Walter on his also looked . . . and there was the nurse disappearing . . . before their very eyes!

The mud was brushing against the hem of my skirt, it was up to my knees . . . !

Suddenly Ted and Walter became galvanized into action and raced to my aid (miraculously avoiding being trapped themselves). Each took hold of an arm and pulled, and at last I was able to get free, although I wasn't at all sure that I'd do it without leaving a foot behind.

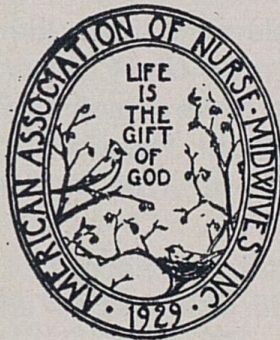
"Now," said Walter, "Hold on to us and we'll get you across!"

I was only too glad to oblige and he was as good as his word. On reaching the good, firm black-top again, we saw the joke . . . me! And indeed I must have been a funny sight; yellow mud from the hem of my skirt to the tips of my toes.

Walter took me to the store where I had left my jeep, and

here I was provided with a great washpan of warm water to rid myself of my coating of clay. Then, thankfully, I set off back to the center.

The next day, men were working to remove the slip. I am just so glad that Ted and Walter were there when I made my attempted crossing; otherwise there's no telling what—or who—those State Highway workmen might have found.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF
NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will be held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, October 5, 1963. The guest speaker will be Dr. Louis M. Hellman, Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Downstate Medical Center of the State University of New York in Brooklyn. We will hope to have a report at this meeting from Miss Constance Nissen who will be the official delegate of the Association at the International Congress of Midwives to be held in Madrid, Spain, in June. Official notices of the meeting will be sent to members in the summer.

HELEN E. BROWNE
Secretary

DOWN RIVER

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.

The Middle Fork was large again, and the town of Hyden was partly under water. Our neighboring towns of Hazard and Harlan were also hard hit by flood waters, because the Cumberland and the North Fork of the Kentucky were rampaging. While the Middle Fork of the Kentucky was not quite as bad as the other two rivers which had inundated the towns of Harlan and Hazard, we were above the new Buckhorn Dam, and the water behind it had backed up to the Hyden Causeway; and we were on a lake!

Brownie called and asked me if I would like to go to Confluence with Anne Cundle and Janet Hudson in a motor boat to help with a typhoid clinic. Yes indeed! I would very much like to go back to my old nursing district—known as the Frances Bolton Center which, to everyone's sorrow, had to be demolished in 1960 due to the building of the Buckhorn Dam. Only a few of the families I had known and loved so well still lived in the familiar places they knew as home.

The next day arrived with a gray sky that forewarned of more rain and a cold March wind whipped and lashed at us as we set off in Nick Cornett's motor boat.

Imagine me in a motor boat! To me it seemed fantastic, for I had never been in that kind of boat on the Middle Fork; it had always been a plain, flat boat, and mostly a leaky one at that, propelled with oars, which I could never get going in the right direction. Once, in those days, I thought I was headed toward Hyden Town and ended up in a clump of willows, and very thankful to stay there until I was rescued by mountain friends who were adept at piloting a flat-bottomed boat.

I felt very safe in a wonderful, great motor boat as we breezed along since I wasn't responsible for the navigation. As we raced along, trees with bare branches seemed to be wading out of the water to meet us.

Anne Cundle and Janet Hudson got off at the Hell-for-Certain Mission in order to set up the clinic. I stayed in the boat to help get the people to the clinic. I really felt like a shepherd

who had been away from his flock for a long time—I wondered how many of my sheep who still remained would recognize me. I need not have wondered, for, as I approached the cabins, a hand would go over one eye as though trying to sight some distant object on the horizon, and someone would shout, “Why, if it ain’t Miss Jenawearly!” This is what they always called me.

All day long Nick Cornett ferried me in and out among my old patients so that we could take them to the Hell-for-Certain clinic for their typhoid shots.

Later on in the evening as our navigator was finishing up some other errands for the flooded families, Miss Evelyn served us coffee at her mission. Then I sat down to a game of Scrabble which had just started. One of the players was Donald whom I remembered as a small boy and very ill. At that time, as now, we were fighting Old Man River, and we had to get the child in to the hospital as quickly as possible. We got him across the river and to the hospital in the nick of time, and his life was saved. Here before me, in a hot game of Scrabble was the same little boy—now a man with two small children of his own.

He said to me, “Can you imagine! A little old country boy who only got through the Primer teaching these people with an education how to play Scrabble?”

Of course, he was joking with us and he had instructed us in how to play the game, but I was very proud of him. He was still my little boy.

As we reached Hyden the darkness had settled over the flood waters and us. I had the feeling that the shepherd had returned and found what remained of his flock not wanting in gratitude and love.

RULES OF SUCCESS

There is one discouraging thing about the rules of success—they won’t work unless you do.

—*Modern Maturity*, April-May 1962

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If you are really a superior worker, you don’t need to talk about it. The results will speak for themselves.

—*The Thousandsticks*

A REVIEW OF FIVE BOOKS

By Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr.

Franklin Watts, Inc. — Price \$1.95 each

The First Book of Ancient Mesopotamia and Persia

The First Book of Ancient Greece

The First Book of Ancient Rome

The First Book of Ancient Egypt

The First Book of Ancient Bible Lands

It is the happiness of this reviewer to know the author of these illuminating books, who is Professor of Classics at Brown University and whose wife is Chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service Committee of Providence, Rhode Island. Although these books are called "First Books" they are of vast interest to anyone who cares enough about ancient history to read rather widely in this field. They are all illustrated with drawings or paintings of archeological finds and with comprehensive maps. They are all written with insight and sympathy. The Ancient Egyptians come alive again in the Old Kingdom, the Middle Kingdom and the New Kingdom. One is caught up anew. One passes easily from Egypt to Greece of Alexander's time although the history of the city-states of Greece is of even deeper interest. There is no student of the Bible who would not find much to learn from *The Book of Ancient Bible Lands*.

It is impossible in a brief review of five books to do more than call attention to some, but we would like to make specific mention of the two of them which intrigued us the most.

The First Book of Ancient Mesopotamia and Persia gives us the fullest account that can be known of the world's earliest civilization, that of the Sumerians in Asia Minor. "We shall probably never know where it really started . . . but we know that a highly developed civilization was flourishing as long ago as 3000 B.C." This remarkable people, starting from scratch, created the following: irrigation canals, dikes for flood protection, a simple form of self-rule with written laws, schools, calendars, a system of weights and measures, writing, handbooks for farmers, the use of medicine, the use of metals, and the fencing of crops against animals.

The Sumerian civilization, which rose so early in the world's history of peoples, declined, as have all civilizations in the past, and fell before the Babylonians about 2000 years B.C.

The First Book of Ancient Rome should be of special interest to Americans because we are so like the Romans in our love of laws, baths, good roads and public games. And nearly all educated Americans have read their *Caesar*.

As a great empire the Romans gave a great deal of self-government to their provinces and various peoples living in them. They stimulated and used the initiative of men in their public bodies and in private enterprise. They kept the empire in peace for 250 years. "It ended largely because the Romans gave up self-government." Power was centralized. The provinces were allowed less and less power and the government was burdened with vast debts incurred by the State. The provinces and localities lost freedom to manage their own affairs. When, in the 5th Century, the Goths, Vandals and Huns poured in on them, these barbarians only completed the work of a civilization that had destroyed itself. Let us hope, and pray that we in America who are so like the Romans, will not fall before an outward enemy because we have killed local government and the initiative of the people.

M. B.

SECOND ANNUAL MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY

Saturday, September 28, 1963 is the date this year for Mary Breckinridge Day in Leslie County, Kentucky. The program will begin with a parade, starting from Hyden at 10:00 a.m. (EST). Everyone will be welcome! There will be a picnic lunch on the grounds of the Leslie County High School, with community singing and fun for all.

Out of state guests desiring information about overnight accommodations in the area, please write: Mr. Paul Cook, Chairman, Leslie County Development Association, P. O. Mozelle, Leslie County, Kentucky.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF A YEAR AT WENDOVER

by

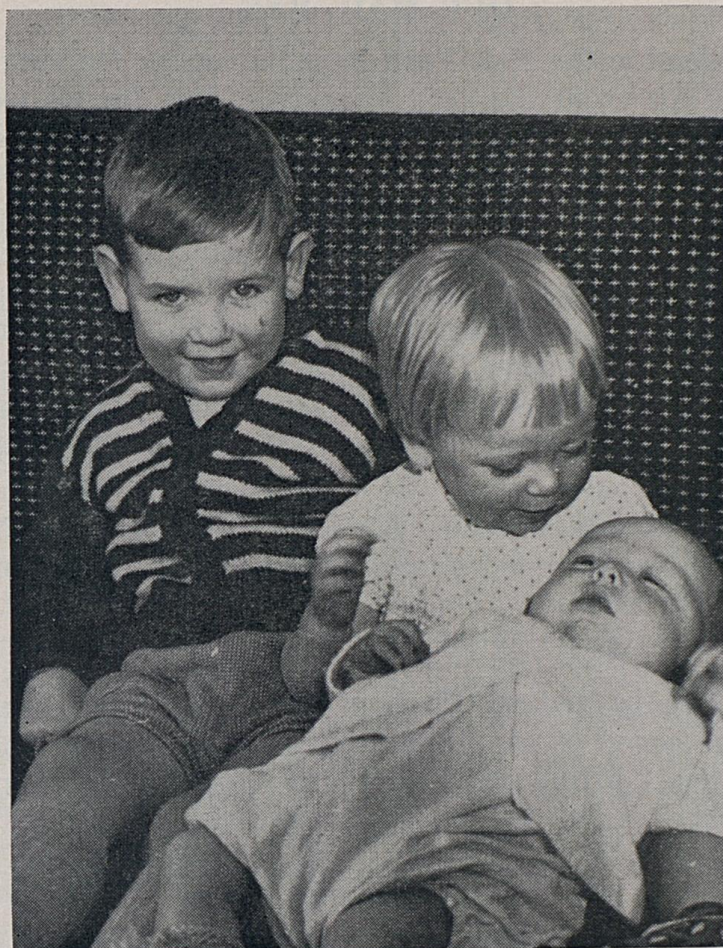
MARJORIE CUNDLE (MRS. LESLIE CUNDLE)

It was in the Spring of 1961 when I came to Wendover. The dogwood was in bloom and I thought Wendover one of the loveliest places I had ever seen. I stayed through the Summer, when the gardens were a picture, and came back in the Fall of 1962 to see the hills in their Autumn colors. Now it is Winter and the trees, valleys and houses are covered in snow and look so beautiful. I love the blue skies and warm sunshine; in fact it is impossible to choose which of the seasons I like the best. I have been shown such kindness from all the people I have met here, at the Hospital, and at the Nursing Centers, at some of which I have spent some time.

I love to visit the homes, where I have been made so welcome, and listen to the nurses talking with the families and especially the children. The nurses are so friendly and comforting to people sick or in trouble and I sometimes think their visits do more good than the pills that go with them. I have enjoyed my journeyings with many different couriers and have seen thereby quite a lot of Kentucky.

There are so many things I remember. The barbecue at Dr. Beasley's house on the river bank and the Dedication of the Hyden Chapel. A journey to Hyden for a Carol Service on Christmas Eve, and the many people who attended—both nurses and local people—the beautiful singing, and the journey back wondering if we should be able to get through the river. The Nativity play given by the children the Saturday before Christmas, and the delightful singing and poetry reading by them. The tree in the Big House and the amazing amount of presents everyone received. The journey to Wolf Creek for Christmas dinner, and though we passed cars which had given up trying to get through, the jeep made it. The jeeps always seem to manage even the roughest roads.

But most of all I like Sunday afternoon with the log fire burning and people coming in to tea to be warmly greeted by Mrs. Breckinridge and the rest of the Wendover family. There is a quietness and peace in that room, when outside cares seem to be forgotten for awhile. That is something I shall think of on my return home, and shall wish I were back with all of you again. I am so grateful that I have been able to spend a year at Wendover.



KELVIN, KAREN AND GARRY

These three English children were delivered in their own home by three nurse-midwives who had served with the Frontier Nursing Service—Carol, Eve and Bridie.

The frail old lady lived on the second floor of a rooming house. One day she fell downstairs and broke a leg. The doctor put it in a cast, and warned her not to walk up or down stairs. After several months of slow healing, the doctor removed the cast.

“There, now!” beamed the doctor proudly.

“Can I climb the stairs now?”

“Certainly,” he replied.

“That’s good,” she chortled. “I’m sick and tired of climbing up and down that drain pipe.”

—*Modern Maturity*, April-May 1962

OUR MAIL BAG

From a Friend in the New York Area: Frontier Nursing Service has struck me from the very beginning, first for its work and second for the full value it gives for every dollar received—and here in the Winter Bulletin comes mathematical proof. [Page 24]

From a Friend in Arkansas: I wish I had words to tell you how much I have enjoyed your Bulletins—especially your “Mary Breckinridge Day,” your “80th Birthday,” your “Chapel,” and that little poem on the last cover. I read them over and over. When your Bulletins come I read them from cover to cover.

From a Friend in Pittsburgh: The Quarterly Bulletin is always a joy and an inspiration. The cover on the recent one is simply lovely.

From a Friend in Wisconsin: The lovely poem on the FNS Winter Bulletin has been a joy—for with our very late spring one has had to believe that

“Blossoms and birds — and budding trees
Thank God! We may be sure of these.”

From the County Medical Officer of Health in a Flood-Devastated Area: The cover of the Winter Quarterly Bulletin was about the most heart lifting thing that has happened in a long time. I came home Friday night—tired—muddy—heartsick from all the misery left in this County from the flood. I didn't get a chance to open my mail until I went to bed. Then I read the poem on the cover. I had a better night's sleep than I had had in the last two.

From a Red Cross Disaster Relief Worker: These past three weeks' association with the FNS and the people with and for whom they work has done much to increase my faith in the future of our people.

From a Mission Worker: I was stationed in Leslie County . . . for a year doing Christian work . . . I personally am indebted to the FNS for the excellent care I received at Hyden Hospital.

From a Young Friend in Japan: *Wide Neighborhoods* arrived Friday and I couldn't put it down until I'd finished every word of it.

From a Friend in Bluefield, West Virginia: Please send me another five copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*. I am completely under the spell.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. John W. Putnam (Susan Morse),
Concord, Massachusetts—February 16, 1963**

Since I last saw you we have married off our son Sam to a wonderful girl from Philadelphia and Long Island. Sam is in his third year at the Harvard Medical School and Betsy, his wife, is teaching 7th and 8th grades in a public school in Dedham! Our oldest daughter, Ellie, graduates from Wellesley College this June and will probably be working somewhere next year in New York or Washington, or she might even end up in the Peace Corps! She has all sorts of ideas and being a rather unpredictable and independent young lady I won't be surprised at anything. Our 15-year-old, Joanie, is at Concord Academy, and just loving it. I am still working in the afternoons in the Concord Library which is just across the street from Concord Academy so it's easy to combine with Joanie's schedule. It's very rewarding to have a job. Johnny and I still manage to keep up more or less with our offspring on the ski slopes and the tennis court but it won't last much longer I'm afraid. By that time we can take care of our grandchildren!

**From Mrs. John L. Carroll (Nina Thomas),
New York City—March 13, 1963**

My only, but quite valid excuse for not writing sooner, is Cornelia Halsey Carroll (born September 4, 1962 and known as "Nell"). She manages to consume all my "spare" time and most of my not spare at all time. But it couldn't be more worth it, generally speaking, because she's a loveable type, awfully cute and quite good.

What a delight it was to see Brownie again and catch up with you all and Wendover. Nell adored her and Brownie displayed remarkable, though understandable, talent, not to mention charity, by accomplishing an entire evening feeding.

Having Nell has indeed brought home to me, more clearly than ever, the true and vital worth of the wonderful FNS. I admire you all so much and think of you so often.

From Mrs. Shouse Lewis (Marion Shouse), Naples, Italy

—March 16, 1963

A rather severe storm delayed the boat for twenty-four hours and our time in Paris was six hours instead of 24. However, we rented a car so that Alice and Lois could at least see a few of the most important things and get the feel of the city before embarking (by train) for Milan. Ever since our arrival in Italy, the weather has been beautiful. In Venice we used motor boats a good bit of the time, a real novelty for Lilian and me, as last year it was too rough even to venture onto the canals. The drive over to Florence is quite lovely, for one crosses a very high ridge of the Apennines and then drops down onto the Umbrian plain. Lilian adores Florence and our five days there ere motoring down to Rome were a real delight.

Seeing the countryside by car gives one a real feeling of the friendliness and kindness of the Italian people. Rome was a joy. We went to a papal audience and took two daytime bus tours of the city. Then we were fortunate enough to get hold of our nice guide, who took us, as she had last year, on a night tour; and, to crown it all, we had a full moon! As you know, seeing the Forum and Coliseum by moonlight is just about perfect. We drove down here today, stopping en route at Caserta where we went through a perfectly beautiful palace built by Charles III and used as allied headquarters in the last war after the Anzio landing. This palace and its gardens are supposedly the nearest thing to Versailles in Europe. A river up in the mountains was harnessed and cascades down through pools in front of the palace, flanked by formal gardens, filled with statuary. When we arrived here, we rented a car, with an English speaking guide to drive us throughout the city. Now we have just finished the Italian version of tea: coffee cappuccini and sweets; and I am looking out across the Bay of Naples with Capri to the front distance and Vesuvius sans smoke plume looming to the left. The harbor lights are twinkling and the Mediterranean is a sort of lovely soft, smoky grey-blue as the last light of the day fades. We are off to Amalfi tomorrow stopping at Pompeii en route.

April 18, 1963

How nice to have your long newsy letter awaiting our arrival in Glasgow. I am relieved that the flood did no more

damage than you report. I almost cabled when the Paris Herald carried pictures of Hazard!

We spent three delightful days at Kyle of Lochalsh, just across from Skye. We arrived late on Thursday afternoon, and had been concerned at the number of rather large fires in the heather as we drove along. On arrival we inquired and discovered that they were intentional to provide more grazing for the sheep, so that night after dinner we viewed with interest two large balls on the mountain of Skye just across the loch from the hotel. It was a very dramatic sight and we recalled the days when the clans were summoned by such fiery beacons cutting across the twilight sky. About half past four on Good Friday morning, I looked out of our bedroom window, expecting to see the last dying embers. Instead—with a full moon in the West and the early dawn in the East—to cast their light across the water, the Cuillin's rose white and majestic all covered with snow! It was perfectly beautiful!

We went across to the island that morning, and after one false start when a heavy sleet storm forced us to turn back, did drive to Portree. Unfortunately that was all that we saw of Mac's lovely island, for the next day was terrible weather-wise and on Sundays the boats don't run. But it was very beautiful and I was pleased to see it like that.

You may be amused to know that Lilian and I are appearing on Scot T.V. tomorrow night. We ran into a company at Braemar who were working up a file on hotels and inns and wanted to get the impression of American tourists.

Our trip has been a most pleasing one in every respect this far. We've given up the plan of flying over to Holland, so we will stay a day or two longer here and then proceed to London in a leisurely fashion.

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From Mrs. Roger W. Gilcrest (Jean Alexander),

Warrensville Heights, Ohio—March 24, 1963

Roger has just completed three years of law school at Western Reserve University here in Cleveland. He passed the bar last summer and is now working for a small law firm which he loves. He won his first trial last month.

I am teaching sixth grade in a near-by suburb. I had the

same class in fifth grade last year and was allowed to move up with them. It is such fun to watch them grow. The second semester, we departmentalized the sixth grade so I am now teaching the language arts. This means four sections a day of English, spelling and writing.

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From Alison Bray, London, England—March 28, 1963

I am going off, in a couple of days, on a short trip which should be most exciting. My good friend, Mary, and I are going on another cruise to Greece and this time we are visiting part of North Africa as well. We shall be away just over two weeks, and with luck should get a bit of warmth and sunshine.

I have been wondering if you have been hit by floods like other parts of Kentucky. The newspapers didn't say exactly where they were and I do so hope you have been all right.

.
**From Mrs. John Robbins (Peggy Harrison), Edmonton,
Alberta, Canada—April 2, 1963**

We are still in Canada and find it a good place to raise a family. Our eldest was twelve in February and the youngest of the six will be three in July. We live in town on a lot big enough to have a garden which is a skating rink in winter. We spend all our spare time in the country or mountains. In the summer holidays we go camping and we have a second garden for corn, pumpkins, beans et cetera, which the children help with.

Edmonton has grown a lot in the thirteen years we have been here—there is a Children's Theatre, an Orchestra, every kind of sport, and now that an auditorium has been built, all the foreign, American or Canadian events such as ballet, singers, orchestras, operas, dancers, acrobats, et cetera, stop here en route to Vancouver from Montreal and Toronto. The local school is one of the best in town and one of the first three in Edmonton to have grading of pupils according to ability, to start French in early grades and to use the new method of teaching arithmetic.

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**From Mrs. Arthur Perry (Mardi Bemis), South Tamworth,
New Hampshire—April 2, 1963**

Sue is up here with us at our New Hampshire farm—help-

ing to sugar off. It's been a late season, but the snow is vanishing faster than I've ever seen it go. She was tired when she reached home last Saturday, but the past three days of cloudless sky, burning sun, and dozens of spring bird songs have given her a new lease on life. She has ten weeks of hospital work this June, July and into August and then she can enjoy six weeks before school begins again.

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**From Mrs. Dandridge F. Walton (Theresa Nantz),
Bowling Green, Kentucky—April 3, 1963**

The report on the flood was quite interesting but I know it has cost FNS endless trouble. I am just glad it was not as bad as the last big flood in 1957.

Bailey is a fine boy and Sarah Halley is crazy about him. As soon as she gets up in the morning she rushes in to see "the boy" as she calls him.

Dan is now working as the attorney for the State Highway Department in the Madisonville district. He started in November and has been gone from Monday to Friday ever since. Neither of us like his being gone all the time but he is getting valuable experience.

I enjoyed the Bulletin as usual. I saw in it that Olive is back with FNS. I am glad to find out that she is at Beech Fork.

I now have a Siamese cat and a mutt dog—a mutt in more ways than one. I got her from the Humane Society as a full grown dog and she certainly has some bad habits. However, she and the cat have become devoted and Sarah Halley enjoys them both, so I guess the dog is here to stay.

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From Betsy Palmer, Chicago, Illinois—April 12, 1963

Leslie Foster, brother Henry and I certainly had the grandest time at Aspen. Being the end of the season, the snow was a bit spotty but we did have some excellent spring skiing and had the town practically to ourselves. We were burnt to a potato chip but had a wonderful time.

Before and after the Colorado trip, Mother and I squeezed in trips to the country to plant trees. The Dutch Elm disease has, unfortunately, struck just when most of our soft maples were dying so that we are really treeless.

From Sally Foster, Baltimore 10, Maryland—April 19, 1963

For the past two and a half years I have been working for the Baltimore News-Post doing make-up and editing for the Sunday women's section and some feature writing. I've loved this type of work.

I enjoyed hearing about Mrs. Breckinridge who I think is such a marvelous person anyway and I always look forward to reading the Bulletin.

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**From Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lill Middleton), Cos Cob,
Connecticut—April 23, 1963**

I just saw Selby Brown Erlich and heard all about your visit in Chappaqua. How sorry I was to miss it! I would have loved seeing you again and hearing all the news of the FNS. It was so wonderful to see Brownie last January at the Cosmopolitan Club, and to hear about Mrs. Breckinridge. The pictures were marvelous of the Mary Breckinridge Day. It seems so strange to realize that my stint at FNS was just six short weeks of my life and yet its impact has held such an important place, not only in my memories, but in life's attitudes, direction and values!

Our boys (Wade, Jr., age 13, and Tom, age 6) are at the Greenwich Country Day School. If I can do anything at all to help things along here, I would be more than glad to. Please let me know.

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**From Mrs. James A. Barnes (Harriette Sherman),
Chappaqua, New York—April 29, 1963**

I can't tell you how much it meant to me to see you again and get somewhat caught up on Wendover. Betsy came home from her visit with you fairly counting the days until she can go down as a courier.

Since I saw you I have been on a jaunt South—Jim and I flew to Charleston and then after two fun days of sightseeing drove down to Sea Island for four days of doing nothing and loving every minute of it. And now it is spring here—daffodils, et cetera.

**From Mrs. Albert O. Trostel III (Parker Grundy),
Milwaukee, Wisconsin—April 30, 1963**

Quite often I have cause to recall my Kentucky days. They have helped immensely in understanding many problems.

We are living happily in Milwaukee with our two children (Rick, 3, and Kimmie, 2), Oscar, a mutt dog, and Putt-putt, a kitty. Al is superintendent of the Milwaukee Tannery, spending most of his time in technical and personnel work.

We both are busy in the community. My favorite is the League of Women Voters. I'm raising their money next year and hope we'll do well. Both Al and I sing in a choir, which has been lots of fun. I'm probably going to do some work for an immigrant program next year.

We went skiing in Montana in March and will probably camp or canoe a week in August.

. . . .

**From Margarita (Quita) Serrell, Greenwich, Connecticut
—May 4, 1963**

I have often thought of coming back after my graduation, but I still have the urge to go to places I've never seen. With an R.N. the whole world opens up, and there is so much to be done for people.

With graduation just around the corner, on June 11th, my plans are fairly well laid. Since I can't work in England until I've had a year's experience in the States, I plan to work in my home hospital until November, then go out to Colorado Springs and work until June. After that it will be England for a year. I have applied to several hospitals over there but will have to wait for decisions. I will let you know later which one I will be working in. I would greatly appreciate knowing someone in the FNS in England.

The operating room is my field of choice but I have loved everything I've done in nursing. Another area that interests me very much is the Ship Hope.

I am going to give a talk to my class on the 22nd of this month about the FNS and what it offers the graduate nurse. I still have all my pictures of the country and the people. It should take quite a while, because once I get talking about the wonderful things you are doing I can't stop.

From Carol Lyman, Denver, Colorado—May 9, 1963

College is keeping me busy but I have managed, by hook or by crook, to get to the mountains quite often. There is still a little snow on the high peaks while the lower mountains are beginning to show signs of spring. We are suffering from dryness and there is no rain in sight. Yesterday we climbed about 900 feet and it was really beautiful, with impressive views of the flat land and also of the high mountains.

This summer I will be in Boston—I hope to be working as a nurse's aide but I'm not sure yet.

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As this Bulletin goes to press, we have received invitations to the wedding on June eighth of **Miss Mary Ayer Storrs** of Oyster Bay, New York, and Mr. Peter Robert Wilhelm Bellerman, now at the Graduate School of International Affairs at Princeton.

We wish for these young people a long, happy and useful life together, and all the good things this life can hold.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Freddy Holdship is Research Technician in the University of Pittsburgh School of Dentistry. She feeds and cares for white mice and guinea pigs—"germ free" test specimens—that are being used by researchers who are trying to isolate viruses suspected of causing leukemia and other kinds of cancer.

Maudie Canham will complete her training at Hickox Secretarial School the end of May.

We have just learned that **Jane Ewell** (Mrs. Jane Ewell Dane), one of our earliest couriers, died in April, after a long illness. We send our deepest sympathy to her three sons.

We were shocked and grieved to learn that **Sue Ayer** (Mrs. J. Harleston Parker) had suffered the loss of her mother and then a younger sister six days later. Our hearts go out to Sue and her family in fullest measure.

Our love and tenderest sympathy goes to **Carm Mumford** (Mrs. John Dewitt Norton) in the death of her mother early in

May, after a long illness; and to **Connie Calhoun** (Mrs. David Pursley) whose father died of a heart attack while visiting her in California.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge Franklin Walton (Theresa Nantz) of Bowling Green, Kentucky, a son, Dandridge Bailey Walton, on March 6, 1963—weight 7 pounds, 10 ounces. **See letters—this column.**

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Dubow (Isabella Breckinridge) of New York City, a son, Charles Stewart Dubow, on April 7, 1963—weight 6 pounds, 8 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gettys Tyrrell (Jane Halde-
man) of Louisville, Kentucky, a son, Gerald Fraser Tyrrell II,
on April 29, 1963—weight 4 pounds, 11 ounces. Jane wrote us:

Little Gerry was very small, if you can imagine me having a tiny baby. He was in an incubator for three or four days. As of today, he weighs 5 pounds, 3½ ounces and is as greedy as a little piggy. So, he is doing well. I came home to Mother's Friday and he is coming home Tuesday. Gerry is so precious! I can't wait until he comes home, as I've never even touched him. "Ching" and I were the only ones who could go see him through the glass in the premie nursery. We had to put on masks, caps and gowns and go into the inner sanctum!

SAFE IN PARTS

by
FLORENCE HOPPER

Half-way down a steep winding hill near Egton, North Yorkshire, we stopped the car to ask an old woman at her garden gate if the hill was dangerous. 'Not 'ere it isn't,' she told us, 'it's down at bottom where they all kills theirsens.'

—*The Countryman*, Spring 1963, Edited by
John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.
Annual subscription for American readers \$3.50
checks on their own banks.
Published quarterly by The Countryman,
10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4.

THEN AND NOW

by

ELSIE MAIER, R.N.

A Student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

In the dark of the night, February 16, 1963, Helen Black made her way to Hyden Hospital to have her fifth baby. She felt somewhat uneasy because she had had her last four children at home. Her sister escorted her, and they drove up in a '53 Ford about 2 a.m. David, her husband, was going to miss the birth because he was in Indiana. But he was called by long distance, received word about his wife, and was by her side by morning. All during the night, Helen was laboring, and by morning, 5:13 a.m. to be exact, a healthy, 7½-lb. boy was born. Just what she wanted! She had three boys already, but wanted another one.

David has been able to provide his family with hospital insurance, a modern-day benefit, which helps to ease the expense of maternity and other medical care. The FNS charge for a delivery today is \$50.00, and this includes full prenatal care, delivery and post partum care. There is no extra charge if the baby is born in the hospital and we keep normal cases for eight days.

All this is a wonderful story in itself, however this is not the end! A thrilling addition to it is the fact that 27 years ago Helen, herself, was born in Hyden Hospital on March 28, 1935. Her mother arrived at the hospital by horseback and she stayed a month before Helen was born. The father paid the FNS charge, which was \$5.00 then, in a unique way. Except for one giant poplar, the hill below Hyden Hospital was bare of trees in the early days and the ground slid badly. The neighbors were told that any man could pay his fee by bringing a young tree across the pommel of his saddle, digging a hole and planting it. A number of fathers and others paid their bills and fees in that way. A forest now stands on what was a bad hillside. Every tree was planted in payment of an obligation.

Times are changing, and modern conveniences are making quite a difference in the circumstances around which the same thrilling miracle of human birth takes place. However, we are glad to say that the Frontier Nursing Service has continued to give vitally needed care to both mothers and babies throughout these many years.

MEMORIAL SERVICE ON LEATHERWOOD

by
OLIVE BUNCE, R.N., S.C.M.

Foreword: Olive was for years the nurse-midwife in charge of the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown in Perry County. She was there when the Center was closed down by the Federal Government. The site is now covered by the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir.

The only people not moved out of the area were those at the head of Leatherwood Creek. The lake did not reach as far up as their habitations. These families were transferred for nursing care to our Center at Brutus on Bullskin. All this makes understandable Olive's joy at this reunion with old patients and her sympathetic sharing of the memorial service.

The memorial service for the Leatherwood Creek of the old Bowlingtown district was scheduled to be held on Sunday, May 26th at the Cash Barger graveyard.

As the weather was so uncertain it was decided to hold the service in the church house. After decorating the graves in the beautiful hilltop graveyard, about 200 relatives and friends gathered for remembrance and prayer. Many of the congregation had travelled from Indiana and Ohio to be present, and it was pure delight to meet and worship with so many old friends.

The service was led by Mr. G. J. Turner, son of Preacher Levi Turner (deceased) of Leatherwood. Accompanied as a trio by his wife Irene and son Leyton, Preacher Turner gave a most beautiful rendering of the old hymn "Will Some One Be Waiting."

Among the Bowlingtown Committee members present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jim Spurlock, Mrs. Cassie Couch, Mrs. Matilda Couch and Mr. and Mrs. Pleas Begley. Mr. Jesse Couch was sadly missed. Mrs. Ambrose Rice was unable to be present as she recently suffered a paralytic stroke. Sympathy for her and for her husband was expressed by all present.

After the service and a good visit with all my friends and "babies," I was entertained to a wonderful fresh fish dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Pleas Begley.

The service, the friendship and the kindly hospitality of my friends made me once again a part of the Leatherwood Creek and brought back a host of happy memories of my life in Bowlingtown.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Hilda Sobral Barnes in Alameda, California

—December, 1962

I am now doing school nursing which is my method of easing myself into being a housewife exclusively. It will be a strange outcome for me, but perhaps I shall enjoy it.

From Mary Nell Harper in Dembi Dollo, Ethiopia

—February, 1963

We have just had the excitement of the first visit to our small town from His Imperial Majesty Haille Sellasse. He came the long distance from Addis Ababa by road, visiting many places on the way. This is quite an undertaking for a man of his age. He is a very charming and cordial gentleman, and put everyone at ease. He visited our hospital, elementary school and blind school.

Midwifery is definitely on the increase for hospital cases. Just yesterday I delivered a woman, who just two years ago was flown to us in desperate trouble. This time she knew to come to us ahead of time so we could get her in better physical condition before delivery. The father is a border patrol policeman, and he is so pleased to have a living child, at last. It does indeed bring satisfaction. My greetings to the staff. I do think of you all often.

From Toni Lambert with Medico in Cambodia—March, 1963

I have just returned from a delightful vacation. We spent a few days in Singapore shopping and sightseeing, and then went to Malaya for a week. The latter is very beautiful and much more advanced than Cambodia, so we enjoyed such luxuries as hot showers, English speaking movies and European food. The most fascinating place we visited is Bangkok which no one should miss, if they have the chance.

We have been busy in our work as we have started visiting in the villages. We mostly see malaria and trachoma on these visits, but we have a variety of things in the hospital. Today is

Sunday, but we have hardly stopped. First a child of six with pneumonia, then a patient with possible intestinal obstruction who may have surgery at any time, and this afternoon there has been one delivery and a mother admitted with a threatened miscarriage.

The time is really flying by, and it will not be long before I am on the trail home. Esther (*Sturm*) and her husband are going to India with the Peace Corps, so I hope to visit them on my way. I also plan to visit Betty Mantay and Frances Vander Zwaag in Nigeria. I hope to reach England in October and to see you there!

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From Lois Harris Kroll in Seldovia, Alaska—March, 1963

Hank (*her husband*) and I took a trip to Costa Rica with a camper on a three-quarter ton truck. We crossed the border into Mexico on December 4, and stopped for a few days in Mexico City where we tried to get in touch with Frances Fell, but she was out of town. We travelled the Inter-American highway all the way. Half of the road from the Mexican border to Guatemala City is unpaved, but passable in the dry season. The rest of the way to San Jose, Costa Rica is paved—some parts narrow with broken shoulders, so when one meets a bus or a log truck, both more or less stop and feel their way by. Many of the people live in thatched huts made of reeds and mud, and they use oxen and burros on the farms. The women carry their babies on their backs and bundles on their heads. We spent Christmas Day at Baranca Beach, Costa Rica where it was very hot and Hank went fishing.

One of our most interesting trips was to Monteverda (Green Mountain) where a group of U. S. Quakers have settled. The road up is terrible and requires four-wheel drive. There are around 70 Quakers and they were most hospitable and invited us to lunch or dinner. They have Guernsey cows and a cheese factory, which is a coöperative program. The cheese is very good and is sold in the cities. They have no doctor there, but one retired nurse. A Mrs. Rockwell acts as midwife. She has a midwifery textbook from Ireland. I am hoping that Frances may send her some helpful material. They have their own school and Spanish is taught from the first grade.

In El Salvador we saw the most wonderful cotton fields, and in one city the street was lined with oxcarts and trucks for a couple of miles—all carrying loads of cotton to the gin. There were the most beautiful flowers everywhere, and hardwood trees most of which were unknown to me.

We took the coastal route coming back, as far as we could go, and spent a couple of days at Quetzeltanago, Guatemala. It is unspoiled by tourists, and the Indians are so colorful in their native dress. My best wishes to my friends.

—April, 1963

After reading the Bulletin I often compare these days with the early days, and I was blessed in “getting in” on the early days and look back on them often.

When Van and I arrived on the train at Combs, Kentucky in November 1926, (Dr. Josephine Hunt had seen us on our way at Lexington) it was still early in the morning and dark. We had a couple of hours wait in the station until the mail wagon arrived—this was an experience, as mules were new to us. When we reached the half-way point, the mail bags were tossed into another wagon and away we went to Hyden. The road was very muddy and several times we had to get out and push, and we were not dressed for that! We arrived in Hyden late that evening, very much shaken up and somewhat apprehensive.

The little clinic building was being constructed and Freda Caffin was so proud of it. It was made of green lumber and as it dried out the cracks got wider. One clinic day Grandpa Napier from Bull Creek came for medicine. He cleared his throat and expectorated. Freda had her back turned, but was quick to turn around, all ready to lay down the law, but Grandpa was too quick for her. “Now wait a minute, Madam, I spat right through that thar crack!” And he had too.

The first time I saw you, I had ridden that day to the Head of Rockhouse to treat a boy with a gunshot wound of hand. It was dark when I came in and you and your Marine brother were eating dinner. I was resting a while before dinner, and dimly heard you say: “You could never call that child Miss.” It made me feel I was really accepted and loved. The Mary Breckinridge Day was a wonderful idea—I wish I could have been there. I hope you continue to keep well—you are a wonderful person.

From Isabella Dougall Marraine in Winter Haven, Florida

April, 1963

I find myself quite occupied these days. After six and a half years one becomes well acquainted with the families and just finds more to do. I am now at retirement age, and would do so if I could get rid of my house which is now too large for my needs. My son, Peter, is now with the USAF in Korea. He was sorry to leave his position in Carswell with SAC. Ione continues happily at Melbourne, near Cape Canaveral. She has many friends there and she loves her second grade. She was given recognition as the "best teacher" in the school. She is near enough to come home occasionally.

I heard from Sybil Johnson recently. She has retired from nursing, but still has her farm with cows, horses and many dogs.

We are still using "granny midwives" here. A few of them have sumptuous homes with an annex where they deliver patients and keep them for two days for sixty dollars. The delivery of every patient must be reported to the health department so that a public health nurse may go to check the patient's condition. We have a group of efficient nurses in the department but there always seems to be more work than we can do, and we have much variety.

I read about your terrible floods. Here the temperature has been in the nineties in the middle of the day, but we have had pleasant cool breezes which is unusual. Please give my love and best wishes to Mrs. Breckinridge and other friends.

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From Lois Miller in the Central African Republic—April, 1963

I am now stationed at our largest dispensary. We have about 70 women attending the maternity clinic and average a delivery a day. Needless to say I am kept busy as I am the only white nurse and we have no doctor here. Our nearest hospital with a doctor is 150 miles away, so it is only the very complicated cases which can be transported to the doctor. I have to handle many emergencies, and I really appreciate the training I received at FNS. I expect to arrive in the States for my furlough in August.

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From Muriel Joslin in North Malvern, England—April, 1963

It will soon be two years since my return to England, but

I still have many vivid memories of my time in Kentucky. I thought of you all a great deal when I heard of, and saw pictures of the disastrous floods in Hazard—it must have been a very hard time. I am sending my subscription to the Quarterly Bulletin—I don't want to miss a copy, as I look forward so much to its arrival and do not leave a word unread.

I have just successfully completed the Health Visitor's course at Battersea, and now I am settling down to my new work here in Malvern. It is all very strange at the moment but I am sure I am going to enjoy it.

During my last week in London I met Joan Antcliff at the London Hospital. We had a long talk all about Kentucky and the recent comings and goings. Joan has been accepted for the Midwife Teachers course and starts at the end of April. Please give my love to all my Kentucky friends.

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From Martha Lady in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia—April, 1963

This is a busy year for me as I have additional outside duties which take up much of my free time. We are running ahead of previous years with deliveries, and I am hoping to break a record in the department. We have had 11 deliveries which is about normal for April, but what was abnormal was that 10 of them arrived when I was on call. I have had no maternal deaths and, so far, no neonatal deaths this year. I have had another set of twins who are doing beautifully. The mother brought them in at six weeks and I was so proud of them. Both of them are on breast milk, and are so nice and fat.

We have been having a taste of cold weather which makes night call uncomfortable. It has been down to nearly freezing which I know does not sound cold to you folks, but we do not have furnaces and our rooms are cold. I have been enjoying the Bulletins and any news from Hyden so much. Give my greetings to all the wonderful people there.

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From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson in Parma, Italy—May, 1963

Eric (*her husband*) is being transferred back to the States, and we have mixed feelings about leaving this lovely city that we have called home for four years. The hardest change concerns the children who really do enjoy their schools, and appear

to do fairly well. Freddie (11 yrs.) is in Villars-Chesieres and Heather (13 yrs.) is above Montreux—both are English schools.

Our temporary address is: Campbell's Experimental Farms, Riverton, New Jersey, where Eric has been since early April. I fly Milano-New York May 16 to join him there. Our future destination is still undecided, but we will be in the Philadelphia area this summer at least. I hope that you are well and that all at FNS are thriving. Please give my regards to all friends.

Newsy Bits

We send our congratulations to **Margaret Field** who has been elected to the College of Hospital Administrators.

New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foor (**Alice Martin**) of Norman, Oklahoma, a son born on March 16, 1963. Patrick Maurice is Alice's first born.

To Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Enriquez (**Sylvia Leatherwood**) of Wilmington, Delaware, a son born on April 4, 1963. A second son for Sylvia, named Carlos Manuel.

A BIG GAME HUNTER

A big game hunter in Africa was on his way back to camp one night when an enormous lion walked out of the jungle not 20 feet away. As the lion was about to spring, the hunter fired his last cartridge and missed. The lion sprang too far and landed 15 feet beyond the hunter, who then ran for camp and made it safely.

The next day the hunter went back of the camp to practice a little shooting at close range. He heard a strange noise in the brush and investigated. It was the lion—practicing short leaps!

—Source unknown

In Memoriam

- | | |
|---|--|
| MRS. JIM BOWLING
Asher, Kentucky
Died in January, 1963 | MR. JAHUGH MORGAN
Wendover, Kentucky
Died in May, 1963 |
| MR. WILLIAM E. BRIGHAM
Providence, Rhode Island
Died in October, 1962 | MRS. RAY ROBERTS
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in April, 1963 |
| R. L. COLLINS, M.D.
Hazard, Kentucky
Died in May, 1963 | MRS. EARL STEELE
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in May, 1963 |
| MRS. ALFRED H. GRANGER
Lake Forest, Illinois
Died in March, 1963 | MR. MERRILL L. TURNBOW
Wendover, Kentucky
Died in January 1963 |

FOR THE DEPARTED

For those we love within the veil
Who once were comrades of our way,
We thank Thee Lord, for they have won
To cloudless day;
And life for them is life indeed,
The splendid goal of earth's strait race
And where no shadows intervene
They see Thy face.

William Charter Piggott, 1915
*The Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal
Church, 1940 Edition*

Although our old friend and former Trustee, **Mr. William E. Brigham**, died in the autumn, we have only lately learned of his passing. His wife, who has long been dead, was one of our earliest Providence friends to open her home for one of our meetings. We feel that Mr. Brigham's generous legacy to the Frontier Nursing Service is in her memory.

In the death of **Mrs. Jim Bowling** (Molly Carroll) we have lost not only a member of our Beech Fork Committee but a friend of long standing. At one time, many years ago, she carried the mail on horseback from Hyden to Asher, fording the Middle Fork to deliver the Wendover mail. She was always an agreeable and kind person whom one liked very much to meet. We send our deep sympathy to her husband and family.

The death of **Mr. Merrill L. Turnbow** was a particularly sad one because he was in the prime of life. After he had served in the United States Air Force in World War II he led a useful and productive life in the West, and, later in Kentucky. His wife was the former Grayce Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Morgan, our nearest neighbors across the river from Wendover. He shared his wife's affection for the Frontier Nursing Service of which she had been a staff member in her girlhood, and was a member of the FNS Wendover Committee. They had two fine children, a girl and a boy. In his home life, his church relationships, and his public duties, Merrill was a truly happy man until the beginning of the long illness that terminated in death. Our hearts go out to his wife and children.

It is hard to find the words in which to express all that our Trustee, **Mrs. Alfred H. Granger**, has meant in the life of the Frontier Nursing Service in which she has played a vital part for the last 34 of her more than 90 years. With her sister, the late Mrs. Charles Sumner Frost, and her brother, the late Mr. Marvin Hughitt, she gave the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus, in memory of their mother. The center was dedicated in 1931. They gave us a picture of their mother which has hung there ever since as an inspiration to everyone who sees that lovely by-gone face. Mrs. Granger herself had the same qualities of the great lady that had distinguished her mother. She was beneficent and deeply kind. The legacy she left us will be added to the Endowment Fund already set up by the family for the maintenance of their Center. Her three daughters and their descendants have inherited a noble strain.

In **Mrs. Ray Roberts** (Essie Lewis) the Frontier Nursing Service has lost one of its truly great friends. We had the happiest relationships with her over the years and we admired deeply her admirable work as secretary of the Leslie County Chapter of the American Red Cross. It was always a pleasure to cooperate with her. We shall miss her always and we extend our deepest sympathy to her husband and her son.

For years Mrs. Roberts had been a teacher. We print the following tribute to her influence on the young from *The Thousandsticks* of April 18, 1963:

A Living Monument

This brief tribute is written by a former student of Essie Lewis Roberts in hopes that the expressions of appreciation of all her students can be conveyed.

Her contributions to and love for her people were evident in many ways. She was active in civic and church affairs, but outside her family she will perhaps be remembered best for her efforts in public education.

Although to family and friends she has gone on to her reward, she lives on in the lives of former students, who are today in many parts of the world. Those who knew her well, knew something of the great satisfaction she received year after year at Leslie County High as she watched many of us receive our diploma, years after she had given us the benefit of her rich educational abilities in the elementary grades.

Truly we can say that Essie Lewis Roberts'
Greatest Building was her own Life;
Her greatest monument was her own character;
Not a monument that stands by the way;
But one that bears fruit in the lives of others today.

Class of 1947

It was as Alice Logan, one of our earliest nurses, that we in the Frontier Nursing Service first knew **Mrs. Earl Steele**, and it is as a young nurse on horseback that she comes back in the memories of her older friends. Along with a deep devotion to her patients, a pleasant manner, and an immense sense of humor, she had a quality of gallantry. This same gallantry held throughout the years of her long illness and the last days of her life. There were never any complaints; there were always smiles for everyone. We extend our deepest sympathy to her husband and his family.

It is hard to see the old friends go. **Mr. Jahugh Morgan** and his wife had the closest ties with the Frontier Nursing Service and with us at Wendover. Starting in the Twenties Mr. Morgan was the Wendover foreman and he and his family lived on the place. To me the tie was particularly strong, because my father, in his last years, was greatly attached to Jahugh and depended on him in the carrying out of so many of his ideas for the development and protection of our mountain land. After the Morgans built their own home on Camp Creek, and moved up there, they served on our Wendover Committee and we were

constantly in touch with them. Although they had lived in Jackson of late years, to be near some of their children, they often returned on visits to their home, and there Mr. Morgan died. While our hearts go out to his wife and to their descendants, we are glad that he died where he belonged and that his body's last resting place is near his home. A truly good, generous-hearted, kindly man has passed on to his reward.

Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard was one person without whom the Frontier Nursing Service could not have survived its early years. This brilliant surgeon, this generous man, responded to our every call on him. During our early years he rode horseback the twenty-five miles from Hazard to Hyden. Before there was a bridge over the Middle Fork River he had to swim his horse more than once to get across to Hyden. But whether the trip was on horseback or, later, when he could make it by car, he always came. Dr. Collins never sent the Frontier Nursing Service a bill for any of his services. He accepted from the people what they were able to pay. But he said more than once, "Never let a man sell a cow to pay me, or even a hog." Once a man on whom he was about to operate at Hyden Hospital handed him a fifty-dollar bill. Mac told me that Dr. Collins nearly fainted and had to be revived before he could operate!

I first met Dr. Collins in 1923 when I took him a report on one of his patients living forty horseback miles from Hazard. This was two years before we started the Frontier Nursing Service and I was riding through the Kentucky mountains, sleeping where night overtook me. I remember as though it were yesterday his kind reception of me in his office, and the great interest he took in the patient. As my knowledge of him deepened in later years, I was impressed over and over by his compassion. Once when a little girl, who had been accidentally shot while playing in the woods, was carried to our Hyden Hospital, Dr. Collins operated on the child. He came out of the operating room to greet me with tears in his eyes. He said, "We can't save this one."

We do not write of the distinguished careers of our friends. Suffice it to say that Dr. Collins served brilliantly in the Medical Forces in the First World War and was retired with the rank of major. He gave hours of his busy life to public service and civic

duties. Now that he has passed over into even wider fields of usefulness, we extend our deep sympathy to his wife and son. He will never be forgotten—not even after those of us who knew and loved him have joined him on the other side of death. The influence of such a man becomes a tradition, a beacon light, to guide the footsteps of others throughout all time.

POSTSCRIPT

We have just learned, after this Bulletin was in the press, of the death last February of **Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt**, a charter member of our Pittsburgh Committee and a warm friend since 1928. Happy memories throng my mind of those early years when I was often in Pittsburgh and my great friend, the late Mrs. Charles A. Shoemaker, organized the committee of which she was chairman. One of these memories which has been kept alive since then is that of Mrs. Hunt whose generous support and occasional letters have never failed during all of the past thirty-five years. She has now moved on into that real world, "of which this world is but the bounding shore." My heart goes out with deep sympathy to her husband.

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We have learned, through the Memorial Service held on Leatherwood, of the passing of our old friend, Mr. Jesse Couch, of Saul, Perry County, Kentucky, and our hearts go out with tender sympathy to his wife. Mr. Couch was one of the most faithful members of our old Bowlingtown Committee, now dispersed because of the Buckhorn Lake that covers our old Bowlingtown Nursing Center. Mr. Couch was active at Saul in helping to build a clinic for the Brutus nurses. A good man has gone to his reward.

M. B.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We in the Frontier Nursing Service shared in the national rejoicing when Sir Winston Churchill became an honorary citizen of the United States. To the fact that he is the first such person in history to have this honor bestowed upon him is added the honor he confers upon us by accepting this citizenship. We Americans are proud that his mother was one of us and that this gives us an hereditary part in the creation of the greatest man of the Anglo-Saxon world of the twentieth century.

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Our assistant director, Betty Lester, Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary for the Frontier Nursing Service, will attend the Alpha Omicron Pi convention on Thursday, June 27, at Biloxi, Mississippi. She will report to the national sorority on her Social Service work in the mountains. It will be a great occasion.

We take pleasure in announcing that the new Alpha Omicron Pi National Philanthropic Director is Mrs. George B. Callaway of Knoxville, Tennessee. We hope for a visit from her before long.

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We have the permission of the Boston Benefit Chairman, Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin), to announce the dates for the sixth annual Boston Christmas Preview Benefit. This will be held as always in the Charter Room of the New England Life Hall on Wednesday, October 23 and Thursday, October 24. The hundreds of Sponsors of the Benefit and their guests are invited to attend a special party for the opening on Tuesday evening, October 22.

"This is a perfect opportunity for husbands to solve their Christmas problems and for you to make your selection from the gifts of every type and price range offered for sale or order by our group of outstanding shops."

With a sizeable part of the money raised from last year's Christmas Preview the Frontier Nursing Service built "The Boston Deck" at Hyden Hospital, a large open metal gallery where patients can sun themselves, and an approved fire escape.

Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., for many years Chairman of our Detroit Committee, has resigned the post in favor of Mrs. William W. Wotherspoon (courier Mary Bulkley). Mary is taking over her new duties with enthusiasm, ably backed by Mrs. Hodges. They are planning meetings in and around Detroit for sometime around the middle of September.

Other meetings are being planned for the autumn and they will be announced in the Summer Bulletin.

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The British Embassy Tea of February 25 in Washington, D. C., was an immense success. The invited guests gave \$3,042.50 to the Frontier Nursing Service. Since Lady Ormsby Gore gave the Tea and our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, paid for the invitations, the Frontier Nursing Service incurred no expense for this event. Lady Ormsby Gore was a charming as well as a most gracious hostess. In the receiving line with her were Mrs. Jefferson Patterson and Mrs. Gordon Loud, Chairman of our Washington Committee; and, representing the Frontier Nursing Service, Miss Helen E. Browne in uniform and our Executive Secretary, Miss Agnes Lewis.

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Another success of the past few weeks was the party for the Bargain Box held by the New York Committee on April 25 at the home of Mrs. N. Holmes Clare. It was well attended and a lot of attractive things to be sold at the Bargain Box were donated by guests.

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In May, Helen E. Browne flew to Atlantic City to attend the annual meeting of the American College of Nurse-Midwifery and the opening days of the biennial meeting of the National League for Nursing. Brownie enjoyed meeting members of the old staff and old friends and also the excellent programs arranged at both meetings.

On her way back from New Jersey, Brownie stopped off in Lexington to meet an engagement made for her by Mrs. Clarkson Beard. She spoke over WLAP about the forthcoming Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service in Lexington. This meeting will take place on June 10, after this Bulletin is published.

It always gives us the greatest pleasure to report when the young things who have been with us make talks on their Frontier Nursing Service. During the spring the following former members of our staff spoke, each with slides, to various groups of people in different places:

June Moore spoke to the Alumnae Association of the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia on March 5, and to the Student Nurses Association at Methodist Hospital on March 6. **Alice Herman** spoke to the senior student nurses at the New England Baptist Hospital in mid-March. On March 12 **Mrs. D. W. Porter** (Nancy Newcomb) spoke to the Women's Society of her church in Birmingham, Michigan, and **Martha Morrison** spoke at the monthly meeting of the Providence Association of Medical Assistants on April 18. **Quita Serrell** gave a talk on the Frontier Nursing Service and what it offers the graduate nurse to her class in the Greenwich Hospital School of Nursing on May 22. Quita graduates on June 11. [See Old Courier News.]

We have heard indirectly that our courier **Carlyle Carter**, now in college at Randolph-Macon, has spoken twice in Virginia about her work with us.

We are honored that John P. Maggard, Jr., son of old friends and neighbors at the Head of Hurricane Creek, spoke with slides on the Frontier Nursing Service to the Methodist Women's Christian Fellowship in Oxford, Ohio, on April 17. Mr. Maggard is Associate Professor of Marketing at Miami University.

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We want to thank the *Nursing Mirror* of England for two sympathetic articles about the Frontier Nursing Service in their April 19, 1963 edition. The first one has a picture of me on Doc taken on Mary Breckinridge Day last September and a brief sketch about the preparation for the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky that I took in the British Isles. It mentions the fact that I am an English certificated midwife, having taken the graduate training at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in London. It also refers to the weeks I spent with the Queen's Nurses in the Outer Hebrides.

The second article gives a delectable summary of the equipment listed by the Frontier Nursing Service in its last published annual report, which included our horses, cows, registered bull,

pigs, saddles and saddlebags, jeeps, pumps, farm implements, plumbers' tools—all items desperately needed in rural work.

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With all good wishes to you, our Bulletin readers, I am

Yours ever most sincerely,

Mary Breckinridge

A BOOK REVIEW OF

A Sound in the Forest

by Thomas A. Ritman

Pageant Press—Price \$2.50

This is truly an enchanting book. The story takes place in Andalusia in 1923. Although the setting is in a Spanish countryside, the characters are universal. The orange groves, the cork forests; the almonds and wheat and olives are the setting for the drama in the life of a sixteen-year-old orphan boy, Francisco. In his days of living and working with an aunt and her husband who have many disagreements, Francisco is helped by a great friendship. His donkey, Amigo, is a character which will appeal to every animal lover. When Francisco is ready for a message of deep illumination, he hears the sound in the forest and receives inspiration from the unknown old man. At the end of the story a girl, as shy and as sweet as he is himself, comes into his life.

Mr. Ritman, the author, is well-known among FNS readers as the author of "The Song of Thousandsticks Mountain," published in *The Lilly Review*.

M. B.

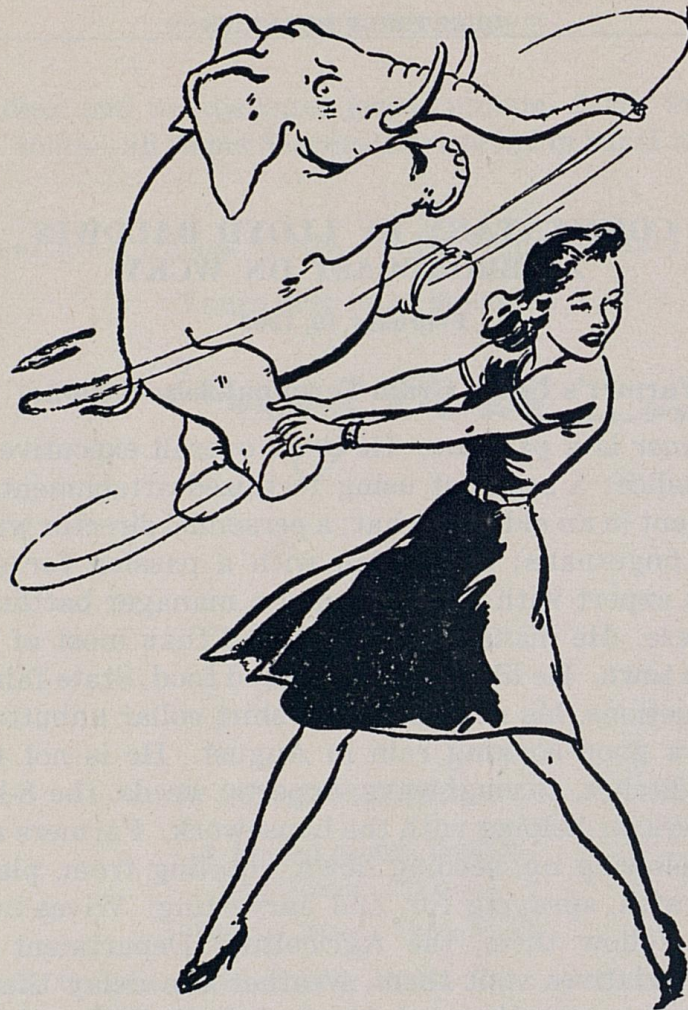
**COMMENTARY BY LLOYD BALDWIN
AS BROADCAST ON WCKY**

February 19, 1963

From the Farmer's Union Grain Terminal Association:

A farmer is a paradox. He is an overall executive with his home his office; a scientist using fertilized attachments; a purchasing agent in an old straw hat; a personnel director with grease under his fingernails; a dietitian with a passion for alfalfa; a production expert with a surplus and a manager battling a cost-price squeeze. He manages more capital than most of the businessmen in town. He likes sunshine, good food, State fairs, dinner at noon, auctions, his neighbors, his shirt collar unbuttoned and, above all, a good soaking rain in August. He is not much for droughts, ditches, throughways, experts, weeds, the 8-hour day, grasshoppers, or helping with the housework. Farmers are found in fields—plowing up, seeding down, rotating from, planting to, fertilizing with, spraying for, and harvesting. Wives help them, little boys follow them, the Agriculture Department confuses them, city relatives visit them, weather can delay them, but it takes Heaven to stop them. A farmer is both faith and fatalist—he must have faith to continually meet the challenge of his capacities amid an ever-present possibility that an act of God—a late Spring, an early frost, tornado, flood, drought—can bring his business to a standstill. You can reduce his acreage but you can't restrain his ambition. Might just as well put up with him. He is your friend, your competitor, your customer, your source of food, fiber, and self-reliant young citizens to help replenish your cities. He is your countryman, a denim-dressed, business-wise, fast-growing statesman of stature. And when he comes in at noon, having spent the energy of his hopes and dreams, he can be recharged anew with the magic words: "The market's up!"

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now, listen, you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true—
That Man descended from our noble race,
The very idea is a blatant disgrace.
No Monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother Monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk.
Or to pass them on from one to another
'Til they scarcely know who is their mother.
And another thing you'll never see—
A Monk build a fence 'round a coconut tree
And let the coconuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other Monks a taste.
Here's another thing a Monk won't do,
Go out at night and get on a stew,
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other Monkey's life.
Yes, Man descended—the onery cuss,
But brother, he didn't descend from us!"

—*The Blue Grass League News*, Fall 1962
National League of Postmasters
of the United States

THE SUB-ANTARCTIC ISLANDS OF NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand's desolate sub-Antarctic islands have been handed back to nature. The five island groups that have a deservedly bitter reputation for shipwreck and privation have recently been declared "reservations for the preservation of flora and fauna." If lessons of history are heeded they will most probably stay that way.

To-day only the Campbell Islands are inhabited (by a meteorological and scientific station team) but the groups have seen sealers and settlements in the past, and many stories are told of shipwrecked sailors spending long years pecking a living from the shores while awaiting rescue.

The island groups consist of the Bounty Islands, a cluster of small rocky islets at 47° S. latitude, the craggy Snares at 48° S., the barren uplands of the Antipodes (49° S.), the 235 square miles of Auckland Island (51° S.), and the Campbell Island, at 52°, the last New Zealand outpost on the route to the Antarctic.

—One paragraph of an article reproduced in *Oryx*,
October 1962 from *Forefront*, Vol. 8, No. 12, May, 1962.

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

"LETHARGY AND AGNOSTICS"

Did I write you about the man who said he loved the Episcopal service, the lethargy was so nice and because the agnostics were good he could hear every word?

—Contributed by an Episcopalian

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

When our Medical Director, Dr. Francis Brewer, came to us in the summer of 1961, he planned to be with the Frontier Nursing Service for two years. The two years will be up this summer and Dr. Brewer will retire from active practice on August 1. He and Mrs. Brewer will return to their home in Connecticut. We know that those of you who have known the Brewers will join the staff in gratitude for all they have done while they have been in Hyden, and in best wishes for the future.

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It is with great happiness that we announce that Joy House will not long be vacant and that Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Rogers Beasley will be back in Hyden not later than October 1. Dr. Beasley has written that he, Trink, Gabrielle, and Battle will leave Liberia in early August. They hope to have a brief visit in Italy before flying to the United States, where they will see their families before coming to Kentucky. Young Rogers will return to his school in North Carolina in the fall, Gabrielle will be in school in Memphis, and Battle will be in Hyden with his parents.

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The general wards of Hyden Hospital were closed on May 11 to enable us to do some much-needed interior repair work—plastering, painting, laying tile on some of the old wooden floors, etc. In a hospital as small as ours it is impossible to make major repairs and continue to care for in-patients. At the same time, the entire Hospital is being re-roofed and the exterior trim will be repainted. The nurses are delighted that they will no longer have to keep a large supply of pots and pans on the wards to catch the drips when it rains.

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When the Abbott Laboratories in West Chicago, Illinois, heard about the flood in our area, they called to say they were sending us 100,000 multiple vitamins and 500 Erythrocin tablets to help with the sickness which might well follow the flood.

The Heinz Company and the Wardrup Provision Company of Harlan have again given us a large quantity of baby food.

We are deeply grateful to all of these firms for their kindness to us and to our patients.

The very small patients at Hyden Hospital are charmed with a baby jumper chair given them by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Johnson of Brookfield, Illinois, and find it much more fun to sit in than an ordinary high chair.

We do appreciate the large shipment of clothing collected for the Frontier Nursing Service by Miss Elsie Warner of the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia, and brought down to us, in her own car, in mid-May. It was a pleasure to welcome her once again to the Kentucky mountains.

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In March, thirteen men and boys in the Red Bird District responded to a plea of the nurses and had a working to repair the fencing at the Clara Ford Center. They completed the fence around the night pasture on the first day and came back later in the spring to rebuild the fence around the house. Mr. Floyd Bowling, Mr. Frank Bowling, Mr. Ed Bowling, and Mr. Jim Hoskins gave their time and ability, ably aided by Mr. Charlie Wagers, Mr. Robert Bowling, Mr. Tom Lawson and his two sons and Mr. John Lawson and his two sons. The nurses have written, "The fence is beautiful. We couldn't be more pleased with it and are most grateful to these men."

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Nearly 125 children were seen by the five pediatricians from Children's Hospital in Cincinnati who came to us in May. Dr. Robert Baehner, Dr. Peter Dignan, Dr. Gerald Gilchrist, Dr. Douglas Holsclaw, and Dr. Malcolm Traxler held clinics at Hyden Hospital, Brutus, and Wolf Creek in the two days they were with us. We are, as always, deeply grateful for the services rendered the FNS by the Cincinnati Children's Hospital and its physicians.

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Our statistician, Frances Brown, was invited to speak at an Associational Women's Missionary Meeting in Hyden in April, and to the Women of the Petrey Memorial Baptist Church in Hazard at a dinner meeting on May 21.

We are glad to welcome to the Hyden Hospital staff Nancy Leland, Cleveland, Ohio, who came to us in March, and Gwendolyn Gessner, Melfort, Canada, and Mable Spell, Miami, Florida, who will arrive just as this Bulletin is going to the printer.

It has been a pleasure to have Mary Ruth Sparks at Hyden Hospital again during the month of May. "Sparky" has relieved for Hope Muncy's holiday and has been an enormous help.

May Bell and Donna Kossen, who were with us temporarily during the winter and early spring, left in April and May. Donna has gone to Ecuador for the summer and May has returned to her home in New Mexico.

We were very sorry to say goodbye this spring to several other members of our nursing staff. Carolyn Coleman left Flat Creek in March to return to her home in Pennsylvania. Lorraine Jerry and Tuffy, Janet Hudson, and Susan McKee will have short vacations with their families before meeting in Baltimore to sail for England in early June. They plan to combine work with the pleasure of sightseeing in England this summer and fall, and they have all three been accepted for Part I midwifery training at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in London in the late fall. They will be following in the footsteps of four members of the current FNS staff—Mrs. Breckinridge, Helen Browne, Olive Bunce, and Margaret Willson—who took their midwifery at Woolwich.

Sue Smith, who has been a nurse-midwife with the Service for the past two years, will leave the end of the month. After a vacation in Jamaica and a short orientation period in Baltimore, she will fly to Nigeria where she will be working with Mary Dadisman and Grayce Brumbaugh. Grace and Mary D. completed their midwifery training at Hyden last summer.

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We have been unusually lucky to have such a well-staffed courier service this spring. Adaline (Babs) Wear of Baltimore, Maryland, joined Mickey Dorsey in March and both were with us until early May. Ardith Clair of Waban, Massachusetts, arrived the first of May and Leslie Foster returned after an absence of some weeks.

Kate Ireland has been in several times during the spring and Jinny Branham arrived in mid-May. As we go to press we

are looking forward to visits from two other old couriers—Pebble Stone and Freddy Holdship.

We are delighted that Ardith Clair will stay on after the end of her courier term to help Posy Lincoln with the research project sponsored by the American Cancer Society.

. . . .

The Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service held its spring meeting at Wendover on Saturday, April 20. The National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio, arrived the preceding Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, and Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, came up on Friday afternoon, and Mr. E. S. Dabney and Dr. Francis M. Massie were driven up from Lexington for the day on Saturday by their charming chauffeur—Mrs. Massie. Unfortunately, most of our guests had to leave after the meeting on Saturday but Mrs. Patterson was able to stay until Sunday and Mrs. Rogan until Tuesday. We hope that the members of the Executive Committee who were able to come to Wendover enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed having them.

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In April, Mrs. Leslie Cundle, "Mum," had to go back to England, and did we hate to see her go! She left behind a goodly supply of marmalade, enough blankets which she had crocheted around the edges to fill numerous layettes, and many pleasant memories. We are delighted to have another mother with us now. Mrs. Alice Hey, Lynne's mother, is at Red Bird with Lynne and Edna Johnson for a visit of several months.

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It has been fun having several old friends and many new ones visit us this spring. Margaret Hobson, Joan Larson Linn, and Mary Ann Quarles of the ex-staff were here briefly, and old courier Beth Kidd and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Ranlet Miner) spent a week end with us.

Dr. F. L. Chang and Mr. Harold Andrews of Berea College brought Dr. M. Toha of Indonesia over for a day. Dr. and Mrs. Dwight M. Clark of Andover, Massachusetts, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moore, Dearborn, Michigan, were among those who lunched at Hyden or Wendover. After the flood we had the pleasure of

entertaining Mrs. Dorothy V. Wescoat and Mr. Richard Thornton, and other delightful members of the Red Cross Disaster Teams in Hyden and Harlan.

Mr. C. H. Hardenbrook of the Public Relations Department of the Abbott Laboratories spent two nights with us in April, bringing with him Dr. Norman Wheeler and Mrs. Bert Ray. Dr. Wheeler, who is now in the research department at Abbotts, was formerly in practice in Berea. Mrs. Ray (Mary Gehr) is an artist and will illustrate the article on the FNS which will appear in a subsequent Abbott publication.

It was with delight that we welcomed a visit in late May from a most distinguished member of our National Medical Council, Dr. A. A. Shawkey of Charleston, West Virginia, and his son, Dr. A. G. Shawkey. We would never doubt the veracity of a guest, but we must admit we found it hard to believe that Dr. Shawkey, Sr., was the 93 years of age that he said he was!

All of our guests, including the families and personal friends of the staff, have given us much pleasure.

RELIABLE FLOOD FORECASTS POSSIBLE WITH RADAR

Ever since Noah, man has been seeking reliable methods of flood forecasting. And now, with the help of radar, he may have found it.

Radar is already widely used in meteorology to locate rainstorms. A single radar unit can generally scan a watershed, the land basin that catches a river's supply of water, and draw on the viewing scope a picture showing the precipitation in its range.

In the new flood forecasting system, these continuous radar reports of rainfall are recorded over an extended period so that the accumulated total inches of rainfall is measured. The system, called the Precipitation Integrator, was developed by Ronald T. H. Collis, head of the radar aerophysics group at the Stanford Research Institute which is located in Menlo Park, California.

—*Science Digest*, April 1963

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AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Susan Smith, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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

Evacuated April 1, 1960

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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

Miss Evelyn Hey, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Edna Johnson, R.N., B.S.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

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

Miss Katherine Vandergriff, R.N., C.M.; Miss Floyd Merritt, R.N., C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Barbara French, R.N., C.M.; Miss Judith J. Pridie, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky



OUR BURNING HILLS

This has been an ill-tempered winter. More than once the thermometer dropped to 16 and 18 degrees below zero. Our first Bulletin story, by June Moore, shows how hard it was to get about in weather like that.

On March 11 came the big flood and we have a series of stories about that.

Almost as soon as the ground had dried, and while it was still covered everywhere with wreckage, the forest fires started and they were uncommonly severe.

The picture on this page, taken at night by a staff photographer of the Division of Publicity in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1953, is of the forest fire behind our Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork. We had fires in the same forest this spring, which were fought before they could reach the nursing center. In all, many thousands of acres of timber have been destroyed in Eastern Kentucky in the 1963 fires.

