

# FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 35

WINTER, 1960

NUMBER 3



A WINTER SCENE ON THE WENDOVER ROAD



RICKY AND BILLY AT FIVE MONTHS

Twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Small, Jr., Tucson, Arizona  
(Old Courier Susan Spencer)

Cover picture by Lucille Knechtly

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## PRAYER OF A SURGEON

Dear God!  
These strong gloved fingers  
Which I flex —  
This human hand  
Which holds the knife,  
Sterile now and steady —  
Need Thy guiding skill  
To help another life.

Bless now this patient —  
Thine and mine —  
Who, under Thee, entrusts to me  
A precious life!  
God of the surgeon's tireless strength,  
The surgeon's finite skill,  
Grant that I may guided be  
To do Thy will. Amen.

—Herbert Parker, Fredericksburg, Virginia  
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## REX AND RANGER

by

JOYCE STEPHENS, R.N., S.C.M.

Nurse-midwife in charge of the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at Flat Creek on Red Bird River from 1949 to 1953

Rex was a bright sorrel and standing 16 hands. He had a rather small, alert head, good shoulders and quarters and high dock. A comedian, but with a sadistic streak when it came to poultry, cows and mules. He was not averse to taking flesh-lifting nips out of any rump that happened to be in reach—be it animal or human! His voracious appetite has led him to consume washing from the line, my best flowers, and once he took a quick gulp of whitewash, which surprised him and scared me. After much snorting and grimacing he ate several mouthfuls of feed, hastily proffered in lieu of blotting-paper. We both survived.

An inveterate bridle-slipper, he had left several nurses to walk back to base. However, he had his own hitching rope, but even so occasionally gleefully wormed his way out of his bridle and cheerfully churned it into the mud—the day after tack-cleaning usually. Another of his foibles was cribbing, but that had been controlled by a cribbing strap—he really was a most awkward fellow to drench.

With so many years of nursing experience behind him, Rex knew the difference in weight between the delivery and general saddlebags—when the heavier “baby” bags were tossed up he became restless and imbued with a sense of urgency. Trying to girth up a restive horse, while holding a flashlight between your knees in the small hours of a moonless night, can be tricky. And even mounting in the dark will spring surprises—it is quite easy to overshoot the target.

He knew all about baby work! He would doze hitched to a paling fence outside a single story log cabin, occasionally rousing sufficiently to bang his bridle against a porch post. Suddenly, out on the night air the sound of a newborn baby yelling itself into circulation—the waiting horse knows the signal and whinnies his approval—or is it his relief that his long and patient vigil will not drag on much more? Another, shorter wait: a door opens to let out a rectangle of yellow light, followed by his nurse

and the new father who deftly tosses up the saddlebags, again quietly telling his gratitude. A coon dog, from behind a bag of dairy feed, sleepily stretches awake, scratches, circles and subsides. The nurse mounts. The horse turns, unguided, and heads back to his barn, picking his way faultlessly among the sharp rocks of the creek-bed—out across Hiram's cornfield, where the dead stalks dance and rattle in the cold wind, through the river ford—how knife-like against his slim legs the running water—and up on the other bank. Could he soliloquise—there, she's asleep again—wonder why nurses sometimes sleep when they ride at night?—must go carefully from now on. Sure do reckon that hay will eat real good. And so he pulls up at the barn door, his tail tapering to a stalactite of ice—his fetlocks a fuzz of frozen hairs. His dozing passenger rouses and dismounts.

Ranger, on the other hand, was a tall, upstanding, but angular bay, 17 hands, with a comparatively large head, long sloping shoulders and smallish hind quarters. He gave an impression of solidity and reliance as opposed to the more volatile and mischievous Rex. The extent of his reliability was brought home to me one bitterly cold night in late November. It was freezing hard following a light fall of snow—an icy, moonless night. Burgie and his family lived in a very old windowless chink and log cabin in a deep hollow of the hills, at the head of a branch which climbed steeply up from the main creek for a good mile. The faint trail winding tortuously among the bare beech trees, high above the branch, was treacherous with ice.

Mary's baby arrived safely. Ranger, being of a more tactiturn nature than Rex, made no audible comment, but waited patiently in the icy night. We headed for home about 2 a.m., with myself appreciating more and more the point of my parable—my flashlight was failing rapidly and I had no spare batteries. Fortunately we made the steep trail down to the main creek without mishap, then the feeble beam of light failed. It is quite staggering just how much one depends upon light and landmarks. After three years of daily riding those creeks and branches, all seemed alien in the blackness of night.

Ranger was unaffected and, with reins loose on his neck, assumed full navigational rights. Steadily he went on down the creek, picking his way as the trail wound in and out of the water.

The occasional barking of a dog, or grunting of a disturbed pig, alone proclaimed life in any other form. And yet, in some unfathomable way, the wooded slopes rising sharply from the creek and the occasional cabin in a clearing could be felt, but not seen. We made the mouth of the creek. Here the path crossed a very large rectangular patch of river bottom known as the Grocery Field. Recently cleared of corn, it was now a flat expanse of black nothingness, with the river slipping sinisterly by on two sides.

Having no fancy to wait for daylight I again put the onus on Ranger of either getting us home or piling us in the cold deeps of the river. He rose to the occasion magnificently—cautiously following his instinct, he crossed the void. The river whispered menacingly away on the right. Suddenly we were climbing a rising piece of ground and once again the strange proximity of trees could be felt. We had crossed the field! Next to locate the ford in the river and scramble out at the proper place on the other side. Down the slope, cautiously, went the great horse, splashed through the water and across to the creek entering from the other side. Soon we were out and on to the dirt road. Back in the friendly familiar barn again—myself full of immense gratitude and admiration for Ranger and his dependability and, shortly, he and Rex full of hay.

Hunting and show-jumping, in fact all the equestrian pursuits, admittedly call for deep appreciation of, and feeling for, horses—but to be dependent upon them for your work, if that be the case, or for help if you are in need, raises their status on to an infinitely higher plane.

Reprinted with permission from *The Pony Club Book No. 10*, published by The Naldrett Press at The Windmill Press, Kingswood, Surrey, England.

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### PERFECT MAN!

Some eighty years ago, a young man from Virginia went down to the Southwest and started a newspaper. When he reached middle life he wrote in an editorial as follows: "When we left our native land of Virginia, we said that we would never return, even for a visit, until we had become in every respect a perfect man. We are now returning."

## EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

We call your special attention to "The Sea-Horse and His Babies" on the inside back cover page. You will note in the drawing that the sea-horse swims upright with his neck arched, his chest out, and his tail down. The head of this tiny sea creature is so horse-like as to be positively horsey. He reminds us, as lots of other fish do, that the paternal instinct is as primordial as the maternal instinct. We are used to the habits of many birds where father and mother share responsibilities of feeding and caring for the young. But fish are an older form of life than birds and often it is the father alone that cares for the young with no help at all from mother. This should make men and boys feel terribly proud.

We call your attention earnestly to the article called "Spring Forest Fires" because spring will soon be here. Those of us who are citizens of Clay and Leslie counties must seek to prevent forest fires in 1960.

We have received word from the Army Engineers that we will not have to evacuate the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence before the end of March. We shall give a further report in our Spring Bulletin on all of this.

An old graduate of St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing (class of 1910) need offer no apology for the story about the Traditions of this School. We like to think that other schools of nursing, besides the one we love so well, bring out the qualities of gratitude and compassion which should lie at the heart of every nurse. We need to recall these lines from the medieval *Theologic Germanica*:

"He who seeks his own highest good because it is his,  
and for his own sake, will never find it."



TRADITION AT ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL  
OF NURSING, NEW YORK  
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT THE  
CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

The Service from the Book of Common Prayer and hymns preceded the Presentation of the Class of 1959 (79 nurses) to J. Steward Baker, Esq., President of the Hospital, by Miss Evelyn M. Peck, R.N., M.A., Director, School of Nursing.

Today it is my privilege to speak for the faculty and to the class of 1959. In the past three years, you as individuals and as a class have experienced many hours in the classroom and at the bedside of the patient to reach your goal of becoming a graduate nurse. Members of the Board of Trustees, Administrators, Doctors, Graduates and students of St. Luke's have come to this Cathedral with Bishop Boynton and our Chaplains, your families and friends to join together at this Baccalaureate service and commencement to show recognition of your achievement. The profession you have selected, one of service to mankind, is a never-ending learning experience, for as you go forward each tomorrow brings with it untold promise. In the daily nursing care of patients you will build upon the basic principles that you have learned. You have had the freedom of choice, which is part of our American heritage, and have chosen to serve. May you ever be mindful, as you work from day to day, of the words written upon the pin you wear: "To heal the body, to save the soul."

Mr. Baker, for the faculty, I present the class of 1959.

COMMENDATION

JOHN A. TAYLOR, M.D., President of the Medical Board

Once again it becomes my privilege and pleasure to address the Graduating Class of nurses at St. Luke's. In behalf of the Medical Staff of St. Luke's Hospital, I want to commend you upon the completion of a course that is both difficult and arduous.

I want to remind you that you have a tradition to uphold. St. Luke's nurses have always been known for their personal integrity and devotion to the care of the patient. The Postmaster

of a small town where I summer in Maine, who spent his life as a sailor, was stricken on the streets of New York and was taken to St. Luke's Hospital. He yearly sends a modest contribution because he told me that St. Luke's is the only hospital in the world in which he had been where the nurses had an interest in his recovery.

You have a good motto to live by inscribed upon your pin but I would like to give you another which is the motto of the French Academy of Medicine, "To cure sometimes, to soothe often but to comfort always." We doctors, with your help, do not always affect a cure but we can always soothe and comfort the patient.

Your profession is one of the most noble vocations—the care of the sick—for this is one of the corporal works of mercy and this should be a comfort to you when the days are long and the work is hard.

So Hail and Farewell! In the years to come, I wish you success which to each one of you will be the achievement of the dreams of your youth.

In the spirit of St. Luke's and with your graduation in this wonderful cathedral, I cannot close without saying, May God bless you and your life's work!

### COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

by

THE REVEREND HOWARD L. RUBENDALL, D.D.  
President, The Northfield Schools

It is a privilege to extend congratulations to each member of today's honored class for having achieved a notable goal in her life. At the same time, may all of us salute the Director and Staff of St. Luke's School of Nursing for their achievement in guiding this class through the trials and joys of its training, to this day of accomplishment. To graduates and staff, the simple accolade, "Well done!"

Some time ago, while planning for this occasion with you, I asked an elder statesman of the medical profession, a physician who has long years of practice behind him, what should one say to nurses as they start out on their careers? His answer was uncomplicated and brief: "Tell them not to be afraid to work

and to work hard, and to remember always that they are professional people dedicated to the service of others."

Such advice, to work to serve, does cut through to the heart of the matter, not only for you, but for all of us. Yet your profession is peculiarly blessed to follow such advice for you are enviably equipped through your training to work directly and immediately in the service of others.

I now offer you two thoughts which I hope may assist you in finding joy and satisfaction as you attend to your chosen career, as you work and serve.

### I

The first thought grows out of the mood of this special day in your lives. Haven't most of you taken the opportunity to say "thank you" to a few of the individuals at the School of Nursing who have guided and instructed you through your course? If you haven't done it, I urge you to do so before the day is over.

For this act of expressing thanks, when done with sincerity and imagination, is a key that can open up for you an understanding of life which has breadth and depth and considerable power for good. The act of expressing gratitude to one who has helped you during your training is more than good manners, more than showing appreciation for the help of that person. It is at the same time giving grateful recognition to an all-important phenomenon of human relations—in this instance of it, the large community of individuals and institutions whose faith and whose good, wise and charitable acts have made it possible for you to be where you are today and who you are today.

Look at this community. It is made up, not only of your family and friends who have had faith in you and the staff of St. Luke's which has trained you, but it includes the pioneers of nursing who dared establish your profession; the consecrated women who brought it to its present eminence; the men and women who had the vision to found St. Luke's Hospital; those who have given it strength and leadership over the years; and the Church of Christ which has marked this entire enterprise with the words, "To the Glory of God." . . .

### II

When a young woman tells us she is planning to be a nurse, the first thought that usually comes to mind is that here is a

young woman who has a true desire to be helpful to others. In the thinking of the layman, the idea of nursing is always coupled with the idea of concern for others. To many of us, no profession surpasses yours in providing direct means for helping people.

What elements entered into your decision to be a nurse? Surely there were many, and since our culture emphasizes security and status, these must have played a part. But I am certain that no one of you could have conquered the rigors or successfully met the arduous demands of the training you have just completed if you were working solely for a good paying job and a respected position. It is certain that, at the beginning of your course and now, there was and is in each of you a desire to help people who need help. This desire—let us call it the grace of compassion, is the second thought I wish to discuss with you.

Compassion is the hall mark of your profession and to many of us it is its priceless ingredient. Because of the element of compassion, a craft to practice becomes a profession to live.

But compassion, a merciful concern for others, is at the same time an indispensable ingredient of all high human relations.

A little essay appeared in the *New York Times* not so long ago on the miraculous advances in medical research and care that have taken place in recent years. The point of the essay was that these miraculous advances were made possible by the voluntary contributions of the American people rather than by tax money; furthermore, that this was one of the by-products of a democracy; that "Americans care about one another; that we are willing to support with hard cash this anxiety about our mutual welfare"; and that we still hold to the belief "that each man is, after all, his brother's keeper."

This ancient dictum, which does work miracles, is merely another way of describing the compassion that is basic to your profession. You, too, will work miracles through mercy.

But let us move a step into the real meaning of compassion in order that we may have a sounder grasp of what this grace may do for us and others. Compassion is not merely doing good.

The traditional Biblical story of compassion is the parable of the Good Samaritan in St. Luke's Gospel. This familiar parable is generally understood to teach true neighborliness as the Samaritan in the story acts to help the man who was hurt

and in trouble, the unfortunate who was ignored by the Priest and the Levite.

A significant question for us is what moved the Samaritan, among the three, to show compassion for the sufferer? Could it be that Our Lord chose the Samaritan as the one to show mercy because the Samaritan was a person who was himself in trouble, who was also a sufferer, a victim, despised, an outcast? Could it be that Jesus was teaching that compassion, true helpfulness, springs from us to others as we are aware of our own need for help?

The genius of the Christian understanding of the relationship between God and man, and between man and man, is right here. For remember that even the saint must utter the prayer of confession and ask for God's mercy. Or perhaps he is saintly because he humbly confesses his need for help to Almighty God. The impact of Christianity on the world is through such understanding. The love of God works miracles among men through men who have found the love of God in their own need.

Consider this step into the meaning of the sign of your profession. The compassionate heart is the one that has felt its own need for compassion.

Yes, you, too, will work miracles as instruments of mercy, as your concern for others grows out of an awareness of your own need, a need we all share, for the merciful love of God.

It is no coincidence that the Church of Christ has traditionally nurtured your profession. Without the Gospel of the Church of Christ you as a nurse would be doing little more than playing a role, fulfilling a function in society. With it you may be touched by a grace that is not your own; healed and helped by the love of God, you may truly heal and help your neighbor.

May this commencement day find in your hearts the gratitude that makes life a blessing, and the compassion that stirs the hearts of the children of God.

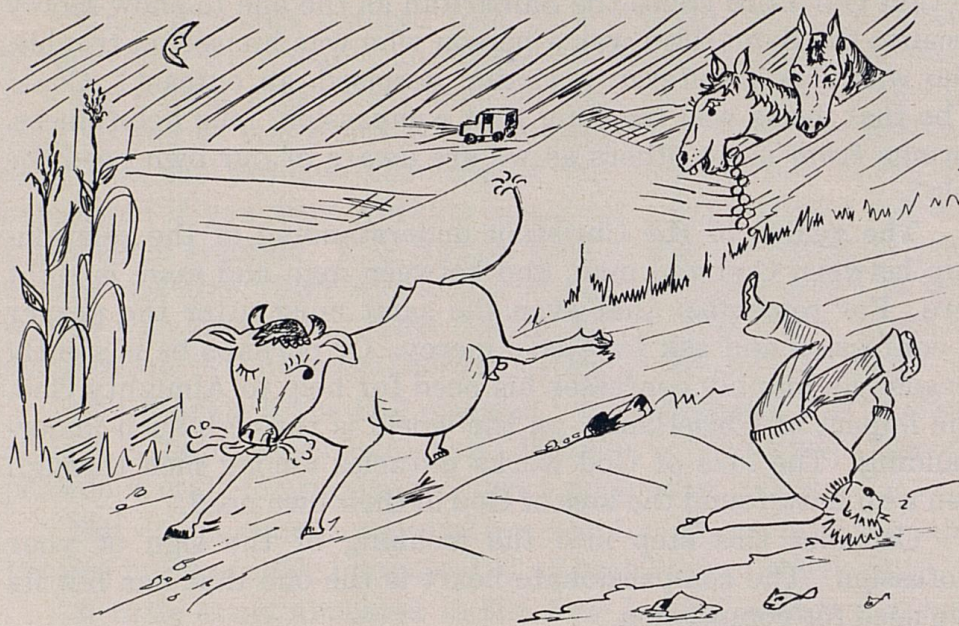
The Blessing was given by the Suffragan Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. The closing hymn was the one that begins:

"O Master, let me walk with thee  
In lowly paths of service free;"

*St. Luke's Alumnae Bulletin, Winter 1959*

## COW HUNTING

by  
MARGARET WILLSON, R.N., S.C.M.



One evening in early September I had, much to the amusement of my colleague, cleaned my old brown shoes and was pleased with the results of my labors. I happen to like to clean shoes, but had rather lost heart at keeping them shining in the dust and mud found in our corner of Kentucky at certain times of the year.

I was relieving for a six-week period at the new Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center on Wolf Creek. Extensive work on the new part of the house and building the new barn was going on, and we still used the little house lent us by Floyd Cook for clinic and living quarters. However, Annie Gay, Wolf Creek's maid, and I slept in the new house to night watch over the piles of lumber and nails and numerous other articles used in the reconstruction.

On this particular evening Annie and I left the little house for the night and drove "Miss Nell" the half mile up the road to our beds. Darkness was all about us and, as we drove up to the front of the house, "Miss Nell's" headlights picked up the shape

of a horse grazing. One horse?—my mistake, two horses. "Well," says I to Annie, "if the horses are out of the pasture, Quill must be too." Quill is a beautiful cow, closely related, I am sure, to the one in the nursery rhyme who jumped over the moon. Quill can find a way out of almost any place.

Annie and I leapt from the jeep and caught "Trigger" and "Missy," the two horses, without much ado. We escorted them gently by our leather belt bridles to the pasture. Then by flashlight we toured Wolf Creek's pasture in search of open gates or broken fences. Sure enough, there was one part of a rick rack fence completely down. The only thing to do was to repair the fence, so we started to pull and heave at the lumber spars and slowly but surely our fence was repaired—except that I happened to be on one side and Annie and the flashlight were on the other! Dare I climb over? Would the fence hold my 140 pounds plus? It was an awful long walk around and my shoes were sort of clean. I took courage in both hands—plus the top spar of the fence, and climbed gingerly over. Phew! I made it.

Next duty—to look for Quill. She could be anywhere. We started to search, first the pasture, up hill and down dale, behind rocks, under trees, but no Quill did we find. The only thing to do was to extend our search further than the pasture, so off we set, flashlight in hand, treading softly, our eyes down searching for signs. We had an idea that our cow with the wanderlust would be in the corn patch near the little house down the creek. So we headed in that direction, stopping in our tracks every now and then to listen for a cud-chewing cow. Sure enough, there in the midst of the corn was the huge hulk of Quill, filling herself with lush, ripe corn on the cob. "Quill, come," called Annie, "there's a good Quill," but Quill continued to munch steadily. I thought I might be able to put my belt through her halter but she would not cooperate. Instead she moved at a gentle amble out of the corn patch. All thoughts of my clean shoes had now vanished. My only idea was to get Quill back to the pasture and get me to bed. But Quill had different ideas. If she had to go home, she wanted to go the way she had come, down the almost but not quite dry creek. I had other plans, not wishing to get my feet wet. I wanted Quill to go via the dirt road. Here and now a battle of wits commenced. I was determined, but so was

Quill. I plodded behind the dear cow with Annie a few feet away from me doing her best to talk Quill into seeing our point of view. But all the cow did was to back up smartly so that I, backing up almost as smartly, stepped backwards off the path and somersaulted down a bank, landing almost in the creek. Stunned for a moment only, I leapt to my feet, even more determined to win the battle. Quill was shaken a little, I think, at the rapid disappearance of her sparring partner, and decided that perhaps the road was the easiest way to the pasture. Bless her bovine heart, she wandered slowly along the road, turned herself into the new, partly built barn, and looked at Annie and me as if to say, "I've had enough of sleeping out. I'm going to stay right here in this nice new stall. You all can sleep where you like."

And we did. My poor shoes were a sorry sight—covered with a delicate shade of brown mud. But I wouldn't have missed the "cow hunting"—or any other part of my Wolf Creek experiences—for anything.

---

### JUST JOKES

"Is Dan a confirmed bachelor?"

"He is now. He sent his photo to a Lonely Hearts Club and they sent it back with a note saying, 'We're not that lonely!'"

. . . . .

A young man who had just received his degree from college rushed out and said, "Here I am, world, I have my A.B."

The world replied: "Sit down, son, and I'll teach you the rest of the alphabet."

. . . . .

Superintendent: "For this job we want a responsible man."

Applicant: "That's me. Wherever I have worked, if anything went wrong, they told me that I was responsible."

. . . . .

"Look here," said the businessman who was in need of a boy, "aren't you the same boy who was in here a week ago?"

"Yes, sir," said the applicant.

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I want an older boy?"

"Yes, sir. That's why I'm back. I'm older now."





MISS AGNES LEWIS, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY,  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

It was ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, January 21, when a little figure in a brown FNS uniform tripped gayly down the steps from the second floor of the Garden House.

All work ceased.

It was Agnes Lewis, of course, stepping out of a picture of yesterday into an amazed group of FNS staff members.

Brown uniform? Yes, there are those still in the Service, and some even out there beyond the mountains, who will remember the time when all secretarial staff members wore uniforms just like those of our nurse-midwives, except of a different color. Though Agnes had not donned her uniform for over ten years, the trim riding pants, the fitted coat over a white shirt, brown tie, and the highly polished knee-high brown laced boots, fitted her to perfection. Truly she was a model of models in showing how the FNS uniform should be worn—blue or brown. She was a sensation. We all marvelled that she could so beautifully slip into a uniform, or anything for that matter, that she had worn ten years ago.

Her willingness in posing for pictures stunned us. This was truly a heyday for FNS photographers and we followed her out to the jeep that was waiting to take her in to Hyden. She was well padded inside that uniform too, for she expected to go on a jaunt with Dr. Beasley in his "fresh-air" jeep and the weather was bitterly cold.

GRACE A. TERRILL

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### SPRING FOREST FIRES

#### A REPORT BY RED BIRD UNIT DIVISION OF FORESTRY

by

RANGER JOE DAVIS

Our spring fire season has finally ended, the worst since 1952, burning a total of 217 fires in Clay and Leslie counties, which makes up the Red Bird Unit. One hundred and four burning in Clay County and one hundred thirteen in Leslie—approximately 8,601½ acres.

There were days when we had as many as 17 and 18 fires going over the two counties at once and our crews were unable to cover them immediately. There were a few occasions when we were obliged to call on our highway departments of each county, Oneida Institute, the Sportsman's Clubs, game wardens and forest wardens. We do appreciate their able assistance which they readily offered—with all the available help we were unable to control them to the minimum.

You, the citizens of Clay and Leslie counties, can help prevent forest fires by waiting until 4:30 p.m. to do your burning. By doing this the wind has usually laid and the dew will soon be falling and therefore lessens the danger of the fire spreading so rapidly.

*The Thousandsticks*

Thursday, July 2, 1959

**OLD COURIER NEWS**

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Ruth P. Chase, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts**

—November 22, 1959

My classes at the Theological School (B. U.) are most stimulating and rewarding and I hope to continue with them for the second semester.

The children are fine—Bunny in Junior High and all female, and David absorbed in such an incongruous mixture as football, dancing school, French horn and drums! Somehow we pursue our paths alone, and together—perhaps it was ever thus.

I often think back to my wonderful days of “catching up” last summer at Wendover, though with something of wistful nostalgia, I must confess, for the focus of my “call” is pulling me to a point more distant, but the intent and the spirit will always be the same, wherever applied. I shall, I hope, be able to visit some day again, for there is that at the FNS that brings the spirit into tune, and helps make it possible to find some element of creative peace.

. . . .

**From Mrs. W. H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),**

**Lansdowne, Pennsylvania—December 15, 1959**

We are looking forward to having all our family together in our new home in two weeks. Our youngest boy, Stephen, is a freshman at Maryville and very happy. I must say we hear more about the choir and the band than his courses! If he turns out as well as the few Maryville alumni we have known, we'll be satisfied! We are thankful still to have Marjorie at home for a few years.

I start work with the Community Nursing Service of Delaware County on January 4—three days a week. At last, after all these years, I get to my public health nursing. Of course, this has no midwifery and no horses, but I guess I'll have to be satisfied!

I haven't told you we have moved. My husband is now with

the Department of Vocation, Board of Christian Education (Presbyterian) and we live outside Philadelphia.

**From Nancy Dammann, Djakarta, Indonesia—Christmas, 1959**

My government status for the past year has been a bit confused. From September, 1958 until February, 1959 I did graduate work at the Audio-Visual center of the University of Indiana on a government training grant. I then received orders to go to Baghdad with ICA (the International Coöperation Administration—Point IV). That was in February. Trouble broke out in Iraq and I was never able to get a visa. Eventually our aid agreement with Iraq was cancelled.

Finally, after sitting around Washington for about five months, I got reassigned to Indonesia. I'm very glad to be back. I've always liked this country. The people are friendly and hard working. They have delightful senses of humor. And my job is fascinating.

I'm assigned as a Communications Media Advisor to the malaria eradication program. Indonesia has one of the most difficult, if not the most difficult, malaria programs in the world. Part of the problem is logistics and transportation. Indonesia has thousands of islands. How to get the DDT to the places where malaria exists is a real poser. Then too it has a variety of vectors which creates technical problems.

Under the malaria eradication program most of the houses in Indonesia will be sprayed. But the people must be told what malaria is and why their houses will be sprayed. This we will do with posters, pamphlets, films, etc. It's my job to help produce these media.

In order to do the job one must understand one's audience. In order to do this I've been doing quite a lot of travelling into rural areas. I'm also cramming the Indonesian language into my head to the best of my ability. It's a really exciting job.

**From Mrs. Charles W. Steele (Candy Dornblaser),**

**San Jose, California—Christmas, 1959**

Chuck is working on Philco's "Courier" Satellite program and I'm still teaching and loving my Education for Childbirth classes for the San Jose Department of Adult Education.

Our Danae is fourteen months old and a wonderfully lively and mischievous charmer.

. . . .

**From Mrs. George McAnerney (Doris Sinclair),  
Pound Ridge, New York—Christmas, 1959**

We have been transferred back east and are living in a 200-year-old house in Pound Ridge, New York. George can drive to work in Pelham, where he is now a resident manager. He no longer has to travel as he did from Salt Lake City.

Two of our children are in school, but I still have one at home. How I'll miss her next year.

. . . .

**From Joan Henning Todd's Aunt, Louisville, Kentucky  
—Christmas, 1959**

I wish you could see Joan's two little boys. The baby—nearly two now—chuckles from his head to his feet. She and her nice, smart, stable husband are very happy.

. . . .

**From Mrs. John R. Pugh (Weezy Myers), Washington, D. C.  
—Christmas, 1959**

Johnnie left for Korea the day after Christmas, and preparations for his departure made December rather hectic. He took leave, so we did have quite a bit of time at the farm. He will be out there for a year, with the Eighth Army, so Nikki and I will "keep the home fires burning" as best we can. David enlisted in the Army for three years, but is home on leave now.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown),  
Cleveland, Ohio—Christmas, 1959**

I still think back to 1941 when I was there and the rewarding experiences I had working with you all. That was before jeeps were introduced to the Service.

My boys are getting so grown-up and what fun we all have! They all have varied interests and my head is constantly spinning trying to keep up with butterfly collections, baseball, bird-watching, swimming, et cetera.

**From Mrs. Samuel Newson (Sylvia Bowditch),  
Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1959**

We stayed put last summer, but had a nice visit from mother who flew out in June after her 60th Reunion at Bryn Mawr. It is wonderful to have her so well and active and she celebrates her 85th in January!

Chipps is in second grade and Sambo in Nursery School three mornings a week, so I can help Sam at the shop a bit now.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin (Sally Morrison),  
Riverdale, New York—Christmas, 1959**

It is always wonderful to see Mrs. Breckinridge when she comes North in the winter and it was particularly so when she spoke here two years ago. As you can see from the picture we now have quite a grown-up family. Tuck and Gil are both at Putney and love it. It is a rugged, stimulating life. Jock, our ten-year-old, is still at home. Gil and I are both working hard at our various endeavors—he at the law, and I for Bank Street College, a remarkable institution that trains teachers and does research in education. Ruth Howell, as you may know, is now a full-time nursery school teacher, Bank Street trained. She has a magic hand with fours.

It is wonderful to think that Tucky may be off to Kentucky in another year. I would love to come back myself.

. . . . .

**From Joan McClellan, Port Elizabeth, Union of South Africa  
—Christmas, 1959**

From South Africa to Kentucky there seems to be certain similarities. I hear responsible people speaking about difficulties of setting up decent district nursing—midwifery systems in the native "locations" and reserves.

I hope all at Wendover (all horses, geese, chickens, dogs, et cetera included) are well and happy. I was chased by hissing, snapping South African geese on a farm last week-end—I ran, believe me!

. . . . .

**From Donna M. Dean, Keuka College—Christmas, 1959**

I have had a wonderful year in school and am now enjoying

my work and learning experience in the hospital. To think that a year ago, I was busily helping you with Christmas activities, especially the pageant at Wendover, which I'll never forget. I often think of you and the FNS spirit! I would have loved to have been with you this season, but that was sort of impossible. I hope that someday soon I may return to your mountains and wonderful people.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Bruce McCormick Putnam (Amy Stevens),  
Arlington, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1959**

I shall write more soon, but I am still trying to catch up with the move, and little Carol Abbot, who now crawls, exercises her voice all day and has two front teeth (for Christmas?). We had a *nice* time when Jinny and Freddy visited us one Sunday afternoon. It was like old times.

. . . .

**From Brooke Alexander, New York City, New York  
—Christmas, 1959**

There is no way that I can tell you of my heartfelt appreciation of last summer's experience. It meant so much to me, and I fell so much in love with the FNS.

The puppy I brought home lived happily in New York for two months, then began to upset the mental fiber of our elderly cocker spaniel, and so was given to an immensely grateful family in the country. We had named the puppy Happy after Governor "Happy" Chandler!

. . . .

**From Mrs. James B. Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will),  
Binghamton, New York—Christmas, 1959**

I still visit regularly the elderly people at the County Home. We feel that there is a great need to keep that age happily occupied.

My eldest daughter seems to follow my liking for horses when I was younger. She takes care of two for a local camp from September to June, and in a weak moment I bought a six-months-old colt this fall. The load seems too much for her with her school work. I, therefore, offered to help occasionally. Shades

of Wendover—from A to Z—in caring for them ourselves! Jean Hollins would chuckle.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Tyson Gilpin (Cath Mellick), Boyce, Virginia**

—Christmas, 1959

I think of you every day during this busy Christmas time, and of all your wonderful preparations I loved so the year I was there.

We are off to Far Hills on Tuesday for our first Christmas there in ten years. It will be such fun.

Tys is at St. Paul's School with one year to go. Drewdie goes to Concord Academy in Concord, Massachusetts, next fall, and I hope soon after to the FNS if there will be room!

. . . . .  
**From Abigail Arnold's mother, Los Angeles, California**

—Christmas, 1959

Shortly after Christmas Abigail will begin her last semester at University of California at Los Angeles. Since her return from FNS, she has been at Olive View, a large T. B. hospital, in Los Angeles. She loved this affiliation and the work with serious T. B. patients. In her last semester, she will be working in the psychiatric wards and also in the field of social service. Then in June she graduates with a B. S. degree, Public Health Certificate, and then her R.N.

. . . . .  
**From Lenore (Len) Fredrickson, New York City**

—Christmas, 1959

This past year has been just great as far as school and contacts (indirect) with FNS goes. I hear periodically from Joyful (Hilditch) and Katy (Quarmby) in our Far West. When I was in three months of obstetrics during the fall, one of my instructors, a nurse-midwife, let me read her report of the Annual Meeting of Nurse-Midwives at Wendover. It was such fun to see all the familiar names in attendance and that it was signed by Brownie!

I am showing my slides of FNS to the out-patient department of New York Hospital sometime soon and again can't wait to relive my wonderfully fun, yet weight-gaining summer.



Just heard from Mary Sayres Weeden who is raising quite a family. I hope to see her over Christmas.

**From Mrs. Edmund H. Booth (Betty Pratt),  
Norwich, Vermont—Christmas, 1959**

Lisa—aged almost 18—will be wanting to come to Wendover soon I know. She is a freshman at Bennington. George, aged 19, will enter college next year. He is at Vermont Academy. Laura Day is 13 and Susan 11. Laura Day plays the violin and Susan the cello and we are all beginning to play together.

We have numerous animals—horses and ponies—and we all ride a great deal. This year we stowed away 1,250 bales of hay—of our own! With our little jeep and manure spreader I'm quite a good farmeress!

**From Helen (Hought) Barber, Columbus, Ohio  
—January 12, 1960**

I no sooner got used to the Y.W.C.A. than they began finding me a room elsewhere. Here I am, one of thirteen girls of whom three are "Helen." We do our own cooking of our own groceries. We have a twenty-minute, each way, commute daily which brings us into Arlington, one of the better residential sections of the city. I really enjoy it as much as I can enjoy any city.

One night at supper, we had a big debate over the state motto of Kentucky. It was probably taken from George P. Morris's poem, "The Flag of Our Union." This idea, "United we stand, divided we fall" (line 3) was prevalent during the time from the beginning to the end of the Revolutionary War. Franklin said to John Hancock at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, "We must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately." The Register, official organ of the Kentucky State Historical Society, states the motto is said to have been suggested by the chorus of an old British song by John Dickinson, written before the Revolutionary War, which reads,

"Come join hand in hand

Comrades all

By uniting we stand

By dividing we fall!"

The Register says also that "Governor Isaac Shelby, in giving directions for the design of the seal of the State, 20th of December, 1792, had the idea tersely expressed like a wreath around the seal."

(Shankle, George Earlie, ed. *State Names, Flags, Seals, Songs, Birds, Flowers and other symbols*. N Y: The H. W. Wilson Company, 1938—p. 175)

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**From Dorothy Caldwell, Burlington, Kentucky**

—January 23, 1960

We had a very nice Christmas and holiday season. Jack and Ruby spent a week with Margaret Watson and her Aunt Isabel during the holidays. We just wish it could have been longer, for all their sakes. They had a wonderful, though very quiet, time together.

I'm enjoying my new work [*Educational Supervisor for Boone County Schools*] a great deal, though the hours are long and sometimes the responsibility weighs pretty heavily. Every two weeks I spend a whole day attending class in either Lexington or Berea. I thought that one day I might manage to take some extra time and see some of you, but it really isn't feasible. I leave home at about 5:30 a.m., then return about 6:30 p.m., and I really can't spare the time from the job to take an extra day. Maybe we can work out something this summer, when I'm back on campus in Lexington.

. . . . .

**From Anne Kilham, Providence, Rhode Island—January 28, 1960**

I'm working in the Art Department of the Providence Journal, enjoying it very much. Also, I am going to night school at the Rhode Island School of Design studying cartography. As you probably have guessed by the work I've done at Wendover, maps are one of my foremost interests, so I am very enthusiastic about finally being able to take a course in this study.

. . . . .

**From Margaret (Peggy) Harrison, Alberta, Canada**

—February 6, 1960

Last year we all went camping in British Columbia which is still quite unspoiled by fast roads, billboards, or even places to

eat! Mosquitoes and bears are hazards for the very small, but otherwise it's wonderful. The children are all looking forward to going again. I wonder how they would like the heat of an Indian summer.

Heard from Alison Bray that she hopes to visit Wendover on her way home from Australia. Lydia and Betty (Hilly) always write at Christmas. It was nice meeting them. If you have any more nurses in these parts or en route to Alaska, be sure to let us know.

We still intend going back to the U. S. before very many more years, but cannot make up our minds just where to settle. We have had a mild winter. The children, two and one-half years to just nine, have had a wonderful time skating—no freezing faces nor cold feet!

#### A WEDDING

Miss Elizabeth Treon McGuire of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. Chadwick Wilson Christine, Junior, on February 13, 1960. These young people will make their home in Cincinnati. We wish for them every happiness in their life together.

#### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. B. L. E. Talman (Bobbie Miller) of Washington, D. C., a baby boy, Benjamin Long Edis Talman, on April 4, 1959. We just received this news at Christmas and his mother wrote:

I don't know whether or not you have heard that we have a baby boy. It was quite an exciting event because we had a fire department ambulance and the other children thought this was the most thrilling thing to happen on our street in years. I am sure they were much more intrigued by the flashing lights, sirens and firemen than they were by the arrival of Benjamin Long Edis Talman, Jr.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John William Middendorf, a son, John William Middendorf, on November 18, 1959. This young man weighed in at 9 pounds, 11 ounces. His mother writes us that he is "very special."

## I SAW HIM ARRIVE!

by

MAXINE FENSTERMAKER, R.N.

Baby C., born November 4, 1959, at 2:40 a.m., was a husky nine pound two ounce boy. Mama saw him too and heard his first little cry. A proud and happy mama she was; proud to have borne another son though she already had four sons and two daughters; proud that she had the courage to bear the pain for the seventh time and not be afraid; happy that it was all over and a healthy child was born.

Before this event, my experience in obstetrical nursing had been disappointing. Obstetrics, to me, meant: a woman in the labor ward, heavily sedated, thrashing about and only hazily aware of her surroundings; an immaculately clean and sterile delivery room with the best of equipment and lighting, with scrub nurse, circulating nurse, a skilled obstetrician and his assistant, and a table of instruments which must be passed quickly at just the right time. The mother asleep, unaware of the moment the child is born and almost too sleepy to care when she is told; the baby, crying after a little encouragement, but never seeming to announce its arrival of its own volition.

Both mother and baby received the best of care, but this most marvelous event seemed to lack something of excitement, joy and satisfaction. This had been my experience in obstetrical nursing and I was disappointed. Then I saw HIM arrive.

Let me tell you about it. Mother C. is wide awake and striving with all her strength to encourage him along. The nurse-midwife all the while is encouraging her with each breath and each pain. And then he arrives; pushing his way out into the world and announcing his arrival with a husky little cry. Mother hears him and says, "I'm glad he's come. It's been worth it all. I'm glad it's over." She sees the strong huskiness of him and hears the nurse say, "He's a boy," and she's happy and proud. Daddy C. is downstairs and he must know. Says Mother C., "He's been so good." I can picture proud Daddy C. driving home to tell his mother-in-law that he has another son. I can almost hear Grandma say, "Law, another boy! Waal, I reckon it don't make no matter so long's he's a healthy young'un." I see the eleven-

year-old sister awakening from sleep to hear that she has a new brother. She is a little disappointed at first; she wanted a sister. I'm sure she must have stayed up for a while to offer a few suggestions while Grandma and Daddy argued over a name for the new young'un. And I'd not be surprised to hear that she peeped into that drawer of new little things before she returned to bed.

Of course, I only saw the mother and the baby and the nurse-midwife. But I saw a mother's joy; I heard a newborn baby's cry; and I somehow felt that I had been introduced to the whole family as the mother expressed her joy and pride by giving me a glimpse into her home and her heart.

I will no doubt see many new "young'uns" arrive in the same manner in the weeks to come. But I share a bit of a mother's joy this morning, because WE saw him arrive.

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### 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

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Ruth Alexander Ingerson in Arnold, Maryland**

—December, 1959

We broke the spell last March and had a boy! We have had a busy time with communicable diseases and many summer guests. Alice loves first grade, and Ann "eats up" kindergarten. Helen and Gordon provide me with some busy moments since both are of kindred spirit. Best wishes to all for 1960.

. . . .

### **From Bessie Waller in Bournemouth, England**

—December, 1959

Another year has gone—how time does fly as one gets older. It has amazed me as I thought it would drag, but I suppose as we get older it takes longer to do things. I cannot account for it in any other way. Mrs. Breckinridge has been living at top speed for over seventy years; what a wonderful life! How proud I am to have been in the Service for seven years and to have been in such close contact with her.

I cannot picture the mountains with all the changes going on, but I love to hear about them from you who have known the old and are now taking such an active part in the new. There is not much to tell about my life which is a slow one, but it is safe. We now have our sick bay staffed to care for those of us who need sick nursing—we used to have to go to hospital. It is nice to have my sister near and I see Denny from time to time. There are several congenial spirits in the Home. Denny went to the Reunion and came to tell me all about it. I saw Green when she came to visit an aunt, and had a good chat with her. She is still the same cheery person she always was.

. . . .

### **From Ruth Vander Meulen in Nigeria, West Africa**

—December, 1959

I think of you all so often and especially at Thanksgiving. I really do appreciate all I learned at the FNS and wonder how

I could ever get along without it. I am so happy that others of our staff are taking the course in midwifery and I hope many more will do so in the future. The people just marvel at the things we can do to help the mothers.

I am so happy that Dr. Beasley is back with you. I know what it means to be without medical help. My nearest doctor is 65 miles away, but it takes at least three hours to get to him because of crossing the river.

Please give my greetings to all I know.

. . . .

**From Joyce Stephens in Glos., England—December, 1959**

It was grand meeting the Beasleys and I can clearly see why you were all so thrilled to have them back. Your gain was our loss. I had hoped they could manage a second and longer stay here, but the FNS pulled too hard—understandable, don't I know.

The den Dulks stopped off for a couple of days in London en route to Holland and to Ethiopia in June. Doctor has gone back to his old post for a year. It was so good to see them again. They stayed in one of London's highly respectable hotels with deep pile carpets and gliding flunkeys and a general air of restraint where no one speaks above a whisper. The hotel is probably still reeling from the impact of the den Dulks. When I called to enquire if they had arrived, there was a pause at the end of the line, then, "Oh, yes madam—you mean the family with all the children." There did seem to be quite a bevy of children as they have now added Kathy, a most charming five-year-old. The twins are so grown up and Danny is a tall gangling schoolboy. I saw them off at the London airport with a mountain of luggage which included all their school equipment.

No doubt you have heard all about the Review at the Palace. There were literally thousands of district nurses there all dressed in our No. 1 navy blue uniforms and white gloves. But, only one in breeches and boots. You can imagine that accompanying her was like trailing Marilyn Monroe! The Queen Mother floated graciously along the front rank, speaking a few chosen words here and there; but when she came to Brownie I suspect her wonderful poise received a decided jolt. Her startled gaze travelled up slowly from those black boots.

Please give my very best greetings to all I know.

**From Carolyn Booth Gregory in Portland, Arkansas**

—December, 1959

This has been a busy year for us. Warren was born June 10, in the midst of our scurry to get Hugo's dissertation off to the printer. Hugo passed his oral and received his Ph.D. from Northwestern on August 31. Since then our fall project has been painting the house.

The Christmas issue of the Bulletin arrived just before we left home to be with Hugo's parents. Every year memory somehow takes me back to spend a part of Christmas with the FNS. Greetings to all I know.

. . . . .

**From Margaret Prescott Fehr in Saskatoon, Canada**

—December, 1959

Thank you for the lovely diploma which arrived shortly after the wedding. It is a thrill to have it and I know that the many experiences and things learned in Kentucky will always be of great value to me wherever I may be. I am truly thankful for the time I was privileged to spend with you all.

We are gradually getting settled here in our new home. The church folk have been very kind to us. We are busy with special Christmas activities now. Greetings to all our friends in the FNS.

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**From Helen Farrington in Worthington, Minnesota**

—December, 1959

Last September I had a wonderful trip to Bermuda to visit Anne Hunt Rossiter. Her husband was at sea most of the time I was there, so I had only a fleeting acquaintance with him. Anne lives in the loveliest area, and by this time they should have moved into a new, typically Bermudan house. I could easily have stayed there for the rest of my life.

I still like my job and am finding it a most worth-while experience. I have worked hard this fall and have built up enough overtime so that I can fly home for Christmas—it is quite a quick trip with air service to Worthington. Merry Christmas to all.

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**From Emily Stewart in Tchad, Africa—December, 1959**

Greetings from Africa. I was up to see Jessica Minns this



past year, and we talked of the FNS and the mountains, valleys and creeks. I am waiting for one of my mothers to deliver now. It is well over 300 babies that I have "caught" since coming back one and one-half years ago, after being with the FNS for the midwifery course. Many times I have wished I could call the doctor. The mothers who have complications that I cannot handle I have to take to Moundou to the doctor. I suppose I could write a book to another FNSer; but I really want to send my Christmas greetings to you and all at Hyden Hospital. My special greetings to Mrs. Breckinridge.

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**From Peggy Brown in Santa Fe, New Mexico—December, 1959**

I am now teaching "Principles and Techniques of Nurse-Midwifery" to the students here. At first I was very worried as some of these girls are in the master's degree program at Catholic University, and I wondered if I would be able to meet the required standards. However, I need not have worried as we were well trained in England. I feel that I can help them to use all the ideas they have in their heads in a practical way, to give better total care to the mothers and babies.

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**From Anne Hunt Rossiter in St. Georges, Bermuda**

—December, 1959

We have just moved into a brand new and beautiful house, and we are very busy painting and fixing up furniture. It is all work but great fun, especially with someone so very nice to help. This Christmas is going to be something rather special and very gay, but I will often be thinking of you all. Fondest regards to Mrs. Breckinridge and love to everyone.

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**From Rosalie Edmondson Jouvenat in Jalisco, Mexico**

—December, 1959

This year our trips have been limited to two necessary trips to the States to renew our tourist permits—two weeks on a trip to Phoenix and three weeks in October to Texas. We made delightful side trips in Mexico en route to and from Texas. We love our house and my wonderful husband is very helpful with

chores. We do many things together. I thoroughly enjoy the Bulletin and rejoice when there is news of those whom I know. We plan an extensive trip next year as we have business to attend to in Denver and Nebraska, then we plan to go east as far as Pittsburgh and then south through West Virginia and to Tennessee, so we might manage a visit to FNS territory and see you.

. . . .

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

—December, 1959

This has been a full year for us. In the summer my sister and I drove with Mary LeFevre to Seattle. Mary has taken two years leave of absence to work with the Department of Health in Alaska. Her letters are very interesting and the work must be full of challenges. In some ways it is more like our work with you in Kentucky than anything we have done since.

At the end of October my father died, just short of his 90th birthday. Please give my greetings to all those I know.

. . . .

**From May Houtenville in Plainsboro, New Jersey**

—December, 1959

The best news from us is that we are expecting our first baby in January. This is why I have been making baby clothes for the FNS. I want the mothers to share some of our expected happiness. Ever since I worked with the girls at Hyden I have wished that I could have one of your nurse-midwives with me when I have my baby. There was always such calm and happiness associated with each delivery. I have the utmost confidence in my doctor, but I cannot forget the understanding and tenderness each nurse-midwife had for the mother. It has given me a complete new outlook on labor and delivery that has helped me to look forward to having my baby without any anxiety.

January, 1960

Much to everyone's surprise little John Raymond arrived three weeks early, on January 6. He weighs 5 pounds 8½ ounces, and is the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. I still cannot believe he is really mine, and can hardly wait to take him home so the three of us can be together. Since my delivery I have

given a great deal of thought to the importance of safety and security for both the mother and the baby. What a wonderful job the FNS has done supplying this for their mothers.

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**From Frances Fell in Tesque, New Mexico—December, 1959**

This year has gone very quickly. I got back to Tesque in April and worked on a special survey until September. WHO asked me to prepare for Turkey, but I was not wanted, so I am waiting for the next offer from WHO. It is grand to be in my own small house for Christmas—the first time in thirteen years.

Wayne State University Alumni gave me an award at the 91st reunion last May. I was the only woman, and the first nurse to receive the award. It was a complete surprise to me and I was pleased that work for mothers and babies was recognized along with other achievements—two of the men were chemists.

I saw Peggy Tinline (McQueen) and Nora Kelly in London last January. Peggy looks so youthful and Kelly never changes.

February, 1960

I will be leaving here on the 22nd of this month for Washington and my next WHO assignment in Mexico City.

. . . .

**From Marian Adams in Rydal, Pennsylvania—January, 1960**

Christmas 1959 will mean something special to me and my fiancé. Yes, I received a ring for Christmas! My mind still cannot grasp the fact that I am betrothed and will become a bride some time in the future. Rodney Frederick and I have known each other since the tenth grade, but over the years, plus my being away from home so much, I had forgotten that he existed and he likewise. By chance, last August we met again at a church outing.

I shall finish this semester and then I will go home to my oldest sister in St. Lawrence, where I will stay until the great day. There is so much to think about and plan for, it seems almost impossible to find time to study for finals. My next address will be: c/o Mr. Francis L. Botz, 4527 Stoner Avenue, St. Lawrence, Reading, Pennsylvania.

### Newsy Bits

In November of last year 160 Queen's Nursing Sisters received a Long Service Badge from Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, President of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, in England. The report read that "One had previously been with the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service." We have learned that the "one" is **Janet Coleman**. Congratulations Janet!

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**Monica Hayes** is working in Sydney, Australia, and is assigned to the operating rooms. She writes that she is enjoying it very much.

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**Marion Hickson** is at the East End Maternity Hospital in London, England. She writes: "I have been here for one month and am thoroughly enjoying life. At present I am on the antenatal ward. The Midwife Teachers course is very interesting; we sat our end of term paper last week."

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**Minnie Meeke** writes that she is still busy "ushering in new babies" in County Tyrone, Northern Ireland.

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**Barbara Nelson** writes: "I am enjoying this year at the Harvard School of Public Health, and I hope to set up some midwifery programs in Africa next year, if all goes well. I showed my FNS slides to some foreign students who were most interested."

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**Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters** and family have moved to Marshfield, Wisconsin, where the doctor is in practice as a general surgeon. They write: "For the first time in 23 years we have no children at home. Bill graduated from Princeton last June with a degree in Geological Engineering; George is in his third year of pre-medical work at Princeton; and Mary-Alice, who spent the summer at FNS, entered college in the fall."

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Our love and sympathy go to **Rose Avery** on the loss of her father in late October 1959.

### New Arrivals

To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Roberts (**Dodie Helwig**) of Seattle, Washington, a son born on December 1, 1959. Weight 8 pounds and 3 ounces and his name is Charles Frederick.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Houtenville (May) of Plainsboro, New Jersey, a son born on January 6, 1960. Weight 5 pounds and 8½ ounces, and his name is John Raymond.

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### OUR MAIL BAG

**From a Friend in Hazard, Kentucky:** I could not think of any painting more fitting than the one you had for your Autumn Bulletin. I framed it with a piece of glass and put black tape around the edge.

**From an Old Subscriber in Pittsburgh:** . . . your lovely Quarterly Bulletin.

**From a Friend in Fort Smith, Arkansas:** The Bulletin—I read it from cover to cover.

**From an American friend now in England:** I just love the Bulletin: it brings back such a happy time with you, now over four years ago.

**From an English Friend:** Continue to enjoy reading your wonderful Bulletin.

**From an Old Friend in Hartford, Connecticut:** I have never visited the Frontier Nursing Service except through the pages of the Bulletin, but it seems very real to me.

**From an Old Friend in California:** I consider Frontier Nursing Service as one of the most worthy agencies on my list of "investments."

## HYDEN HOSPITAL CHAPEL

For many years we have felt the need of a Chapel for those of our patients who can move around and for the hoards of clinic patients that pour in throughout the week. Since Dr. Beasley's return a group of our leading citizens have gotten together to forward plans for the Chapel and to ask for gifts in money and in kind from our Leslie and Clay County patients and friends on the Perry County side.

The first idea was for everyone of the more than 12,000 babies we have brought into the world to present the Service with \$1.00 in honor of its birth; or, if the baby is still young, for the parents to do this in its behalf. This quickly brought in over \$1,000.00 and more money is still coming in. It is the ardent hope of our own citizens that they themselves will raise enough money to build the Chapel and a ramp down to it from the Hospital for wheel chair patients to use. Mrs. Gillous Morgan, one of our very own nurses in years gone by, took the chairmanship of a fund raising committee. Mr. Fred Brashear, Cashier at the Hyden Citizens Bank, serves as treasurer. Mr. Eddie J. Moore has taken the chairmanship of the building committee.

We have received gifts and pledges in kind that are, and will be, of immense value. One of our mountain friends has made drawings from the blue prints of details needed by the Chapel workmen. Another friend has said he will give the inside timbers. A third friend has offered to donate the oak flooring. A fourth will give the homemade split bottom chairs.

We expect to have the Chapel built and roofed before the end of the summer. We shall build it stone by stone as the money comes in for that purpose. Now here are a few facts of great interest. We have received as a gift from Mr. A. E. Hoyle, head of the ecclesiastical architectural firm of Hoyle, Doran, and Berry, of Boston (successors to Cram and Ferguson) a set of blueprints and a drawing. We have for twenty years owned a 15th Century stained glass window of St. Christopher, carrying the Christ Child across the ford. The Chapel will be erected on the site now occupied by the "Wee Stone House" on the south side of the Hospital. It will face east so that the sun can shine through the glorious stained glass. Only stained glass experts

can install the window and put in the side windows. But all of that will come later after the Chapel has been built of native stone.

We have people from beyond the mountains who know what our citizens are doing who have sent checks to help out. These have been deposited with our national treasurer at the Security Trust Company in Lexington and the receipts are marked "Chapel Fund." Reports on the work will be given in later Bulletins.

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### LIVING CENTERS

Sir Wilfred Grenfell once had to amputate the leg of an old Labrador lady, a Roman Catholic neighbor of his, because of tuberculosis of the ankle. Artificial legs do not grow on bushes along the barren northern shore; the next time he was on a lecture tour in the U. S. A. he was speaking in a Congregational church, and told the story, adding with a smile: "If anyone in the congregation has a wooden leg he is not using, I would be glad to have it." After the lecture a woman came up, saying that she, a Methodist, had lost her husband, who had been a Presbyterian, and that he had left behind a perfectly good wooden leg she had no use for. Sir Wilfred used to chuckle as he said, "I, an Episcopalian, took that Presbyterian leg, given me by a Methodist, in a Congregational church, back to Labrador, where I had it fitted to my old Roman Catholic friend who then was able to walk." Out of a United Church came a good strong leg. The One Shepherd seeks churches like that, churches that are living centers of the love of God.

Sent us by a subscriber. Printed in *Forward*

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### MOTORING MANNERS

"Let's make our motoring manners as refined as our gasoline," suggests Los Angeles, California, Postmaster Otto K. Olesen.

*Postal Service News*

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of Trustees, members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year at the Louisville Country Club on Friday, June 3, 1960. The meeting will be preceded by a luncheon for which reservations must be made in advance. Cards of notification will get in the mails at least two weeks before June 3.

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We have received from Australia three copies of *The Weekly Times* published at Melbourne. They contain a series of illustrated articles by Miss Lynette Walker, on her visit to the Frontier Nursing Service. One article is largely given over to Hyden Hospital, one to the administrative and guest headquarters at Wendover, and one to the outpost nursing centers. Miss Walker had stayed at the Red Bird Nursing Center when Jane Furnas and Peggie Foster were the nurse-midwives in charge there. We have rarely read as comprehensive and accurate a write-up of our work as is this Australian one. Miss Walker's sympathetic appreciation of the high quality of our patients, her understanding of the nature of rural nurse-midwifery, and her keen intelligence are all used in the telling of her story. We are grateful to her.

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At the Fall 1959 General Meeting of the N. S. W. Bush Nursing Association, Inc., held in Sydney, Australia, Dr. G. Cuthbert-Brown, a Council Member of the Association, who honored us with a visit to Wendover several years ago, spoke of the need for extension of the work, especially in rural areas where medical supervision cannot be readily obtained. She said, "The Frontier Nursing Service, established at Kentucky, U. S. A., has a similarity to the Bush Nursing work of this State. The regions are even more rugged than those of New South Wales. It is appreciated that, with our increasing population, an extension of the Bush Nursing work is necessary. Both Frontier Nursing and our own Bush Nursing Service are fine demonstrations of nation building."

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We have read with pride as well as satisfaction articles from



the Columbia, Missouri, newspapers on a talk given to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Boone County, Missouri, Medical Society on January 5, 1960, on "Frontiers in Nursing: The Nurse-Midwife at Work in England and the U. S. A." The two speakers were Mrs. Jack M. Martt and Mrs. Raymond Vickers. Mrs. Martt, wife of Dr. Jack Martt of the University School of Medicine and a graduate of the Washington University School of Nursing in St. Louis, served with the Frontier Nursing Service as Dorothy Frazer before her marriage. Mrs. Vickers is the wife of Dr. Raymond Vickers, also of the University School of Medicine. She took her training at St. Bartholomew's School of Nursing in London, England, and her midwifery training in Edinburgh. We wish we could have been present at this fine presentation of "Frontiers in Nursing."

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Readers of this Bulletin over the years know of our high admiration and deep affection for the late Florence M. Johnson and the late Mary M. Roberts, two of the greatest nurses this world has ever known. I have the honor of being one of the sponsors of the Hospitality Committee, of which Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines is chairman, which arranges for hospitality for nursing students from many lands, as a memorial to Miss Johnson and Miss Roberts. The place where this hospitality is extended is Nurses House, Inc., Babylon, Long Island, New York, and the office where arrangements are made is Room 361, 525 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York. People in fifteen European and Asiatic countries have joined with Americans in sending donations to entertain these overseas student nurses. It is the best memorial that could ever have been devised for Florence Johnson and Mary M. Roberts.

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Our beloved retired Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Coffman of Georgetown, Kentucky, had a unique honor conferred on her by her city when its Mayor proclaimed October 23, 1959, as Mrs. W. H. Coffman Day in Georgetown. We know of no other instance in which a city has named a day in honor of a distinguished citizen, whose devoted work on behalf of the library and other institutions of Georgetown was shown this signal recognition.

We are becoming quite accustomed to mentioning honors conferred on Francis M. Massie, M. D., Lexington, Kentucky, a member of the Medical Advisory Committee of the National Medical Council of Frontier Nursing Service and a member also of its Executive Committee. At the annual meeting of the Southern Surgical Association at the Homestead in Hot Springs, Virginia, on December 10, Dr. Massie was elected president of this Association. It is a select society limited to 225 surgeon-members. Dr. Massie was one of the founders of the Kentucky Surgical Society.

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I had the honor of entertaining members of the Frontier Nursing Service Medical Advisory Committee at a dinner at the Idle Hour Club in Lexington on Wednesday, December 2. My purpose in giving the dinner was to have the members meet Dr. and Mrs. Rogers Beasley socially, and to hold a business meeting after the dinner. We all enjoyed ourselves very much indeed.

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#### TOWN AND TRAIN

On Sunday, January 17, I left the mountains to take the "George Washington" at Lexington. I was met in Washington, D. C., the following morning by the car and chauffeur of my Jefferson Patterson cousins (old courier Marvin Breckinridge) and taken directly to the Sulgrave Club which was my first port of call. My sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, came up from the Shenandoah Valley to stay with me there and be my eyes as well as a loved companion. Such a busy three days as we put in together! The attractive chairman of our wonderful Washington Committee, Mrs. Walter White, got in touch with us at once and reported on the plans for our John Mason Brown Benefit to be held at the Mayflower Hotel the next afternoon. Mrs. Eisenhower headed again the list of patronesses, which included, as always, other distinguished names. Monday was an easy day filled with pleasant happenings. Our honorary chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner, came to the Sulgrave Club to have us to lunch. We saw Mrs. White and other committee members and old friends in the afternoon. That evening was pure family. Dorothy and I dined with Jeff and Marvin Patterson, the dinner

coming a bit early so that the children (Patricia and Mark) could eat it with us.

In advance of the Benefit on Tuesday, the 19th, Mr. and Mrs. Walter White gave a luncheon for us with twelve men and women at the F Street Club. Such a delightful party! When we had eaten we all went over to the Mayflower together where we welcomed John Mason Brown. When Mrs. White and John Mason and I stood on the platform in the State Room, we looked out over a crowd of men and women that seemed to fill the huge room and that greeted their speaker with enthusiasm. Personally I don't think he ever gave a better lecture on "Seeing Things" than he did that day.

Wednesday had its delightful moments but nothing strenuous. Mrs. Nelson Perin had a little luncheon for us. We got in a brief visit with my great niece and nephews, children of Major and Mrs. James T. Breckinridge of the Marines. Thursday morning Judy Breckinridge drove me to the station for my train to New York and took her mother-in-law away with her. Thursday afternoon, January 21, I arrived at the Cosmopolitan Club in **New York City**. A little later I was joined by Helen E. Browne (Brownie) who had been spending a holiday with Jean Hollins on Long Island. We settled down together to a busy ten days.

Two important early engagements were the monthly meeting of our fine New York Committee at Mrs. Walter Binger's place on Tuesday morning, presided over by the Chairman, Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn. I was deeply impressed anew by the hard work this Committee does in the Bargain Box and by the comprehensive way in which it tackles difficult problems. For example, every one of you who send as much as \$20.00 worth of saleable articles to the Bargain Box in one calendar year will get a receipt making your gifts deductible from your income tax. This involves a lot of accountability.

On Tuesday night at 8:00 p.m., I had the rare experience of attending a meeting of the St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing Alumnae at the Eli White Memorial Nurses' Residence. One member of my class of 1910, Josephine Tuell, attended too. Only one member, class of 1906, antedated us. It was all most business-like and lots of fun. After the Alumnae meeting, Brownie and I were both asked to talk to the alumnae and to such of the student

and graduate nurses as were off duty and could be present—a wonderful group of girls they were. Miss Evelyn M. Peck, Director of the School of Nursing, had us all meet socially after the speaking for refreshments. This Tuesday was a long, hard day for me but I would not have missed one hour of it.

The big event of our stay in New York was the annual meeting sponsored by the New York Committee, held in the Cosmopolitan Club Ballroom on Thursday, January 28, followed by tea. Mrs. Horn presided and Mrs. Stockley presented me for the FNS a Bargain Box check for \$3,500.00. I was almost too thrilled to acknowledge it! Brownie and I both spoke to such a dear crowd of people. The room seemed filled with friendly faces of those laymen, nurses, couriers that have meant so much to me over the years, and friendly new faces too. I had a chance of talking individually with close on to one hundred people afterwards while we had our tea.

As always when I am writing up these visits beyond the mountains I find that I haven't time or space to put in hardly any of the delectable personal things that have meant so much to me. There were luncheons and dinners and teas with friends and kinsmen. We had a visit to the Bargain Box itself; a visit to Harper and Brothers publishing firm where my editor, Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, showed Brownie over the famous old place; one evening my godson, Carlyle Bolton-Smith, Jr., had dinner with me at the Club. Not long out of Amherst, he now goes into the Navy for a matter of some three years. On my last Sunday afternoon, my cousin, Mrs. Jeter Horton, had me and my cousin, Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland, and my young cousin, Bob Montague, up from the University of Virginia, to tea at the home of her daughter Louise and George Roy Hill, a tea designed really for children. The four little Hills were there, of course, and my niece, Pam, and her husband, Captain Graham Ellis, brought their three down from West Point. The youngest of the Ellis children, five-year-old Walter, I had never seen before nor the two older ones since they were babies because they had been for some years in Hawaii. In a family like mine, where so many people are military, one has to snatch at the golden moments when one can see the young.

On Monday, February 1, Brownie and I caught a train for

**Philadelphia.** We were met at the station by our Chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, with her car and chauffeur and driven out at once to her lovely place at Merion. There Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain and our courier, Fanny, met us for tea. That evening we had Mr. Drinker's delightful company for dinner and until bedtime. Our conversation ranged, as always when we are together, from deep-sea fishing to the stars.

Mrs. Drinker, Brownie, and I were driven in to Philadelphia on the Tuesday for a Committee luncheon at the Acorn Club, with between twenty and thirty members present. It was one of the most delightful and most constructive meetings that it has ever been my happiness to attend. After the business of the meeting, which included a report by Mrs. J. Jay Hodupp on plans for the Philadelphia Committee to supplement its Bargain Box earnings by a special event, Mrs. Drinker introduced me and, when I had spoken, I introduced Brownie. Everybody was delighted with Brownie's intimate and special report on the nursing work of the Service and its Graduate School. Both in New York and in Philadelphia the audience called on Brownie to describe at first hand her attendance at the Review by Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, of 3,500 district nurses in the gardens of Buckingham Palace and to tell just what the Queen Mother said personally to her.

When the luncheon meeting was over, Brownie went back with the McIlvains for two days and I drove with my sister, Lees, and her husband, Colonel Dunn, to their place in **Delaware** for the same two days. I love the old stone house that Lees and her husband bought and called Brackenwood. The time spent with them was full of that curious blend of one's earliest and oldest recollections with a future that will outlast all time. Col. Dunn put me on a train at Wilmington after lunch on Thursday, February 4. There I found Brownie who had gotten on the same train in Philadelphia. When we pulled into Washington there to meet us was courier Kate Ireland who was connecting up with us from Cleveland. We all took the "George Washington" on the C & O Railroad in the late afternoon. After a comfortable night we reached Lexington. There were, as always, errands to do in Lexington, a few friendly faces of kith and kin to see. After an early lunch we drove back to the mountains in Kate's rented

drive-it-yourself car. In the matter of weather my luck had held all through the three weeks I had been away, and the great snows didn't come until I was home again.

*Mary Breckinridge*

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### FRESH WATER FROM THE SEA

Secretary of the Interior Seaton told the American Watershed Congress meeting here recently some surprising things about water. In 1957, he said, over 1,000 communities, the hometowns of one-seventh of our entire population, endured water shortages to some degree varying from minor inconvenience to an actual absence of water to drink. For some towns there apparently is no choice other than to suffer stagnation of growth or move out, because their water supplies are running out, with no help in sight. Secretary Seaton says in the next twenty years the population of the United States is expected to grow another hundred million, and our water needs nationally will be two or three times what they are now.

To help meet the needs for additional sources of water, the Government is now preparing to build five saline water conversion plants to develop methods of producing fresh water from the sea and from inland brackish water. There are encouraging indications that conversion of salt and brackish water can be made cheap enough for industrial and domestic use. Incidentally, this is being done in that tiny country of Kuwait at the north end of the Persian Gulf. Until they began to sell oil every drop of water was brought in by boat and peddled on the streets. Fancy that!

*Reporting From Washington*  
by Frances P. Bolton

## FIELD NOTES

As always in the winter, WEATHER is very much on our minds. On Saturday, February 13, our section of Kentucky had ten and a half to twelve inches of snow—the most snow at one time some of us had ever seen. And again on February 18 another blizzard hit. It was beautiful but it did complicate the lives of our nurses for whom there was danger in trying to reach their patients. In late November a jeep had skidded off an icy hill and rolled some thirty feet down an embankment, and in February another jeep, taking a nurse and student on a delivery call, slipped off a wooden bridge near the Beech Fork Center and landed in the creek some twenty feet below. Miraculously, in neither case were the girls injured, and in the latter case, nurse and student changed into dry clothes and went on to “catch” their baby. As this is written, we have no lights and no telephone at Wendover, the river is unfordable and the roads are dangerous, and we do not know how the rest of the Service has weathered the recent storm.

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January and February have brought us a flu epidemic with many serious complications which have been particularly hard on babies and young children. Hyden Hospital has been overflowing for weeks. The Hospital has seen many strange sights but the night of February 10 brought one of the oddest. When a sick mother of seven-week-old twins was admitted, the babies were boarded for two nights on a mattress in the bathtub on the general side. They did not seem to mind their impromptu bed a bit!

. . . . .

We welcomed in early January the arrival of Dr. Margaret Ann Livengood as an assistant to Dr. Beasley, for a time. Dr. Livengood is a graduate of the Tufts University School of Medicine in Boston. She has had residencies in pediatrics and general medicine and has given outstandingly good care to the patients who have come to Hyden Hospital during the recent flu epidemic.

. . . . .

The 39th class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

was admitted December 1, with seven students. Madonna Burget, Leona Carlson, and Hilda Hanson had been on the FNS staff. Lorraine Lundeen of Annadale, Minnesota, and Mae Mast of Zeeland, Michigan, are on furlough from the mission field. Ruth May of Ithaca, New York, will return to Labrador where she is with the Grenfell Mission, and Nancy Tappan comes to us from Miami, Florida.

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We are delighted to welcome four new nurses to the FNS staff. British nurse-midwife Jill Ash, from Somerset, England, has just arrived. Stella McKee of New Mexico, and Bobbie Jean Bradford of Georgia, joined us in December, and Janet Hudson of Indiana came in early February. We were sorry when Caryllen Gabbert and Cynthia Humphrey left us to return to their homes in North Carolina and Tennessee.

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Two new jeeps have been added to the FNS fleet to replace two ancient ones which refused to run any more miles. "Vixen" was the gift of the Mary Parker Gill Fund and "Sprinkle" was bought with a legacy from the late Mrs. C. W. Sprinkle of Cincinnati.

. . . . .

Our resident courier, Jean Hollins, had to return to hospital just before Thanksgiving for further surgery. She is making good progress and hopes that she will be able to return to us after the middle of March. She doesn't hope it any more than we do! We understand that Sabina, Jean's dog, has also been under the care of the doctor but is reported to be recovering from her fungus infection.

During Jean's long absence, the work of the Courier Service has been admirably carried by two juniors. Helen (Hought) Barber stayed until January 1, and Gay Reynolds of Hudson, Ohio, sister of old courier Anne Reynolds, came in early January for her field period from Bennington College. We are most grateful to these two girls and to Kate Ireland who has come in a couple of times this winter to help us out with our problems.

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Our Christmas festivities were a great success this year,



thanks to our friends beyond the mountains who sent toys, clothing, and candy, and to our friends here in the mountains who helped with the parties and their preparation. A highlight of this Christmas season was the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at the Baptist Church in Hyden on December 22, with the churches in the Hyden area and the FNS joining to make this beautiful old service possible. We heard many favorable comments on the program and we hope that the people in and around Hyden will want to have it again next year.

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Our guests have been few and far between this winter but most welcome. Miss Hope McCown of Ashland spent ten days with us doing the useful little jobs that only she can do. Margaret Hobson of the ex-staff was in Kentucky for a few days and came up to see us one afternoon. Old courier Theresa Nantz spent her mid-semester vacation from college helping Gay at Wendover. Miss Winifred Bramwell of the General Infirmary in Leeds, England, took time out from her tour of American hospitals to spend a few days at Hyden and Flat Creek. Unfortunately, the mid-February blizzard cancelled a visit from our Blue Grass Chairman, Mrs. F. H. Wright, of Lexington and the Rev. Alfred Shands. As we go to press we are expecting Dr. Douglas M. Haynes, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the University of Louisville, and his chief resident, Dr. William Powers, to spend a couple of days with us.

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### MIDWINTER MIDWIFERY

A district nurse, describing her work in England's rural north, told me about a winter night's drive to deliver a baby.

Snow lay thick on the ground, and her little car got stuck in a drift some distance from her destination—an isolated farmhouse.

"Did you have to give up?" I asked.

"Good gracious, no!" she said. "I arrived like a Saint Bernard dog—on all fours, with my bag in my teeth!"

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| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky.   | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.   |
| Dr. Harvey Chenault, Lexington, Ky.    | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.          |
| Dr. Arnold B. Combs, Lexington, Ky.    | Dr. E. D. Pellegrino, Lexington, Ky.    |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky.       | Dr. Edward H. Ray, Lexington, Ky.       |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky.     | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky.          |
| Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.  | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.    |
| Dr. William R. Willard, Lexington, Ky. |   |

**NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL**

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| Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky.  | Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York                | Miss Evelyn M. Peck, New York            |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, New York               | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich.   |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York        | Miss Ruth Spurrier, Louisville, Ky.      |
| Miss Ruth Doran, Washington, D. C.         | Miss Vanda Summers, New York             |
| Miss Elizabeth M. Folchmer, Baltimore, Md. | Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C.   |
| Miss Janet Geister, Chicago                | Mrs. Marjorie B. Tyler, Louisville, Ky.  |
| Miss Lalla M. Goggans, Washington, D. C.   | Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va.  |
| Miss Jessie Greathouse, Lexington, Ky.     | Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.  |
| Miss Lillian Hudson, New York              | Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md.        |

**FIELD WORKERS****AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**

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

**Secretary to Director**  
Miss Peggy Elmore, B.A.

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

**Executive Secretary**  
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

**Assistant Executive Secretary**  
Miss Patsy Crumley

**Bookkeeper**  
Miss Lucile Hodges

**Record Department**  
Mrs. Cecile Watters

**Quarterly Bulletin and Donor Secretary**  
Mrs. Grace Terrill

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

**Resident Courier**  
Miss Jean Hollins

**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY**

**Medical Director**  
W. B. R. Beasley, M.D.

**Secretary to Medical Director**  
Miss Hope Muncy

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

**Secretary to Superintendent**  
Mrs. Mary Whiteaker

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

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

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

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

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

**AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS**

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

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

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

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

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

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**

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

Miss Rosemary Radcliffe, R.N., S.C.M.; Mrs. Anne deTournay, R.N., C.M.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**

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

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

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**

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

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

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

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

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

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

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . . .

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

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

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

**Its object:**

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

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

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**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

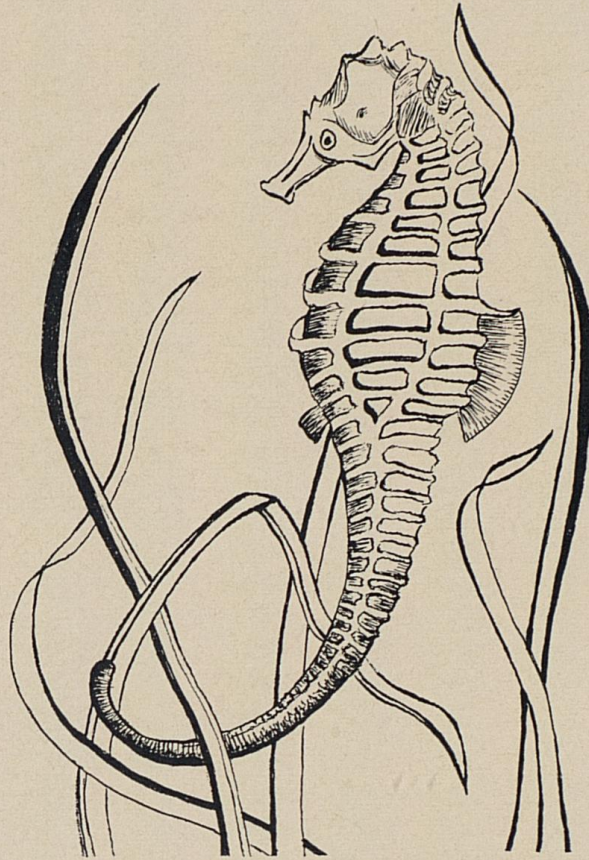
If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

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

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

## THE SEA-HORSE AND HIS BABIES



The male sea-horse is a long-suffering and considerate father. He does practically everything for his progeny. To begin with, he carries the female's eggs in his pouch. This gives him a corpulent pregnant appearance. After they are hatched he continues to carry them until he feels they are old enough to make their own way in the world. When that great day comes he goes through a succession of convulsive contractions in his middle. At each contraction there emerges a stream of tiny sea-horses, dozens and dozens of them. At the end of this process he is exhausted but slim once more and extremely proud of his brood. They play around him in a most affectionate manner. They perch on his head and shoulders and even on the up-curl of his tail. From time to time they make excursions away from him into the surrounding sea, trying out their powers of locomotion. Quickly, however, they lose their nerve and pedal back to papa for reassurance and encouragement. This he gladly and patiently gives until they are grown sufficiently to be on their own away from home and father.

Where mother is all this time nobody knows. She is probably out attending a lecture on "The Hatching and Rearing of Offspring."

"Chela"

