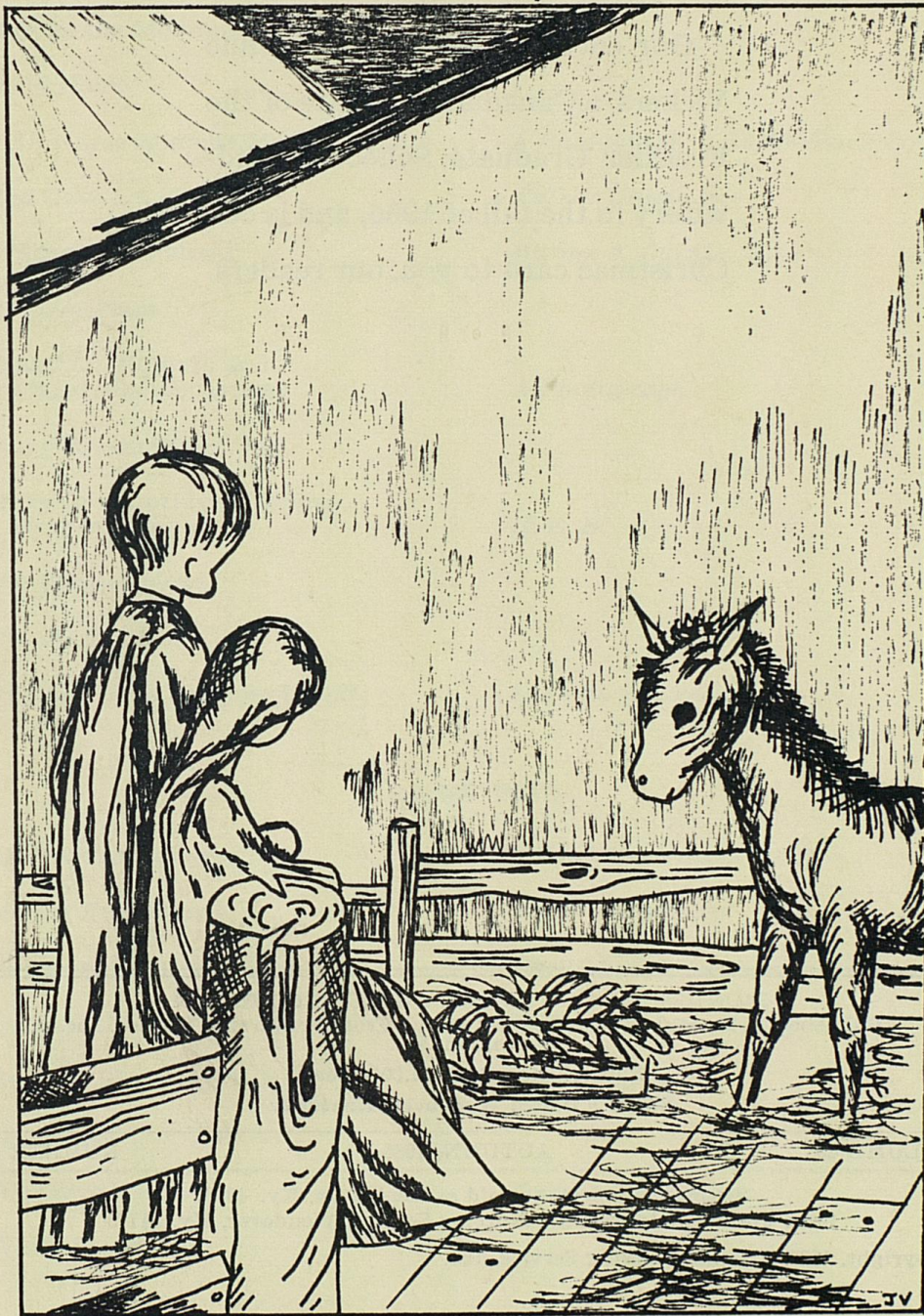


# Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 42

Autumn, 1966

Number 2



Our cover drawing is by Joanne Vickers, a Canadian graduate of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in the fall of 1966, and is our Christmas card to you, our readers.

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## GOD GAVE US

God gave us hills,  
    White hills in the moonlight,  
And lacy gray shadows  
    That quiver and run;  
And light, fluffy snowflakes  
    That sift in the dusklight,  
To a world veiled in stillness  
    As night is begun.

God gave us waters,  
    Ice-bound and frozen;  
God gave us little white  
    Tracks in the snow;  
And little fat sparrows  
    That sleep in the church-tops,  
And bells that peal out  
    To the stillness below.

God gave us Christmas  
    And bright wreaths of holly;  
Taught us, like Jesus,  
    To bless and forgive;  
Filled all our hearts  
    With that peace universal;  
And God gave us love  
    And the spirit to give.

—Author Unknown

## VISITING WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS

by

ROBERTA ERICKSON, R.N.

**Foreword:** Roberta Erickson spent six weeks as a volunteer with the Frontier Nursing Service in the summer of 1965, while she was still a student at the University of Arizona College of Nursing. This story of her experiences in Kentucky is reprinted, with permission, from NURSING OUTLOOK, October, 1966.

I was first made aware of the Frontier Nursing Service by my instructor in obstetric nursing at the University of Arizona College of Nursing. She had been an FNS nurse-midwife for a number of years, and her shared memories aroused my admiration and a sense of curiosity about the work of these remarkable women. Thoughts of working in a somewhat remote area with a unique cultural group were drawing elements, and FNS country sounded like a place where the spirit of adventure was a part of the daily course of events. I wanted to be a part of that adventure.

Was it possible for a senior nursing student to work with the Frontier Nursing Service as a volunteer during the summer months? After a period of correspondence, the reply came from Kentucky, "Yes, we will be glad to have you with us this summer."

Stepping into a land of lush green forests and winding rural mountain roads is an experience in itself for a desert dweller. On arriving in Hyden (where the FNS hospital is located) via a succession of airplanes and buses, I was met by an attractive young courier. It had taken her some time to come, and she explained that a stop had been necessary along the way to put the jeep back together, hastily adding that this particular vehicle was next on the replacement list. She hoisted my suitcase in the back, told me to jump in, and we began our climb to a narrow shelf halfway up Thousandsticks Mountain overlooking Hyden.

Horses were the means of transportation in the early days, for roads had not yet come to the mountains. Occasionally a nurse still saddles up, but for the most part her current steed is

a 4-wheel drive jeep. The couriers who are responsible for the care of the horses and jeeps are valuable members of the FNS staff. These young women volunteer their time and provide excellent service as guides, helpers, and general handy women.

The hospital matron (supervisor) was waiting for us and said tea would soon be ready—the English influence already!

Just before supper every evening, those members of the staff not on duty meet for vespers in St. Christopher's Chapel. It was there, on my first night with the FNS, that I met Helen E. Browne, director of the Service since the death of Mrs. Mary Breckinridge in May, 1965. It was fascinating to meet this woman of whom I had read so much in *Wide Neighborhoods*.<sup>1</sup> "Brownie's" welcome was warm and sincere. It seemed very appropriate that my first common action with the Frontier nurses was kneeling with them in prayer, for the Service was founded on a love of mankind and took for 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."<sup>2</sup>

The remarkable Mrs. Breckinridge began the Frontier Nursing Service in 1925 as a demonstration in the nursing care of mothers and children in remotely rural areas. In the years that have passed since then, the organization has grown to encompass nursing care to the sick in their homes, outpatient clinics, both hospital and district work, social service, midwifery and a graduate school for the training of nurse-midwives, and the offer of its field work for study and observation to those who live beyond the mountains.

Over the 40-year period of its work, the Frontier Nursing Service has cared for almost 58,000 people. There have been more than 14,500 midwifery patients delivered (many in their homes), and only 11 maternal deaths, two of which were not related to puerperal causes. During the last year, 369 registered midwifery patients were delivered by the nurse-midwives and students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Of these, only five were delivered by the medical director. There was no maternal death.

Last year, 1,300 patients made use of the 27 beds and 12 bassinets of Hyden Hospital, and over 18,000 visited the hospital's outpatient clinic. District nurses cared for more than

10,000 persons, paying 23,000 visits to homes and receiving 18,500 visitors at their nursing centers and special clinics.<sup>3</sup>

During my first weeks in Kentucky, I worked at Hyden Hospital in the outpatient clinic-emergency room. Special general clinic days were held twice weekly. Many and varied were the people and their ills that came to us for care—the young miner whose coal-blackened face and hands were reminiscent of a vaudeville showman's, the proud mother whose mentally retarded child had just taken his first steps, the 4-year old who could say "thank you" after having a nasty cut sutured, and the thin, sad woman for whom the doctor prescribed tender loving care. Caring for the mountain youngsters was a special joy. As one FNS nurse put it, it was wonderful helping little children learn to be brave.

I found that the clinic nurse needs to be a skillful evaluator and organizer and learns rapidly to take the responsibility for many tasks essential to the provision of nursing service that are often taken for granted in those well-endowed and advantaged hospitals of our large cities. We did our own autoclaving, participated in the taking of x-rays, did some minor laboratory work, and saw to the use of the county's main pharmaceutical supply which was housed in a rather large cupboard in the clinic.

The latter part of my stay was spent at two of the five outpost nursing centers. The first was Beech Fork, oldest of the outposts, built in 1926 by two nurses who, when they began, knew nothing whatever about construction. That the center stands firmly today shows they must have learned quickly and well.

Then came Wolf Creek, the newest outpost center. A courier and I had quite a ride there. It was raining, the road was a new one through the forest, and very boggy at this point. By means of a crude map, intuition, and "hollerin'" for directions along the way, we finally came to a deep curve in the road and had our first view of Wolf Creek, with its low, white buildings and barns, and its verdant pasturelands spreading toward the mountains.

The outpost nurses are neighbors of the mountain people who live within their districts. They know one another well, and a call for the nurse brings not a stranger, but the services of a trusted friend. When the lanky mountaineer said, "You fellers are mighty fine," he spoke sincerely.

In the district, the jeep becomes an especially valued compatriot. I have been down many rough roads and paths where no other vehicle would have been satisfactory. Our Wolf Creek jeep, "Cappy," traveled ten miles each morning to take us to an elderly woman who needed insulin; it carried an old man with a cane to his cabin so he need not walk so far; it took us up a lonely and forgotten-looking path for an emergency call; it carried two nearly blind women, a young mother with two small children, a small boy, and myself to the center for a special doctor's clinic with the motor stopping only once, and that on the steepest hill.

I have come from the mountains with three distinct and yet interrelated impressions of the Frontier nurses and the people they serve. I became very much aware of the heavy responsibilities carried so willingly by the nurses and nurse-midwives, the loyalty and hospitality of the mountain people, and the joys of a life spent close to natural things.

While the Frontier nurses have the services of an excellent medical director, they are expected to use their heads wisely and well—and they do. I can still see the doctor sitting on a high stool in the Hyden Hospital delivery room, interested in the proceedings and remaining calmly available for a delivery a bit out of the ordinary, but seeing no need to intervene when both mother and child were in capable hands.

Both hospital and district nurses are called on for a high level of judgment and technical skill. Many factors necessitate this; FNS covers some 700 square miles that is yet remote; the population is scattered, with many people living far back in the mountain hollows and along the creeks; and there was but a single physician on the staff at this time. In 1952, Mrs. Breckinridge wrote that ". . . not only does a Frontier nurse-midwife sometimes have to hold the fort until the medical director can reach her, but she often has to take final responsibility in the knowledge that he cannot reach her in time."<sup>4</sup> Although roads, vehicles, and telephones have increased in number and quality, her statement applies today.

Of necessity, the district nurses especially have available a number of standing orders from the medical director and from the Service's medical advisory committee. These physicians have



demonstrated their trust in the acuity of the Frontier nurse's judgments about her patients and her ability to respond with proper treatment.

Health care sometimes goes beyond human concerns. A neighboring family at Wolf Creek had a sick mule. They depended on this animal for their livelihood, and its restored health was as important to them as their own. One of the district nurses took the responsibility to consult a veterinarian in the next county and saw to the carrying out of his instructions. How well I remember the morning and evening walks down the road to administer antibiotic injections to the mule.

Mrs. Breckinridge often commented on the hospitality of the mountain people and their loyalty to friends and kin. I saw this time and time again.

On visits into the homes, there was always a welcome. FNS is highly respected, and simply being recognized as an FNS staff member was the "open sesame" into the mountain of acceptance, welcome, and generosity.

After holding an out-of-district clinic one day, the district nurse and I went to visit a couple and the husband's elderly mother who couldn't come down to us. We gave typhoid immunizations all the way around and stayed for a cup of coffee. Then, on up the road to see another couple. They, too, invited us for coffee. We went into the kitchen, and promptly found ourselves being served spareribs, cabbage, fried potatoes, green beans, fresh tomatoes, biscuits, cookies, and coffee. They had made extensive preparations just in case the nurses happened to stop by.

If any one characteristic of family life is outstanding, it is the Kentucky mountaineer's love for his children. The child comes first. I often saw an adult stop his work just to caress a small son or daughter who appeared at his knee. The children of these hills are among the most beautiful I have ever seen. On their mothers' rich milk, they grow chubby, glossy haired, and rosy cheeked. It was a joy just to sit and watch them play and hear them speak mountain dialect, which their size and youthful voices made all the more charming.

But as the young are beautiful, with maturity the mountaineer seems to age beyond his years. Life can be hard, and for

those who have married in their early teens and raised large families, the strains are plainly visible in their lanky strength and the gauntness of their faces.

In the city, our lives are rushed and hurried. When we turn to worship, we call for the relief of quietness, darkness, and peace. Reverence is a bowed head, folded hands, and a silent prayer. In contrast, mountain life carries an intense loneliness unknown to the city dweller. Life is not easy, and it is often lived in relative seclusion. When the mountaineer praises his God, he does so with jubilation. At a service I attended one evening, the music was by banjo, guitar, tambourine, and cymbals. The worshipers sang, and their singing was magnificent and powerful. They stamped their feet and clapped their hands to accent the rhythm, and their expressions showed the intense feeling of the moment. The psalmist who wrote, "Praise Him with timbrel and dance; praise Him with strings and pipe; praise Him with sounding cymbals; praise Him with loud clashing cymbals!", would have been quite at home in the mountains.<sup>5</sup>

At this same meeting, it was made known to the group that one of their own was desperately ill and in need of blood donations. On returning to the hospital later that evening, I found that several of them were already there to take action on their loyalty to a brother in need.

The supporting nature of this loyalty became very personally evident when tragedy befell an FNS nurse. One of our English nurse-midwives was showing her visiting sister some of the area. As they traveled up a one-lane, dirt road, their jeep triggered a crude dynamite bomb which had been in no way intended for them. Both were severely injured, the sister receiving the full force of the explosion.

The mountain people responded immediately in word and deed. All expressed their concern and did their best to relieve our work at this time. Churchwomen in Hyden collected donations to help with the expenses of long treatment. The citizens of the county were deeply distressed that not only had one of their nurses been hurt, but a visitor to their country had also suffered.

The Frontier nurses demonstrate a close bond between the citizens of two nations. British and Americans have jointly carried on the work of the Service since its organization. When Mrs.

Breckinridge began her work in Kentucky, she saw a definite place for the nurse-midwife. Since none were then trained in the United States, she drew her early staff from England. Indeed, many of the present Frontier nurses claim British citizenship. At our Independence Day celebration, it seemed quite fitting to begin with a "march" of the Americans on the British. Retaliation came later with the sailing of the "H.M.S. Boston," a FNS jeep serving for the moment as a British battleship.

Underlying the humor and good feelings of the group were intense loyalty and comradeship. Always present in everyday working relationships, it was at that time poignantly visible. On one of the walls in the "big house," Mrs. Breckinridge's home at Wendover (FNS headquarters) are the flags of both countries, their staffs crossed in union.

The lure of service in the out-of-doors was one of the reasons I had been drawn to the Frontier Nursing Service. We were close to natural things in the most literal sense. In the district, we grew much of our own produce, and many families shared their garden products with us. Wild blackberries abounded in certain spots and found their way into many delightful dishes. The bank of a stream was the place to stop for dinner and the refreshment of its coolness. A thick coat of dust enveloped us as the jeep churned up the dry summer crust of the dirt roads.

Salaried employment often takes people away from the security of dependence on natural things, but when employment, too, is taken away, life can be extremely difficult. One afternoon I visited an antepartum patient in her home. She seemed glad that someone had come, and she told me about the ten of them living there. Her husband was unemployed and had no opportunity for even the government-sponsored work programs for another six months. It was hard to find odd jobs, but he managed to get his family by. Yet, even with the absence of economic security, this family was not without its joy. The husband was proud of his family, and his wife eagerly pointed out several promotion-to-high-school certificates and pictures on the walls. The children played like happy children everywhere.

An aspect of life I found most wonderfully natural was childbirth. So very often today, we take birth out of the mainstream of living and surround it with an aura of unnaturalness in which

not even the mother is a fully alert participant. But childbirth is an ever new miracle. I remember one mother at Hyden Hospital inquiring excitedly throughout her delivery about the new baby: Had its head come yet? What did it look like? Was it a boy or a girl? Question after question. How her features lighted as she gazed on her newly "caught" boy-child.

The wonder of childbirth is not without its humorous side. One day toward the middle of the summer, a woman visited the hospital clinic complaining of stomach pains. A while later one of the nurses helped her into the bathroom, and—splash!!—wahhhh!!— she unexpectedly gave birth to a 5-pound baby boy. The strange thing was that neither she nor any of the staff realized she was pregnant!

Most of the FNS nurses are young. They come from beyond the mountains where they could receive two or three times the salaries FNS can afford to pay them. All are thus, in part, volunteers who channel their altruism and energies into a most worthwhile service. In skills and judgment, they are mature beyond their years. They are highly respected by the mountain people they care for, by visitors from all over the world who have come to study the Service as a model, and by at least one student from the desertland of Arizona.

I went to Kentucky seeking adventure. I found adventure and very much more. I learned that nursing care can be given as a natural part of life, that heavy responsibilities can be carried with light hearts, and that loyalty and hospitality are more than just desirable virtues. I have a better understanding of rural America and the type of nursing care that meets the needs of its people. There is now a personal basis of experience for my admiration of frontier nursing with its honest concern, worthwhile and responsible service, and the joy of a life lived close to natural things. Mrs. Breckinridge wrote:

My own longing for adventure and hardship when I was young, my own choice of nursing as the field in which I felt I could give the most service, enable me to understand the motives that lead most of my young associates to the Frontier Nursing Service for at least two or three years of their buoyant lives. It will be sad if the time comes when such aspirations of the ardent young heart find no answering echo from the leaders of nursing.<sup>6</sup>

Neither buildings nor equipment can be given credit for the excellent nursing care provided by the Frontier Nursing Service,

for its facilities do not compare with those of the modern city hospitals. The nurses make the difference—and it is this kind of difference that I hope will *always* be a part of my own nursing care. I returned from Kentucky with a belief in the value of nursing care:

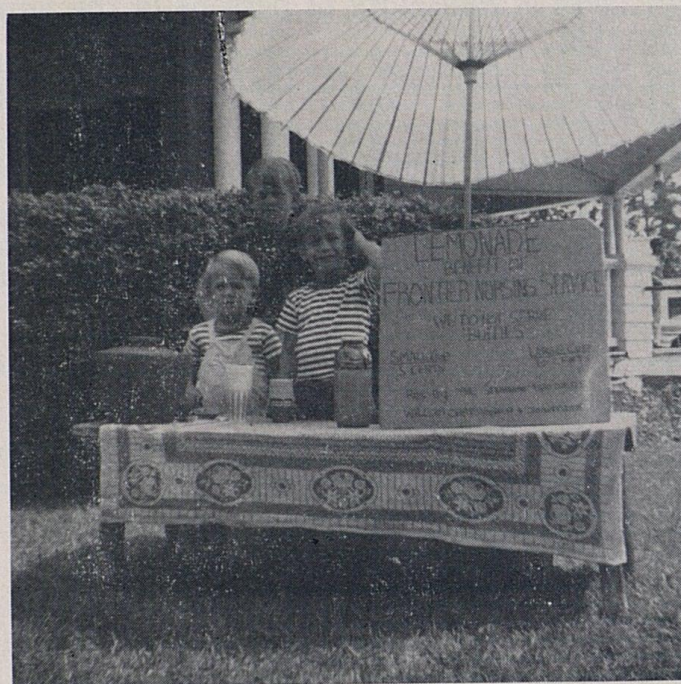
- which is given in the home as a part of everyday living
- where there is continuity of persons in the nurse-patient relationship
- where life is unhurried and there is always enough time to “sit a spell”
- when necessary reliance on one’s own thinking leads to ingenuity and dedication
- which is adaptable in principle and practice to different times and places and to the constantly changing profession of nursing.

1. Breckinridge, Mary. *Wide Neighborhoods*. New York, Harper & Row, 1952.
2. Isaiah 40:11. (King James’ Version)
3. Frontier Nursing Service, Inc. Fortieth annual report. *Front.Nurs.Serv. Quart.Bull.* 41:11-15, Summer 1965.
4. Breckinridge, *op. cit.*, p. 308.
5. Psalm 150:4-5. (Revised Standard Version)
6. Breckinridge, *op. cit.*, p. 305.

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### SAYINGS OF OUR CHILDREN

Small boy concerning his sister: “If she starts that cheer-leadin’ stuff today, I’ll clobber her, ’cause it puts a headache in my nerves.”



JONATHAN, WILLIAM, AND CHRISTOPHER SPARROW

Sons of Dr. and Mrs. Frank A. Sparrow (Old Courier Anne Reynolds)

These enterprising youngsters sold lemonade over a long week end to the crowd who went to Woodstock, Vermont, to the Antique Car Show early in the summer. (See Old Courier News.)

## A HOME VISIT

by

JULIET DAVENPORT

Louisville, Kentucky, Courier

The day broke bright at Wolf Creek and the trees on the surrounding mountainsides glowed with a proud green from their washing in the night. It was a confused day—neither summer nor fall but vying for the best of both seasons. I could see my breath in the chilly morning air while the sun, with a promise of later heat, warmed my face. A good day.

With her nursing bag packed and stowed in our jeep, the district nurse and I set off on our spine-shattering, bottle-clanking ride down the rutty road to visit the sick patients in need of a house call. Having had no medical training beyond a waterfront lifesaving course, I was of no practical use to the nurse but I wouldn't dream of missing these opportunities afforded me to talk with the Kentucky mountain families, and to be graciously admitted into their homes. We have never been met without enthusiasm and warm hospitality. In fact, it's sometimes difficult to get away for other business without "settin' a spell" first.

The sun fulfilled its promise and the day was hot as we stopped for the fourth and last call. The exterior of the house was impressively neat with a well-tended flower garden bordering the walk, and a fresh coat of paint on the porch floor.

As we entered the house I was immediately struck by a pair of wide and very blue liquid eyes fastened on me from one of the most kindly and intelligent, elderly faces I have seen. Her hair was white and as silky as the summer coat of a grass-fed pony; and she smelled of sun-filled linen and warm toast. Her ample lap, as she sat down, was inviting and had undoubtedly soothed many a troubled head in the past. She spoke with the attractive softness of speech characteristic of the Kentucky mountaineer, as she bid us sit down.

An unfamiliar sight in these remote houses was the piano which stood in the corner—a big, polished upright piano which obviously was the pride of the family. At our urging our hostess sat at the bench to play. One could not help but notice her hands with long, thin, sensitive fingers. She looked straight ahead,

and as her fingers searched and fumbled for the opening chord, I suddenly realized that she was blind. As she played an old familiar hymn, the room seemed filled with a happiness inseparable from the sorrow and pain which she buttressed with her faith. The age which had taken her sight had in return given her a dignity reserved for very few.

I wondered what she could have told us about her past and the close link which her life had had with her ancestors, the courageous pioneers who had stopped on their way west to settle here among these rugged mountains of promise and incredible beauty.

Our duties done, her great, blue eyes filled with tears as we prepared to leave. Unflinching, she accompanied us to the porch and begged us to come back for Sunday dinner or sooner if we could. For comfort she held out her hand and I felt the strength of her grasp as her fingers closed around mine. Slowly, as her sightless eyes fastened upon my face, she raised my hand to her lips and kissed it.

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### QUICK QUIPS

The bank robber shoved a note across to the teller. It read: "Put the money in a bag, sucker, and don't make a move."

The teller pushed back another note: "Straighten your tie, stupid, we're taking your picture."

—*Modern Maturity*, Oct.-Nov., 1966



## MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY

### The Craft Show

The festivities for the Fifth Annual Mary Breckinridge Day began on Friday night, September 30, with a Craft Show held in the library of the Leslie County High School. Mrs. Edward N. Farmer was chairman of the Show and she had assembled a delightful display.

Mrs. Nannie Shepherd, Mrs. Frank Sizemore, Mrs. Flora Wilson, Mrs. Violet Simpson, and Mrs. Dallie Joseph were there with their lovely quilts, bonnets, pillow covers, and other needlework. Mrs. Eliza Hall again showed her entrancing cornshuck dolls and Mrs. Eddie J. Moore exhibited some of the handwork done by her grandmother. Mrs. Lundy Adams had a booth of needlework from the Hound Dog Industries in Blackey, Kentucky. Bob Melton showed some of his handmade furniture and Jim Hayes some of his oil paintings. Miss Jean Tolk and Miss Zilpha Roberts sold many lovely articles, made by the women of the Dryhill Community, for the benefit of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital Fund. The young people of the Wooton area contributed half of the profits from the sale of their handicrafts to the Hospital Fund. Lorraine Jerry and Jane Lossing had set up a most attractive booth to display furniture and needlework of all kinds made by residents of the Flat Creek area, and Mable Spell and Elsie Maier helped with the booth where articles made by the young people of the Big Creek Community were sold. Mrs. Cleveland Marcum donated one of her own lovely paintings to be sold for the benefit of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital Fund.

Much hard work had gone into the preparation of these exhibits and the Show, which continued on Saturday, was a huge success.

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### The Parade and Program

Unfortunately, Mary Breckinridge Day dawned chill and rainy and the parade, originally scheduled for 10:00 a.m., had to be postponed. At a little after eleven o'clock the parade came into view, winding along the road below the bend of the river. An honor guard of four soldiers, proudly bearing the flags of their country and their state, led the cavalcade. Immediately

behind were Kate Ireland, Sue Cross and Marie Sullivan riding Ace, Boo Daddy and Trigger. Then came the floats and the jeeps, the pony club and the school band, the 4-H Club and the contestants for the title of "Queen of the Day", with their escorts and attendants. After them walked groups of school children and more jeeps and cars filled with guests and friends. The parade must have stretched a good mile.

It was a beautiful and moving picture in a beautiful and impressive setting: the brown, rolling river in the foreground, the grey road beyond filled with movement and color, and, above and behind, the backdrop of the green covered mountainside where the trees were just beginning to flash the first glories of their autumn colors.

The ceremonies on the school grounds were opened by the Reverend William George, president of the Leslie County Ministerial Association, who gave the Invocation. Judge George Wooton gave the welcoming address and crowned Miss Glenda Morgan the Mary Breckinridge Day Queen. A drill was presented by the Bridle and Saddle Club.

Dr. Francis Hutchins, the President of Berea College, the honored guest of the day, made the principal address. Mr. Woodrow Sizemore, Chairman of the local drive for funds for the Mary Breckinridge Hospital, made his report, and announced that a tentative goal of \$25,000.00 was within a few dollars of being achieved. Miss Helen E. Browne, Director of the FNS spoke briefly before presenting the awards and trophies for the floats. The judges must have had a difficult task, for all the floats represented real imagination and originality of thought and much hard and patient labor on the part of their creators.

After the program a hot luncheon of chicken and fish was served. It was delicious and most welcome for, although the rain had ceased, there was a cold wind, and the sunshine, which appeared fitfully, was weak and watery. In spite of the weather, there was a good crowd and everybody had a good time.

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#### The Pony Show

An exciting innovation of this year's Mary Breckinridge Day was the first Pony Show of the Bridle and Saddle Club. Enthusiastic young Hyden riders Pam Farmer, Mary Elam and

Sherri Lewis encouraged all local pony owners to enter at least two of the five classes. These classes were: Equitation (very small ponies), Equitation (large ponies-horses), Pairs (assorted sizes), Musical Newspapers (very exciting) and the Egg-and-Spoon Race (in which it was proved that some ponies prefer oats to eggs). Most of the ponies and riders had been attending the weekly classes on the care and management of horses under the direction of Kate Ireland and Anne Cundle. Participating courier-instructors have been Laura Carpenter, Wendy Wood, Barbara Van Cleave, Janet Dann, and Julie Davis. The show was organized by Kate Ireland. The judges, former couriers "Tips" Stevenson Harper and Jan McMillan Montgomery, awarded blue, red, and white ribbons in each class.

The youngsters displayed exceptional ability and rapport with their mounts and were enthusiastic and good sports. The interest shown by the boys and girls of Hyden in the show and in the care and management of their mounts certainly justifies this new courier community project, which appears to be an enormous success.

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Never in the history of the race has so much of what is called action consisted merely of passing the whole thing along in a memo, with a half-dozen carbons.

—*The Colonial Crier*, Nov.-Dec. 1965,  
Colonial Hospital Supply Company  
Chicago, Illinois

## GRADUATION ADDRESS

by

MARION A. CARNES, M.D.

NOTE: Dr. Carnes, Chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology, University of Kentucky Medical Center, came to Hyden to address the 51st Class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery on September 3, 1966.

The trained nurse as a factor in life may be regarded from many points of view—philanthropic, social, personal, professional and domestic. To her virtues we have been exceedingly kind. To her faults—well let us be blind, since this is neither the place nor the time to expose them.

Is she an added blessing or an added horror in our beginning civilization? Speaking from the point of view of a sick man, I take my stand firmly on the latter view, for several reasons. No man with any self-respect cares to be taken off guard. Sickness dims the eye, pales the cheek, roughens the chin, and makes a man a scarecrow, not fit to be seen by his wife, to say nothing of a strange woman.

Moreover she will take such unwarrantable liberties with a fellow! So far as she is concerned you are again in swathing bands, and in her hands you are, as of yore, a helpless lump of human clay. She will stop at nothing, and between baths and spongings and feeding and temperature-taking you are ready to cry with Job the cry of every sick man—"Cease then, and let me alone."

For generations has not this been his immemorial privilege, a privilege with vested rights as a deep-seated animal instinct—to turn his face toward the wall, to sicken in peace, and, if he so wishes, to die undisturbed? All this the trained nurse has made impossible.

And more, too. The tender mother, the loving wife, the devoted sister, the faithful friend, and the old servant who ministered to his wants and carried out the doctor's instructions so far as were consistent with the sick man's wishes, all are gone, these old familiar faces; and now you reign supreme, and have added to every illness a domestic complication of which our father knew nothing.

You have upturned an inalienable right in displacing those

whom I have just mentioned. You are intruders, innovators, and usurpers, dislocating, as you do, from their tenderest and most loving duties these mothers, wives and sisters. The handing over to a stranger the care of a life precious beyond all computation may be one of the greatest earthly trials. Not a little of all that is most sacred is sacrificed to your greater skill and methodical ways.

View yourselves occasionally with the eyes of your patients!

Except in the warped judgment of the sick man, for which I have the warmest sympathy, but no respect, you are regarded as an added blessing, with, of course, certain limitations.

In his chapter on Instinct, in the *Origin of the Species*, Darwin gives a graphic account of the marvelous care-taking capacity of the little *Formica fusca*—a slave ant. One of these “introduced into a company of her masters who were helpless and actually dying for lack of assistance, instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors, made some cells, and tended the larvae and put all to rights.”

**PUT ALL TO RIGHTS!** How often have I thought of this expression and of this incident when at your word I have seen order and quiet replace chaos and confusion, not alone in the sick-room, but in the household.

In one of the lost books of Solomon, a touching picture is given of Eve, by then an early grandmother, bending over little Enoch, and showing Mahala how to soothe his suffering and allay his pains. Woman, trained in a bitter school, has in successive generations played the part of Mahala to little Enoch, of Elaine to the wounded Lancelot.

It seems a far cry from the plains of Mesopotamia and the lists of Camelot to the FNS and Leslie County, but the spirit that makes this scene possible is the same, tempered through the ages by the benign influence of Christianity.

The history of man is a grim record of passions and ambitions, of weaknesses and vanities; all too often a record of barbaric inhumanity. Even today, when we should like to believe our thoughts had widened, man is ready as of old to “shut the gates of mercy and turn loose the dogs of war.”

It was during one such orgy of destructive inhumanity that

your previously ill-defined profession took its modern position under the direction of Florence Nightingale.

Since man is inherently of feeble will and strong desires, "taints of blood and brain," there must be many with broken heads, broken bodies, broken spirits who need some shelter in which to recover or perhaps to die, a place that spares him judgment but provides him love and peace and rest.

Throughout the tapestry that pictures man's course through time is this juggernaut of self-destruction powered by man's avarice. Reinforcing this dismal thread is the equally gloomy thread of man's other adversary—Nature, taking the child from the cradle, the mother from her baby, the father from the family.

Playing counterpoint to these is the bright skein that draws the Mahalas, the Elaines, the Florence Nightingales, the FNS.

And what picture will you leave in this tapestry? What sort of monument will you leave to your self? You will be represented as the blessing of Him in whose footsteps you have walked, unto whose sick you have ministered, and for whose children you have cared.

I dare to preach to students for one reason—that they preach to me. One by his love of practice, another by his love of science; one by his confidence, another by his diffidence; one by what he can do, another by what he can do without.

I dare to preach to you—but of what shall I preach? There are customary topics for such an occasion as this: Faith; Courage; Mercy; Love; Patience—usually the title of this one is "The Patience of Job." I wonder if Job was ever on night duty?

Who am I to exhort you thus—I, who have learned of such qualities from you? Let me speak instead of discipline, and curiosity, and uncertainty.

The truly great practitioners of any of the healing arts—physician, nurse, technician—are not the rare geniuses but the disciplinarians. One should be, by psychiatric definition, a bit unsound to be a good practitioner—a compulsive perfectionist. Each and every little detail of every moment in each experience must be completely and perfectly attended to without compromise, every time. The truly outstanding practitioner thus does not characteristically exhibit flashes of brilliance, but burns with the

fabled constant blue-white flame. This is possible only through discipline.

Discipline may be the only bulwark available to us against some of the viscissitudes to be thrust upon us.

One penance we must accept is that of gossip, ill-will, distrust. Like the pilgrim condemned to walk to Rome with peas in his shoes, let's accept the penance but **boil the peas**. This is the solvent action on gossip of a good temper and a clear conscience produced through discipline.

The most effective defense against our opposition—the anti-vaccinationists, the cultists, the superstitious—is the production of facts borne out by the discipline of observing and recording. Armed with such recorded facts, we have a countersuit to false charges. When they say "it is for our sins we suffer," you can convince them that the sanitary drainage is bad. When they say "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," you may reply "Yes, but the milk should have been sterilized."

The art of medicine is not like any other art. The painter may change or discard a sketch, the sculptor may remodel his clay, the actor may rehearse in private. The art of medicine works in lives, and by a mistake injures not an image of life, but life.

Man must share his successes, he cannot share his failures. A measure of man's greatness is his response to disaster—the salvaging of pieces and the rebuilding. Discipline gives man strength to override disappointment, to pick up the pieces, to rebuild.

In order for discipline to remain alive, it must be nurtured by curiosity. We must reexamine constantly our practice, our criteria of acceptability, and our results. Do we ever approach our goals? We should not.

Are new concepts true because we are told they are true, because we wish them to be true, because of vague isolated impression, or because we have observed and recorded facts that will establish a truth?

May we never stop wondering, nor stop examining.

Dr. Charles Aring, American Neurological Association: "To become satisfied with uncertainty, indeed, to be happy with it, is a characteristic of the steady mind; a tolerance of ambiguities

is the key to a genuinely stable character. Strange as it may seem to some, the equilibrium of the happy life is an oscillating one."

Thoughtful people do not see their universe in unchanging patterns; a static world is not now, never was, and never will be.

My plea is that your medical future be built around the uncertainties. Welcome the ambiguities, and be organized around change. I pray that curiosity will help you unravel the ambiguities, that discipline will strengthen you through the uncertainties.

As I would pray for these things for you, I think of the prayer of Juvenal, when he said, "We know not how to pray. We pray for wealth, glory, eloquence, beauty, strength, long life: and the easy-going gods grant our prayers, and thereby we bring on ourselves misery and ruin."

There are gifts you can give to yourself, God or no God: a sound mind in a sound body; a brave heart, free from the fear of death; a grateful heart that will not sully the beauty of a single day by being upset by trifles. These gifts are not enough.

Do pray to God for a fair measure of the love of science, a good memory, a quiet manner, the accurate use of your hands and your senses. Pray even for opposites: for humility and pride; for plodding business-ways and wings of ambition; for a will both stubborn and flexible; and above all, for that one gift which has been the making of the best of our profession, the grace of simplicity of purpose.

I wish you Godspeed.

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### MEN OF FEW WORDS

"I don't like to say anything that might embarrass the summer boarders," said an old farmer to his new hired man. "If I frown at you when we are at the table, that means for you to quit eating."

"All right," replied the hired man, "I don't like to say much myself. If I frown back at you, that means I ain't goin' to stop."

—*Modern Maturity*,  
December-January 1966



## MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL

### Progress Report

Preliminary plans for the Mary Breckinridge Hospital have been presented by our architect. Various members of the staff have studied the plans, and have made suggestions for change and improvement. We are all overjoyed at the prospect of having more space in which to work and teach. Late in the summer we procured the option on a piece of property at the bottom of Hospital Hill within the city limits of Hyden. A plot of almost level ground in Leslie County is a wonder to behold and most attractive to those of us who have struggled with "crawling hill-sides" over the years. In early November the Water Commissioners of Leslie County received the good news that the county will receive a federal grant for a public water supply for Hyden and surrounding areas. Here is the solution to one of our big problems—water for the Mary Breckinridge Hospital! Our Board of Governors approved the purchase of this property for the site of the new hospital.

Miss Kate Ireland of Cleveland, Ohio and Mr. Brooke Alexander of New York City are the co-chairmen of the FNS Development Committee. At a meeting of this committee in the fall the members reviewed the favorable report of the fund-raising survey we had made during the summer, and laid the groundwork for plans for a campaign for capital building funds. We will publish progress reports of the plans as they are developed.

Our friends and neighbors in Leslie and Clay Counties, with the residents of Hazard, Harlan, London and Manchester, conducted a local fund drive during the summer. They succeeded in raising the magnificent sum of \$25,000.00, and have hopes of additional gifts during the months ahead. Our readers will rejoice with us in the knowledge that our mountain communities realize the urgent need, and want to help us build the Mary Breckinridge Hospital. Through members of our local committees every family in the FNS area was given the opportunity to contribute to the fund. Mr. Paul Cook, chairman of our Beech Fork Committee, designed a sign showing a baby climbing a ladder to reach the goal of \$25,000.00. The baby is now sitting on top of the ladder, and we are hoping his twin will soon start

climbing the rungs toward a second goal! We are deeply grateful to the men and women who gave many hours of their time to make the campaign a success. We want to make special mention of Mr. Woodrow Sizemore, local campaign chairman, for his guidance and encouragement to all groups; and to Mr. Fred Bra-shear who received and accounted for the many contributions amounting to fifty cents from a child to a thousand dollars from a local trustee. We give special thanks to Mr. C. V. Cooper and Mr. L. D. Gorman of Hazard for their help, including the use of the local radio station for publicity.

Dr. Mary Pauline Fox, our assistant Medical Director and Helen E. Browne were appointed by Kentucky's Health Commissioner, Dr. Russell E. Teague, to serve on the Regional Health Facilities Planning Committee. Members of this board represent five counties in eastern Kentucky which include FNS territory. Working with the Division of Medical Care from the State Health Department, this group is drawing up a plan of comprehensive care for the five-county area. This plan will be presented to a federal agency for approval before the end of the year. The proposed Mary Breckinridge Hospital will play a part in this regional plan, and modern facilities will enable us to strengthen and broaden our educational program for registered nurses.

H. E. B.

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“We have found it necessary to keep more horses than nurses, because horses haven't the resistance of nurses and are out of condition much oftener.”

—Mary Breckinridge, *Field Notes*,  
*Quarterly Bulletin*, March 1929.

**OLD COURIER NEWS**

Edited by  
JUANETTA MORGAN

**From Mrs. Charles Lynnwood Brown (Kirby Coleman),  
Raleigh, North Carolina—August, 1966**

We have spent this past year studying in Europe with the children. We traveled before Christmas spending Christmas in Jerusalem. We then rented a house in Geneva, Switzerland and everybody studied except me; I was busy with friends and house-keeping.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Ranlet Miner, Jr. (Beth Kidd),  
St. Paul, Minnesota—August 16, 1966**

All is well and busy with us. Ranny finishes summer school this Friday and we are off to Madeline Island in Lake Superior for two weeks. Unfortunately, Ranny will have to be down here a few days doing admissions work for school, so Tim, Nugget and I will fend for ourselves in our little rented cottage. I am anxious to look for land up there as I really love it. It isn't too far from the twin cities and is a glorious spot.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Barbara G. Smith (Barbara Glazier),  
New Britain, Connecticut—August 19, 1966**

I am busy teaching new laryngectomees. At the moment I have seven students of my own. It is so thrilling when one makes his or her first sound that I get just as excited as the student. I attended our International Association of Laryngectomees Convention in Chicago in August—next year it will be held in Cincinnati.

. . . . .

**From Birch Hincks, New Haven, Connecticut—August 22, 1966**

Just a quick note because I'm in the throes of moving! Have just finished my master's in public health at Yale, and am moving to New York City to work in a demonstration medical anti-poverty project in the Bronx. I'll be the health educator for the project—am really excited about it!

**From Mrs. Frank Augustus Sparrow (Anne Reynolds),  
Woodstock, Vermont—September 8, 1966**

Enclosed please find a hard-earned but delightfully easy-to-part-with ten dollar bill. Our enterprising three young sons earned twice this amount over a long weekend selling lemonade to the hot and tired crowd who came to Woodstock to see the antique cars earlier this summer. They were so astonished at their intake that they decided to share it with the mountain children—they love to ask me about them. I have never been so pleased or happy about anything. They have instructed me to send the money to you. Please do with it as you see fit—they do ask that it go to help a child or children.

We have had a good summer. Gay (*her sister*), Malcolm and year-old Mary were here for a month or so and we had a glorious time in Little Compton, Rhode Island where Daddy has a home. The weather and ocean and company were ideal and I wish that it had never ended.

I've been kept busy with nine Golden Retriever puppies produced on Father's Day by our lovely and devoted mother dog. What fun they were and how I hated to part with them! We have kept a handsome male, and such a good puppy, that the boys have named him Happy.

Daddy was so pleased that he was able to donate the microscope in memory of Mother—how she would have loved to give it herself just because it was the right sort of thing!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Richard Storrs (Frenny Rousmaniere),  
Oyster Bay, New York—September 9, 1966**

What a confusing summer we've had! One boy is working in a Japanese bank for the summer before returning to finish at Yale. Another was in Denmark. One girl taught tennis at a club in Massachusetts and the other took care of three little ones in Connecticut; and they both kept returning for weekends or days off. Ayer spent many days with her year-old son at the pool here and has just gone to Germany with her husband to show him to the grandparents there. We have had several international students here plus many other visitors, and it's been great fun and interesting to be able to relax and compare different school systems and political set-ups.

**From Mrs. W. N. Haldeman (Jane Norton),  
Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts**  
—September 21, 1966

Four weeks ago I had a miracle operation, shaft arthroplasty, which has really fixed this old hip. It was a great shock to find we would have to come to Boston to be able to walk on two feet again. So, as there was no choice, off we flew and are really having a very good time. Mardi and Sue Perry have been so darling, as have many friends and some friends of friends. Sue, as you know, is a physical therapist at Massachusetts General, a breathing specialist, and popped in and out often. She sailed last Friday for Europe—her first.

Mrs. Patterson came by to see me last week, when she was here for the Boston Committee Meeting. Wasn't that nice of her? Also, I had a lovely bouquet from "The Boston FNS Couriers." I was so touched by both.

. . . .

**From Fredericka Holdship, Athens, Greece**  
—September 22, 1966

We fell in love with the Island of Rhodes and hated to leave it today. The sea is so very blue and the people so friendly. They still live within the walls of the old castle. We went to see "Sound and Light" one night which was built outside the castle walls. It depicted the invasion of the Turks in 1522. Off to Austria tomorrow! Probably land in a snow storm!

. . . .

**From Wendy Wood, Frederick, Maryland**  
—September 22, 1966

I can't begin to thank you all for an incredibly wonderful six weeks as a courier. I learned so much and know that it was one of the most valuable experiences of my life so far. I look back on the FNS and feel so privileged to have had some small part in it. I want very much to return as soon as possible.

Hood College has revised its curriculum so that the planned courses at Johns Hopkins can be taken here and lectures by Hopkins professors are scheduled. I'm coming back to FNS as a doctor in ten years if you'll have me!

**From Jean Woodruff, Boston, Massachusetts**

—September 30, 1966

I'm now in my second year of nursing here at the Deaconess Hospital. Our first year ended September 26th. About seventeen of us sang for the baccalaureate and graduation, at which time we got our second year bands for our caps. In our second-year program we work twenty hours a week on the units and twenty hours a week in classes. We get up at 6:00 a.m. and generally work through 11:00 p.m. each day.

We spent the summer here as we have classes all year. One of my grandmothers gave me her car for the month of August and I spent each weekend in Chatham, New York, as a part-time riding counselor. It was a beautiful arrangement.

. . . .

**From Mrs. William A. Small, Jr. (Susan Spencer),****Tucson, Arizona—October 2, 1966**

Our Andrew is no longer a baby. At the age of seven months he stands very well and weighs 21½ pounds. We are all devoted to him though we try not to spoil him.

We all went to California this summer and then we took our two eldest, Ricky and Billy, for a week in Wisconsin. They fell in love with Wisconsin. We canoed, caught fish and prowled the woods.

I would have loved attending the Courier Conclave. I do hope you had a good representation. I am most anxious to hear how the hospital plans are progressing.

. . . .

**From Mrs. William W. Wotherspoon (Mary Bulkley),****Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan—October 3, 1966**

I just want you to know right away what a huge success the Courier Chairmen Conclave really was. In trying to tell about the Mary Breckinridge Day Festival, I wish I could describe the friendliness and beauty of Leslie County or bring some of it back here with me.

After hearing about the plans for the new hospital, I feel sure it will become a fact before long.

**From Charlotte Clark, New York City—October 4, 1966**

Thank you ever so much for the wonderful two days that Allison and I had with you. It was great fun to see so many old friends and to meet the new FNS people.

. . . .

**From Mrs. David Gilbert ( Julie Foster ),  
Williams, Oregon—October 13, 1966**

We have moved from Alaska and now live on a 40-acre farm in southern Oregon. Our "family" now includes our 10-month-old son, Matthew, 3 horses, 3 rabbits, 3 steers, 13 chickens, 2 sheep and one dwarf Hereford heifer. This is also deer country and there are lots of them running around.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Gerald G. Tyrrell (Janie Haldeman),  
Louisville, Kentucky—October 18, 1966**

Thank you very, very much for the lovely weekend you gave me at Wendover. It is always such a joy to come back, and it was a treat to see Barbara Van Cleave and Jill Davenport "in action."

. . . .

**From Candace Wilder, Montclair, New Jersey  
—October 21, 1966**

I received your letter just before leaving for Peace Corps Training in Albany, New York. This evening our group flies from New York and Sunday morning we will be in New Delhi, India. If all goes well for the last five weeks of the training we will be placed in pairs in small Indian villages for twenty-one months. Sounds exciting and I can't believe it!

. . . .

We extend our deepest sympathy to **Evelyn Bouscaren Perrin** in the loss of her father this summer.

. . . .

WEDDINGS

Miss Janet Lou Craig of West Liberty, Ohio, and Mr. John Joseph DeTe of Bellefontaine, Ohio, on September 24, 1966.

Miss Laura Popham Riley of New Hartford, Connecticut,

and Mr. Stuart James Gilbert of Killington, Vermont, on October 8, 1966.

We send a host of good wishes to these young brides and their lucky husbands.

. . . . .  
**BABIES**

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Oliver Venable (Ruth Harrison) of Winchester, Kentucky, their first child, a girl, Martha Huntington Venable, on May 8th—a future courier, we hope. Her mother writes:

“Martha is a happy, healthy, good baby and I am fortunate to have a good woman to care for her so I can live the normal, active farm life to which I am accustomed. Her arrival has not slowed me down one bit, either before or after. I went on an all day ride through the mountains three weeks before her birth and was back on the horses and tractors a month afterwards.”

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**READERS' MOTORING TALES**

My host in the Outer Hebrides returned from a visit to a neighbouring croft to find that the near-side front door-handle of his car was missing. Next day he mentioned this to the local vet, who had called for a chat. Putting his hand in his pocket, with the air of a magician the vet withdrew the shining chromium handle. ‘Is this it?’ he asked, laying it on the table. ‘I was called to the croft this morning to see a cow with a strange object embedded in her shoulder.’ ‘Don’t worry,’ he added, noting our expressions of horror, ‘the cow’s all right, and so is your handle’.

—W. B. Grant

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## In Memoriam

COLONEL CLIFTON RODES  
BRECKINRIDGE  
Tiburon, California  
Died in October, 1966

MISS FRANCES H. BREWER  
New York, New York  
Died in Summer, 1966

MISS MARION E. FITZHUGH  
New York, New York  
Died in September, 1966

MRS. GEORGE W. KOSMAK  
New York, New York  
Died in July, 1966

MR. FREDERICK W. SCHIEFER  
Rochester, New York  
Died in October, 1966

DR. JOHN W. SCOTT  
Lexington, Kentucky  
Died in July, 1966

DR. LILLIAN H. SOUTH  
Louisville, Kentucky  
Died in September, 1966

DR. DILLARD D. TURNER  
London, Kentucky  
Died in July, 1966

All that is, that has been, or that ever time shall reap,  
Is but moving home again, with mighty labours done,  
The Many to the Everlasting One.  
And this is the meaning of man,  
The task of the soul,  
The labour of worlds, and the plan  
That is set for the whole,  
For the spark of the spirit imprisoned within it,  
In all things one and the same,  
Aeon by aeon and minute by minute,  
Is longing to leap into flame,  
To shatter the limits of life and be lost in a glory intense and profound  
As the soul with a cry goes out into music and seeks to be one with the sound.

—Clifford Bax  
The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse

Among those of our friends who have left us during the past months are physicians and nurses. **Dr. John W. Scott**, known to his colleagues as the dean of physicians in Lexington, stood behind our work since its beginning. As a member of our Medical Advisory Committee he rendered many services in the care of patients that we referred to him and willingly shared his knowledge when we asked his authorization for treatment of patients by our district nurses. He came from a family of physicians and leaves a son and daughter to carry on in his fine tradition.

**Dr. Dillard D. Turner's** untimely death during the summer

meant the loss of a man who had real understanding and concern for the health problems of rural areas. He was a native of Leslie County and was our first County Health Officer. As a young boy he realized the value of education and, with his brothers and sisters, walked miles to school every day. His good sense of humor and his kindness endeared him to the people in Eastern Kentucky for whom he was the family physician for many years. At the time of his death he held the position of Director of Local Services for the State Department of Health. He will be greatly missed by all those with whom he worked throughout the Commonwealth.

**Dr. Lillian H. South** was deeply kind to us in our early years. As Director of State Laboratories she was of immense help in arranging for examination of specimens mailed from this remote area to her laboratory. She continued her interest in our work throughout her long life and was a familiar figure at our annual meetings in Louisville.

**Miss Marion E. Fitzhugh** knew of Mrs. Breckinridge's plans for the FNS even before the work started. They were in France together with Miss Anne Morgan's Committee for Devastated France. Miss Fitzhugh was always a staunch supporter of our work and we deeply appreciate the legacy she left us. The following tribute was delivered to the members of our New York Committee by Mrs. Clarence J. Shearn, chairman of the Bargain Box Committee and we are happy to print it in this Bulletin.

It is with deepest sorrow we record the death of Marion E. Fitzhugh on September 21. After being with Mrs. Breckinridge in France after World War I, she graduated from the School of Nursing of Presbyterian Hospital and the New York School of Social Work of Columbia University. She was active in both of these services. Thirty-five years ago she became a member of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. She held every office save that of Chairman which was offered several times. However, she refused the honor, feeling it would take too much time from the other charities to which she was equally devoted and to which she contributed generously. She was a loyal friend and a faithful member of the Frontier Nursing Service.

**Mrs. George W. Kosmak** was the widow of a valued member of our National Medical Council. She remembered us in her will and we are grateful for her legacy. **Miss Frances Brewer**, a member of the Alumnae of St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing in New York, spent much time on our behalf. Each year she gathered

articles from the Alumnae to fill barrels for Kentucky and we remember well the long trip she made to visit our field of work.

**Mr. Frederick W. Schiefer** was a member of our Rochester Committee and the father of Clara-Louise Johnson who was our social service secretary. He was a deeply kind man and a generous supporter. **Col. Clifton Rodes Breckinridge** was known to all of us as the younger brother of Mrs. Breckinridge and the husband of Martha Prewitt who was the very first secretary at Wendover. We are happy to have his daughter, Mrs. John Marshall Prewitt, on our Board of Trustees.

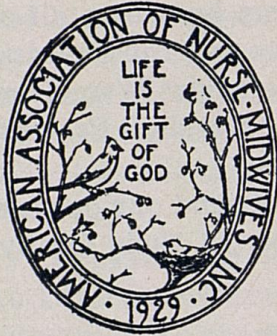
We shall miss all of these good friends and send our deepest sympathy to all those who have lost a member of their family.

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### A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Help us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the Angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the Wise Men. Close the door of hate and open the door of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift and good desires with every greeting. Deliver us from evil by the blessing that Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clear hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be Thy children and the Christmas evening bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven, for Jesus' sake. *Amen.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson



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

The Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky, on October 15, 1966. The members were honored to have as their guest speaker Dr. Carl E. Taylor from the Division of International Health at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Taylor brought colored slides with which he illustrated his talk on the work of the nurse in developing countries.

Out-of-state members came for the meeting from New York, Illinois, Maryland, Oklahoma, Washington, D. C., Nova Scotia, and Peru. Frontier Nursing Service was happy to entertain Dr. Taylor and his daughter Betsy and the out-of-state members who had a good time telling of their experiences in their various fields of work. As we skipped from South America to Canada we were reminded again of the wide influence in the field of maternal and child care by the nurse-midwives who have graduated from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Helen E. Browne, Secretary

**OLD STAFF NEWS**

Edited by

EILEEN H. MORGAN

**From Mary Ruth Sparks (Sparky) in Pleasant Hill,  
Tennessee—August, 1966**

I'm safely there and back but don't ever consider an European tour during the summer season—literally hordes of tourists. The best all-day tour we had was through the Swiss Alps. We stayed on Lake Lucerne and had a bus trip over the mountains (altitude from 2,000 to 10,000 ft.)—such awe-inspiring majestic scenery. I loved Vienna where I stayed at a hotel just across the street from a park filled with flowers, fountains, and hundreds of statues of all the famous musicians. While in Paris, we had a trip to Versailles. I've never seen such elegance and magnificence—the palace all in gold and marble, hundreds of crystal chandeliers, and, of course, the famed Hall of Mirrors.

I hope plans are going along well for the new hospital. Hello to everybody.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Grace A. Terrill (Pixie) in Louisville,  
Kentucky—August, 1966**

It was good to hear that Kathy Elliott is getting along nicely. How very fortunate it was that the children escaped with scratches and bruises only.

My hand is beginning to show signs now in responding to the paraffin treatment. I'll be glad when I have use of it again.

On Friday I will meet Cecile Watters and spend the day with her. The State Fair starts tomorrow and I hope to go out one day next week. Marc has made the Second Team in swimming at the Plantation Club. Kim has her driver's license now.

It won't be long until Mary Breckinridge Day and I'm anxious to know how the local hospital fund drive will turn out. Tell everyone hello for me.

. . . .

**From Gertrude Bluemel in Sierra Leone,  
West Africa—August, 1966**

Sierra Leone is in the midst of the wet season and every-

thing drips with moisture. Since we've been at Mattru, we have had one deluge after the other. I had forgotten how wet an African wet season can be!

The hospital is made up of numerous buildings. The pediatric ward is the newest and surprisingly modern. The general ward is no more than two years old and quite decent. Others are older but there are plans for improvements. The bed capacity is 57. Three or four American nurses do most of the work with the help of certified nurse aides, trained here and examined by the Ministry of Health, and several male registered nurses. Dr. Pratt, the only doctor here, is a Sierra Leonan who trained at Indiana University Medical School. He has to pinch hit as mechanic, plumber and electrician, and has a fine flock of chickens and a dozen or so goats.

The work will not be easy here, I can see that, but it will be rewarding in many ways.

—October, 1966

We have been in Sierra Leone a month and a half now and we are becoming Africans again. We have moved into our house, named "Twin Palms" before we got here because there are twin palm trees towering over it. We rate a hot water heater so we let other missionaries on the compound take a hot bath in our bathtub. My stuff from the States has not arrived so I am stymied when it comes to extensive housekeeping. We have been eating at the nurses' residence and last week was my week to cook. Rice is the staple food here and we have native rice every noon with some kind of gravy or stew over it.

For several weeks now I have been teaching two small classes of aides or assistant nurses. They may sit for a government examination when you think they will pass and if they do, they get a certificate as Practical Nurses or Assistant Nurses.

The compound is breathtakingly beautiful here even though it abounds in "critters" of all kinds, including an assortment of snakes. Mende is the language spoken in this area but there are about ten other languages in Sierra Leone with a number of dialects.

I wish I had time to write each one of my friends individually. I think of you all often.

**From Janet Priebe Mirtschin in Wapenamanda,  
New Guinea—September, 1966**

When Lawrence and I were over there last summer we wanted to get to Wendover, too, but a friend brought us over from Berea and we didn't have enough time.

We had a lovely 6 lb. 9½ oz. baby boy in June and called him Philip Lawrence. Fifteen days later he was called back home to God.

Judy McCormick left in March and is now back to work in her old hospital in Portland.

I will be teaching in the Standard Two class here until the school year ends the last of November. Lawrence keeps pretty busy keeping everyone on the mission in lights.

I saw in the last Bulletin that Ella Boer is back with you. Give my greetings to her and others I know.

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**From Jean Rowan in Fife, Scotland—September, 1966**

I've wanted for quite a while to write to thank you for the time I spent with FNS. The two years I spent at Brutus are very special ones.

I'm enjoying Edinburgh, living in a bed-sit in a nice household and ten minutes' walk from the hospital. My three months in the medical ward are almost up. It's a nice ward with interesting work.

How is everyone at FNS? Please give them my best wishes and regards.

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**From Peggy Tinline McQueen in Kent, England  
—September, 1966**

I'm glad to say that I'm quite well again. People were so good to me whilst I was in hospital that I can never thank them enough. Hilly came out to see me several times and so did Dinnie. It is amazing how quickly one is up and about again.

We are having the most glorious weather now after having had a wet, cool summer. I've just ordered two hundred bulbs for spring flowers. An old man, age eighty, comes now and does the garden so nicely.

May Green went off to Berlin to a nursing conference as soon as she returned from the U. S.

Say hello to Brownie and to any others there whom I know.

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**From Mary Jo Clark in Georgetown, Illinois**

—September, 1966

I want to thank you for the enjoyable visit to Wendover. I felt right at home, so at home that already it seems strange to have left. This is because of old friends, of course, and the sense of warm welcome. It was grand to see you all, to catch up on some of the activities and just to take in the Kentucky mountain air for a few days.

It looks as though the community and the FNS are moving together in a very positive direction, a continuation of an exciting program in a changing setting.

**Florence, Italy—October, 1966**

Italy is proving to be quite enjoyable. It's possible to wander around on one's own and run into a famous art object at every turn! Both Venice and Florence are different, but each with great charm and interest, and also very tempting to the shopper.

It was so good to see you in August. Love to all whom I know.

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**From Carolyn Coolidge in Baltimore, Maryland**

—September, 1966

"D.J." Snell and I have been busy this week moving into our larger apartment. We've had lots of fun decorating it.

I have lots of preliminaries to do this week prior to starting my new job at Baltimore City Health Department. My district locality is near our apartment.

I can't believe that it has been only a week since I left Kentucky. Best regards to all at FNS.

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**From Joan Fenton in Charlottesville, Virginia**

—September, 1966

The world traveler has finally returned to the U. S. after an



absolutely fantastic eleven days in England and Germany. It really was the opportunity of a lifetime and did I ever enjoy it!

Please inform all my dear British friends that London was having a heat wave—eighty degrees. The sun was shining brightly and I don't think I've ever been to a more delightful city. Everyone was wonderful and I certainly got the VIP treatment! Hilly took me out on district and to a play. Molly Lee came to see me on her Honda and took me to supper and a play at Picadilly Theatre. I spent a day at Brownie's training school and hospital, St. Bartholomew's.

I'm at loss to describe the International Congress of Midwives. To step from the simple life in the mountains of Kentucky to the sophisticated atmosphere of an International Congress is indeed a great big jump that leaves you breathless. The most exciting part is being a delegate and attending the Council meeting. My respect for our U. N. delegates has increased greatly. The diplomacy and knowledge of political affairs in each country is an absolute necessity.

Brownie and I met in the London Air Terminal and in about thirty seconds she managed to give me a few tidbits of information.

If everything goes all right I'll be at FNS on October 15 for the American Association of Nurse-Midwives' meeting and I'll give my report then.

. . . .

#### **From Arlene Schuiteman in Mettu, Ethiopia—October, 1966**

I reached Addis Ababa on September 28. From there I flew to Gore, from which I went on to Mettu by Land Rover. It was market day when we reached Mettu and many people had gathered in the open area in the middle of the town. They sold spices, vegetables, salt, flour, coffee, eggs, onions, chickens, sheep and pottery. It appeared to be a happy time and everything seemed to be going in an orderly fashion. Mettu is a beautiful place, with an altitude of 5,500 feet and there are no mosquitoes! The soil here is very rich and we can raise some vegetables for our own use. Coffee is the chief crop. All the buildings in the medical center are very new, since it was opened only two years ago. I will be living in a three-bedroom house located near the Dresser's School, which I am preparing to open at Mettu Hospital on Octo-

ber 24. This school is the equivalent of a Practical Nurses School. There will be sixteen male students of about eighth-grade educational level in the class.

My first impressions have been favorable ones. I have a big job awaiting me and it is a real challenge. May the Christmas Season be a joyous one.

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**From Jean Kerfoot Fee in Okotoks, Canada—October, 1966**

We moved back to Okotoks in July, just before I quit work in Calgary. Phil has opened a barber shop here, which is gradually building up trade. We had wanted to head South for a visit this year but, between moves and babies, we can't make it for a while yet. I'll probably go back to work in public health after Christmas.

Patricia is as dark as Katherine is fair, and a little fatty! Please pass the word to all at Hyden and districts. [See *Babies*]

I would love a letter if anybody has time to write.

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**From Carla Shuford in Chapel Hill, North Carolina**

—October, 1966

Now that I am feeling better and am once again my old self, I'm getting homesick for FNS! When I think of FNS, it is one series of happy little pictures that dance before my eyes, some touching, some sad, some exciting, some with their share of humor, but all with a certain refreshing sparkle of the different and the unusual. I sincerely hope that I can return at some time.

I am working in the Adult Education Division at the University, and help in organizing and arranging the various on-campus activities that it sponsors. It is very interesting and involved work. I have a room in a dormitory which is very pleasant and conveniently located to work.

I hope everything is running smoothly at Wendover and Hyden. My love to my many friends in the big FNS family.

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**From Molly Lee in Surrey, England—November, 1966**

It was so very good to see Brownie and to have *first hand news* of you all.

May Green 'phoned me a few weeks ago and invited me to

dinner. She cooked a Kentucky one and we all enjoyed the visit. The Reunion falls on the second day of our written exams, November 24, so I shall probably go on to Hilly's at the South London afterwards.

The orthopaedic surgeon to whom I transferred in Kingston put me in touch with a shoe fitter locally and he has just presented me with another pair of surgical shoes. They need a little readjustment but are going to be a great improvement. The doctor said that a fractured heel was a two-year job, before it was very comfortable, so I feel quite encouraged, even though he, too, says I will not run again. I have developed a hop, skip and a jump when speed is necessary!

Please give everyone my greetings. Nora, Joan and Mary, too, would send greetings, I'm sure.

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#### NEWSY BITS

**Lois Olsen** is presently employed as a clinical instructor at Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the obstetric department.

#### Weddings

**Miss Linda Fox Cheney** and Mr. Walter J. Knudsen in Westborough, Massachusetts on November 26.

**Miss Barbara Rubdie** and Mr. Richard Benedict in Norfolk, Connecticut on November 5.

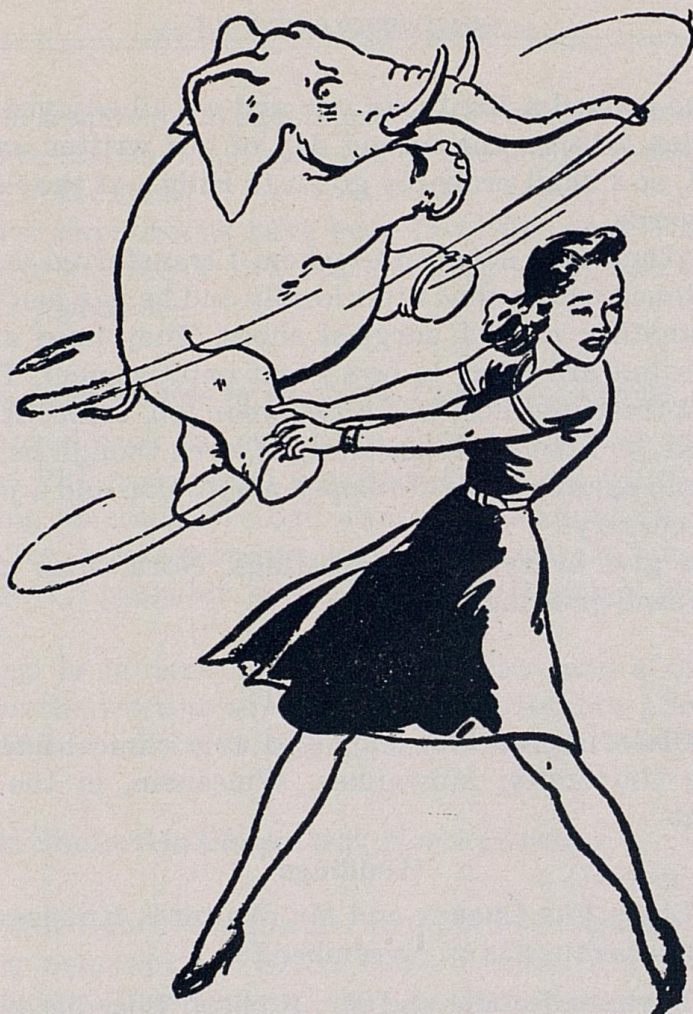
Our best wishes go to these two young couples for many happy years together.

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#### Babies

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ray Fee (**Jean Kerfoot**) of Okotoks, Canada, a daughter named Patricia, on October 16, 1966.  
[See *Letters*]

## WHITE ELEPHANT



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## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of our New York Committee will take place at the Cosmopolitan Club, 129 East 65th Street, on the afternoon of Monday, January 30, 1967. Helen E. Browne will show the historical movie, **The Forgotten Frontier**, illustrating the early years of the work. Invitations to the meeting will be mailed by the New York Committee to all New York donors and friends.

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Betty Lester was the guest speaker at the October meeting of the Cincinnati Alpha Omicron Pi Alumnae in the home of Mrs. Lester Lakamp. Betty showed slides and spoke on "New Views of the FNS". She reports that she spent a very happy evening with the chapter members of the AOPi who have chosen the Frontier Nursing Service as their national philanthropy since the early 1930's.

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Two old staff members, Jane Burt of Ft. Towson, Oklahoma, and Chlora Dean Lucas of Ronceverte, West Virginia, have spoken about our work and have shown colored slides to nursing groups this fall.

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Our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson of Washington, D. C., showed her movie, **The Forgotten Frontier**, at Foxcroft School in Virginia on October 28. She reports that the girls were most enthusiastic. On November 12, Mrs. Patterson showed the movie again to fellow members of the Washington branch of the Society of Women Geographers.

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The Director's Fall Engagements:

**Princeton, New Jersey**, was my first stop. I had accepted the invitation of Dr. John Z. Bowers, President of the Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation, to participate in a two day conference co-sponsored by Association of the Professors of Gynecology and Obstetrics. The subject of the conference was "The Training and Responsibilities of the Nurse-Midwife in the United States". Professors of obstetrics from various universities in the United States

and from the University of Chile and the University of Amsterdam, together with physicians and nurses from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, attended the conference. Nurse-midwives were represented by Miss Marjorie Bayes, Executive Secretary of the International Confederation of Midwives, and leaders from schools of midwifery in the U. S. It was a stimulating two days. Discussions brought out the great lack of trained workers in the field of maternal and child health in America today and the vast numbers of women and children in our ever growing population who receive little care.

The conference ended on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 25, and I flew to **Boston** where I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Higgins. Their delightful young son, Scotty, met me and drove me to Dedham where Hanna Higgins was having a dinner party for out-of-town FNSers who were invited to the Fortieth Anniversary Dinner arranged by the Boston Committee. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawrence (courier Patsy Perrin), our Boston Chairman, brought Mrs. Jefferson Patterson of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Standley arrived with Kate Ireland of Cleveland, Ohio. Caroline Standley and Martha Rock LeFevre were chairmen of the big dinner and all arrangements were well in hand for the morrow.

Wednesday, October 26, was a beautiful New England day with bright sunshine and a nip of fall in the air. Hanna and I drove to the Prudential Center where we met Patsy Lawrence, Marvin Patterson, and Kate Ireland for lunch. After a tour of the building, with magnificent views of Boston from the Skywalk, we lunched together at the Top of the Hub. Later in the afternoon we went our various ways to meet again at the Sheraton-Plaza Hotel at 6:00 p.m. Many old and new friends of the FNS, among them couriers and old staff members, assembled in the foyer of the ballroom and at 7:00 p.m., some three hundred and seventy-five people went in to dinner. It was a great honor for us to entertain a group of such distinguished people. Patsy Lawrence presided beautifully and introduced the guests at the head table.

I spoke of our future plans for the Frontier Nursing Service and it was my great pleasure to introduce to the audience one of "my babies" from Kentucky. I was the FNS nurse-midwife

who conducted the delivery of John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Stidham of Hyden, Kentucky. Young John is now a college graduate and is teaching school in Massachusetts. It was a happy moment for me when he stood to be recognized. After this little interlude to me fell the honor of introducing Dr. Duncan Reid, Professor of Obstetrics at Harvard University, who delighted the audience with a few anecdotes before introducing the speaker of the evening, Dr. John Rock of the Rock Reproductive Clinic in Brookline. An admirer and good friend of our beloved late director, Dr. Rock spoke with real feeling about Mrs. Breckinridge and about the great work she organized to help rural families in eastern Kentucky. He went on to stress the importance of parents educating their children to respect moral codes and to assume responsibility for their actions in this complex age in which we live. Our Boston Committee is to be congratulated on a most successful evening.

On Thursday, October 27, Kate Ireland and I flew to **New York** to meet our old courier Jane Leigh Powell who is a member of the FNS Development Committee. We brought her up-to-date on our plans for the future. On Friday, October 28, I flew back to Boston where I met old courier Fredericka Holdship, who is now chairman of our Pittsburgh Committee. We spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Roger L. Branham in Hingham. It was pure pleasure for us to see these dear friends again. We had a lovely day together on the Barnstable Dunes on Saturday and on Sunday, October 30, I took the plane back to Kentucky.

## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
PEGGY ELMORE

We are delighted to announce that Leslie County has been given a grant and a loan from the Economic Development Administration for the construction of a public water system. This will be of tremendous help to the Frontier Nursing Service when the new hospital is built. The County's application for a sewage system is still pending.

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We are deeply grateful to the Mary Parker Gill Fund for the gift of a new operating room table for Hyden Hospital and a new jeep which has been named "Fauna." Its companion, "Flora," has been purchased with a legacy from the late Miss Flora Fletcher of Rochester.

Mr. C. K. Reynolds, father of two of our couriers, has given the FNS a magnificent binocular microscope in memory of his wife, Waddy Walker Reynolds.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Kentucky Medical Association have contributed sample drugs and useful clothing and layette material during the past year. One of the Auxiliary members, Mrs. Bernard Asman of Louisville, has made aprons and small bags for the use of our district nurses.

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For some time we had felt that we were utilizing every possible inch of space in Hyden Hospital. Then one day Liz Palethorp mentioned that if a certain cabinet were moved from the back hall, there might be space for a small desk. When Agnes Lewis was consulted, she remembered that the alcove in question adjoined a pantry off the kitchen. The contents of the pantry were moved, the wall was knocked out, the space was painted and, lo and behold, we found space for two desks for our over-crowded clerical staff!

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During September, Betty Lester, accompanied by Anne Cundle and Kate Ireland, held meetings of the FNS District Com-



mittees at Flat Creek, Red Bird and Brutus. We had the pleasure of entertaining the Beech Fork Committee here at Wendover.

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In October we had another useful pediatric clinic. Three residents from Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, Dr. Harry Greene, Dr. Leslie Moore, and Dr. Tom Kisker came to Hyden with Dr. Edward Ahearn, a cardiologist, and Dr. William Smith, an otolaryngologist. The men held clinics at Hyden Hospital and at several of the outpost centers their first day in the mountains, and had specialists' clinic and a seminar for the nursing staff on the second day before returning to Cincinnati. We are most grateful to these physicians for giving us their time and help.

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At the Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service last June, Mr. Brooke Alexander of New York and Mr. W. Roy Sizemore of Hyden were elected to the Board of Governors, and they attended their first Board meeting in Louisville on October 12. Mr. Sizemore has been chairman of the FNS Hyden Committee for many years and Mr. Alexander was one of the first FNS "couriers." We think you will enjoy, as we did, what Mrs. Breckinridge wrote about Mr. Alexander and his companions in a 1928 Quarterly Bulletin:

"We couldn't have gotten through the summer without our volunteer transport service—Marvin Breckinridge and Anna Weld, Brooke Alexander and Jim Parton. If we were a College of Heraldry we would give them arms—a mule rampant, guests couchant, on a field emblazoned with rising water, quicksand and mud."

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The Fifty-Second Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on September 20, 1966, with seven students. Roberta Verhaeghe, Grace Vandervort, Linda Levenhagen, and Lois Garber had been members of the FNS staff for some months, and Joy Brands had come to help out for three weeks before the School began. These nurses were joined by Ruth Lewis of Brentwood Bay, Canada, and Sara Hewitt of Sisters, Oregon.

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It has been a great help to us to have two old staff members back with us this fall—Margaret McCracken and Nancy Sandberg. "Mac" has relieved for vacation on several districts and

Nancy is at Hyden Hospital awaiting a visa for India. We hope it will be a long time before she gets it! We are glad to welcome Marilyn Bruner, Healdsburg, California; Donna Bowser, Grantsville, Maryland; Nancy Ettinger, Dover Plains, New York; Mabel Rusher, Shelton, Washington; Evelyn Tschetter, Winona Lake, Indiana; Sylvia Bancroft, Johnson City, New York; Joyce Wiechmann, Los Angeles, California; and Edith Anderson, Oconto Falls, Wisconsin—all nurses—and Nolie McDonald, Gadsden, Alabama, a registered x-ray technician who also does lab work, to the FNS staff.

We do want to make special mention of our gratitude to Mabel Rusher for following through with her plans to come and work with the FNS following the tragic accident in September when she and her good friend, Jean Schlosser, were on their way to Hyden. We are sad to report that Jean lost her life in this accident.

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We are fortunate in having had a very adequate staff of couriers this fall. Leland (Andy) Williams of Jacksonville, Florida, arrived in early October and was assigned to be Anna May January's right-hand-man on the Cancer Survey. Barbara Van Cleave left the end of October to get ready for her wedding but Jill Davenport was able to stay on as senior courier while Kate Ireland was away. Phoebe Wood took over her duties as Christmas Secretary in early November and she has the help of two Keuka College volunteers, Donna Johnson of Rochester, New York, and Jean Goodell of Manchester Center, Vermont. Marcy MacKinnon of Barrington, Illinois, and Nancy Washburn of Madison, Wisconsin, both Beloit College students, and Patricia Sweney of Concord, Massachusetts, arrived the first of November.

We had the pleasure of seeing several of the old couriers at Wendover over the Mary Breckinridge Day week end. Pebble Stone of New York and Marion Shouse Lewis of Matamoras, Pennsylvania, were both with us for nearly a week. Marianne (Tips) Stevenson Harper came from Chicago; Mary Bulkley Wotherspoon from Detroit; Jan McMillan Montgomery from Boston; and Janie Haldeman Tyrrell from Louisville. Heidi Mehring of Cleveland stayed over to join in the fun and Carlie Clark of Winchester, Massachusetts, and a friend, Alison Chase of

Cincinnati, stopped by for a couple of nights. The couriers attended the Mary Breckinridge Day festivities and met formally on Saturday night to discuss with Agnes Lewis some of the policies of the Courier Service.

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We always enjoy having the old staff and old couriers come back to Wendover. Mary Jo Clark spent four days in September with us, before leaving for three months in Europe. Jeannie Alexander Gilchrist and her husband drove up from Lexington for lunch one day and Judy Cundle Perry and her husband came for a visit from Bermuda. Jan Craig DeTe brought her husband to Wendover and to visit friends in Hyden while they were on their honeymoon! Betty Scott Jakim was here in October and we are expecting Jane Leigh Powell, the Beasley family, and Bert Halpin Norris and her husband and son for Thanksgiving.

At the time of the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives we had the pleasure of seeing Carolyn Banghart and her parents, Jane Sanders Burt, Joan Fenton, Lynne Shade, Elaine Sell, Ruth May, Dr. W. B. R. Beasley, Alice Herman, Jane Pierson, Peggy Kemner, and Betty Ann Bradbury who was on leave from her job with HOPE-On-Land in Peru. Betty Ann brought with her her Peruvian counterpart, Miss Zoila Pinto of Iquitos. The guest speaker for the meeting, Dr. Carl E. Taylor, brought his daughter, Betsy, down from Baltimore and they were able to spend one night with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Van Cleave and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Davenport of Louisville spent week ends at Wendover while their daughters were couriers. Mr. and Mrs. William Davis of Palatine, Illinois, drove down to pick up their daughter, Julie, at the end of her courier period. Mrs. Cyrus S. MacKinnon of Louisville drove her niece, Marcy, to Wendover. Another Louisville guest was Mrs. John A. Serpell who spent the night with us when she came up to speak to the Leslie County Mental Health Association.

Miss Sonia Parry, an exchange visitor from Guys Hospital, London, to Johns Hopkins, came down to see the FNS in September. Miss Ruth Spurrier of the State Health Department brought Miss Julie Williams, head nurse of The Gambia, and her State Department escort, Mrs. Kathleen Underwood, to spend a night with us in November. Mrs. Raymond Drukker of Berea had tea

with us one afternoon when she came over to see Dr. Fox. Three nurses from the University of Kentucky, Mae Frazier, Ruth Stoll, and Delores Johnson, a group from the Whitley County Medical Auxiliary, a group of Berea nursing students, and nurses from the Ireland Army Hospital at Ft. Knox were welcome November guests.

The vice-chairman of our Board of Governors, Mrs. F. H. Wright, and her niece, Nancy Johnston, of Lexington, came up for the Mary Breckinridge Day week end and Nancy returned in November to take some pictures of the work. Mrs. James S. Rich of Lexington, who had been commissioned to do an article on the FNS for the magazine, *M.D.'s Wife*, came to the mountains with a photographer from the American Medical Association in October. Mrs. Moira Schroeder and Mr. Billy Davis were also in the mountains this fall to do a picture story for *The Louisville Times*.

It was a particular joy for us to see several members of Agnes Lewis' family this October. Mr. and Mrs. Walker Lewis of Dayton stopped by for a night and her sisters, Mrs. Helen Gillingham, Maryville, Tennessee, and Mrs. Mary Kate Duskin, Atlanta, Georgia, came for the week end with Mrs. George Gillingham of Pineville.

It has been fun seeing all these friends, and many more, who have come to the mountains before winter weather closes the "guest season."

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The FNS staff will gather together at Wendover, as always, for Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday, November 24. At the same time, those members of the old staff in England who are able to attend, will meet at the South London Hospital where they will be the guests of Elizabeth Hillman. Hilly has written us that she has a large pumpkin and will be making pumpkin pies for her guests.

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As this Bulletin goes to press, the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service is already busy with the preparations for Christmas for the children in our area and we do not think it is too early to wish all our friends everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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| Dr. Isadore Dyer, New Orleans, La.          | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Coral Gables, Fla.    |
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| Dr. Laman A. Gray, Louisville, Ky.          | Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass.     |
| Dr. Margaret I. Handy, Wilmington, Del.     | Dr. Robert Sory, Richmond, Ky.            |
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| Dr. Robert A. Kimbrough, Tucson, Ariz.      | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Marshfield, Wis.     |
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| Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, Beirut, Lebanon     | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio        |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa.              | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y.   |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York             | Dr. John Whitridge, Jr., Baltimore, Md.   |
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| Dr. Rustin McIntosh, Tyringham, Mass.       | Dr. Elwood L. Woolsey, Harlan, Ky.        |
| Dr. John Parks, Washington, D. C.           | Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., Lansing, Mich.   |

inclusive of

## MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- |                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky.  | Dr. John W. Greene, Jr., Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. James B. Holloway, Lexington, Ky.   |
| Dr. Marion G. Brown, Lexington, Ky.  | Dr. Coleman C. Johnston, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Harvey Chenault, Lexington, Ky.  | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.   |
| Dr. Arnold B. Combs, Lexington, Ky.  | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.          |
| Dr. Ben Eiseman, Lexington, Ky.      | Dr. Edward H. Ray, Lexington, Ky.       |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky.     | Dr. David B. Stevens, Lexington, Ky.    |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky.   | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.    |
| Dr. Carl M. Friesen, Lexington, Ky.  | Dr. William R. Willard, Lexington, Ky.  |

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- |   |   |
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| Mrs. Ellmore Hammond, Louisville, Ky.       | Miss Elsie M. Warner, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Miss Lillian Hudson, New York               | Miss Marian Williamson, Louisville, Ky. |
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**FIELD WORKERS**

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S.C.M.

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

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

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

**Assistant Executive Secretary**  
Mrs. Juanetta Morgan

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Miss Lucile Hodges

**Assistant Bookkeeper**  
Mrs. Madeline Gamble

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**Secretary and Chief Postal Clerk**  
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Miss Susan Cross, R.N., S.C.M.

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**Medical Director**  
Mary L. Wiss, M.D., F.A.C.S.

**Assistant Medical Director**  
Mary Pauline Fox, M.D.

**Secretary to Medical Director**  
Miss Hope Muncy

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

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Miss Mary Redman, R.N., C.M.

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

**Assistant to the Dean**  
Miss Phyllis J. Long, R.N., C.M., B.S.

**Research Worker**  
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

**Field Supervisor**  
Miss Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.

**AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS**

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)  
Miss Maria Sullivan, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Barbara A. Filomena, R.N., B.S.

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**  
(Red Bird River at Peabody; Post Office, R. 3, Manchester, Clay County)  
Miss Mabel R. Spell, R.N., C.M.; Miss Elsie Maier, R.N., C.M., B.A.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)  
Miss Lorraine Jerry, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Jane Lossing, R.N.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Brutus on Bullskin Creek; Post Office, R. 1, Oneida, Clay County)  
Miss Dorothy Parrella, R.N., C.M.; Miss Carol Gidney, R.N.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)  
Miss Myrna J. Goodman, R.N., B.S.

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.

**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

**Gifts of money should be made payable to**

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,**

**and sent to the treasurer**

**MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY**

**Security Trust Company Building**

**271 West Short Street**

**Lexington, Kentucky**

## Statement of Ownership

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946, and October 23, 1962 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 4369), of

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1966.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., 271 West Short Street, Lexington, Kentucky 40507.

Editor: Helen E. Browne, Wendover, Kentucky 41775.

Managing Editor: None.

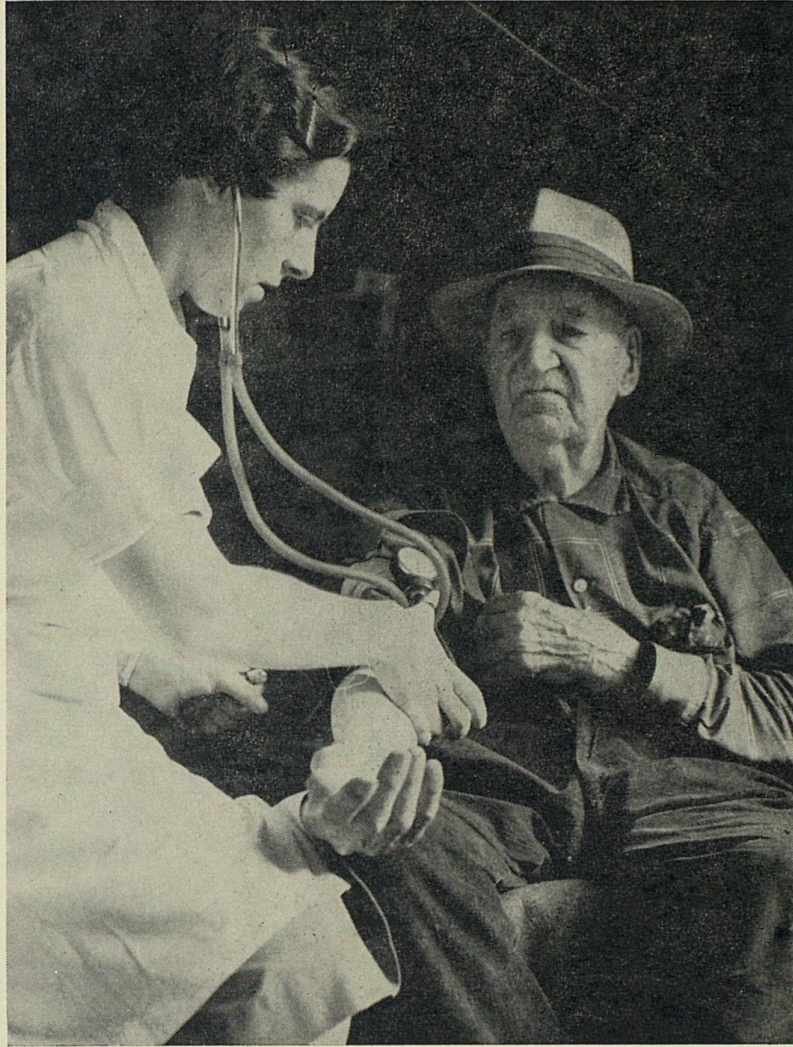
Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., chairman; Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, Ky., and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., secretaries; Miss Helen E. Browne, Wendover, Ky., director.

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

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

HELEN E. BROWNE, Editor

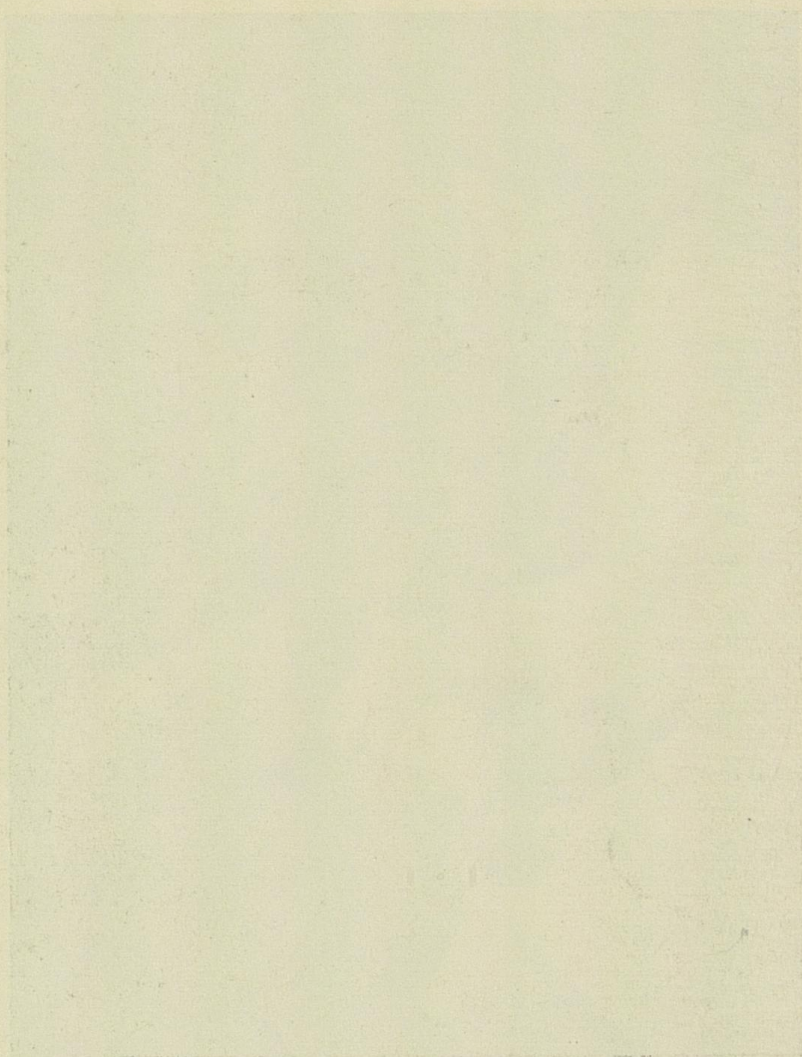


*Lilly Review, 1961*

FNS NURSE-MIDWIFE MARY SIMMERS  
VISITS ONE OF HER ELDERLY PATIENTS ON FLAT CREEK DISTRICT

The Frontier Nursing Service has been accepted by the Social Security Administration for participation as a Hospital and as a Home Health Agency under the Health Insurance Benefits Program for the Aged.

We are grateful to the family of the late Mr. Jim Clarkson for their permission to print this picture.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
The following is a list of the members of the  
Department of Chemistry, University of Chicago,  
for the year 1954-55. The names are listed in  
alphabetical order of last name.  
The names of the members of the department  
are listed in the following order: Faculty,  
Research Associates, and Graduate Students.