

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

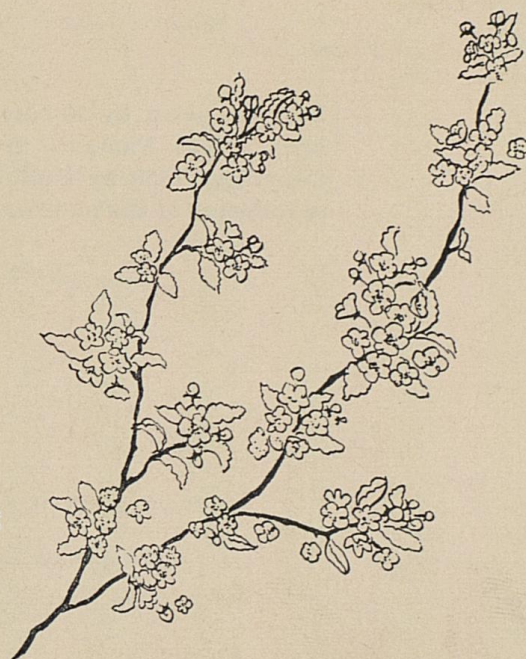
VOLUME 36

SPRING, 1961

NUMBER 4

THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.



I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

—Robert Frost



Front cover:

For the poem by Robert Frost we make acknowledgment as follows: "The Pasture" from **YOU COME TOO** by Robert Frost. Copyright 1959 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year
Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

VOLUME 36

SPRING, 1961

NUMBER 4

"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,
under Act of March 3, 1879."
Copyright, 1961, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

CONTENTS

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Beyond the Mountains		41
Charlie Morgan	<i>A Photograph</i>	Inside back cover
Editor's Own Page		10
Field Notes		46
Hope, Faith and Love	<i>Cecile Watters</i>	21
In Memoriam		34
It's a Boy	<i>Anne deTournay</i>	31
Jean Hollins (Illus.)		3
Old Staff News		25
Our Mail Bag		24
Reminiscences of Early Frontier Nursing Service Days	<i>Grayce Morgan Turnbow</i>	11
To My Children (Verse)	<i>John J. Burchenal</i>	2
Urgent Needs		17

BRIEF BITS

American Association of Nurse-Midwives		40
An Unusual Round Robin	<i>Contributed</i>	23
Middle East Land Use	<i>Oryx</i>	45
Owl With a Memory	<i>The Countryman</i>	32
Puppy and Tortoise	<i>The Countryman</i>	32
Running Water	<i>Joe Creason</i>	40
Saddlebag Babies		44
Tact	<i>The Thousandsticks</i>	20
The Neel Family	<i>A Photograph</i>	51
The Reference	<i>The Colonial Crier</i>	39
Urgent Needs—People		16
White Elephant		33

TO MY CHILDREN

Almighty God grants you this wondrous life
To use in aid of His great purposes
You shall not then devote your time and toil
Nor give your heart to selfish power and gain
But, striving to attain a worthy goal
So live that with retrospective gaze
Your eyes fall not upon a darkened course
Obscured by wrecks of others' joys and hopes—
But find a path made beautiful and bright
With blossoms of your love and generous aid.

For it is sure that when the last hours come
Your anxious thought will search the bygone years
To justify your life unto yourself.
Sad be your fate if then you learn—too late
That all of self alone must die with you;
For only what you have for others done
Will live—to mark the limits of your worth.

—John J. Burchenal, 1861-1926
Glendale, Ohio

JEAN HOLLINS

Born at East Islip, Long Island, New York, July 26, 1911

Died in Lexington, Kentucky, March 26, 1961



It was twenty-seven years ago, in the winter of 1934, that Jean Hollins first came to the Frontier Nursing Service as a junior courier. Her first impressions are given in her own words, from a letter she wrote home while on Rounds: "The first night we spent in Hyden at the Hospital. Two men were brought in, one had been shot and the other stabbed. The next day we rode twenty miles over the roughest country you have ever seen, but lovely, and finally arrived at Brutus. Next day we went on to Red Bird and yesterday arrived here at Flat Creek where we are tide-bound. We had to ford eight times, with rain and thunder. The nurses at these centers are wonderful. The mountaineers are the finest looking people you have ever seen. The night we

left Wendover another colt was born—can't wait to get back to see it. Never had a better time."

These first impressions remained with Jean for the rest of her life. She loved the beauty of our hills; she was ever interested in the welfare of the mountain people, many of whom were her friends; and she was always trying to do things to make life easier and happier for the FNS staff at all the centers. Animals greeted Jean as their friend, and gave her their complete trust. She frankly admitted that she found more to love in animals than in human beings. Jean's dogs were so much a part of her life that one rarely thought of one without the other. At Wendover, her first dog was Dare, a magnificent golden retriever, who was succeeded by his daughter, Lizzie. Everyone loved Lizzie who became very much a part of the FNS family. Jean's last faithful companion was Sabina, a large black poodle, who never left her side. At Jean's request, Sabina was put to sleep the week after Jean died.

Soon after Jean joined the Courier Service she realized the need for further knowledge in the care of sick animals. In 1937 she attended the University of Kentucky where, under the guidance of the great veterinarian, Dr. W. W. Dimock, Head of the Department of Animal Pathology, and Dr. Charles E. Hagyard of Blue Grass fame, a Trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, Jean studied animal husbandry. The knowledge she gained at the University stood her in good stead in the years to come when as Resident Courier she was responsible for the care of all the FNS animals. Jean became the backbone of the Courier Service and she had the respect of all her associates. Neighbors from far and near sought her advice on the care of their animals.

In 1943 when Jean was with her family on Long Island, after her brothers had joined the armed services, she took her training as a Red Cross Nurses Aide, and became a certificated member of the South Suffolk County Nurses Aide Corps. She gave thousands of hours as a volunteer in hospitals near her home and in our FNS Hospital at Hyden. Her rare sensitivity for the feelings of others and her quiet gentle manner helped many sick people on the road to recovery. Many were the difficult situations which were eased by a quiet word from Jean. She was one of the best loved members of the FNS family; and, indeed, in the whole community. The poem on the cover of this Bulletin was chosen

for Jean who always wanted to share her happy times with others.

During Jean's last illness we took her to Lexington where she could be under the care of her much loved physician, and where her family came to be with her. Her untimely death from acute leukemia was a great shock to everyone. But, once we knew the diagnosis, we were thankful in our hearts that the end was peaceful and swift. We still have Jean's spirit with us to comfort and help us along our way. Her body was taken to her home on Long Island where, after a service in Emmanuel Church at Great River, she was laid to rest beside members of her family, in the beautiful little country churchyard.

"Oh! not in grave-yards rank and close,
Within the noisesome town,
Oh! not in gloomy cloisters dank
Would I at death lie down.
Give me a bed in open field
Beneath the breezy sky,
Where flowerets bloom and forests wave,
And birds are on the bough
And early winds are out at play,
There let me slumber low."

—Anna Wharton
Ladies National Magazine—1843

Jean's friends were scattered far and wide and from all corners of the world have come tributes to her. We can't begin to print all of them, but we quote from a few letters that show how deeply she was loved and respected by all who had been associated with her in the Frontier Nursing Service.

"Jean was so understanding, therefore would know the grief her passing on means to all of us. How very thankful we all are that those she loved most were at her side when they were most needed, and in her beloved Kentucky."

. . . .

"Jean was so much a part of the FNS and the beautiful mountains. I shall never forget the day she took me out to see if I could stay on top of a horse. We paid no attention to the fact that it was pouring down rain—at least Jean didn't seem

to notice. I started out on Peru, and Jean came back on him. Draw your own conclusions!"

.

"After seeing Jean for only a few days, I loved her. She was such a fine person, and I know you all do miss her, and will miss her a great deal."

.

"Jean had a wonderful knack with her couriers. Coming into the world of the FNS from our varied outside worlds was quite a change, but always she was so easy to get along with, and so good with the animals and temperamental vehicles."

.

"There can never be another Jean. She was incomparable and was a very large part of the enchantment of Wendover. Not only will she be missed by all of you—the Wendover animals have lost their best friend."

.

"Jean was an unforgettable person. She will never die in the memories of those who knew her. And I feel so fortunate having had that opportunity. How well I remember the peaceful morning down by the Middle Fork when we went fishing."

.

"My heart goes out to you in your loss of Jean. How you will miss her at Wendover! Dear Jean, always so kind and gentle. It is hard to think of FNS without her."

.

"All of us will think back and remember how Jean taught us, from time to time, to be intelligent riders and how to care for our horses. But what we will most clearly remember is the constant kindness that ever flowed from her. These values time does not change—it seems all like yesterday."

.

"The loss of Jean Hollins is felt by every FNS member the world over."

.

"Jean was so friendly, kind and thoughtful to all her fellow-

men and no less to the dumb creatures. It is impossible to imagine the FNS without her.”

.

“Jean certainly has left part of herself with each of us. I think she contributed more goodness to this world in her quiet, gentle manner than anyone I have ever known.”

.

“There never has been, and there never will be, another Jean. For all of us who have been with the FNS and left, it will always seem that she is still at Wendover, just as when we left. Jean was quite the kindest and most gentle person I shall ever know. The first time I saw her, she had just returned from somewhere, and it was the evening of the day I arrived at Wendover. I was feeling a bit worn out after a rapid five-day trip from England and we were all sitting at the supper table in the dogtrot. I was over-awed by the buzz of conversation—and I couldn’t imagine I would ever be able to cope with some of the situations under discussion. As I sat and listened, probably looking as lost as I felt, I looked up and Jean was smiling gently at me from the other end of the table. Her kindness was so apparent that I just felt myself relax all over—everything would be fine, don’t worry, she seemed to smile, and it was.”

.

“Jean was **Jean**, so much a part of the FNS that I just cannot imagine Wendover and no Jean. It is now just over twenty years since I left but it only seems as yesterday that I would look out of the sitting room window at Flat Creek to see Jean riding in with a courier, a nurse-midwife, or a guest. She was always the same—happy, calm and unruffled—no matter what the emergency or stress would be; and goodness knows even in those days we all knew what it was to be up against difficulties. To meet Jean was such a comfort, as in her quiet, unassuming way, she would listen, smile, and pass a little remark so that one knew she understood, whether it was to do with patients, horses, cows, dogs, floods, or just plain home-sickness.”

.

“As little as I have seen of Jean for years and years, she has always been one of those people whom one is forever grateful

for having known—one of the true and the fine. Her death was untimely; but certainly it was a fulfilled life in that she gave so much to the FNS.”

.

“My only regret is that I was never fortunate enough to meet Jean—our paths simply never crossed. Nevertheless, I have always felt as though I did know her for her name was so often mentioned and always in a very lovely and respected way.”

.

“Jean was so very sweet to me when I was there years ago and I am sure that all of the couriers thought of her as a good friend and truly remarkable person.”

.

“Jean made all people feel at ease and she was always so generous to all. Her wonderful ability with the animals won the respect of all who knew her.”

.

“Jean was such a dear, gentle soul that it seems impossible to believe that she has been taken from us so abruptly. FNS won't seem the same without her in the Garden House. One thing is for sure, no one will ever be able to take her place.”

.

“Somehow, Jean leaves an unplugable hole in so many lives. But if it had to be it was merciful that it was quick.”

.

“Over the years I knew Jean as an associate and a neighbor. As an associate, she was an inspiration in kindness and courage. Just to be near her always made me think of three words—gentle, meek and mild. As a neighbor, the nights were never too dark nor the days too stormy or hot for Jean to deliver our telegrams or 'phone calls which came to Wendover, or to be ready with transportation for our sick children to and from the hospital. She doctored our children's pets and was a great help to me when I started raising flowers.”

.

Mrs. Rutheford Campbell beautifully summed up what Jean meant to her friends here in the mountains in the following trib-

ute, published in *The Thousandsticks*, our Hyden weekly paper, on March 30, 1961:

Tribute To Jean Hollins

"Our people were deeply saddened last Sunday on learning of the passing of one of the FNS most beloved members, Miss Jean Hollins. Wendover will never seem quite the same without her.

"All who knew Jean had a genuine love and respect for her.

"Nothing could be more satisfying than the knowledge within one's own heart of knowing you have had a part in a program that benefits your fellowman. To such a program Jean gave untiringly of her time.

"As I think back over the years which number more than 25 that Jean has been in Leslie County, memories of service, sacrifice, loyalty, humbleness and love flash through my mind.

"Her strength of character discouraged all forms of selfishness, greed, malice and unkindness.

"She will long be remembered for her steadfast service to man and beast, but most of all Jean was a friend."

—Pet Campbell

We, Jean's FNS family here in the mountains, have been greatly blessed by her selfless life of service to others. Her beautiful spirit, absolute integrity, unfailing courtesy, understanding sympathy and compassion, her love for all of God's creatures, her humility and delightful sense of humor—all will live on in our hearts forever. As time goes on and we face our inevitable crises, we shall feel the impact of our Jean—so much of her is still with us.

EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

You, our readers, will note that there is no column called **Old Courier News** in the Spring issue of the Bulletin. This is because so many of the letters from old couriers were about the death of Jean Hollins. We have used several of these in the story about her. Jean left a legacy to Frontier Nursing Service. The gifts sent in Jean's memory by old couriers and by other friends will be added to this legacy. We shall call it the Jean Hollins Memorial Fund and it will be placed in our Endowment.

A number of letters have come to us in praise of the picture cover on our Winter Bulletin. The courier photographer, Virginia Branham, is grateful. We are grateful too for the letters that have come from far and wide about St. Christopher's Chapel. We cannot begin to print under **Our Mail Bag** all of the glowing things written us. But they have made us very happy indeed.

As of April 30, the close of our fiscal year, gifts to the Chapel had reached a total of \$11,648.62. Of this amount, our own friends and neighbors here in the mountains had contributed \$6,817.59 besides many gifts in kind. Since the Hyden Chapel Committee had pledged \$6,000.00, it will be seen that this pledge is over-subscribed. Under **Field Notes** you will read of the moving ceremonies that attended the dedication of St. Christopher's Chapel.

We are often asked why Kentucky has so many floods. The short article by Joe Creason called **Running Water** gives the answer. With more than 14,000 miles of running water, Kentucky is subject to floods. Fortunately for its citizens they never occur all over the state at once.

If some of the articles in this Bulletin seem unduly personal, please bear in mind that they were presented to the editor on her 80th birthday.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE DAYS

Dedicated to Mary Breckinridge on her 80th Birthday

by

GRAYCE MORGAN (Mrs. Merrill L. Turnbow)

Introduction: Our nearest neighbors across the river from Wendover were Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Morgan. Their daughter Grayce, a young girl then, was an excellent horseman. Before we had our own post office at Wendover in 1926, Grayce often carried our mail to Hyden and did many errands for us. After we became an institutional post office, Grayce was a sworn-in postal clerk. This meant that she could carry the U. S. mail in its own bags when the river was up too high for the regular mail messenger to ride through. The horse of which Grayce writes the most was my own Teddy Bear but all of the horses she mentions live on in our affectionate remembrance.

When I first saw you, it was late in the evening. Dad was down at the barn feeding the stock. A big storm was coming up and I went down to see if I could help him before it began to rain. He told me to take one of the mules and go to the upper pasture and let the yearlings out and drive them into the barn, as he was afraid the river would get up and he wanted them where he could feed them. I rode over, opened the gate, rode down into the field and drove the yearlings out onto the road. Just as I was leaving the field you came riding down the road on Teddy Bear and the cattle scattered in every direction. Suddenly, it was so dark that I couldn't even see the cattle! Then the lightning flashed vividly so that I was able to see and round them all up. When I got back to the barn Dad wanted to know what kept me so late. I told him a lady on a big horse came along and scattered the cattle. He said, "That must have been Mrs. Breckinridge. I saw her go up awhile ago." I had a premonition that I would know you and your horse better some day—and I did!

CATCHING RODDY

Lillian and I went into Hyden on Major and Teddy Bear to post the mail, go to the clinic, get Roddy and Ricky, return to Hyden, pick up the incoming mail and go back to Wendover, leading Roddy and Ricky. We had gotten the mail and were mounting, when Lillian had a slip and Roddy got away. She called to me to say, "Quickly, Grayce, you let me have Ricky's

bridle and you catch Roddy before he rolls on his saddle. Teddy Bear can catch him but Major can't." I quickly handed her Ricky's reins and dashed off through town on Teddy Bear—we scattered a few pigs and chickens. Some men gave chase but Roddy just kicked at them and went merrily on his way toward Wendover and, of course, to roll if he got a chance. Then all of the little doggies in town came snipping at Teddy Bear's feet and we clattered down the clifty rocks and around the Pace Corner where all of the men and dogs gave up the chase. With Teddy Bear willing for a good run we found Roddy at the Shepherd Sand Bar, getting ready to roll. I caught Roddy and got down to inspect Teddy Bear's feet to see if he had been dog bitten. He had not, so I waited with the two horses until Lillian caught up and we came on to Wendover.

RIDING RICKY

It was a very hot summer day. I went to take the mail into town, leave Major at the clinic and bring Ricky back to Wendover. I picked up the mail and, for some reason, I felt so uneasy on Ricky that I took the middle of the road, riding along very slowly. We reached the overhanging cliffs when, suddenly, Ricky fell down flat on all fours and lay still! I was so stunned that I wasn't even scared. I thought, "Well, what next!" and pulled up my feet close enough so I could get up on them. About half way up I tripped one foot over the saddle and hit the dust. I got up again and shook off the dust and persuaded Rickey to get up too. I walked almost to Muncy's Creek before I got up enough courage to ride him again.

TEDDY BEAR IN THE TIN CAN

As usual, I took the mail into town and the messages over to the clinic. I stopped at the post office to post the mail. As I started to leave the post office a tall man stepped in line with me and said, "Miss, if you will hold that wild horse, I will take that tin can off his foot." We were at the door. I glanced at Teddy Bear's hitching post and, to my horror, he was practically standing straight up, holding up his fore foot with a big tin can on it! I ran down the walk, the steps and across the street, grabbed the reins as close to Teddy Bear's mouth as I could with one hand and began rubbing his forehead with the other.

He laid his head over my shoulder and stood ever so still while two men cut off the can with a pocket knife and the other men kept back the crowds. When the can was off we gave Teddy Bear's foot a thorough examination. There wasn't even a scratch.

TEDDY BEAR AND THE NIT FLY

It was a chilly rainy day in late spring and the river and creeks were up and very muddy. A neighbor was riding along with me and we were wondering whether we could cross the river as it had risen some since we last crossed it. Suddenly, Teddy Bear jumped forward like a rabbit and started running as hard as possible. I tried to rein him into the bank but he took the reins right out of my hand and ran on. I thought, "Well, you'll have to stop some time so I may as well stick on." The landscape was a blur and the pounding of his hooves was the only real thing to the ride! We came through that deep mud hole at Dixon's without a pause and when we got to the creek Teddy Bear stopped and stood on his rear feet and began pawing the water with his fore feet. I was given a very cold and muddy shower. I had jumped off on an old stone wall with the reins in my hand, wondering what to do next when Cook Morgan ran up, jerked off his cap and hit Teddy Bear on the chest with it! Teddy Bear reared up for the last time and when he came down, he was calm. Cook said, "Nit Fly." I looked and indeed, there was a big fly floating off down the creek and the blood was streaming down Teddy Bear's chest. A curious crowd had gathered with the neighbor I had left behind! They all were excited about Teddy Bear running away with me and were planning on who would lead Teddy Bear home and whose horse I was going to ride. I thought, "Oh! No! You won't take Teddy Bear like that." I leaped from my perch on the wall into the saddle and Teddy Bear and I were off up Polly Anne's Bank and I heard one of the men say, "I am going to tell Taylor to keep that kid of his off en them thar wild horses!"

TEDDY BEAR AND THE HAILSTORM

It was a rainy day when I left for the mail. I was on my way back to Wendover, just below Centers Revis' home, when a big hailstorm hit us. Teddy Bear was just a little nervous. I was talking to him, trying my best to calm him when the hailstones

began coming down as big as thimbles and getting bigger. Suddenly, Teddy Bear started running and I knew he was running away again. We came through the water at Mosley's field and across the river. Teddy Bear didn't pause for water this time. About half way across the river we saw Parky, the Wendover nurse-midwife, on Remus not ten feet from us. She called and all I had time to yell was, "Follow me." Remus tried his best to keep up, but keeping up with Teddy Bear running away wasn't easy for the other horses. The hailstones stopped falling somewhere along the upper pasture and then Teddy Bear slowed down. I was able to open the pull gate and ride in like a lady should ride!

I think this was the last adventure I had on Teddy Bear but not the last ride. The summer I joined the staff, Teddy Bear died and I rode whatever horse was available. But none was ever as good or had as much personality as Teddy Bear.

"BUCKET" IN THE QUICKSAND

One morning in early spring the mail messenger 'phoned from Hyden that he couldn't cross the river and would we please come to get our mail. Through the years this seems to have been quite routine when the river was up. This particular morning we were all extra busy. The river wasn't extremely high and the sun was shining. So I decided to wait until after lunch. By that time the river would be down enough for me to cross at the Muncy's Creek ford. It wouldn't take as much time as going the long way around—up Hurricane and down Hurts Creek and across the state bridge into town. When it came time to go Bucket (Dorothy F. Buck) was going to the Hospital so we started together, she on Big Joe and I on Lady Ellen. We crossed the ford safely and were going through the river by Mosley's field. Bucket was ahead and Big Joe was going a rapid pace. I came tripping along on Lady Ellen. Suddenly, Big Joe hit quicksand with both fore feet and Bucket went over his head. I had never, in all of my life, seen anything so frightening. I pulled Lady Ellen to a stop and jumped down. It didn't occur to me that she might get away with the mail. As I passed Big Joe's body, to reach Bucket, I remember thinking, "What a white belly he has to be such a black horse!" The reins were caught on Bucket's right hand and foot. I grabbed her with one hand

and reached back to unsnap the reins with the other and then pulled Bucket out of the way just as Big Joe pulled himself free. Bucket assured me she wasn't hurt. We wiped the mud and sand off the saddle as best we could and I helped her mount. I then went back to get my own horse. Bless Lady Ellen! She hadn't moved a step from where I jumped off her.

About a year later Bucket was talking to someone in the Dog Trot and I heard her say, "My horse got in some quicksand and when I got out my finger was crooked and it has been that way ever since!"

PENNY IN DEEP WATER

One winter after work started on the Hyden-Harlan road, I was again waiting until after lunch for the river to fall—so I could go get the mail. I was riding Penny quite often that year. We reached Short Creek. There we had to cross and go down yon side and cross the river again (near where the new school is located) and come onto the road just behind the road crew. When I started to put into the river the whole crew left their machines and tools and began yelling at me not to cross. I could see that the river wasn't too deep for my mare Penny, and I wasn't going to come all the way back or make some other arrangement—so I rode across. The whole crew ran down to the river and as I came out, dry myself but with Penny dripping with water, the engineer said, "Didn't you know we pulled a man out of there this morning?" I replied, "That must have been the mail messenger!" The engineer just took off his hat and scratched his head!

GLORIA AND THE ENCHANTED FOREST

The river was really up one cold morning in March and for good measure the weatherman threw in a big snow during the night. I had to go up Hurricane Creek. As soon as Kermit had put ice nails in Gloria's shoes we were off up Hurricane, through the trail across the mountain and down Hurts Creek. By the time I got to the trail the sun was up. Ice was frozen on all the trees—limbs and trunks. Icicles of every shape and size were hanging everywhere. The sun was shining brightly and many of the smaller icicles looked like little bells or tear drops. The forest seemed full of thousands of jewels and with a breeze

blowing faintly, the sound was like myriads of little bells. Then, to add to all of this beauty, there were cardinals and other birds flitting to and fro and Gloria padding softly through the snow. It was paradise!

I decided I would quickly collect the mail and return in time to see the Enchanted Forest again. When I picked up the mail there was more than would go into the bags so Roy said, "Leave the papers." I said, "No, Mrs. Breckinridge would miss them so I will have to take them some way." He said, "All right, I will hand them up to you after you get on the horse." I reached Hurts Creek and dropped one. I jumped down to get it and just as I stooped over to pick up the paper, Gloria took a nip at the seat of my best pants and left a hole in them! However, I remounted with all papers intact and was soon on the trail. Alas, the Enchanted Forest was no more—old King Sol had melted the icicles until great slivers and chunks of ice were falling everywhere. The trail was now full of snow and ice slush and muddy water. Gloria became frightened, so I tucked my pullover sweater into my belt and stuck the paper down my back and bosom and took both hands to the reins to guide Gloria safely through to the Hurricane road where the timber was not so thick. We made it home to Wendover safely.

URGENT NEEDS — PEOPLE

We want all of our friends to bear in mind that we are always in need of qualified people.

1. We are short every year of couriers for the fall, the winter and the spring.

2. We can use registered nurses at any time. We like to have extra ones so we can let them have a varied experience, including work on the district.

3. The very fine head of our record department, Mrs. Cecile Watters, has to leave us in August for family reasons. We need someone to take her place.

4. We need another stenographic secretary.

5. We must have an assistant to the medical director. It is a wonderful experience for a young doctor with AMA qualifications.

URGENT NEEDS

HYDEN HOSPITAL PLANT

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

Crawling Mountain:

Crawling mountain! Not again! This must be the reaction of our readers. It has been the kind of winter that causes mountains to crawl—icy temperatures and the ground frozen for weeks, then a thaw and more ice, followed by warm weather and heavy spring rains. This movement on a hillside leaves in its wake devastation in the form of broken pipe lines, cracked cisterns, crumbling surface drains and collapsed retaining walls. It has all added up to one of our largest maintenance costs. Again, with confidence, we ask you, our readers and friends, to help us meet this added burden that nature has put upon us. We shall welcome gifts of any amount towards this expenditure.

The repairs to the Hyden Hospital water system alone this fiscal year, due to the "crawling" mountain, have cost.....\$1,000.00
(Roughly: \$83.30 per month; \$18.50 per week; or \$2.60 per day)

HYDEN HOSPITAL

1. Kitchen—3-Compartment Sink: (stainless steel)—recommended by State Board of Health—sink and installation.....	475.00
2. Hospital and Clinic Filing System: Reorganized to meet present day needs, additional file cabinets, folders, labels, et cetera.....	300.00
3. Clinic Dressing Room: for patients—materials and labor—est....	75.00
4. Manure Bent: Wooden lining replaced with concrete blocks, outside creosoted; fly-proofed—materials and labor—est.....	150.00
5. Aunt Hattie's Barn: Whitewashed: (10 stalls and tack room) lime, alum, and labor.....	85.00
6. Autoclave (Sterilizer for Dressings) Repaired: new parts and labor.....	114.43
7. Hyden Clinic—Copying Machine: needed to expedite doctor's reports to outpost centers.....	385.25
8. Assorted Instruments—Used, but in Excellent Condition	92.00
9. Stretcher—Aluminum and Nylon:	45.00
10. Operating Room—Emergency Lamp: new storage battery.....	19.95
11. X-Ray Illuminator—With Drip Tray:	28.00
12. Blow Torch: for plumbing repairs.....	15.50
13. Extension Ladder—Aluminum—32':	54.60
14. Hurricane Candle Holders—Metal: for use in wards when power goes off—6 @ \$2.50 ea.....	15.00

HAGGIN QUARTERS FOR NURSES

1. Asbestos Tile to Replace Wornout Linoleum: tile and installation quoted as follows:	
Kitchen.....	\$ 85.00
Utility room off Kitchen.....	65.00
Two Bathrooms on 2nd Floor @ \$50.00.....	100.00
	\$ 250.00
2. Living Room—Draperies and Slip Covers: for 1 large sofa—2 small sofas and 2 chairs—material and making—estimated....	200.00

3. Washing Machine:	189.95
4. Stairwells (3) and Hallways (2) Painted: 1 coat only—Materials and labor.....	88.16
5. Bedrooms (3) and Bathroom Painted: materials and labor.....	57.48
6. Hollywood Beds: metal frames and coil springs—2 @ \$31.50 ea.	63.00
7. Dining Room Ladder-Back Chairs: 2—repaired and reseated....	25.00
8. Hot Water Heater: collar, set of grates.....	31.40
9. Stoker: new motor.....	25.15
10. Stainless Steel Flat Ware: 40-pc. set—replacement.....	15.00
11. Coffee Makers: 2—aluminum (large size) @ \$5.00 each.....	10.00
12. Incinerator: metal door and frame replaced.....	10.50

MARDI COTTAGE

1. Furnace—Replaced: (except ash pit section)—furnace and installation on contract.....	\$ 635.00
2. Hollywood Beds—Replacements: 2—coil springs and metal frames @ \$31.50 ea.....	63.00
3. Electric Fan for Kitchen: quoted @.....	18.50
4. Piano—Tuned: (includes repairs).....	35.00
5. Bedspreads—Replacements: 6 @ \$3.95 ea.....	23.70
6. Dining Room Chairs—Repaired: (glued and braced).....	7.40

WENDOVER

1. **Crawling Mountain:**

The mountain back of Wendover is "crawling" too! Along with the repeated breaks in pipe lines, multiple cracks in the lower cistern and broken-down retaining walls, we are now deeply concerned about the Cabin. It has settled and shifted on its foundation this past winter to such an extent that the whole building is cockeyed. Windows and doors have to be planed every few days to make them open and close. The stone chimney has a long crack in it, making it unsafe to put a fire in the heating stove in the bathroom. The wallboard is cracked and bulging in places. The floors are sloping—the boards have pulled away from the hearthstones. We have asked an engineer to come up and advise us. Until he comes, we have no idea of what the cost will be to make the building safe for next winter.

We estimate that the cost of repairing the pipe lines and cracked cisterns; and rebuilding the four retaining walls that have given way under the pressure of the sliding hillside, will come to at least.....\$1,500.00

Note: The retaining walls have to be torn out, a wide and strong concrete footing poured, and the walls rebuilt, at an approximate cost of \$4.50 per cubic foot.

Repairing one break in the 3-inch pipe line costs approximately \$30.00; in the 1-inch line, \$15.00; and the ½-inch line, \$10.00—depending on the depth the pipe line is laid.

2. Big Log House—Furnace: new furnace and installation.....	729.50
3. Horse Pasture—Fence—Repaired: new locust posts and wire on river side; posts reset and wire tightened on road side; new rails put in cross fence—posts, wire and labor.....	200.00
4. Chicken Houses and Lots—Fall Routine: repair of houses; sowing hairy vetch and buckwheat in lots, et cetera—materials and labor.....	154.32
5. Asbestos Tile Laid: in 6 rooms—material and labor—quoted @..	255.70
Big Log House—Employees Dining Room.....	\$54.10
Big Log House—Hallway and Bathroom.....	41.60
Garden House—Bathroom, 2nd floor	66.20
Garden House—Clinic and Bathroom.....	93.80

6. Big Log House—Moisture Proofing: under living room and dogtrot floors—materials and labor.....	30.00
7. Upper Shelf—Outside Light—Installed: materials and labor....	30.40
8. Cold Frame: for garden—materials and labor.....	50.00
9. Garden House Screen Porch—Light—Rewired: materials and labor.....	21.70
10. Washing Machine: largest size—replacement.....	189.95
11. Cabin—Bathroom—Hot Water Pipes: wrapped with insulation to protect against freezing—materials and labor.....	25.00
12. Small Dictating Machine: for use by Executive Secretary.....	205.10
13. Adding Machine:	263.30
14. Insulated Chest: for transporting meat from Hazard to Hospital and Wendover.....	20.00
15. Blow Torch: for plumbing repairs.....	15.50
16. Horse Barn: (Jean's Last Project)—11 rotten logs in 4 stalls and outside walls replaced—labor.....	232.60

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial

1. Furnace: Replaced: (except ash pit section) furnace, pipes and labor.....	\$ 710.00
2. Manure and Sawdust Bents: rebuilt of concrete blocks to eliminate frequent repairs to old wooden bents—materials and labor—estimated.....	400.00
3. Living Room Floor: replace original pine floor, now splintered, with prefinished oak flooring—flooring and labor—estimated	140.00
4. Deep Well Pump Repaired: sucker rods and drop pipe pulled and new working barrel and foot valve installed—parts and labor.....	88.62
5. Living Room Draperies and Slip Covers: for one double window; one daybed and two wing chairs—material and making—estimated.....	60.00
6. Pressure Canner: used for sterilizing delivery bag supplies.....	21.97
7. Gate Back of Barn: new gate made—lumber and labor—estimated.....	25.00

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial

1. Center Painted: 2 coats (3 coats in places)—materials and labor.....	\$ 469.70
2. Clinic Entrance Porch and Two Screened Porches: carpentry repairs necessary before painting center—materials and labor.....	335.00
3. Hot Air Furnace—Repairs: new seal, motor for fan and installation.....	106.20
4. Septic Tank and Sewer Line: new cover (concrete replacing wood); replacing 120' of sewer pipe in drainage field—materials and labor.....	90.90
5. Water Tank—Repaired: overflow pipe replaced and tank painted, et cetera (includes a new cover on spring house and new door for abandoned coal mine which furnishes a reserve supply of water in dry weather)—materials and labor.....	78.35
6. Drainage at Barn: to keep area around water trough dry—pipe and labor.....	33.00
7. Bedspreads: 4 @ \$3.95 each.....	15.80
8. Barn Frostproof Hydrant—Repaired: new bushings etc., and labor.....	15.00

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial**

1. Center—Creosoted: Trim—Painted: materials and labor.....	\$ 402.13
2. Barn and Outbuildings: outside creosoted and inside white-washed—materials and labor—estimated:	
Horse Barn	\$100.00
Cow Barn	15.00
Chicken House	10.00
Manure Bent (creosoted).....	5.00
	130.00
3. Clinic Entrance Porch and Screened Porch—Repairs: before painting.....	75.00
4. Vacuum Cleaner—Reconditioned: new moter and labor.....	21.00
5. Guttering on House—Repaired: labor.....	19.15

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER**Clara Ford**

1. Hot Air Furnace—Replaced: above ash pit—parts and labor...\$	600.00
2. Center—Trim Painted: (labor at half price as courtesy to FNS)—materials and labor.....	128.81
3. Screened Porch Off Living Room: new wire and other carpentry repairs—materials and labor.....	50.00
4. Dishes—Replacements:.....	14.27
5. Household Linens: (factory seconds):	
Bath towels—6 @ 58c.....	\$3.48
Mattress pads—quilted—3 @ \$2.65.....	7.95
	11.43
6. Dining Room Chairs (Split-Bottom): 4—reseated with hickory bark.....	7.00
7. Clinic Scales—Replaced:.....	6.25

WOLF CREEK NURSING CENTER**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial**

1. Boundary Line Fence: locust posts, field fence and labor.....\$	444.00
2. Clinic Examining Table: locally made, complete with iron stirrups.....	33.80
3. Privet Hedge: 150 plants and planting.....	24.00
4. Rubber Garden Hose and Nozzle: for watering garden and flowers.....	20.00

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER**"Possum Bend"—Frances Bolton**

This center was at Confluence for 32 years. It was evacuated in 1960 under orders of the United States Government. The site is now an access area for the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir and the buildings have all been torn down by the Government. The new Frances Bolton Nursing Center has not yet been relocated.

TACT

Tact: the ability to close your mouth before someone else wants to.

—*The Thousandsticks*
February 23, 1961

HOPE, FAITH AND LOVE

by

CECILE WATTERS

Head of Record Department

In the beginning of the twentieth century, more than fifty years ago, readers used in the little one-room school houses contained a poem which went something like this:

I know a place where the sun is like gold
And the cherry blossoms burst with snow
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for Hope, and one is for Faith,
And one is for Love, you know.
And God put another one in for Luck
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have Hope, and you must have Faith,
You must Love, and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four leaf clovers grow.

To Eastern Kentucky some thirty-five years ago, there came a young woman who had that Hope, Faith and Love, which so few of us know. The organization founded through her leadership was originally known as The Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies. It was her Hope that proper medical care could be provided for prenatal mothers; for mothers at the time of the babies' birth; and for the babies as they grew to adulthood.

The homes in this mountainous territory could only be reached in those days on foot or by horseback. Even now many of the roads are not suitable for jeep and truck travel. The first statistical report published by the organization in 1926 shows that there were admitted for care at the Hyden, Wendover and Stinnett clinics:

99 Babies
142 Preschool Children
316 School Children
275 Adults

a TOTAL of 832 Individuals,

the work being carried by three nurse-midwives. The report also contains the notation "work hampered by the worst winter in eight years."

However, there was never a lack of Faith on the part of the leader. She traveled to large outside cities, sometimes making four speeches a day, telling of the need for money, clothing and medical supplies. Never was there a lack of Faith on the part of a nurse-midwife, who was called in the middle of a dark, foggy, rainy night, but that she would be able to ride over swollen creeks, down mountainous paths to reach the bedside of the mother-to-be.

In filing records of families who have moved from the territory, one finds that Raleigh lives just beyond Twisting Sourwood, over the mountains on Ulysses Creek, that he is a healthy boy, always clean and tidy, that he helps around the home. Older brothers were told that they should follow his example and keep clean. There is a later card which says that Anna May went up Bob's Creek to Dogwood Hollow to see Elisha. He appears well and cheerful for his ninety-two years, but insists on his blood pressure being taken at every opportunity. He has child-like Faith in the nurses.

As each year since 1926 has passed, how much labor of Love has been intertwined, not only between the members of the organization and the pioneer families, but among the people of many countries of the World.

If one would refer to the Summer Bulletin of 1960, the Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the organization, long since known as the Frontier Nursing Service, shows that care has been given in twelve districts to:

22,304	Babies and Toddlers
9,493	School Children
22,191	Adults

a TOTAL of 53,988 Individuals.

Some of these individuals have moved to other localities. Many who return call at Wendover to say hello or send a greeting by one of the nurses. The more than 200 graduates of the Midwifery School, which was established November 1, 1939, are now scattered in many countries, working as medical missionaries,

“grateful for the six months spent at FNS, and for the knowledge and experience gained there.”

The nurse-midwives who have come from the British Isles have found beauty in the Kentucky Hills; Love in self-fulfillment, in gratifying and productive lives. The visitors of the professional medical world; the donors of money, clothing and other gifts; the many young girls who have so kindly served as couriers; the clerical and maintenance workers, have all learned a great deal from having been a part of the Frontier Nursing Service. She, who was responsible for all our experiences, still will tell you that she has received far more than she has ever given. Her 80th birthday was celebrated this year on the same day as the 75th Annual World Day of Prayer—February 17, 1961.

As we go about our daily way of living if each of us could only have Faith instead of doubt; Hope instead of despair; Love instead of dislike; many four leaf clovers might come our way.

AN UNUSUAL ROUND ROBIN

A friend told us recently about a round robin club letter which was begun 53 years ago and has circulated ever since. Seven college friends at the University of Wisconsin, upon graduation in 1907, started this letter and although only three remain, the letter will no doubt continue until only one man remains. A round robin is a group letter in which one removes one's previous letter from it, inserts a replacing letter and sends it on its way.

The particular round robin has kept a fine friendship active and has been worth many times the effort devoted to it.

—Contributed by one of the
three remaining friends

OUR MAIL BAG

From the First Vice-Chairman of our Board of Trustees: Of the many impressive things about the Service, I would say that the most outstanding would be characterized by the phrase "Self-reliance underscored by a will to do for the other person." You perhaps do not realize how refreshing this is. Individual effort and a willingness to sacrifice are two of America's greatest strengths which I fear are gradually disappearing. . . . You have developed what American Industry struggles with daily—namely, the effort to train young men and women to assume responsibility.

From a member of the New York Committee: Dr. Beasley's account (in the Autumn Bulletin) of installing the beautiful window was enthralling. I groaned aloud when it could not, at first, be fitted into its frame. When Wiley suggested and the Master Builder performed the wedge work my day was made.

From a Friend in California: The Autumn Bulletin was delightful as it continues to be number after number. I was so interested in the Report on the Chapel and the picture of it with its roof on.

From a Friend in Milwaukee: The cover on your Winter Bulletin was beautiful.

From a member of our National Nursing Council: The Winter Quarterly Bulletin has just come. I have read it with such pleasure, as I always do each number. Especially, I have rejoiced with you in the lovely St. Christopher's Chapel and the legends and poems.

From a Friend in New York: Your Winter Bulletin arrived yesterday. It is a collection of beautiful articles. The little newborn baby experience was so cosy, it was heartwarming. And that mother's insistence in spite of everything to have her baby born in Hyden Hospital and then bringing it back with measles and double pneumonia—did it get well? (Yes.)

From a Friend in Knoxville, Tennessee: I want to tell you especially how I enjoyed the Winter Bulletin and what a splendid number it is. . . . The cover picture of the window is beautiful!

From a Grateful Patient: I am writing you this letter to let you know how I feel about your kindness for getting me the glasses. I sure do appreciate it a lot and thanks a million for getting them. It is like living in a different world.

From a Friend Who Loves Horses: I would like the enclosed check to be used for something for the horses, from Sallie and Little Caesar in memory of of Freckles and Peanuts.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Clara Sparks in Ruanda-Urundi—February, 1961

I have recently been moved to relieve for Myra Adamson's furlough. She was with you in '54-'55, I believe. It is quite different being in charge of a work where there is no doctor. There is quite a lot of OB work here, so again I appreciate the time I spent with the FNS.

We do not know what the future holds for us. There was a time shortly after the upheaval in Congo that we thought Ruanda-Urundi would also be effected; but not enough for us to have to leave yet.

.

From Zelda Pierson in Fort Wayne, Indiana—March, 1961

I am working in the Lutheran Hospital here, in the labor and delivery room. One of the doctors is starting a program for "natural childbirth." He was delighted to find a nurse trained in midwifery and would like me for his assistant in his program. However, I will not be around long enough to help him. I have been to Haiti and back. The country is beautiful and people very lovable. So many things reminded me of the Kentucky hills. The roads are rough, steep and narrow with creeks and rivers to ford. At the particular mission compound I visited they need a clinic built, and a nurse to ride a burro to reach the people up in the mountains—just the training I have had, so they want me to return.

.

From Betty Hillman in Switzerland—March, 1961

We are having a good time here, with lovely weather and we are in a heavenly spot. I do not progress very well with skiing but I enjoy it. Our instructor takes it very seriously and tries very hard to get us to do the right thing—there is no reason why everyone cannot bend their knees if they try! Gwen and I send our love to everyone.

**From Louisa Chapman Whitlock in Bernardsville,
New Jersey—March, 1961**

I wanted so much to go to New York for Mrs. Breckinridge's visit, but keeping my family running seems to be a full time job. I neglected to tell the boys that it was raining this morning, so they all left without boots or raincoats. They have the theory that the fewer clothes they wear, the sooner spring will come. Three of them have fallen in the creek this past week. Some day I have hopes of visiting the FNS with them—I will warn you in plenty of time!

.

From Emily Stewart in Ontario, Canada—March, 1961

Last year I delivered well over two hundred babies in Africa, and I have greatly appreciated all the training I received at the FNS. Many a day I would have liked to pick up the telephone and ask a doctor for advice! However, we had no deaths among the women who came to us for delivery. I hope we will soon have news of Eldora Kinkead and Marie McCall who were evacuated from the Congo.

.

From Hilda Sobral Barnes in Alameda, California

—April, 1961

I have now been associated with the Alameda County Health Department for ten years. At present I am supervisor of the Crippled Children's Service. No doubt you are familiar with this program, as Dr. Marcia Hays was the State Director before her retirement. My son is seven years old, and I am looking forward to having some time with him this summer.

It has been a long time since I heard from your part of the country, and I do hope all is well with Mrs. Breckinridge and everyone. I continue to hope that one day I may return for a visit.

.

From Mary Heisey in Northern Rhodesia—April, 1961

The contents of the Bulletin are eagerly devoured in happy moments which transport me back to the enchanted mountains of Kentucky. Thank you very much for sending it to me. Already a year has passed since my return to Rhodesia. I have charge

of a "hospital" with a staff consisting of an African nurse and four untrained dressers. At present we are seeing about 130 patients daily, more than half of them in-patients. And, I am still "catching babies." Greetings to those I know.

.

From Jane Furnas in Tucson, Arizona—April, 1961

We were looking at some of our Kentucky slides last night, and it made me so homesick for the mountains. They must be lovely just now with all the wild flowers coming into bloom.

I have seen much interest in nurse-midwifery in this State; and there should be as there is a great need for better care of mothers and babies. One of the big problems is the families of migratory workers. The mothers are delivered by granny midwives, and the babies have no follow-up care which leads to a high neonatal death rate. The State is hoping to employ a nurse-midwife for work in one county with this problem.

I was so thrilled that Mrs. Breckinridge received the Nutting Award. Certainly no nurse was ever more deserving of it.

.

From Trudy Schatz in Southern Cameroons, W. Africa

—April, 1961

I have appreciated my midwifery training in Kentucky so many times since I have been here at the Maternity Center. This year, since January, we have had about one hundred deliveries with four complications. The last one was a mother who had delivered a premature twin on the roadside, and when she reached us we discovered the second twin was in a transverse position. Our doctor was away, so another nurse and I had to care for the situation alone. The twin did not live, but I am thankful that the mother did very well.

I will probably go to our training center in the fall, and I am sure it will be an enjoyable experience. Greetings to all at FNS.

.

From Barbara Kieper in Southern Cameroons, W. Africa

April, 1961

I am stationed at a Leprosy Settlement. We have 480 patients here, and about 1,800 being treated in 19 clinics in Bamenda Province. Here we have infectious patients, and school children

who have a school provided for them. Our hospital has 34 beds of which some are set aside for non-leprosy patients. We do surgery once a week and take in abnormal obstetrical patients from our Maternity Center which is six miles away, and where Trudy Schatz is in charge. You can see we do a little bit of everything.

In February this country voted to join the Cameroon Republic, the former French Cameroons. On October 1st, we will have a new government, and we do not know how this will affect us, but we are hoping we will be able to stay to carry on our work.

.

From Vivienne Blake Twiss in Ghana—May, 1961

The Winter Bulletin arrived last Friday, and needless to say both Chris (*her husband*) and I have been busy reading it from cover to cover. I would love to see the new Chapel—such a grand achievement.

Quentin is now two and getting into everything. Sarah Alma, our daughter, was born on February 8. She is very lovable and now enjoying a good kick before her feed. I am always trying to find a way to bring my family to you for a visit. Fares are still a little too high. I do not know if little Sarah will become a nurse, but if she does, I will encourage her to gain some experience with you. Please give my love to everyone.

.

From Annie Ellison in Somerset, England—May, 1961

Greetings from Vi (Clark) and myself. It is twenty-two years this month since we left Beech Fork, but we still have a very soft spot in our hearts for the Kentucky hills and all our friends there.

I hope you will like the lamp for the Chapel which I believe has been now sent off, after many delays. We pictured the lovely celebration for your birthday when we read about it in the Bulletin. One of the highlights of our days with you was a Thanksgiving Day party when you danced for us!

Vi and I have been retired from active nursing for five years, a little early but on account of poor health. I missed the work terribly at first; but we have settled down and find plenty to do. Please give our greetings to all we know.

From Ethel Turner in Baltimore, Maryland—May, 1961

I enjoy following the news of you folk in the Quarterly Bulletin. I have many happy memories of my year with you—it was a highlight in my life. I would dearly love to come back and help in the clinic some day after I retire. However, I have seven more years to go, and so many activities awaiting the day when I can kick up my heels and be free.

I am the Director of the Instructive Visiting Nurse Association of Baltimore City, and have been with the IVNA since I left the FNS in 1935. My year with you taught me many things which have been useful, and though I have never learned to feel comfortable on a horse, I have very fond memories of my "Charming Billy." I live with my sister and brother-in-law in a rambling old house with a big garden. Gardening was a hobby I learned from you in Kentucky. The weather this year has been so awful and my planting is way behind, but I am hopeful of some fine week-ends soon. All good wishes to you.

.

From Margaret Watson in Rockledge, Florida—May, 1961

The great excitement around here, of course, has been the man into space project. Along with some friends I went over to Cocoa Beach to a friend's house where we had a ringside seat. The weather, overcast at first, cleared beautifully so we had an excellent view as Mercury Capsule lifted off the pad. As you can imagine the excitement was terrific and I do not believe there was a dry pair of eyes when we got the news that our space man had landed on target all safe and sound. Though none of the oldsters expressed any great desire to take the trip, all the children said they would surely like to go to the moon; and of course, down here all children speak space language.

My love to all I know, please.

.

From Catherine Lory in Nashville, Indiana—May, 1961

I was due back in Liberia with USOM for a third tour of duty, on June 6. But one week ago my Mother had a hip fracture and her condition is serious, so I can make no plans. I am very loath to resign, because I hate the thought of retirement and find my work very challenging and interesting. Wherever I go

it is always a pleasure to meet former FNS people. Esther Bacon, in Liberia, and I get together whenever possible. She is doing a remarkable job in the adjoining district.

NEWSY BITS

Wedding

Miss Sylvia J. Leatherwood and Dr. Waldo Enriguez on March 7, 1961, in Pineville, Louisiana. Sylvia writes: "We are very happy. Waldo had to leave Cuba where he had been a general surgeon for ten years. He is now doing a general residency here in Pineville, so we will be here for two years, after which Waldo hopes to attend Tulane for a year."

New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Twiss (**Vivienne Blake**) on February 8, 1961, in England, a daughter, Sarah Alma.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mishler (**Joy Hilditch**) on March 11, 1961, in Avondale, Arizona, a son, David Mark.

.

Early in April we received bad news about **Bridget Gallagher**, who is taking training with the Queen's Nurses in England. While on her nursing rounds on April 1, Bridie's car was hit by a big lorry. Bridie was thrown out of the car and suffered a crack fracture of the skull and several broken ribs, with various lacerations. We are happy to have later news that Bridie is making a good recovery, and we were especially pleased to have a note from her in which she writes: "I am feeling very much better now, but have to continue to rest for a month. Having Miss Chetwynd, Marion Hickson and Gertrude Bluemel visit me in hospital was delightful."

.

We send our deepest sympathy to **Margaret Watson** on the loss of her Aunt Isobel (Mrs. William Day) who died in Rockledge, Florida, on March 31, 1961; and to **Juanetta Moore Morgan** on the loss of her father, in Morehead, Kentucky, on May 7, 1961.

IT'S A BOY!

by

ANNE DeTOURNAY, R.N., C.M.

These words have been echoed and re-echoed throughout the world, many times over, but the thrill remains ever new.

The last time I heard the words, they were uttered by a father of six girls. He repeated it, saying the words as if in reverence, in awe . . . remembering . . . just a few years back, the loss of an infant baby boy.

The call came, as most of them do, in the wee wee hours of the morning. We had answered three "false" calls to this mother in the past few weeks, and after a double check from Dr. Beasley, the Medical Director at Hyden Hospital, we had no choice but to await the real call. Each night, before retiring, I had set everything in readiness at the door, so that if the call should come, there would be no delay in getting to her home. In answer to his urgent "hurry," I dressed hastily and with everything right at hand, I lost no time getting on the road, to find, with a sinking heart, that the fog was so heavy it was difficult to make out the edges of the road. I decided to stake all on that interrupted white line in the center of the road, and I hugged it greedily. In the fifteen minutes it took to reach the mother, my mind raced back over her history of rapid labors, and the loss of her last child. She was also the possessor of a rare type of blood, for which it would take time to find a donor if she should need a transfusion; the combination of the elements in this situation sobered me considerably, and I felt, rather than heard, a voice reassuring me that all would be well.

The feeling stayed with me, as I carefully left the highway, forded the river, and literally "plowed" my way to the cabin. The door was open, and the father met me with the age-old greeting, "It's a boy," and added quickly that it was all right. I hurried to reach the mother and her newborn son, to find that everything was all right. With a gladdened heart, and a renewed feeling of eternal gratitude, I whispered, "Thank you, God, thank you so very much."

PUPPY AND TORTOISE

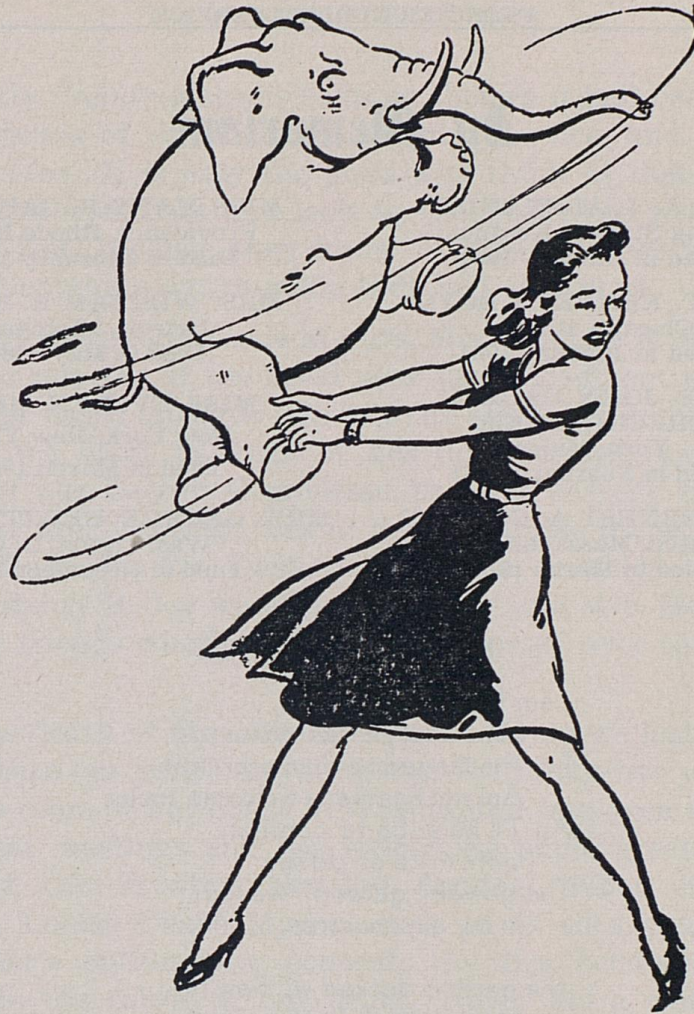
When my daughter brought home a tortoise our puppy was most intrigued; but after a time he tired of this slow-moving plaything and grew jealous of the attention it received. One day in the garden I saw him with his eye on the tortoise, apparently taking note of the direction in which it was going. He stood still for a while and then began to dig. The unsuspecting tortoise continued slowly but surely on its way. The puppy waited till it arrived at the brink of the hole and then sprang, pushing it in and rapidly proceeding to bury it. Quite unperturbed, the tortoise ploughed through the soil and was soon on the way to its favourite flower bed. Once or twice I saw the puppy try the same trick again, but with less finish than on this first occasion.—*Florence Tolley*

OWL WITH A MEMORY

Some years ago I found a very young tawny owl under an oak tree in the copse behind my house and, as no parent bird appeared before darkness fell, took it home. I reared it successfully indoors in an old shoe-box. Two months later I moved it, complete with box, into the barn, where it soon learned to fly round and began to fend for itself. By the end of the year it was a beautiful bird, living in the barn but always flying near when I walked over the fields at night, sometimes landing on my shoulder. Shortly after this I went abroad for two years. On my return I learned that, soon after my departure, the owl had left the barn for good; I assumed it had taken to the woods. During my leave I was standing by a gate with a gun one evening, waiting for pigeons to come into the copse to roost, when something landed suddenly on my shoulder. I turned my head a little and found a large owl perched a trifle precariously against my ear. It stayed there while I walked back to the house, leaving only when I reached the barn, to fly on to the roof. My waif had returned. It accompanied me on many evening walks and was often seen in the barn after I had again gone overseas.—*Judyth Gribble*

The Countryman, Summer 1960. Edited by John Cripps,
Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

In Memoriam

MRS. A. J. ALEXANDER
Spring Station, Kentucky
Died in January 1961

MISS MARY S. GARDNER
Providence, Rhode Island
Died in February 1961

MR. T. KENNETH BOYD
Chicago, Illinois
Died in January 1961

MRS. WILLIAM R. KALES
Detroit, Michigan
Died in May 1960

MRS. JOHN CABELL
BRECKINRIDGE
York, Maine
Died in February 1961

MISS EVELYN MELLEN
New York, New York
Died in March 1961

MRS. ERNEST A. CODMAN
Boston, Massachusetts
Died in March 1961

MRS. GEORGE HEWITT MYERS
Washington, D. C.
Died in December 1960

MY AIN COUNTREE

I am far frae my hame,
I am weary aften whiles
For the langed for hame-bringin
An' my Faether's welcome smiles
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content,
Until my e'en do see
The gowden gates o' heaven
In my ain countree.

The earth is decked wi' flow'rs,
Mony tinted, fresh an' gay,
An' the birdies warble blythely,
For my Faether made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's
Will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singin'
In my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither
A wee birdie to its nest,
I fain would be gangin' noo
Unto my Faether's breast;
For He gathers in His arms
Helpless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel'
To His ain countree.

—Old Scottish Song. The version we have used is as given in *The Birds Christmas Carol* by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

My Ain Countree seems to us as though it had been written for old friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, and especially the last verse. It is only the good who think of themselves as helpless and worthless and look to the Father to gather them in at the last, because they know it is the Father who made possible everything worth-while they had ever done.

One of these old friends of ours, **Mrs. William R. Kales**, died in the first quarter of the fiscal year just ended; but we did not learn of her death until too late to write about her in our Autumn Bulletin. We want to write of her now because, as an early member of our Detroit Committee, she was so very kind to us. One of our first meetings was in her hospitable home. Our first Detroit Chairman, Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, presided. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Joy were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, and other friends who have long since crossed over to the other side.

In the death of **Mrs. George Hewitt Myers** we lost a trustee who had been our friend and supporter for thirty-two years. The big studio room of her house in Washington was open to some of our earliest meetings and her welcoming smile greeted all the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service. When her young daughter, Louise Chase Myers, came to us as a courier, with her mother's enthusiastic consent, the ties between us were woven into the fabric of our being. Never did a woman more gallantly support the tragedies that came in her latter years. She had not only survived her husband but all three of her children. The last of these young women to go was our own lovely Louise, Mrs. John Ramsey Pugh. We were glad when we learned a few months later that her mother had followed Louise across the barrier of death.

Our trustee, **Mr. T. Kenneth Boyd** of Chicago, had hardly passed the prime of life when he died in January. A man of high personal integrity, he had loved and supported the Frontier Nursing Service for many years. He approved of the way in which its affairs were handled. The ties between him and us were strengthened when his daughter Barbara became our courier; and, later, when Mrs. Boyd took the chairmanship of the Chicago Committee. He stood behind everything she did, including her visits down to our territory and the effective work

she carried on in our behalf in Chicago. Theirs was one of the most devoted marriages we have ever known. More than once I had the privilege of staying with them at their home in Winnetka and I loved every hour I spent there. Now this gallant gentleman has moved over to the other side of death.

In **Mrs. A. J. Alexander**, my cousin Jean Preston, we gave up a member of our Blue Grass Committee who was charming and still young. Many are the warm ties, apart from kinship, that bound us to her and to her family. Her husband, Dr. A. J. Alexander, has been a member of the Medical Advisory Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service ever since he came back to Kentucky as a pediatrician. His father was the first chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service when we organized in 1925. Jean Alexander, who bore her mother's name, was our courier in 1958 before her marriage to Roger William Gilcrest. Our hearts have gone out in tender sympathy to Dr. Alexander and his children. We, in our measure, share their grief.

In the death of **Miss Mary S. Gardner**, at the age of 90, the Frontier Nursing Service lost one of the earliest members of its National Nursing Council. During the long illness that preceded her death, she could no longer serve us but in our earliest days she was one of the best advisers we had. I even made a trip to Providence when our work was in the process of organization to get her advice on a number of things. Miss Gardner had a distinguished career in nursing. Like a great many nurses, beginning with Florence Nightingale, she was a young woman of private means and of good heritage. Her pioneer work as director of the Providence District Nursing Association was studied by nurses from many parts of the world. She herself went overseas during and after the First World War. She gave herself without stint to all calls upon her if she felt the need that lay behind the call. Her textbook, *Public Health Nursing*, has a rare quality of tenderness and humor. It was translated into French, Spanish, Chinese, and Korean. Now this loved friend of ours has answered her last call. We who knew her are sure that she is of immense usefulness on the other side.

When **Mrs. John Cabell Breckinridge** died in early February, this world relinquished its hold on one of the most compassionate people it had ever known. No cause and no person came into the

fringe of her life that she did not reach out to help them with an understanding rare in any but the compassionate heart. She was one of the original members of the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies when it organized in 1925, and was filled with an inspiring assurance of its ultimate success. She came down to Louisville from New York to attend its first general meeting, after its formation, at the country home of Mrs. S. D. Henning. She never failed in all the years afterwards to give it financial support. Our early moving picture, *The Forgotten Frontier*, taken by her daughter Marvin, was one of her gifts to us. But more than all else she gave a sympathetic understanding of the hardships that lay ahead. From her mother, who was Mrs. Benjamin F. Goodrich, Mrs. Breckinridge inherited River House, on an extensive property at York through which a river is winding. Here she extended hospitality on the widest scale, not only to her own and her husband's kindred, and her many friends, but to others who were drawn to her by their need of a place of rest. The persons she helped individually were uncountable. Here at River House in a family burial ground lie the ashes of her husband and her two older sons. Our tenderest sympathy has gone out to her surviving son, Robert Breckinridge, and her daughter, Marvin, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson. In the Chapel of St. James Church in New York a brief memorial service was held on her 87th birthday a few days following her death. Only intimate friends and members of the family were present. All joined in her favorite prayer, the General Thanksgiving from the Book of Common Prayer.

When **Mrs. Ernest Amory Codman**, our trustee and honorary chairman of our Boston Committee, died in early March at the age of 90, we lost one of the best friends any charity has ever known. She had cared about us even before we began to be. In preparation for my work in France I had taken a course at what was then called the Boston Instructive District Nursing Association. Mrs. Codman was its founder and first chairman. She talked with me about what I was going to do overseas and what I meant to do later in America. She guided the Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service with tact and extreme efficiency. I was often in her home during the lifetime of her distinguished husband. After Dr. Codman died his widow remained in the old house on Beacon Street. Memories of her

throng my mind because she was one of the people that I liked best in this world. She is one for whom, I am sure, all the trumpets have sounded on the other side.

Miss Evelyn Mellen of New York City entered heart and soul into the work of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Twenties almost as soon as we began to be. I had first known her in the old American Committee for Devastated France in the Aisne. Since the French name for this Committee spelled itself as C. A. R. D., we who worked under Miss Anne Morgan over there were called the CARDS. Evelyn Mellen was one of the best and loveliest of all the CARDS, as letters from old friends testify over and over again. Everything she touched was done well, and with her own rare sympathy. We have been deeply moved that surviving old CARDS here in America have sent gifts to the Frontier Nursing Service in lieu of flowers. The next world has become a dearer and more home-like place because she has gone over to it.

M. B.

POSTSCRIPT

COL. GEORGE WARREN DUNN, Ret.

"Brackenwood"

Newark, Delaware

May 1, 1961

Col. Dunn was the husband of my sister, Lees Breckinridge Dunn, who is an active member of the Philadelphia Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. He was also the father of our courier, Pamela, now Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis, whose husband, Major Ellis, is stationed at West Point. His connections with the Service make it fitting for us to say a word about him here. He volunteered in the First World War and was sent overseas as a young Second Lieutenant. He was awarded the French *Croix de Guerre*. He stayed with the United States Army and in time became a regular. He had the good luck to be sent overseas again in the Second World War. For his wife, his two daughters, and his only son, Major George Warren Dunn of the U. S. Air Force, we conclude with a part of the *Last Poem of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*, British Ambassador to the United States during the First World War. Sir Cecil wrote it in Washington on January 12, 1918, a few weeks before his death.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love.

.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are Peace.

—Published by *Longmans, Green and Company*, London

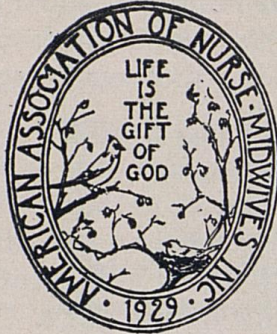
THE REFERENCE

A man wrote to a hotel in a distant city, seeking to make a reservation, and asking if his dog would also be an acceptable guest. The hotel man replied:

“No dog has ever stolen silverware from our dining room or walked off with towels and blankets. No dog has ever smoked in bed, causing damage to himself and our hostelry. No dog has ever used our rooms for convivial parties lasting far into the night to the disturbance of our other guests. No dog has ever given us a rubber check or otherwise attempted to evade payment of our modest rates.

“Your dog will be most welcome . . . and if he'll vouch for you, we will make the reservation as requested.”

—*The Colonial Crier*, November 1960
Colonial Hospital Supply Company,
Chicago, Illinois



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF
NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will take place at Wendover, Kentucky, on Wednesday, November 1, 1961. Members of the Association will be honored this year with an address by Dr. Duncan Reid, the William Lambert Richardson Professor and Head of the Department of Obstetrics at Harvard University Medical School, and Chief of Staff at Boston-Lying-in-Hospital. Official notices of the meeting will be sent to members in the summer.

HELEN E. BROWNE
Secretary

RUNNING WATER

Written for this Bulletin by Joe Creason of
The Louisville Courier-Journal

In Kentucky there are 33 streams which are called rivers inside the state or along its borders. And that number includes the Kentucky and Licking Rivers as one stream; that is, the three forks of the Kentucky are given as a single stream, as are the two forks of the Licking even though all five forks of the two streams are long enough to be classified as separate rivers. **Kentucky has more miles of running water than any state in the union except Alaska.** The miles of running water in this state in the 33 rivers and more than 800 smaller streams comes to a shade over 14,000. We have seven major flood-control reservoirs already in operation in the state and these man-made lakes cover more than 110,000 acres. Three more reservoirs now under construction will cover more than 60,000 acres of land once completed.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place after this Bulletin is in the mails. It will be in the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel on Monday, June 12, preceded by a luncheon at 12:30 p.m.

.

We know that all of you who attended the Washington John Mason Brown Benefit at the Shoreham Hotel on Tuesday morning, April 4, were as always delighted with Mr. Brown's lecture on "Seeing Things." Mrs. John Fitzgerald Kennedy headed our list of patronesses. The wife of the President of the United States has always so honored us, beginning with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and the first of these benefit lectures. We are grateful to our Washington Committee, its patronesses, its officers, and its members and honorary members—a long and distinguished Washington list.

.

Our New York Committee held a rummage tea on Saturday, April 15, at the home of Mrs. N. Holmes Clare in benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service Bargain Box. The various members of this fine Committee worked very hard to make it the success it was.

.

The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service put into the mails on April 15 a letter announcing the Christmas Preview Benefit to be held again this year in the Charter Room of the New England Mutual Hall on October 24 and 25. A special opening for the sponsors and their guests will be held on Monday evening, October 23, from 5 to 7, and this letter goes to all who have sponsored this remarkable benefit in previous years. Mrs. Vcevoid Strekalovsky is the Benefit Chairman again this year and the letter that goes out above her signature is admirable. The names of the officers and members of this fine committee are on the stationery and there are none better in Boston.

.

Our magnificent trustee, Mr. David Prewitt of Lexington,

Kentucky, celebrated his 90th birthday on March 28. We understand that the telephones were jammed with telegraphic messages for him and that the florists in Lexington almost sold out. He is in the pink of condition with the same clear mind that has served him and his friends well during his long lifetime.

.

From *The Lexington Herald* of January 25, 1961, we quote a bit of scientific news about Joseph C. Carter, son of Mrs. R. M. Bagby. As a boy, Joe was one of our earliest volunteers at Wendover.

"A former Kentuckian has designed a nuclear power plant to provide electricity for the first Americans to land on the moon.

He is Joseph C. Carter, son of Mrs. R. M. Bagby, of the Briar Hill Road.

His design for the plant, which can be ready any time the rockets are ready for a manned lunar landing, was revealed at the annual meeting of the American Nuclear Society in San Francisco last month.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration plans call for a manned flight to the moon and back 'sometime after 1970.'

Carter designed the nuclear power plant at the Argonne National Laboratory.

It can be folded to fit in the nose cone of a giant rocket, occupying a space 12 feet long and 19 feet in diameter and weighing 20,000 pounds.

When set up on the moon, four 75-foot metal fins would spread out from the plant like spokes to dissipate excess heat from its atomic pile."

.

We are proud indeed to announce that Transylvania College will award an honorary doctor of science degree at its commencement exercises June 11 to Dr. Carl H. Fortune. Dr. Fortune is a member of the Medical Advisory Committee of our National Medical Council.

.

We continue to be proud as more of the great men who serve on our National Medical Council continue to get honors. Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati has been made President of the American Roentgen Ray Society. In his admirable address he says that he feels genuinely humble. The truly great always do feel that way.

.

The Easter Seal Research Foundation of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc. has announced the

creation of "new and significant awards to be known as Distinguished Service Awards for Professors Emerti." The first recipient of one of these awards is Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland. Dr. Eastman has long been a member of our National Medical Council and one of our devoted friends.

Dr. George H. Whipple, a member of our National Medical Council from Rochester, New York, and the father of one of our early couriers, was awarded a gold-headed cane, its highest honor, by the American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists. In 1934 Dr. Whipple had been awarded a Nobel Prize for his discovery that simple anemia can be corrected with some meats and dried fruits, and that even pernicious anemia would yield to liver and its extracts.

Yet another member of our National Medical Council, our dear and good friend Dr. Karl M. Wilson, has received a high honor, and none could be too high to honor him. Dr. Wilson, Professor Emeritus of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Rochester, New York, Medical School, was awarded the Albert David Kaiser Medal from the Rochester Academy of Medicine at a dinner on May 2. A press release tells us that "Dr. Wilson, one of the original faculty members at the University of Rochester Medical School, receives the award for his extraordinary talents as a teacher and his skill in the care of patients." Mrs. Wilson, the chairman of our Rochester Committee, has written us that her joy in this occasion was heightened by the wonderful things old friends said to her about her husband.

We read in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that our trustee, Dr. R. Glen Spurling, famed the world over as a neurosurgeon, would receive fresh honors on Saturday, May 20, in Louisville. This occasion takes place after we have gone to press so that we cannot write about it in detail. But we rejoice in everything good that comes to Dr. Spurling.

It is fitting, while I write about awards, to tell of one that I myself feel greatly honored to have received. The Mary Ade-

laide Nutting Award for outstanding leadership and achievement in nursing was conferred upon me by the National League for Nursing in Cleveland on April 10. The beautiful medal and the citation was received on my behalf by our old friend and trustee, Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland. My admiration for Miss Nutting was so great that I am both humbled and happy to receive the award given in her name.

One of my most treasured possessions is a book which Henry Bonham Carter gave to Miss Nutting in 1910 and which she gave to me in 1930. It is called

Introductory Notes on Lying-In Institutions,
A Proposal For
Organising an Institution for Training Midwives
and Midwifery Nurses
by Florence Nightingale

It was published in London by Longmans, Green, and Company in 1871. Across the flyleaf Miss Nutting wrote "From M. Adelaide Nutting to Mary Breckinridge with affectionate regard."

Mary Breckinridge

SADDLEBAG BABIES

The mother of a little girl, 10 years old, was having a baby. Whilst the father went to get the nurse-midwife, their uncle took the children to stay with grandma. They were all at the barn when father came riding down the road with the nurse. "There they go," said Uncle Estil, "I can hear the baby crying." The little girl stood listening intently and, to this day, even though she is a mother herself, she can hear, in her imagination, the baby crying in the saddlebags.

A. M.

MIDDLE EAST LAND USE

How to Make a Desert

In and near Lebanon's remote Kammouha Forest, 6,000 feet high in the northern mountains, is evidence that man, and not changes of climate, is responsible for the growth of the desert—man and past practices of forestry and agriculture . . .

Short-term thinking about forests sent most of the Cedars of Lebanon out to the sea in ships, and overzealous search for food and fiber sent the soil out to sea after the ships . . .

The Six Steps

The six steps of desert-making—about which no nation can be smug—are illustrated in Lebanon:

1. Resembling the forest of the Sierra Nevada, the uncut Kammouha forest still contains pine, juniper, and fir, with oaks on the lower flats.

2. Fields are cleared in the forest; cultivation remains on the deep fertile soil of the flats until population pressure or exhaustion of the soil forces use of the slopes. Here erosion is much more rapid; eventually cultivation is no longer profitable.

3. The abused flats are then grazed—and overgrazed—by sheep, cattle, and horses. Bedrock or hardpan appears.

4. Livestock, like cultivation, moves to the slopes when the formerly better flats are overgrazed. When the poorer feed here goes, branches are pulled down for forage. With seedlings eaten by ravenous livestock, forest regeneration ceases.

5. Goats finish off all traces of forest vegetation and nomads with their flocks constantly move about in search of the meagerest feed. Here in an area famed for its lumber in Roman times timber is now totally unavailable, even for the roofs of buildings, so "bee hive houses" are built of stones and mud heaped up in the fashion of an eskimo igloo.

6. And finally, abandoned terraces, irrigation systems, and cities blend with the sere landscape, to testify silently of the riches the land has lost.

—*Oryx*, the Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 1, England

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

"On behalf of the friends and neighbors of the Frontier Nursing Service, I present this Chapel complete to the Frontier Nursing Service for the use of the patients, the staff, and members of the community, and hereby dedicate it to the Glory of God."

With these words, Judge Elmer Begley officially dedicated St. Christopher's Chapel of Hyden Hospital at the Dedicatory Service on Saturday, April 22, 1961.

The Rev. Robert Veley of the Hyden Presbyterian Church was the master of ceremonies. The Rev. Arthur Russell, Public Relations Director at the Red Bird Mission at Beverly, led the responsive readings. The four Lessons were read by the Rev. Roscoe E. Weibel of the Evangelical United Brethren Church at Saylor, the Rev. Jesse Porter, a Baptist Missionary, Mr. Tom Sizemore, Elder and Superintendent of the Sunday School of the Hurt's Creek Church of Christ, and the Rev. James Hightower of the Muncy Creek Baptist Church. The Rev. Canon Robert W. Estill of Christ Church, Lexington, read the closing Prayers and pronounced the Benediction.

During the past year our friends have read stories in the Bulletin about the building of the Chapel and the cover picture of the Winter 1961 issue showed the east end with its 15th Century stained glass window. We think St. Christopher's Chapel perfect in every detail, and one of the prayers offered by Mr. Estill is most appropriate for this little building that was so carefully built by local craftsmen:

"O God, who dost employ in the adornment of Thy temple the skills of artists and craftsmen; Grant that, as we rejoice in the beauty and proportion, the symmetry and grace, of the outward and perishable, so our minds may be drawn to that which is eternal in the heavens, looking unto Jerusalem which is above, where with Thee and the Holy Ghost, Thy Son, Jesus Christ, liveth and reigneth, world without end. Amen."

The Dedication was attended by many friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, members of its Executive Committee, and its staff. A reception in Haggin Quarters for Nurses followed the service.

The Rt. Rev. William R. Moody, Bishop of Lexington, came up to Hyden on Thursday, May 11, for the Consecration of St. Christopher's Chapel and for the Confirmation of three members of the FNS staff.

The grounds around the Chapel are gradually being planted under the supervision of Hope Muncy, the doctor's secretary. She has been gathering wild flowers, shrubs, and bits of moss covered rocks and logs, and others of the staff have contributed their greenery to the project.

The Chapel has been used by the staff for a service of Evening Prayer every afternoon at 5:00 o'clock since early January. Ambulatory patients and friends from Hyden join us when they can. Among the prayers used daily is one for the maternity patients in the care of the Frontier Nursing Service, written by Molly Lee:

"We pray Thee, O Heavenly Father, to watch over all the Mothers for whom we care. Protect them from all fear of danger and deliver them safely and happily of healthy children, that they may give thanks to Thee for Thy safe keeping and spread Thy love in their homes, that their families may grow in the knowledge and love of Thee. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

.

A spring event of great significance was the first meeting in history of the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service to be held here in the mountains. It was a pleasure for the staff to have the opportunity to meet the members of our governing board. Our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson of Washington, D. C., came in on April 19, to make her arrangements for the meeting which was held on Saturday, April 22. Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., and their daughter, Missy, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Heyburn, all of Louisville, and Mrs. F. H. Wright of Lexington, spent Friday and Saturday nights with us. Dr. Francis Massie and Mrs. Massie drove up from Lexington for the day on Saturday. To Agnes Lewis' chagrin, the furnace in the Big House chose the time of the meeting to wreath the Committee in clouds of black smoke, but no one was asphyxiated and the members were so kind as to say they enjoyed the weekend as much as we did.

.

We regret having to announce that our Medical Director,

Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley, and his family will have left the Frontier Nursing Service before this Bulletin reaches you. Dr. Beasley has accepted an assignment with the International Coöperation Administration and will be sent to Liberia the middle of June. Our friends beyond the mountains will know how greatly we here in the mountains—staff, patients, friends—will miss all of the Beasleys, and how grateful we are to them for all they have done for all of us.

Dr. Beasley's successor as Medical Director will be Dr. Francis Brewer of Bloomfield, Connecticut, a former medical missionary who is eminently qualified. Unfortunately, Dr. and Mrs. Brewer cannot come to Hyden until August and we have not been successful in finding a physician for the months of June and July.

It is extremely hard on the staff and patients alike not to have a doctor at Hyden Hospital. The general wards have had to be closed. The midwifery wards remain open and the maternity patients can continue to be cared for by the nurse-midwives under the supervision of several deeply kind physicians in Hazard, Beverly, and Oneida. It is often difficult to explain to the patients why they cannot get the treatment and medication they need at Hyden Hospital. One day last week the Clinic nurse carefully explained to an elderly patient that she could not treat her without an order from the doctor, and that Dr. Beasley wasn't there. The patient was highly indignant. "Well!" she said, "I would have thought that you had worked with Dr. Beasley long enough to know what he would want me to have!"

.
The Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mr. Emmitt Elam, held a dinner meeting at Wendover on May 16, with 26 members present. Everybody had a delightful time.

.
Carolyn Banghart and Molly Lee attended the open meeting of the American College of Nurse-Midwifery in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Saturday, April 8.

.
A box supper on May 9 raised \$50.00 to help defray the costs of repairs on the Bull Creek Clinic.

In late March we had the latest of the wonderful surgical clinics which have become a most pleasant FNS tradition. Dr. Francis Massie and his scrub nurse, Miss Louise Griggs, were both unable to come, but their places were capably and willingly filled by Dr. J. B. Holloway, Jr. and Miss Mary Ellen Amato. Mrs. Christine Williams returned as their anesthetist. No surgical team ever worked harder in clearing twenty-one cases in two and one-half days. We are eternally grateful to all of them.

.

The 42nd Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery will begin on June 1, with seven students. Judith Gay, Winifred Jacobson, Patricia Stevens, and June Weiss have all been with the Service for some months. Helen Reesor, of Toronto, Canada, and Florence Walter, of Downs, Kansas, have both been in the mission field in Nigeria, and Frances Crawford, of Farmington, Missouri, has been in Gaza.

We are deeply grateful to Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., and his associates at the Miner's Hospital in Hazard, for arranging to give the medical lectures to this new class in the absence of a Medical Director.

.

We are glad to welcome several new members to the FNS staff. Judith Cundle, Liverpool, England, and Susan Smith and Evelyn Hey, both of Leeds, England, have been with us about a month. Judith and Evelyn are at the Clara Ford Center and Susan is assistant to the hospital midwife at Hyden. Mary Young came to us in March and Helen Trachsel will join the staff June 1, upon completion of the midwifery course.

All of our good wishes went with Anne deTournay, Toni Lambert, Jean Kerfoot, and Norma Brainard when they left us in May.

Margaret Willson and Anne Cundle returned in April after long holidays in England—Anne to her post as Wendover resident nurse-midwife and Margaret to be the FNS field supervisor.

.

We have been extremely fortunate in having Ruth Helmich of Lititz, Pennsylvania, as a courier at Wendover all spring. Ruthie leaves us in early June but she has already applied to

come back when she completes her nurse's training in three years time. Her application has been accepted!

Kate Ireland has been in several times this spring; Jinny Branham was here until the end of April; Freddy Holdship came down for a flying visit in early April; Birch Hincks, who was here last summer, spent her spring vacation helping us out; and Leslie Williams was back for two weeks in May.

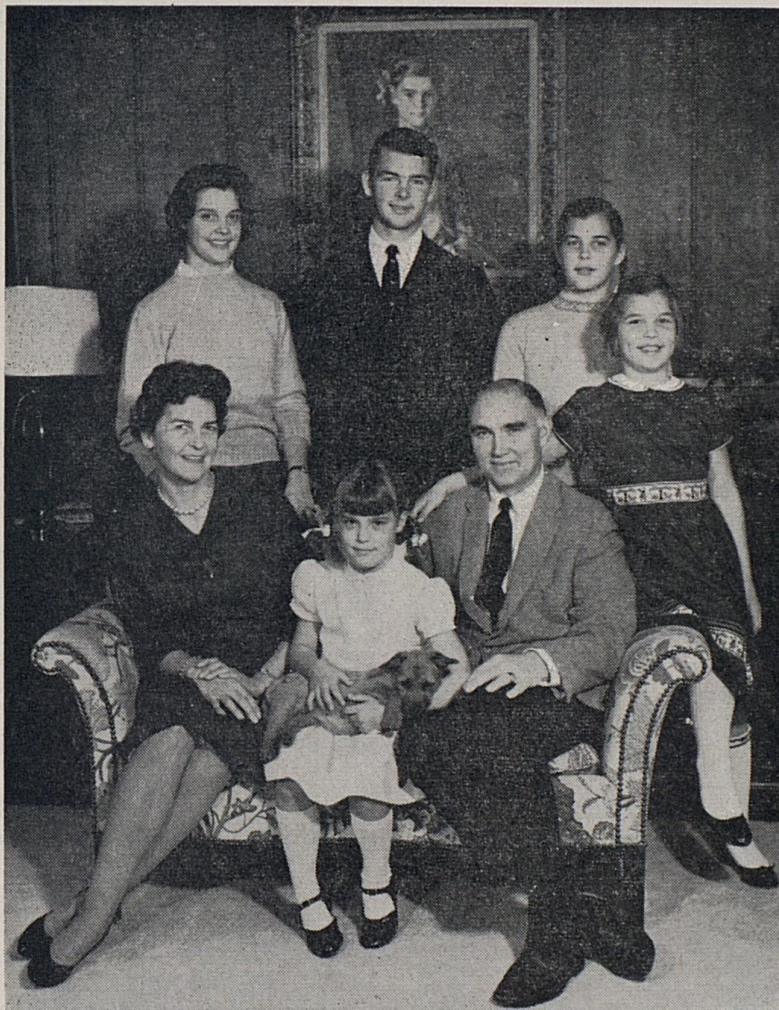
. . . .

Our guests this spring have been many and varied. Mr. D. J. B. Robey, Her Majesty's Consul General from Cleveland, honored us with a visit in early March. Ruth Vander Meulen of the ex-staff spent a few days with us, accompanied by Miss Bena Kok. Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge of Tiburon, California, spent one night with us and fascinated us with stories of the early days of the Service when she was its first secretary. Dr. Robert Radcliff, a dentist with the State Department of Health, stayed at Hyden Hospital for six weeks while he treated Leslie County school children. We are glad to say that he didn't start an epidemic of measles, or anything else, this time. Old courier Beth Burchenal came down for a weekend, and Mrs. Leslie Cundle, mother of Anne and Judy, is a hardworking guest who will be with us for several months. Mr. Joe Creason and Mr. Warren Klosterman of *The Courier-Journal* staff spent several days at Wendover while they gathered a report on the effects of the Buckhorn Dam on this area.

Our trustee, Miss Margaret Gage of Santa Monica, California, was, as always, a most welcome guest, and she spent many hours helping to get this Bulletin ready for the press.

Our professional guests have included Miss Elizabeth Caldwell, a midwife-teacher from the Cresswell Maternity Hospital in Dumfries, Scotland; Dr. Maria Selvanayagam, an Indian physician studying in this country; Dr. Frank Scofield, Director of Medical Research in New Guinea; and Miss Joan Gray, General Superintendent of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing in England. Dr. Scofield discussed his experiments to combat neo-natal tetanus at a staff meeting, and Miss Gray reported to the nurses on the 12th Quadrennial Congress of the International Council of Nurses which she had attended in Australia just before coming to us.

It is most interesting and stimulating for the staff to meet and talk with all these guests who are so kind as to come from great distances to see us.



**Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Courier Mary Wilson)
of McLean, Virginia, and their children,
James, Amy, Wendy, Mary, and Sophia**

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Chairmen

Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Floyd H. Wright, Lexington, Ky.
 Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.

Treasurer

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. R. M. Bagby, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Louisville, Ky.
 Mr. A. B. Comstock, Louisville, Ky.
 Mr. James W. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Henry R. Heyburn, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
 Hon. Thruston B. Morton, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio
 Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.

Chairman Emeritus

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

AUDITORS

Hifner and Potter, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky.
 Mr. Paul Blazer, Ashland, Ky.
 Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.
 Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. George S. Burnam, Richmond, Ky.
 Mrs. H. Bissell Carey, Farmington, Conn.
 Mrs. George Chase Christian, Wayzata, Minn.
 Mr. William L. Clayton, Houston, Texas
 Mrs. William W. Collin, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.
 Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I.
 Mr. Dewey Daniel, Hazard, Ky.
 Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Leonard Davidson, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. H. L. Donovan, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York
 Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York
 Mr. Emmitt Elam, Hyden, Ky.
 Mr. Rex Farmer, Hazard, Ky.
 Miss Marion Fitzhugh, New York
 Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky.
 Miss Margaret M. Gage, Santa Monica, Calif.
 Mrs. William A. Galbraith, Sewickley, Pa.
 Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J.
 Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago
 Dr. James C. Greenway, Greenwich, Conn.
 Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Howard M. Hanna, Santa Barbara, Calif.
 Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
 Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb (ret.), Chevy Chase, Md.
 Mrs. T. N. Horn, New York
 Mr. Will C. Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.
 Miss Mary Churchill Humphrey, Glenview, Ky.
 Dr. Francis Hutchins, Berea, Ky.
 Mrs. David S. Ingalls, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. Henry Bourne Joy, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
 Kentucky Health Commissioner
 Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
 Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, New York
 Mrs. Charles J. Lynn, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Miss Hope McCown, Ashland, Ky.
 Mrs. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.
 Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
 Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
 Mrs. Keith Merrill, U. S. Virgin Islands
 Mrs. James B. Moore, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., Concord, Mass.
 Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.
 President Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority
 President National Society of Daughters of
 Colonial Wars
 Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. Chris Queen, Sylva, N. C.
 Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
 Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
 Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford, Richmond, Ky.
 Mrs. John Sherwin, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.
 Miss Helen S. Stone, New York
 Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago
 The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England
 Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, New York

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Maitland, Fla. | Dr. Thomas Parran, New York |
| Dr. Paul E. Adolph, Wheaton, Ill. | Dr. John A. Petry, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. James W. Bruce, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Bayard Carter, Durham, N. C. | Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Peacham, Vt. |
| Dr. C. L. Combs, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. Allan B. Crunden, Jr., Montclair, N. J. | Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va. |
| Dr. L. T. Davidson, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. R. Gordon Douglas, New York | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Coral Gables, Fla. |
| Dr. Isadore Dyer, New Orleans, La. | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Martha Eliot, Cambridge, Mass. | Dr. Lillian H. South, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Helen B. Fraser, Frankfort, Ky. | Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Margaret I. Handy, Wilmington, Del. | Dr. James E. Thompson, New York |
| Dr. Marcia Hayes, Walnut Creek, Calif. | Dr. Bruce Underwood, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. | Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, Brookline, Mass. | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Marshfield, Wis. |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa. | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, Danbury, Conn. |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago, Ill. | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. Rustin McIntosh, New York | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y. |
| Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. John Whitridge, Jr., Baltimore, Md. |
| Dr. John Parks, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y. |
| | Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., Hazard, Kentucky |

inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

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

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

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

FIELD WORKERS

AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

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

Secretary to Director
Miss Peggy Elmore, B.A.

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

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Assistant Executive Secretary
Mrs. Ruth Mink

Bookkeeper
Miss Lucile Hodges

Assistant Bookkeeper
Mrs. Madeline Gamble

Record Department
Mrs. Cecile Watters

Quarterly Bulletin and Donor Secretary
Mrs. Grace Terrill

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

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

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

Secretary to Medical Director
Miss Hope Muncy

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

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Mary Whiteaker

Hospital Midwifery Supervisor
Miss Rosemary Radcliffe, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

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

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

Field Supervisor
Miss Margaret I. Willson, R.N., S.C.M.

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

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

Miss Muriel Joslin, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Joan Antcliff, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Evacuated April 1, 1960

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss Judith E. Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Evelyn Hey, R.N., S.C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creeksville, Clay County)

Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.; Miss Carolyn Coleman, R.N.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Miss Margaret McCracken, R.N., C.M.; Mrs. Alberta Halpin, R.N.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Jill T. Ash, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

.

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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



Charlie Morgan, U. S. Mail Messenger between Hyden and Wendover. Picture taken at Wendover with a small boy in the foreground.

Photograph by Lucille Knechtly

1887
1888
1889