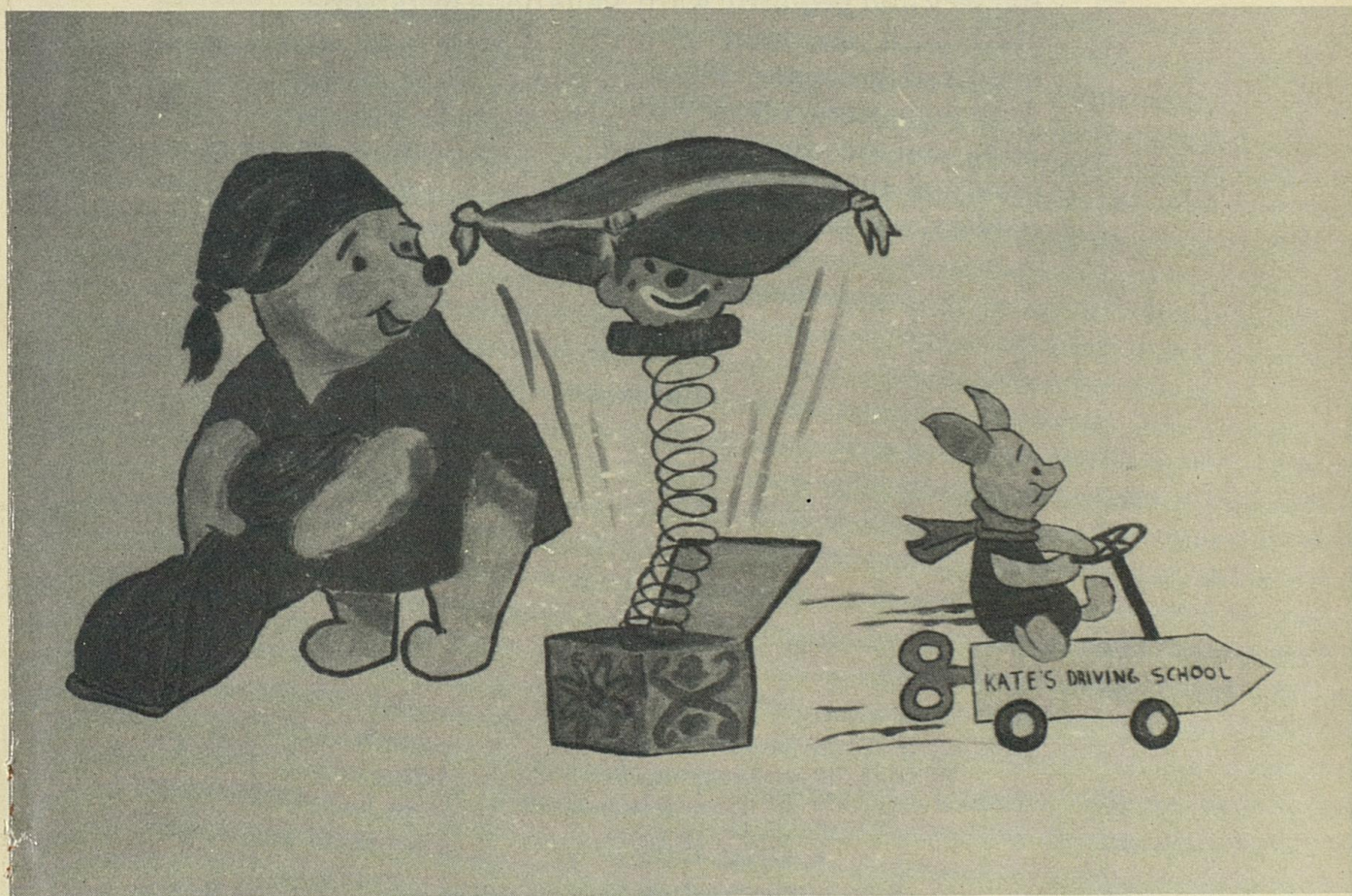


FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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Among the many attractive features of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital are the paintings on the nursery and pediatric ward walls done by talented staff with the help of acrylic paints and an overhead projector. Photographs of three of the drawings were taken by nurse-midwife Phyllis Long and are printed on the cover and inside back cover of this Bulletin to bring you, our kind readers, our best wishes for a Happy New Year.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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There is nothing I can give you which you do not have, but there is much that while I cannot give it, you can take. R

No Heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take Heaven.

No Peace lies in our future which is not hidden in this present instant. Take Peace.

The gloom of the world is but a shadow, behind it, yet within reach is joy, there is radiance and glory in the darkness could we but see and to see we have only to look. I beseech you to look.

Life is so generous a giver, but we, judging its gifts by their covering cast them away as ugly or heavy or hard. Remove the covering and you will find beneath a living splendor woven of love, by wisdom with power. R

Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial a sorrow or a duty, the angel's hand is there, the gift is there and the wonder of an overshadowing presence. Our joys too be not content with them as joys. They too conceal diviner gifts. And so at this time I greet you, not quite as the world sends greetings, but with profound esteem and the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

Al Fra Giovanni — 1513

HELEN E. BROWNE



At the end of 1975, Helen E. Browne retires as Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, as, soon thereafter, she reaches the Service's mandatory retirement age. For those of us who have worked with Brownie for many years, and know the keen intelligence and boundless energy she had brought to the position she has held since the death of Mrs. Breckinridge in 1965, it seems quite incredible that she is approaching her sixty-fifth birthday. She can still think more quickly and clearly through a problem and work longer hours without complaining, or even thinking there might be something to complain about, than any of us!

Brownie came to the FNS in 1938, and, in the next ten years, learned many facets of the program—as a district nurse-midwife, as hospital midwife and clinical instructor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, as hospital superintendent. In 1948, she came to Wendover as an Assistant Director. During one period of crisis, she took over, and taught herself, the workings of the Record Department; she took care of Wendover staff if anyone was ill; acted as consultant to the couriers when veterinary problems arose; was the mentor to younger staff, teaching us to

appreciate the FNS. In the latter years of Mrs. Breckinridge's life, as Associate Director, Brownie assumed more and more of the responsibility for the operation of the FNS in the field.

Brownie became Director at the beginning of increasing government involvement in health care services, with all of its attendant problems. Directing the FNS was a fulltime job, and then some, but she found time to spend endless hours serving on boards and committees working for the improvement of health services to all of southeastern Kentucky. Under Brownie's leadership the FNS has grown tremendously—in size and in scope. The expansion of the midwifery education program to include family nursing and the construction of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital, truly "the house that Brownie built", are but two of her many accomplishments. These have not been easy years but through all the hard work, Brownie has kept her sense of humor, her sense of proportion, her kindness, and (although she will hate the word!) her dedication to the principles and purposes of the FNS and Mary Breckinridge.

We are glad that the Board of Governors has asked Brownie to remain with the FNS as Director Emeritus to spend more time telling the story of FNS to our friends and supporters "beyond the mountains", continuing to make her headquarters at Wendover.

What Helen Browne has meant to the Service was expressed so well by an FNS friend in Connecticut that we obtained permission to quote from her letter:

"I was slightly stunned when I read that Miss Browne was retiring as director of FNS. I feel a little lonely at the prospect, because she was the link which bound me so closely to the Service, and even though my interest will not diminish, I will not feel quite the personal association that I have heretofore.

"It is wonderful that she was able to remodel the old Hyden Hospital and dedicate the Mary Breckinridge Hospital and Training Center. This was a wonderful way to celebrate the 50th anniversary of this Service. I have always been so truly impressed with the way Mrs. Breckinridge picked up the pieces of her life, following the several tragedies that occurred, and dedicated the remaining years of her life to a service which was so desperately needed and which has revolutionized the health of that section of Kentucky. This is truly a remarkable achievement, and it thrills me inexpressibly to see the work going on and expanding, so that people will have a healthy, happy, productive life.

"Best wishes to each and all of you in the coming months, and I do hope that the new director will have as fine a spirit and be as able and as devoted to the service as Miss Browne has been."

Thanks, Brownie, for everything.

Anna May January

Born September 16, 1903, in Athens, Texas
Died November 11, 1975, in Hyden, Kentucky



Photo by Earl Palmer

Anna May January was an experienced nurse when she joined the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service in September 1944. She was a graduate of Baylor University School of Nursing and held a certificate in public health nursing from McGill University. While working at the Henry Street VNA in New York City, Anna May took courses at Teachers College, Columbia. After walking the streets of New York to pay nursing visits to families in need of help from 1930 to 1934, she went west to work with the American Red Cross in the San Francisco area and, later, with the Department of Health in Bremerton, Washington.

A growing interest in midwifery brought Anna May to Kentucky to enter the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery from which she graduated in 1946. For the next several years Anna May was a district nurse-midwife stationed at the old Frances Payne Bolton Center at Confluence and then at Wenderover. Her love of children endeared her to all the families under her care. She had what some might call a sixth sense in cases of illness and accident and never failed to recognize the condition which required every effort on her part to get the patient to the hospital and the doctor. When she was assigned charge nurse in the outpatient clinic at Hyden Hospital, Anna May made such a reputation for herself that patients were overheard to say they would just as soon see Miss January as any doctor! One time our Medical Director's young son fell and cut his lip and was rushed to his father in the clinic. The doctor informed his son that the lip needed a few stitches. The boy said in reply: "Miss January is the one who knows—let her see if it really needs stitching!"

Anna May served the families in Leslie County for thirty years and will long be remembered by her many friends. She struggled with emphysema during the last year of her life and died peacefully on November 11, 1975. Two of her good FNS friends, Betty Lester and Dr. Rogers Beasley, accompanied her body to Texas for burial. As one of Anna May's friends wrote: "Somehow, in spite of all her years in Kentucky, she remained a Texan".

In Anna May's honor we take pleasure in reprinting one of the many stories she wrote for the Bulletin.

TOO SOON, MR. STORK

By

Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

On a cold, icy morning, the temperature two degrees below zero, Mousie, our large collie, let us know someone was at the gate.

Yes, Sam had come for me. Mary was bad off and wanted me at once.

During the night, old Mother Nature had covered earth and trees with a glistening mantle of white—a beautiful sight to behold. She had succeeded also in making travel very hazardous.

I saddled Kelpie and started Sam in the lead on his mule Tim, laden with baby blankets, hot water bottle, and a roll of cotton for the new arrival. (Baby was on his way two months in advance.) Kelpie and I brought up the rear—all moving at a snail's pace. We arrived at Wilder Creek (the road) frozen solid with ice. Kelpie decided that, stork or no stork, she wasn't going to risk her neck. No amount of coaxing or persuasion could change her mind. So, someone's mind had to be changed. Deciding that it was mine, I dismounted. Praying the while that my boots wouldn't spring a leak, I pounded the ice, breaking it as best I could, making a path for Kelpie. Then I crept along in front, Kelpie behind—each of us doing many fancy dance steps unknown in the dancing world. However, we did manage the Virginia Reel perfectly in several places along the creek. Sam and Tim riding up ahead of us were in a dance world all their own.

At 8:00 A.M., after fifteen minutes travel, we arrived at the little cabin. Unlatching the gate, I heard the old familiar refrain, "Lordy, look down upon me and have mercy on my soul." I took off with as much speed as possible, almost arriving under the front porch in the sitting position known to those people who do setting up exercises in the early morning.

I eased into the door. Mary was punishing something awful. At a fleeting glance, I saw she wouldn't punish much longer. My fingers were numb with cold. I managed to get my bags open (grandma was too excited to open them) and my hands washed in a pan of water with ice floating about, which really looked like icebergs to me at the moment.

Hurriedly, I assembled the most essential supplies, made my premature jacket, and was standing ready to help Mr. Stork when he arrived.

Grandma, in her concern, wanted to know if the baby was "ketched in the side." I assured grandma that "ketched" or "unketched" the little man was arriving at a fast rate of speed.

At that moment I was concerned with the temperature of the room, for grandma in her fright and anxiety had not kept the fire going and poor old Uncle Rig, in the other room, was "bad off" sitting by his fire. However, thinks I to myself, at least the shying act and the dance steps are over. But, alas, the thought was just born when the little three-pounder arrived. As I reached for my premature jacket, both feet took off in one clear swoop across the

room. I met myself coming back, ice frozen on the floor, with one hand grasping the cold air and the jacket dangling from the other one. I managed to keep upright, thinking the while: what an awful time to fall and konk my head, with a three-pound baby, a newly delivered mother and a frightened grandma.

In a little while we had a nice fire going, a pasteboard box lined and filled with warm bottles, the little one tucked in, pink and warm. With mother made comfortable, I looked around for my stethoscope. Grandma, with two sweaters on, shawl over her head, seated in a rocking chair, a peaceful grin on her face, was listening intently to her heart, through sweaters and all. "I just wanted to see how my heart was actin'," she said.

At 2:30 P.M. I left a tiny baby snug and warm, Uncle Rig vastly improved, the young father and a neighbor sawing wood, grandma at peace with her heart and the world, and started on my way home. The sun was breaking through the dull gray clouds, the snow dancing and sparkling on the trees. An old mule, saddle and all, was coming along, falling down, getting up and falling down, getting up, going a little way and falling again. But always getting up. What a parable to Life—up and down, falling down and getting up. So long as we can keep on getting up—that is what counts.

—Reprinted from *Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin*
Volume 21, Number 3, Winter, 1946

It was a lovely October day, and the leaves around our house were a gorgeous red and gold. I had promised to take my granddaughter for a walk along the creek. But my cooking and other household chores kept me busy inside.

The little girl waited for a long time patiently. Then she took my hand and pulled me along. "Stop working, Grandma," she said. "Let's go outside and get some use out of the world."

—Contributed

SUMMER OF THE LOCUSTS

By Dexter Collett

[Editor's Note: We are pleased to share this example of local talent with our readers. The author of this story lives in the Beech Fork area of Leslie county and earned his Master's Degree in creative writing at Ohio University.]

My father never went to church and never allowed me to go. When Autumn sun was golden on the mountain tops and the locusts were singing, my father sat on the porch in his sweaty mining clothes, watching the congregation pass. He was always whittling on a piece of wood as they passed.

The church members would walk up the road, across the creek from our house. Preacher Bige, wearing his tattered black coat with a white shirt under it, would go by strumming his guitar. James, his son, with a little Testament in one hand and the other hand in the pocket of his overalls, would always be at his side.

"Let's go to church," Bige would holler across to us sitting on the porch. Then he would strum once more on the guitar and lean slightly toward us. A crowd of the church people would pass by behind him. Dad would stop whittling and his fingers would close around a piece of wood that looked like an arrowhead. He would be sitting in the blue rocking chair, his tee shirt on, soot colored from the coal mines. His legs would be stretched out and one of his steel-toes boots would be lying on top of the other.

"No, we'll stay here, I have to get up at five to go to work." Dad would start whittling again and shavings would fall to the floor. I would be sitting in a wing-backed chair beside Dad; my bare feet would be on the floor, beside a stack of Marvel Comic books that Dad bought me for making A's in school. I would pick up one and open it as the church members walked on up the road.

By the time Bige and James reached the top of the hill where the road turned, Bige would be singing, the sound carried faintly to us by the wind, "I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun, look away beyond the blue."

.

A day passed and in the evening when Preacher Bige was on his way to church he stopped. James was beside him. "Let's go to church," Bige called across the creek to us.

Dad stopped whittling. "No, I'll stay here. I'm kinda tired after shoveling coal all day."

"You should come to church," Bige hollered. "I'm usually tired from working when I go, but God always fills me with new energy. I was hoping you all would come to the revival at least one night this week. The Lord has blessed us with mighty good meetings the first two nights, and a lot of sinners has gotten saved." Bige paused for a moment, out of breath from shouting to us. Then he hollered again. "Last night some of the sisters were talking in tongues and going through the crowd with their eyes closed touching sinners and prophecying. God came into the souls and minds and bodies of a lot of the sinners and they took up rattlesnakes and held the twisting bodies in front of their eyes and old Satan was powerless to strike."

"I'm afraid if I went to church and tried to handle a poisonous snake it would strike me; and besides if I could do it how would it benefit me, would it put any beans in my kettle? No, you go ahead," Father said. "We'll stay here."

Bige took a long look at my father. Then he tugged at his son's shirt and in silence the two walked on up the road toward the church.

I looked at Dad. He had already started whittling again. "Why don't you ever go to their church, Dad?" I asked.

"I won't have nothing to do with these snake handling holy rollers," he said. "They're just stupid coal miners."

"Dad, you're a coal miner too."

"Yeah, but not a stupid one."

Then evenings passed while locusts sang, and the congregation walked up the dirt road, across the creek from our house. Preacher Bige wouldn't holler "Let's go to church." He would go by strumming on the guitar and singing, and the church people would follow behind him like sheep after a shepherd or rats and children after the pied piper. He would go on up the road past our house like we didn't exist, but James would sometimes sneak glances at us and wave his little Testament slightly. Bige wouldn't invite my father to come to church any more because my mother had tied up his brother Lawrence's cow. The rail fence had rotted down on top of the mountain and the cow had come across on our property and got in my mother's garden and eaten her

sweet corn and green beans. Mom had tied the cow up to a tree by the porch so all the church people passing by would see it and know it was Lawrence's.

One night I had been sitting alone on the porch, watching the lightning bugs flash and listening to the locusts sing and I heard Lawrence go by our house on the road, cursing Mom. I didn't go in and tell about what I heard Lawrence doing though. For a while I just sat there, then I went into my room and got in bed.

The next evening Lawrence came to our house. Dad had been chopping stove wood when he came. Dad stopped when he saw Lawrence start across the bridge, and sank the ax deep into the end of the chopping block. I heard Mom inside sweeping.

"He's here, Mom," I called quietly so Lawrence wouldn't hear. She came out and stood beside me on the porch.

"You stay here," she said, and went down the steps to meet him. The three met in front of the steps. No one spoke. They went around to the other side of the porch where the cow was tied. Then after a while they came back around the porch and Lawrence was leading the cow. Mom came up the steps holding bills of money in her hand as Dad went back toward the pile of stove wood by the chopping block and Lawrence led the cow back across the bridge.

The only person in Stinnett that is friendly to us is Carolynn, Stevie's mother. The church people don't like her because she wears shorts on Sunday. Her husband works in a factory in another state and is always gone. A lot of times when Carolynn comes to our house Stevie comes with her. Stevie used to like to play with the pet groundhog that my father brought back from a hunting trip last year. But earlier this summer the groundhog started going back into the mountains, then it went away one morning and never came back. Carolynn said she figured it just went wild again. Nowadays when Stevie comes with his Mom we usually go and play in the one room log cabin that Dad built up on the hill. Once I took Stevie with me when I went into the pine grove with my wheelbarrow to meet other boys from the school. Each

one of us chopped wood for our families where the trees had been felled by lightning. Then we took the firewood home in our wheelbarrows.

Stevie's mother told my parents when we first moved here that she didn't like Lawrence and she didn't like the church. She told us when we first moved here about Preacher Bige having another son besides James. She never forgot that baby, although she had been just a girl back then, washing dishes in the hospital. One evening when she had walked into the cafeteria on her way to the kitchen she overheard the nurses talking about Bige's wife. In the kitchen she asked the cooks what had happened.

According to the cooks when Bige had brought his wife into the hospital she had been screaming like a crazy person, saying that red dogs circled round and round her. She kept calling on God to strike her dead. The nurses were unable to control her because she kept biting them and screaming "Damn you all, damn you." Since the hospital had only one general practitioner and wasn't staffed to treat insane people, the nurses were forced to advise Bige to take his wife home and lock her up in a room so she couldn't hurt anyone.

The cooks talked on about how Lawrence furnished most of the rattlesnakes and copperheads that the church people handled when they had revivals. Then she remembered having heard before that Lawrence was always traveling around in the mountains looking for ginseng to dig because selling it was his only source of income. And when he was in the mountains looking for roots to dig he caught every poisonous snake he came across and kept it for Bige to use in church. According to the cooks, while Lawrence was out in the hills digging roots he stumbled upon a whole den of rattlesnakes by the Indian Caves, and caught all that he could stuff in a box which he carried for this purpose. The next day he gave the box of snakes to Preacher Bige. At home, Bige had been handling one of the snakes and had left the lid off the box. While the baby played on the floor, a rattlesnake crawled out of the box and bit the baby on the foot. Immediately Bige's wife wanted to rush her baby to the hospital but both Lawrence and Bige refused. Bige said he would pray for the child and the Lord would heal it. Bige knelt down and prayed for the baby for about 15 minutes. In desperation the baby's mother interrupted Bige and asked to at least be allowed to suck the poison out. Once

again Bige and Lawrence refused. Bige prayed for about an hour—calling on the Lord to heal the innocent baby and restore it to health. But when he finished praying the baby was already dead.

The cooks said Preacher Bige's wife went crazy because she lost her son—and wasn't allowed to save it. They said Bige kept her locked up in an upstairs room of his house. Someone later told Stevie's mother about passing by Bige's house on the road at night when all the lights were out and hearing the wife wailing that her husband and Lawrence had let the devil take her baby. Stevie's mother said she bet the wife heard the sounds of people passing on the road and thought the sounds they made were her baby coming back to her because the wife always called "come back to your Mommy, Roger, my breasts are still full of milk for you." The wife had died within a week after the baby died, and now nobody brought up anything about either one of them.

.

This evening Stevie's mother came to our house wearing white shorts. She carried a green hula hoop. We were all sitting on the porch when she came. Mom laughed and asked her to do the hula hoop. "Let's see if you can keep it up on you," Mom said.

Stevie's Mom put the hula hoop around her waist. She gave the hoop a whirl and began to move her hips to keep the hoop from falling down. While we were watching her keep the hula hoop turning some of the church members walked by on the road. "I might as well do this," Stevie's Mom said. "I'd as soon do this in my spare time as go to church the way some people do." She rocked her head to the side to indicate the passing church people. They pretended not to notice but I saw one of the men sneaking glances at her white shorts and hula hoop.

Father laughed. "Come on up on the porch and have a seat," he said. "I'll tell you about one of the Christians that I work in the mines with." She brought her hula hoop with her up the steps and sat down in the porch swing. Dad said, "Squirrell Bones came here from Harlan County not long ago. He doesn't go to this church but he goes to one just like it down on Hell-Fer-Sartin. We been partners loading coal for about a week now. Squirrell Bones is a religious fanatic. He said if God wanted us to fly in the air he would have created us with wings. Squirrell said he didn't think God would ever allow man to set his feet on the moon. Only God

knew what was on the moon, man wouldn't never get to know stuff like that." Dad laughed, "He's a crazy fellar all right but he throws a shovel of coal in the coal car everytime that I do, so we get along okay."

Stevie's mother swung back and forth in the swing. More of the church people passed our house. The women wore long black dresses. One of the men wore a white shirt; he carried a box like the kind they kept snakes in. I could tell that it had rabbit wire over the top so people could see the snakes. One other man walked along beside him, looking down into the box. Someone besides Lawrence had caught a snake for a change.

Bigge and James passed. Bigge walked slowly and strummed on his guitar. He sang "Swing low—sweet chariot...coming for to carry me home." James waved his Testament and looked toward the porch.

One evening I was at Stevie's house. The door that over-looked the road was open. Stevie wound up his toy airplane and it went flying across the room, going *bzzzz*. A man staggered by on the road, his eyes bloodshot above heavy rimmed spectacles riding low on his big nose. A square wooden box hung at the man's side and human shaped roots of ginseng tied on strings hung down from the box. A white handkerchief hung out of the back pocket of his Big Ben overalls. The toe of the man's brogan shoe struck a rock that stuck up in the dirt road. He stumbled forward and threw out his hands, barely managing to keep from falling. Stevie was looking out toward the road at the man, now, paying no attention to his buzzing airplane.

"It's Lawrence," I said. "My mother tied up his cow and made him pay thirty dollars to get it back."

Stevie ran to the door, the sun framed him for an instant there, his arm raised, his chubby finger pointing toward the man. "Howdy, old man, howdy, howdy, ugly old man that lost a cow." The airplane went sailing out of the room toward Lawrence. He ducked, his right foot came down hard on the road, a small dust cloud floated up, he whirled toward the doorway, pushing his spectacles back up in front of his eyes. He shook his fist toward the child in the doorway. I laughed from behind the smaller boy. When Lawrence started on up the road Stevie yelled at him a final

time, "How many babies can you kill with the snakes in the box at your side? Devil."

.

Later when I was on my way home—beside the resting rocks where muddy water filled both ruts in the road because oak and hickory branches hung over the road blocking out the quickly fading sunlight—Lawrence was waiting. He stood in the shade, legs planted wide apart, blocking the path between the mud puddles. His arms were out—ready to grab at me.

"Why did you put the youngun up to it?"

"I didn't do it," I was scared.

"I'm gonna learn ye." Lawrence's eyes were glowing, "you little son-of-a-bitch." He lunged forward. I went low and to the left side, into the mud puddle. He almost fell on the slick bank. I went down to my knees. He recovered first, turned, grabbed hold of the back of my shirt. I heard his heavy breathing. I smelled moonshine. My shirt ripped, white buttons flew off the front. It came off in his hands...free, free. I ran down hill; fast down hill, him crashing along behind. "I'll get ye, I'll get ye," all the way down; across the bridge, through the yard, up the steps to the porch, into the house. Dad and Mom sat at the table eating supper.

"He's mad about the cow." My breathing was ragged. I swallowed gulps of air. I was hot and felt like I might drown. I was trembling, but I felt proud.

My father took my hand, steadying me. With a black steel-toed boot he pulled a chair, sideways, under me. "Sit down." I sank into the chair. "Now, what happened? Where's your shirt?"

"It was Lawrence, he was drunk and mustuv been mad cause Mom tied his cow up after she got in our garden. I uz with Stevie when he passed. Stevie called him a old man. He way-layed me by the resting rocks, called me a bad name and tore my shirt off."

I looked down at Father's plate, the prongs of his fork lay on top of the round corn bread pone, the other end had sunk into honey among the green beans. A chicken's leg bone lay beside his plate.

"Don't you worry none about Lawrence," Mom said. "He knows better than to hurt you. You just sit down here and eat your supper."

"I don't want anything," I said.

"I saved you back some of the mushrooms that I picked in the hills today," she said. "Don't tell me you don't want no dry land fish."

"I don't want 'em," I said. "And I'm tired of talking about it."

I was so nervous I couldn't sit down. I went out on the dim porch. I could hear the locusts singing and I could hear people shouting sometimes from the church. I got in the swing and flung myself backwards in the dim twilight. My foot touched the porch floor lightly and I flung myself forward and backwards in the approaching darkness. On the other side of the light that poured out through the screen door was my stack of Marvel Comic books. I remembered how my father had read the one about Superboy and said, "That one's not bad, son." Now, though, all I could think of was Lawrence—him tearing my shirt off and chasing me down the hill. I looked across the creek to the dusky road and imagined that he was in the shadows there waiting for me. I thought about Stevie's Mom telling how Lawrence brought the box of snakes to Bige's house and one of the snakes got out and bit their baby. I thought about how scary it would have been to pass by Bige's house and hear his wife call out for her dead baby. I stopped swinging as the pullets were flying up into the trees to roost for the night, as the first fire flies were dotting the twilight. I stopped swinging and went back inside where the rooms were warm with light.

Dad came into the kitchen, threw an armload of firewood into the paper box behind the cookstove. Mom was wearing her apron, washing the last of the supper dishes. Dad picked up one of the sticks of wood and cut a slice down it. His knife hit a knot in the stick and his fingers tightened on the knife handle. His hand quivered as he forced the blade through the knot.

"I'm going to church."

Mom turned slowly, holding the dishrag in her hand, her eyes begging. "Don't go, Manuel," she said.

"Yeah, I need to see a friend there, a brother." Dad threw the stick of wood back into the box, snapped the knife, closed, and went into the bedroom.

Mom stood in front of the sink, holding the wet dishrag with both hands. "I shouldn't have tied his cow up. I wish now I'd let it go. But I knew if I let it go the first time he'd never mend his fence, and his cow would get in my garden all along."

When Dad came out of the bedroom he had on his best white shirt, with the top two buttons undone and a clean tee shirt under it. The white shirt was stuffed into his green khaki pants, but still he had on his lace-up, steel-toed work boots, black as the coal they walked on six days a week.

He stood in front of the kitchen mirror, running the comb back through the waves of his curly hair. From where she sat at the table, Mom begged, half heartedly. "You know he has them under his thumb at that church."

"I know."

"They'd be fer Bige and his drunk brother against you. You know Carolynn said these church people were all clannish. And remember that we are still strangers to them. Even if you fought Lawrence and won, later on he would waylay you with a gun and kill you as you come home from work."

"I know that."

"We'll have to move again."

"Yeah, I reckon we will," Dad said. "And as far as I'm concerned the sooner the better. I don't want my son to grow up next to this holy rollers' church. I don't care about myself, I know I'm just a slave with coal dust under my fingernails and always will be, and I accept that; but I want my son to make something out of his self. And none of these snake handlers are going to scare him and get away without me settling the score."

It was silent in the room. Mom and Dad stared into each other's eyes across the kitchen. Outside the window I could see the lightning bugs flashing and I could hear the locusts singing. I knew then that soon we would be moving on to a new home.

I thought of the place where we had lived before we moved to Stinnett. I was too young to go to school then, but on Sundays Father would lie on his belly on the floor and teach me my A B C's by pointing to the capital letters that began the first word of every chapter in the Bible. He would point to letter after letter and say "Okay now, what is that one?" until I knew the whole alphabet by heart. When I could say all the letters in the right order and recognize them when he pointed to them on the page, he told me about how there was darkness everywhere at first and how God had created a light in the darkness. Then he read me the first book of the bible, the story of God creating the Garden of Eden.

I was small when we lived at the other house but I remembered

the mountains with rhododendron on top of the cliffs, and laurels and ferns by the streams, and the sulphur spring by the waterfall. I remembered campfires in the caves and me looking for Indian arrowheads in the dusty floor. I was small but I could remember the Lone Ranger being on the radio, I remembered the chickens flying up in the trees to roost for the night. And I remembered the waterfalls crashing in the distance as I lay on my feather bed at night, after the Lone Ranger went off the radio.

I wanted to go back to the first home again, but for some reason I suddenly thought of a scene in the Superboy comic book. It was of Superboy leaving the burning planet behind him, him watching it burn on the screen inside his spaceship. I was frightened but I wanted to go anywhere away from these church people, anywhere away from the dark figure with arms stuck out ready to grab me that I imagined was waiting for me even now in the shadows of the roadway. The games that Stevie and I played at the cabin seemed hazy and far away now, and I was aware of a melancholy feeling as I realized that after we moved I'd never seen him again. Then it dawned on me that I wanted to go with Dad more than anything else. I wanted to see him fight Lawrence at the church, and I wanted to see what it was like inside the church.

I ran to Father then, the back of his head showing in the mirror, and grabbed his calloused hand. "Let me go with you, Daddy." He smiled and faced mother. "Don't worry," he said, then with the smile lingering on his face, he looked down at me. My heart pounded like a rubber hammer. I knew my whole face was as red as my freckles, and anxious.

"Okay, you can go." His voice was firm but soft.

... .

We crossed the creek twice. The second time warm water flowed over my bare feet and I heard the locusts call. I lifted my eyes and part way up the hill was the church, light pouring out every window. Someone stood in the church door. Light rushed past him, illuminating the churchyard beyond him with yellow rays, but leaving his body shadowed to us. And as we walked up the hill toward the open church house door music came flooding out with the light, "Some glad morning, when this life is over...I'll fly away...Oh, I'll fly away." I could make out Bige's voice soaring like a dove, high above all the others. Wind carried the music down

to us, and we climbed toward it, Dad a couple of steps ahead of me. Then the music ended, the kettle lids clanged a final time, the sound of the guitars faded.

Thunder rumbled across the sky as we drew near the church. I looked into the room. Preacher Bige stood behind the altar. Around him on the stage, seated against the wall, were the Christians; some of them holding twisting rattlesnakes in their hands. I saw James with his Testament open. "All you sinners out there. Hah, treading water in the darkness, hah." Bige gestured toward the congregation beneath him and the door, "Wandering in the forest of night without a candle, hah, had better come humble yourselves, hah, become a part of the good Shepherd's flock, hah." Around Bige's neck the rattlesnake was curled; its rattlers vibrating, its flat head out. "...You must make these sinners understand, Lord, hah, that unless they change they will burn in the Firey Lakes of Torment, hah, worse than the feeling of a thousand needles penetrating their skin, hah, they are born as agents of the devil and can be forgiven and have their sins washed away, hah, only by asking you to come into their minds and bodies, hah, unless they do this Satan still lives in them, hah, and their works are contrary to the words written in your holy book that I hold in my hand, hah." Preacher Bige placed the Bible on the altar, then he reached up and stroked the snake's scaly back, and pulled the snake close to his face. The snake's gleaming fangs, vibrating tongue, and open mouth were only inches from his face. Bige gestured for the congregation to move toward the altar. "The time is at hand, my children, hah, accept the Lord Jesus, or the flames of hell, hah, will claim your soul, hah, until Doomsday—Come to me, hah, kneel down and pray on your knees."

Frightened, I turned away guiltily, I had almost forgotten Dad. Moonlight poured through the limbs of a dead tree, and Dad stood in it on a rock. He motioned me toward him. "Let's hide and wait until Lawrence comes out. He will have to come out shortly if he has been drinking moonshine." We hid in the shadows of the church behind a tree, and waited. Inside the church the congregation started singing and shouting and clapping their hands. After a while a man came out. Dad leaned around the tree to see. "It's not him," Dad said. Inside the church the song ended and people started to pray. Afterwards I heard another man come outside. "It's Lawrence," Dad said. "You stay out of the way."

I stepped back and watched. Dad spoke softly. "What'd ju say to my boy?"

"I never said a damn thing to your youngun."

Dad jerked Lawrence up with a scooping motion of his left hand, turned him around, away from the rock's edge, and with his right he came down overhanded and hit him solidly on the nose. Lawrence's glasses split in the middle. I remembered Dad fighting a man at the other place where we had lived, and I felt confident Dad was more than Lawrence's equal now. But for some reason I couldn't watch. I leaned my head against the tree, and tried to make my mind blank, not think of anything. But I kept thinking of the fight that I had seen once before, and I heard Bige's voice saying, "Come children, come you men of clay, hah, or the devil will rake your souls in like drifted leaves with his pitchfork." When I looked again at the fight I saw blood pouring from Lawrence's nose and mouth as he went backwards into the bed of a pick-up truck. His shoulders hit the truck bed first, his feet flew up then and folded down to his head, his rump arched up, with its white handkerchief hanging upside down from the pocket.

Dad turned then, slapped his hands together once as if dust had settled on them, "Let's go home, son." As we walked back down the hill toward home I saw that blood spotted Dad's white shirt, four buttons were undone, and a smear of blood was down his tee shirt. I heard Bige's voice leading the congregation as the church sounds faded away in distance and night...

"Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to...
ran to the rock, rock was a melting,
ran to the sea, sea was a boiling...
Oh, on that day.

The locusts started singing all around me then and the lightning bugs were flashing. Memories of my stay here echoed in my mind, but already they seemed as far away as dreams. I thought momentarily about Superboy again—him watching his planet burn on the screen inside his spaceship. Then ahead of me I saw my father's knife gleam, and I saw him reach into his pocket for the piece of wood that he always kept to whittle on. And I hurried after my father in the moonlit darkness, wondering where our next home would be.

ENGLAND TO KENTUCKY SEPTEMBER 1929

By Ada Worchester Marston

I am often asked "Why did you go there?"

I wanted to go abroad and to help very sick people. During my midwifery training I had seen a copy of "Nursing Notes" with an article about the work of the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, written, I think, by Mrs. Breckinridge. Those people certainly needed help, and it was necessary to travel, so I applied. Mrs. Breckinridge accepted me, told me to obtain an "entry permit", and advised me to get experience in district work. I went to the Fens area of Lincolnshire. In that year Mary Willeford and Gladys Peacock interviewed me in London. It was an amusing meeting and I rather thought their stories sounded a little exaggerated. I invited them to come to Lincolnshire and see what I was doing there.

They came, I borrowed bicycles for them, and we set off to neighbouring villages. It was rough going as we cycled along narrow paths alongside the dykes and over ploughed fields. Willeford collapsed on the roadside on the way home—she had not ridden a bicycle since childhood. Some doubt was expressed as to whether I did this sort of thing regularly, and retaliation—in Kentucky—was promised. (Luckily, they were at Columbia University when I first reached Kentucky!)

Eventually my visa arrived and I sailed on the S. S. Olympic on September 29. I suffered from sea-sickness and slept for nearly three days until the steward decided I must get up. He gave me brandy and I recovered. Miss Brown from the Red Cross met me on the quay and saw me through customs. The American voices were difficult to understand at first and I had an amusing time with the official as to whether I had "certificates" or "diplomas" in my case. Finally I realized what he was saying and we agreed on "diplomas".

I spent the night at the Cosmopolitan Club where it seemed strange to see notices forbidding the opening of windows when I had been taught that open windows were very important to health. The next morning Miss Brown took me to visit the Maternity Center and several other places. I boarded the train in the late afternoon carrying her presents—a basket with

sandwiches, fruit and chocolate, a book of stamps, a book on Public Health and a "thriller".

The sleeping arrangements puzzled me as our "sleepers" go across the compartment and these went lengthwise—feet first. I seemed too much like travelling on a stretcher! The rather mournful train hooter seemed strange after our strident English ones. It seemed that the school bells along the way rang an awful lot, until I discovered that the bells were on the train.

At Lexington the "Travellers Aid Society" lady met me and took me to the Lafayette Hotel to await Dr. Josephine Hunt who took me to her home for dinner. She and her sister were amazed that I did not know anything about Henry Clay! At midnight Dr. Hunt took me to the train for Hazard. In the morning I went, as my instructions directed, to "Mike's Lunch" for my breakfast. When I tried to pour my much-needed cup of tea, only water came. I found the tea bag later—something I had never seen before.

Some hours later I caught the bus for Hyden. I had never seen a bus quite like that one—it was an ancient car. We went up steep hills and down into river beds and through the water. I was terrified but I hope I remained silent.

At Hyden, again following my written instructions, I went to the telephone exchange and called the hospital. Al Logan told me to wait and she would send for me. To my horror, a man arrived on horseback and expected me to ride astride behind him—on the same horse. How we reached the hospital with me "in situ" I do not know!

That after noon I had my only riding lesson and in the evening I accompanied Mrs. Breckinridge, Bland Morrow and Marion Ross to Wendover.

Mrs. Breckinridge said I was to go to Beech Fork and that she hoped I would not find Dorothy Buck too formal. Bucket formal?! I shall never forget how she welcomed me and nursed me through the difficult early days on the Beech Fork District.

Two young volunteers were being interviewed for the Navy and were asked: "Do you know how to swim?" They both looked puzzled and one of them replied: "What's the matter—aren't there enough ships?"

—*Modern Maturity*, Oct.-Nov., 1968

REHUMANIZING MEDICINE

By Ashley Montagu

Ashley Montagu, an anthropologist, taught in medical school for many years. This is adapted from a speech to students at Northwestern Medical School.

The health of the people should surely be our number one priority, yet we show little interest in this. Preventive medicine, after years of struggle to stay alive, remains the Cinderella of the medical specialties. Such free medical services as are available are sparingly used. Doctors, on the whole, are uninterested in health since their training is focused virtually entirely on disease, and there is very little profit in health.

It is not surprising that most people come to regard health as something one goes to the doctor to be restored to when one is sick. Hence, health becomes a function of disease, and one sees a doctor only when one is sick. This is especially true of those who have not yet reached middle age. Yet, it is long before middle age that many conditions can be picked up and dealt with that will prevent disaster later.

Too many among us will not see a doctor when we are well for fear that something may be discovered that is wrong with us. Still others think of sickness as a sign of weakness, and *that* is most un-American. Others suffer from the illusion of invulnerability—until they are stricken.

Our society has glorified the Medicine Man who, like his counterpart in primitive societies, is believed to be capable of working miracles. For years the Medicine Man has been the god of the common man's idolatry. But his image has been tarnished. Patients have become increasingly unhappy with the assembly-line treatment they receive in the several minutes their doctor bestows upon them. Tests, technology and prescriptions are the magic formulae and rituals by which the Medicine Man practices his medicine. But is it medicine? Is it humane?

The patient thinks not, and the patient is right. The Medicine Man cannot solve these problems alone. He, as well as his patients, needs help, for each is the victim of the same social forces. One of the forces is the American Medical Association. Because of what it has and has not done, the A.M.A. has helped to

perpetuate the kind of medicine that is taught in most of our medical schools, as well as the kind of medicine the doctor is encouraged to practice.

Opposition by the A.M.A. to family practice, the midwife, Federal support of medical care and the building of new medical schools is a matter of record. Not long ago, a president of the A.M.A., in his inaugural address, declared that medicine is not a right but a privilege. The A.M.A. needs a revision of its values and a reconsideration of its purposes, all in the direction of the humanization of medicine.

The teaching and the practice of medicine have become dehumanized and they need to be rehumanized. This can be done first by revising our concept of what a doctor ought to be. He ought to be one who cares, for caring is the first principle of human communication, and the first step toward the recovery of the patient. To secure such doctors we need to revise our requirements for entrance into medical school to include the ability to care for others. Further more, in our medical schools we need teachers who care for students.

Instead of being exposed to the very dead cadaver as an introduction to medicine, the medical student should become part of a family with all of its distinctively human problems.

What is not generally recognized is that the doctor is one of our most poorly educated citizens, for his education usually ceases when he leaved high school to enter college. At college he takes the technical pre-med courses which prepare him for admission to medical school. After that, there is usually too little time for anything other than the preparation for and the practice of his profession. In this way many a promising mind has been arrested and the student, doctor, family, and the community are losers.

The pre-med curriculum also requires revision. The most important revision would be teaching the science and art of human relations. It could be done if either the A.M.A. or our medical schools, or both, were sufficiently interested. Is there a hope that they may be persuaded?

—Reprinted from *The New York Times*

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited By Eileen H. Morgan

From Pam Love in Dallas, Texas

August, 1975

In June, I entered the Summer Institute of Linguistics at the University of Oklahoma at Norman. This involved eight weeks of intensive study in preparation for translating the Bible into the language of those who do not have the Bible in their own mother tongue.

On August 1, I was accepted as a member of Wycliffe Bible Translators and the Summer Institute of Linguistics to serve with this mission as a Bible translator.

This fall I will be in Dallas studying at the University of Texas at Arlington, where the Summer Institute of Linguistics has begun a year-round training program.

How goes it in Kentucky? I'll be there for a visit after Christmas—can't wait!

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From Rachel Schildroth in Monrovia, Liberia

—September, 1975

Greetings from Monrovia, the capital city of Liberia. It hardly seems possible that four and one-half months have passed since I last wrote from Bayonne, New Jersey.

The voyage from New York to Monrovia was an enjoyable one, with stops in the Azores, Dakar, Senegal, and Kamsar and Conakry, both cities in Guinea. After two weeks unpacking and getting settled, I joined Joan Peckinpaugh at the Tappi dispensary.

Two weeks ago we completed two midwifery workshops for our midwives. The first was held at Yila. The next week we had one at Tappi. The ladies seemed to find both workshops helpful and we all had a good time together.

Joan planned to begin a midwifery class with two or three students either last week or this week. I expect to be helping with the teaching also, so we will share the dispensary load and the class as well.

Plans are underway to build a new OB building to replace the present OB annex.

I am in Monrovia at present, my first trip since I went to Tappi, to meet Elizabeth Jones. She and I shared an apartment in Richmond, Virginia. We hope to go up country tomorrow or Wednesday so as to be at Tappi in time for the regular doctor's clinic on Friday. He comes from Yila every two weeks for clinic at Tappi.

.

From Donna Callaway in Lewiston, Idaho

—September, 1975

Greetings from Idaho where Jerry and I are currently located. We've been running around the country as planned and have not been idle or bored at all. It's amazing the amount of nifty things unemployed people can find to do! Since leaving you we've been through Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Virginia, Michigan, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Alberta. We were hoping someone from FNS would join us in our wanderings, but so far no one has.

We've really enjoyed the miles and miles of hiking we have done through all kinds of country and have just about made up for all the time lost hustling the big city streets of Chicago and Houston. What we have not enjoyed, however, is the almost constant repair work that needs to be done on the car and trailer.

We have been reading scads of books and have almost wiped out our stack of unread journals. What a relief to catch up on the past five years.

Both of us have lost weight since leaving the visceral temptations of Wendover and are zipping our clothes with ease once again.

We have been bragging a lot about everybody at FNS and the work you do. We learned so many good things from your group, as well as from the people served by it. Thanks so much for letting us work with you!

We will let you know our permanent address when we get settled.

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From Nancy Newcomb Porter in Birmingham, Michigan

—October, 1975

We surely enjoyed our visit with you this summer. My husband now at least understands a little about what I'm talking about

when I expound on the FNS and the mountains of southeastern Kentucky.

The new hospital is great. It means so much more to see it than to read about it.

.

From Mrs. John Sinning in Tempe, Arizona

—October, 1975

We are happy to hear than FNS is still doing its fine work in Kentucky as well as all over the world by former students.

We spend nine months here in Tempe, Dr. John works in Student Health at the State University. We keep an apartment in Iowa for the summer months. It is pleasant not to fight the winter snow and ice.

Have a good day.

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From Grayce Brumbaugh in Agadez, Republique Du Niger

—November, 1975

I have been in Agadez ten months working in a Government Hospital, in the maternity department. I must say it has had many frustrating moments since their routines are so different from our teaching at FNS. On the other hand, people are very friendly, and it has been a good experience for me. According to present plans, I will be here only until June, 1976 when Mary Dadisman and I will have a short furlough. We hope to visit FNS when we reach the States.

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From Mary Dadisman in Garkida, North East State,

Nigeria—November, 1975

I hope this finds everyone at Wendover well and enjoying the new hospital facilities and the improved training conditions. I find it most interesting to read of the happenings in FNS as the years go by and especially this past year with the new hospital being opened. Truly a dream come true.

Here at Garkida we are experiencing a similar expansion with, hopefully, fuller service to the community and the outlying villages. I am teaching in the rural health program which brings in village-chosen teams, man and woman, for a three-month

training course in health education with strong emphasis on disease prevention plus training in the use of very simple medicines that they can use in the village. We are now in the last month of training for the third class. When this group leaves on November 28, we will have established twenty-two health centers, involving three different tribal areas. In January we expect to have the fourth class in and this from two entirely different tribal areas than the three previous groups. I find the work challenging and I have appreciated the opportunity to get into some of the remoter villages as I go out to visit our health centers and the teams.

In January, Grayce Brumbaugh was seconded to Church World Service for work in Niger Republic. Life there under desert conditions is very different from here. They usually have not more than five inches total rainfall in a year, so there is literally not a blade of grass in the area other than what is irrigated from deep wells. I visited her at her station in Agadez in July. It was an interesting experience but I'm happy not to be living in the desert.

We are in the process of getting the government to take over our mission hospitals as the financial requirements of this age have gotten beyond the ability of the mission and the community. Grayce and I both expect to apply to the Ministry of Health of the Government for employment.

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From Eva Gilbert in Kansas City, Missouri

—November, 1975

How I would like to see the new Mary Breckinridge Hospital and I plan to do so the first chance I have to go East. A few weeks ago Dr. Fraser sent me a government public health bulletin which had an article about the Fiftieth Anniversary of FNS with a picture of the new hospital. Also, there were three other pictures, one of which was of a prenatal visit in a home where I visited on routine rounds in Bowlingtown. It was taken by Marvin Breckinridge in 1937 I believe. I was so pleased Doc sent it to me. He and Doris are living in Ozark, Missouri and he works in a federal hospital in Springfield, about fourteen miles north of their home. They stopped by here where I work about a year ago.

I have been very happy these past twenty-five years since I left Kentucky. (I was very happy all those years in FNS, too!) I have

been with the missionary organization at Stonecroft for twenty-three years and two months. I am seventy-six years old and still quite active.

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**From Ruth E. Wardell in San Juan Ostuncalco,
Quezaltenango—November, 1975**

The Summer, 1975 copy of the Bulletin is before me with the old Hyden Hospital and Health Center on its cover. It is a Kentucky landmark, but also it was a stepping stone along life's pathway for me.

As I type this, a medical student from Guatemala's Medical School is handling a delivery. Her assistant is an empiric midwife trained here at the clinic. This could be considered the fruit of the labor of FNS.

It was in 1949 that I graduated from the midwifery school there at FNS—this training bringing all of my nursing training down to a practical level that could be used here in the rural area of Guatemala.

There have been 1407 deliveries handled here in the Mam Christian Clinic, mainly by midwives. A couple of years ago, even though the clinic does not have a doctor heading it up, the Medical School asked our cooperation and since then we have last-year medical students here for two-month periods at a time. What interests the Medical School has been the way in which deliveries are handled and they are eager to have the students see and learn.

We are involved in health promoter training as well. Our health promoters are trained in preventive medicine mainly, but also can diagnose and treat the common diseases of the area. This program is on the community level.

We will soon be training two more empiric midwives. FNS started it all, and I trust that the years ahead, your second fifty years, will see more and more help come to the country people.

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**From Audrey Lafrenz Biberdorf in Enga District,
Papua, New Guinea—Christmas, 1975**

The Church Health Services in Papua, New Guinea continues to make a significant contribution to the Health Services in the country, particularly in rural Health Services. The church's main

contributions lie in special hospitals, special hospital beds, health sub-centers, maternal and child health, and community health services.

In May, we went to Madang to spend three enjoyable weeks with the children, fishing, golfing, swimming and just relaxing.

After five years in the Field, we plan to take our year's leave around the 30th of October. We hope to be home for my folks' fiftieth wedding anniversary in November.

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**From Theda (Teddy) Fetterman in San Diego, California
—Christmas, 1975**

I'm working in Labor and Delivery at Scripps Hospital. I am so glad you were the guiding influence in my taking midwifery. Even though I never practiced that much, I feel more secure in my work. Thanks for being such a good teacher. I have heard of some of the changes that have taken place at FNS and I'm so glad the Service is advancing and going on. Wouldn't Mrs. Breckinridge be happy!

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Newsy Bits

We heard from **Susan Simpson** in October that she is now Mrs. Susan M. Bonnett. Address: Rt. 1, Box 76A, Red Rock, Oklahoma 74651.

TRAIN TIMES

In the good old days a friend who lived in Dursley used to travel daily to Gloucester and so did two other local people. Not until each of them was seen to arrive at the little country station was the train prepared for departure. Then the porter in a rich round voice would call to the driver: 'She be cum and he be cum, so train can go.'—*Betty Howard*.

—*The Countryman*, Autumn 1971, Edited by Crispin Gill, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

Annual subscription for American readers
\$7.50 checks on their own banks.

TO ALL NURSE-MIDWIVES

Beginning January 1, 1976, all nurse-midwives holding a Kentucky permit must renew their permits to practice nurse-midwifery in the Commonwealth of Kentucky on an annual basis. Any nurse-midwife who wishes to renew her Kentucky permit should write for a renewal application from:

Mr. Clarence P. Marshall, Coordinator
Maternal and Child Care Section
Growth and Development Branch
Department for Human Resources
275 East Main Street
Frankfort, Kentucky 40601

The 21st annual convention of the American College of Nurse-Midwives will be held on March 30 and 31, and on April 1, 1976, at Stouffer's Riverfront Towers in St. Louis, Missouri, with pre- and post-convention workshops scheduled for March 29 and April 2.

Major speakers at the convention will include Dr. William Masters and Ms. Virginia Johnson, well-known researchers in the fields of human sexuality and sexual dysfunction. Certain to be discussed is the question of who should be the primary care-giver in this area—the family physician, obstetrician, psychiatrist, nurse or nurse-midwife. Dr. Anita Pepper, prominent epidemiologist and researcher in the field of health care, will discuss nurse-midwives as an alternative style of women's health care, and the possible effects of the emergence of the American nurse-midwife on our nationally poor perinatal statistics.

Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley of the FNS has been invited to speak on the "Changing Ecology of Nurse-Midwifery" at the convention banquet on Wednesday, March 31, and will share the platform with a distinguished nurse-midwife, Miss Vera Keene.

Certified Nurse-Midwives are Registered Nurses who have completed further education in the fields of maternity care, early infant care, and family planning. Over one thousand are currently practicing in the United States in a variety of settings, ranging from private practice with physician and nurse-midwife teams, to public and private hospitals and clinics, as well as clinical and academic teaching and research. The Certified Nurse-Midwife is rapidly becoming the choice of thousands of American women

desiring personalized, family-centered health care.

For further information about the ACNM Convention, write Linda Baxter, Program Committee, American College of Nurse-Midwives, 1000 Vermont Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20005.

SLIPPERY TIME

Two frogs fell into a can of cream,
Or so I've heard it told.
The sides of the can were shiny and steep,
The cream was deep and cold.
"Oh, what's the use?" croaked Number One,
" 'Tis fate; no help's around.
Goodbye, my friend! Goodbye, sad world!"
And weeping still, he drowned.

But Number Two, of sterner stuff,
Dog-paddled in surprise
The while he wiped his creamy face
And dried his creamy eyes.
"I'll swim awhile, at least," he said,
Or so I've heard he said.
"It really wouldn't help the world
If one more frog were dead."

An hour or two he kicked and swam,
Not once he stopped to mutter,
But he kicked and kicked and swam and kicked,
Then hopped out, via butter!

—T. C. Hamlett

LESSON: "Oh, what's the use?" are dangerous words for frogs or men.

—Contributed

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS



Members of the Washington Committee Plan the Embassy Benefit with Lady Ramsbotham. Left to Right: Mrs. Robert Lee O'Brien, Jr., Mrs. Ralph E. Becker, Lady Ramsbotham, and Mrs. Felix Kloman.

Boston

Friday, October 31: Agnes Lewis, Freddy Holdship and I met for our annual weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Roger L. Branham in Hingham, Massachusetts.

Monday, November 3: Mrs. James Patterson drove me to the Boston Hospital for Women where Mrs. Carol Brooks had invited some of her nursing staff and members of the hospital volunteers to hear about the FNS. It was an interested group and we had a good discussion. Eve Patterson took me back to her home in Cohasset for the night. Tuesday, November 4, was a lovely, sunny day and the Pattersons drove me to Westport for lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Frank Lepreau who had been with us in Kentucky last

year. The Sponsors' Opening of the Seventeenth Christmas Preview took place at the Unitarian Church in Dedham that evening. The stores had a colorful display and our Boston Committee provided and served a delicious buffet dinner. It was my pleasure to meet Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Ryan who had come to Boston from Cleveland. The doctor is Chief of Staff at the Boston Hospital for Women and Mrs. Ryan has joined our Boston Committee. Happy Lee took me to her home for the night.

Wednesday, November 5: I spent the day at the Preview greeting old friends and, in the evening, I was invited to speak to the members of the Fifth District of the Massachusetts Nurses Association. Minnette Cracknell drove me into town where we met Mrs. Carol Brooks and Mrs. Frederica Johnson who is the Executive Secretary of the Nurses Association. A good group of nurses had gathered to hear me talk of the work of the nurse-midwife in Kentucky and to see our film, "Cherish the Children". There were many questions about the place of the nurse-midwife in today's health care system. Minnette took me to her lovely home in Medfield for the night and drove me back to the Preview on the morning of Thursday, November 6. Kate Ireland, the FNS National Chairman, had flown up for the Preview and was the guest of Caroline Standley. Mary Moir drove me back to the Boston Hospital for Women at noon where I had the privilege of talking about perinatal mortality to the staff obstetricians and pediatricians. In the afternoon, Jane Leigh Powell drove me to her sister Lois Cheston's home in Topsfield for the night.

On Friday, November 7, Leigh and I drove to her home on Long Island, stopping in Boston on the way where Mr. Joe C. Donnelly, Development Director for the Massachusetts General Hospital, was kind enough to give me time to talk about FNS plans. On Saturday, November 8, I flew back to Kentucky.

Pittsburgh

On Monday, November 17, I flew to Pittsburgh where I was met by Freddy Holdship, our old courier and present member of the Board of Governors, and her sister, Margaret. We had a pleasant evening reviewing the FNS slides I had brought with me. The next morning we went to the Club in Sewickley where Freddy had invited friends to hear my report on the work and see slides of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital. It was an interesting group and I enjoyed answering questions and chatting with luncheon guests

after the meeting. I was especially pleased to have the opportunity of seeing Mrs. William Galbraith who has been a generous supporter of FNS for many years. I was pleased to meet our old courier Mrs. Spencer Hackett (Stevie) whose daughter, Mary, had been with us as a courier during the year, following in her mother's footsteps. Old staff members who came to the meeting were Alice Young and Helen Marie Fedde. In the afternoon, Freddy and I drove to Ligonier where Mr. and Mrs. Burt Todd (old courier Susie Hays) had invited friends to their home to hear about the FNS. Susie's sister, Molly, also an old courier many years ago, and her husband, Sam Off, were among the guests. The next morning we had to leave Ligonier early so that I might fly to Washington.

Wednesday, November 19: I arrived in **Washington** where I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson. After lunch Marvin Patterson and I went to the National Cathedral to discuss the matter of a memorial which Marvin wishes for her cousin, the late Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. When we arrived home, Bill Bates, our Development Director, and his wife, Ellen, had arrived from Kentucky and we spent the evening chatting about FNS and its future development.

Thursday, November 20: I arose early to meet Dr. Coleen Conway, Associate Dean of the Georgetown University School of Nursing and we went to the House of Representatives where hearings were being held by the sub-committee on Health of the Ways and Means Committee. Nurse-midwives and nurse anesthetists were given time to speak. It was an interesting experience. Sandra Regenie from the University of North Carolina spoke as the representative of the American College of Nurse-Midwives. She and several nurse-midwifery faculty members from Georgetown joined Dr. Conway and me for lunch. We went to the University School of Nursing where Dr. Conway had asked me to speak to her nurse-midwifery students. In the evening Lady Ramsbotham, wife of the British Ambassador, had graciously consented to open the Residence for the FNS Committee in Washington. Friends of the FNS had been invited to a wine and cheese party where I had the privilege of being the guest of honor. Lady Ramsbotham spoke warmly of the FNS and her visit to Wendover at the time of our Fiftieth Anniversary. She then introduced me so that I might give the latest news of the FNS to

the two hundred guests who had assembled in the lovely Embassy ballroom. Friends were then invited to see the movie, "Cherish the Children". It was a real pleasure for me to see so many FNS friends and to introduce Bill and Ellen Bates. The Pattersons had invited members of the Washington Committee to their home for supper. Mrs. Felix Kloman and members of her Committee are to be congratulated on this lovely occasion. I left Washington early the next morning to fly back to Kentucky.

Cleveland and Chicago

Tuesday, December 2: The Executive Committee of the FNS Board of Governors met in Lexington in the morning and in the afternoon Kate Ireland and I flew to Cleveland where we stayed in the lovely Ireland family home. Bill and Ellen Bates had driven up from Lexington and we did some work on the Cleveland Committee files the following morning with Betty Elliott, secretary of the Cleveland Committee. In the afternoon Kate and I went to Case Western Reserve University to spend an interesting hour with Miss Virginia Boardman and members of her faculty, discussing their Family Nurse Practitioner Program. We then met Dean McPhail who gave us a tour of the Nursing School. At 5:00 p.m. we had been invited to a meeting at the Medical School where the use and dangers of drugs was discussed. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon C. Bolton had invited FNS friends in Cleveland to dinner and to see "Cherish the Children". To our great delight Mrs. Frances P. Bolton was present, and Kate's father, Mr. R.L. Ireland had flown in from New York for the occasion. Mrs. Bolton spoke of her admiration of Mrs. Breckinridge and the FNS. Mr. Ireland responded and told the group what an important part they are playing in the FNS by supporting the work financially, enabling the Service to continue its demonstration of quality primary care which includes health promotion and education.

Thursday, December 4: Kate, Bill Bates and I flew to Chicago for a meeting of Chicago friends at the Casino Club, courtesy of Mrs. Melville Ireland of Lake Forest. This group saw "Cherish the Children" and heard a few remarks from me before entering into a lively discussion. Old FNSers now in the Chicago area, who attended the meeting, were old couriers Katherine Trowbridge Arpee and Marianne Stevenson Harper and old staff members Mary Ellen Munsche Stanton and her husband, Greg, and Susan

Burman. It was exciting for me to introduce Susan who learned in Kentucky the skills she is now using in the Chicago metropolitan area, and Mary Ellen who will be taking her FNS experiences to the Ivory Coast where Greg will be doing research work. Dr. Leonard Feninger had just returned from an AMA meeting in Hawaii and we were delighted that he and his wife could join us for lunch.

I flew back to Kentucky in the afternoon and hope to stay at Wendover so that I may have the time to thank all those good friends who have sent us Christmas donations. To all the many friends in the various cities who gave so generously of their time and hospitality I send heartfelt thanks and my best wishes to one and all for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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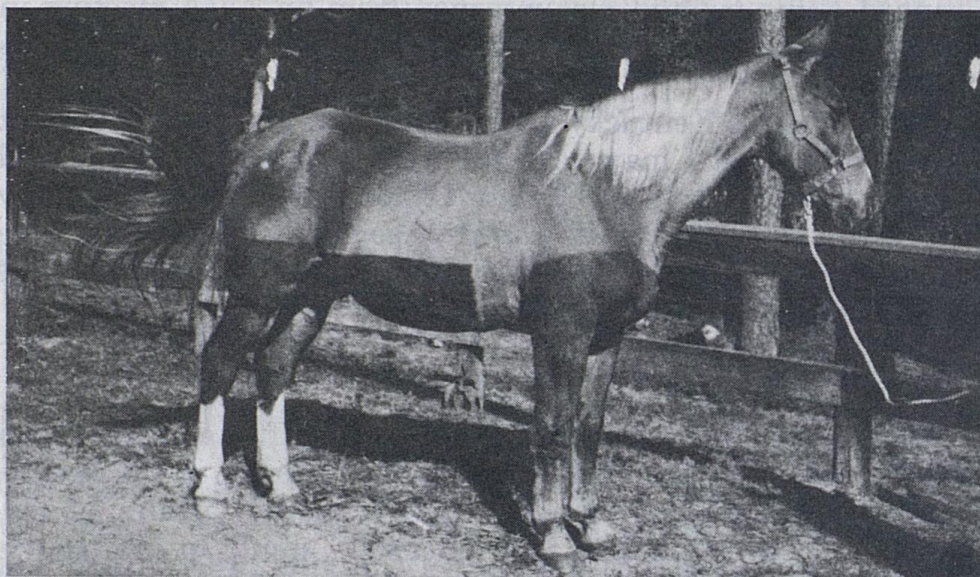
October was a busy month for several staff members. Helen Browne attended the White House Conference in Knoxville, Tennessee, where the domestic and economic affairs of Appalachia were discussed. Dr. Beasley went to Salisbury, Maryland, to take part in a seminar for nurse-midwives arranged by the Peninsular General Hospital and Gertrude Isaacs was invited to give a paper to the International Division of the National Health Council in Washinton. Her paper was well-received and was later read into the *Congressional Record* by Dr. Tim Lee Carter, Congressman from the Fifth District in Kentucky. Several members of the staff attended the annual meeting of the Kentucky Nurses Association at which there was serious discussion about the revision of the Nurse Practice Act.

THE TAX SQUEEZE

There are cases where people do remember their tax man in their last will and testament. One such gentleman was 76 year old Edward Horley, a retired coal dealer who lived in England. When he died in August, his lawyer complied with the terms of the will by giving to Mr. Horley's tax collector and tax inspector one half of one lemon apiece, accompanied by the message: "And now squeeze this."

—Contributed

MEMOIRS OF TRIGGER THE LAST FNS DISTRICT HORSE



It has been many years now, but I still like to stand and dream of those by-gone days when each morning I would awaken with a feeling of excitement and anticipation, wondering what adventures lay ahead of me that day.

I spent most of my early years at the Outpost Centers—the nurse dressed in her blue riding uniform would groom and saddle me, then, flinging her saddlebags over my back, we would set off following familiar paths and creekbeds. I usually knew at which houses to stop and would take the nurse right to the gate, waiting there for her to dismount and tie me to the fence post.

Sometimes we went out in the middle of the night and I might wait a long time for her to come out of the house—then I would hear the cry of a newborn baby and know it would not be too much longer before my nurse would be ready for the homeward journey.

Gradually these wonderful days began to change. The first big change for me was to be brought into Wendover. At first I enjoyed the company of all the other horses, but gradually my friends began to leave me for other pastures and soon there were just five of us—Ace, Boo-Daddy, Ted the mule, and little Pal the pony. Soon

we even said farewell to Boo-Daddy who was very sick—Ace said he had gone to Horse Heaven.

No longer did the nurses ride us to their patients. Usually we just went to the pasture every day, but on cool days in spring and fall young things in blue jeans or khaki pants would take us for a ride.

I usually got the green horn riders and had my fun with them—I just refused to budge. They would coax me and flap their reins or flail their legs trying to give me a kick while I calmly gazed out on the river at the early morning haze. I might take a few steps only to munch on a delectable piece of grass.

Sooner or later some well-meaning person would come along with a twig—give me a slap on my rump and admonish the rider to show me who was boss. Of course I knew all the time who had control—me! But I usually cooperated by this time.

It wasn't long before even these riders disappeared and the quiet roads we used to travel were filled with coal trucks and the ear-splitting, discordant, screech of motor bikes.

I was starting to get stiff in my joints and limped quite a bit, Ace had a breathing problem, Ted had sore feet and little Pal was recovering from having foundered—what a bunch of crocks we were! I began to think these were the last days for all of us.

Then one day everything began to look hopeful again. The first excitement was when Kate fastened a copper bracelet around my ankle and miraculously I began to walk without a limp and no longer needed aspirins forced down my throat every day. Then one day two strange men arrived with a big horse van—we were all led in and taken on a long drive. When they let us out Ace gave a whinney of pleasure. He recognized his early home and after a few weeks his breathing improved and he was able to be ridden with the other horses when the humans went quail hunting.

Ted stayed there until his feet got better, then he went to a new home. I missed him but I had lots of other companions—both mules and horses.

Pal is having the time of his life. He is very small, you know, and just right for children. His new owner uses him for her grandchildren. She thought he used to be a mine pony so has changed his name to "Miner". He has a fancy halter with a name plate which reads "Miner by Hazard Out of Underground"! He travelled all the way to Canada and is hob-nobbing with members

of the Canadian Equestrian Team! Wonder if he still thinks of his old friends?

I am beginning to get tired now and really do not want to do too much anymore except stand and dream. I have plenty to eat—a dry bed to keep out of the rain and I am checked for problems regularly. Everyone is good to me but, when the day comes, I shall be ready to join my early FNS friends in the green pastures of Horse Heaven.

ALL FOR LOVE

When Jane, our Scottie, had to be kept away from the dogs for a time, her basket was put in the garden room so that she could look out of the french windows at Rip, her usual playmate, a white fox-terrier from down the lane. Dogs from the farm and village trotted hopefully up and down, till the freezing cold drove them away. Only Rip stayed, peeping in and wagging his stump of a tail; then he sat down close to the glass and tried to rub noses with Jane. Finally she got into her basket and went to sleep, and I expected Rip to go home. At dusk, coming back into the room and switching on the light, I found Jane fast asleep and Rip sitting outside in the bitter frost, still patiently waiting and staring in. Such devotion touched me and, going to the kitchen door, I called to him. When he made no response, I went out and tried to lift him, in vain. He was frozen to the asphalt. I ran back to the kitchen for warm water which I poured round him to melt the ice; but even when freed he sat stiffly in my hands like a little china ornament. On the rug by the kitchen fire I rubbed and slapped him till he began to tremble and animation slowly returned. Presently he lapped some warm milk with a dash of brandy, and I wrapped him in a coat to carry him home.—*May Davison, New Zealand.*

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1968-69, Edited by Crispin Gill
Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

“Pardon me, officer,” the pedestrian said in a busy intersection, “can you tell me how to get to Polyclinic Hospital?”

“Yes,” said the officer, “just stand where you are.”

—*Modern Maturity*, Dec.-Jan., 1968-1969

In Memoriam

MRS. FREDERIC BREVOORT ALLIN
New York, New York

MRS. CHARLES L. DOYLE
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

MR. ROSCOE A. ELAM
Hyden, Kentucky

MR. WILEY KEEN, JR.
Hyden, Kentucky

MRS. ALVAN MACAULEY, SR.
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan

MR. CHRISLEY MAGGARD
Cinda, Kentucky

MRS. RUTH SKELTON MINK
Knoxville, Tennessee

MRS. VICTOR T. MORRISON
West Falmouth, Massachusetts

MISS DORIS M. PARK
Worcester, England

MRS. WILLIAM D. POULTNEY
Garrison, Maryland

MRS. FAIRMAN R. THOMPSON
Glen Mills, Pennsylvania

MRS. FREDERIC W. UPHAM
Chicago, Illinois

DR. HENRY S. WATERS
Marshfield, Wisconsin

Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks
cry and call.

Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star
over all.

There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an
end,

Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear
long ago in the past,

Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that
death cannot last;

Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has
defiled,

Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

—John Masefield

Six Committee members who have supported our work since the twenties have left us. **Mrs. Frederic W. Upham** was a former chairman and honorary member of our Chicago Committee and a

Trustee of the Service; **Mrs. Charles L. Doyle** had served as a member of our Pittsburgh Committee for many years. She died at the age of 100 years. **Mrs. Alvan Macauley** lived to the great age of 102 and was a former member of our Detroit Committee. **Mr. Roscoe Elam** and **Mr. Wiley Keen, Jr.**, members of two of the oldest families in Hyden, Kentucky, were members of the Hyden Committee and our friends and neighbors. **Mr. Chrisley Maggard** was vice-chairman of our Wolf Creek Committee for many years and he and his family have been good friends to the FNS since the work began.

Mrs. Fairman R. Thompson, a member of our Philadelphia Committee, was the daughter of our honorary treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, and Mrs. Dabney, and a sister of our old courier, Betty Dabney.

We have learned of the death of three old staff members. **Dr. Henry S. Waters** of Marshfield, Wisconsin, was FNS Medical Director in the early forties. He served us well as physician and surgeon. **Mrs. Ruth Mink** of Knoxville, Tennessee, had been a member of our secretarial staff at Wendover. **Miss Doris Park**, one of our early British nurse-midwives, died in England following a short illness. Her brother wrote us that she had fourteen happy years of retirement.

As we go to press we have learned of the death of **Mrs. William D. Poultney**, a member of the Baltimore Committee, who had supported our work for thirty years.

Two of our good friends who have remembered the FNS with a generous legacy are **Mrs. Frederic Brevoort Allin** of New York and **Mrs. Victor T. Morrison** of West Falmouth, Massachusetts.

We will miss these good people and wish to send much sympathy to their families and friends.

FIELD NOTES

Edited By
Peggy Elmore

The 14th Annual Mary Breckinridge Festival, which took place in Hyden the last weekend in September, was a huge success and everyone enjoyed the Craft Show and the attractive floats in the parade. The Hyden Elementary School float deserved the grand championship trophy it was awarded.

It has been our custom for a number of years to present service pins to Frontier Nursing Service staff who have been with us for five years during the Mary Breckinridge Day program. Recognized this year were Lillie Mae Asher, Irene Brock, Betty H. Maggard, Juanita Mitchell and Edith Wooton.

On the Saturday afternoon, as part of the Festival celebration, the Sgt. Willie Sandlin Memorial United States Army Reserve Training Center in Hyden was dedicated in memory of the only Kentuckian to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor during World War I, for conspicuous gallantry at Bois De Forges, France. Participating in the program of dedication were the officers and men of the 100th Division and the Division Band. It was a pleasure to have Mrs. Will Sandlin and her children back in Hyden for the day.

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The autumn meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service Board of Governors was held on October 17 and 18, 1975, at Pleasant Hill at Shakertown in central Kentucky. On the afternoon and evening of the 17th, the Board met with members of the staff to discuss the FNS program. At the formal meeting of the Board on the morning of the 18th, Mrs. Floyd H. Wright of Lexington, Kentucky, was unanimously elected a Member Emeritus of the Board of Governors.

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In October 1972, the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars held its Semi-Annual Council Meeting in Hyden, Kentucky—the first time the Council had met outside of Washington, D. C. We were flattered indeed that the members of the Council had enjoyed their 1972 trip to Hyden enough to wish to

return for their meeting in October 1975. Members of the FNS staff had the pleasure of dining with the Daughters during their stay at the Appalachia Motel, showing them the Mary Breckinridge Hospital, including the pediatric ward which the National Society had given and furnished, taking them to see two of the outpost centers, and talking with them about the FNS program which the National Society supports so generously. Although it was by no means "on the program", we were able to give one of the members, Mrs. R. Taylor Drake, a first-hand glimpse of the function of the hospital and of family nurses when she fell and had to go to the emergency room to have her arm stitched! We are glad to report that Mrs. Drake has recovered from her injury!

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Thanks to a generous grant which provides funds for the purpose, many staff members have been privileged to attend continuing education seminars and workshops during the last few months. One staff member, Dr. E. Fidelia Gilbert, has written:

"This week I received the A.M.A. Physicians Recognition Award for 1975 for participation in Continuing Medical Education.

"While some credit hours were for teaching midwifery, independent study through journals, audio-digest tapes, etc., most were for formal continuing education programs I have been privileged to attend.

"I wish to express my thank to those who make Continuing Education Funds available to FNS staff members and to you who allotted me the time to attend the meetings."

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Wedding bells have been ringing briskly in the FNS this fall! One of our staff nurses, Deborah Agron, was married to James Johnson in a lovely outdoor ceremony at Wendover on October 12. Ellen Howard and Van Adams were married in Virginia on November 17, and Carmen Mosley and Cova Maggard were married in Hyden on November 22. Both of these girls are members of the Wendover office staff. St. Christopher's Chapel was the scene of two November weddings when Linda Sue Lewis and John Craft were married on November 22, and Kathy Hickman and Ricky Lewis were married on November 27. Kathy is an L.P.N. on the maternity ward and Linda Sue is the daughter of Lucy Lewis of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital dietary staff.

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A Frontier Nursing Service Advisory Committee has been formed to act as a liaison between the FNS and the communities it

serves. The Advisory Committee will meet twice a month and will act as a fact-finding committee to offer recommendations to the Director and to the Board of Governors. The charter members of the Advisory Committee are:

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Mr. Denver Adams | Mr. Joey Lewis |
| Mr. Carl Barnes | Mr. Edward Mattingly |
| Dr. Gene Bowling | Mr. James Mosley |
| Mr. Vance Bowling | Mr. Allen Muncy |
| Mr. David Caldwell | Mr. Bill Pollard |
| Mr. Edmund Collett | The Rev. John Sholley |
| Mr. Astor Couch | Mrs. Jewell Sizemore |
| Mrs. Jean Elam | Mrs. Betty Roberts |
| Mrs. Faye Farmer | Mrs. Jessie Roberts |
| Mr. Glen Hendrix | Dr. Edward Slothour |
| Mrs. Willa Hood | Mrs. Avis Sparks |
| Mrs. Betty Huff | Miss Molly Stidham |
| Mr. Kenneth Keen | Mr. Wendell Wilson |

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Our three Couriers in the early part of the fall were Susan Quinby, Milton, Massachusetts, Margaret (Meg) Sheridan, Barrington, Rhode Island, and Susan Storer, Westwood, Massachusetts. Arriving in November were Ellen Henry of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, Irene McKenna of Oldham, Lancashire, England, and Helen A. Peterle of Stonington, Connecticut, whose great grandmother, Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, was one of Mrs. Breckinridge's closest friends. Irene has just left to spend Christmas with relatives in New York, before returning to England early in the New Year, but Ellen and Helen will be with us over Christmas.

Since the late forties, Keuka College in New York State has sent students to spend an autumn field period with Frontier Nursing Service. This year we have had with us two senior nursing students, Ann Marie Mance and Wende Wheeler. Ann Marie spent a month on the Flat Creek District and Wende divided her time between the outpatient clinic of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital and the Brutus District.

We are most grateful for the help senior medical students have given our busy staff at the Mary Breckinridge Hospital. Nora Morganstern, Stanford University, and Martin Altschel, Johns

Hopkins University, spent September and October at Hyden. For two weeks of that time Wendelin Beyts of the University of Aberdeen (Scotland) joined them. We had to manage without medical students in November but Mark Brown and Michael Garovich arrived from Ohio State University in early December, to spend two months with us. They will be joined right after Christmas by Gary Silverman of Cornell.

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We are especially grateful to Dr. Richard G. Ulrich of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who spent a week doing surgery at the Mary Breckinridge Hospital. Dr. Ulrich was accompanied to Kentucky by Mrs. Ulrich and their three children.

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Since it is always to good to see old friends, it was with much pleasure that we welcomed Patsy Tyson back to the FNS nursing staff. Patsy had spent some months with us as a new graduate some years ago and has returned after several years overseas. She is a valuable addition to the medical-surgical staff at the Hospital. Corinne Dunn, who had been away for the summer, returned to help Elsie Maier with the family nurse interns. Other registered nurses who have come to Kentucky during the fall include Katherine Barthels of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, Glenna Benjamin of Rio, Wisconsin, Lillian Link of Springfield, Ohio, Mona Lydon of Scituate, Massachusetts, Judith Mackie of Sacramento, California, Linda Somers of Danville, Vermont, and Patricia Wheelock of St. Louis, Missouri. Sister Anne-Marie Desroches, a graduate of the Family Nurse Clinician program at Vanderbilt University, where she was a classmate of Elsie Maier, joined the staff in November and is working as a family nurse in the outpatient clinic at the Hospital. Karen Fritz, a graduate of the family nursing program at Case Western Reserve University, has come to us for a short period of clinical experience before going overseas.

We are please to welcome Donald Skaggs, M.T. (ASCP) to the staff as chief of the Mary Breckinridge Hospital Laboratory Services. Mrs. Skaggs and their two children will be joining Don in Hyden as soon as they find housing. We are pleased to have Ann Johnson, who came to FNS from Maryland, as a laboratory

assistant. Dr. Beasley is especially happy to Linda Rice of Hyden back with him as his secretary.

Eight nurses entered the first trimester in the Frontier School of Midwifery and Family Nursing on October 1—Kim Beck, Norma Brainard, Sue Harris, Rita Rhoads, Becky Ruoheneimi, Shelley Russell, Wanda Turner and Mary Weaver. Lorraine Johnson and Phyllis Seven completed their formal midwifery education and began midwifery internships. Sue Albritton, Eileen Alpers, Mary (Chris) Banigan, Nancy Crawford, Lee Hensel, Barbara Long, Cindell Morrison, Laurie Rendall, Sister Chris Schenk and Carolyn Schuessler became family nursing interns, some working on district, some in the outpatient clinic. Gail Alexander, Marilyn Osborne, Sharon Koser, Sister Linda Bouchard, Sue Brezec, Connie Folk and Pat Wikoff entered the first trimester of midwifery, and Judy Fallo, Becky Lynch, Kim Abby and Linda Bell proceeded to the second midwifery trimester. As we try to keep up with all our students at all levels, we feel rather like the old woman who lived in the shoe!

Our best wishes go with Gertrude (Trudy) Morgan who left us in October after several years with the FNS. We are happy to report that she and the dogs and two motor bikes made it safely to California and that she writes that she misses Hyden and the FNS.

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The loft of the Courier's Barn at Wendover has been successfully renovated and Joan Fenton, Sharon Koser and Anne-Marie Desroches have been living happily there for the past month. Joan and Mossie report that it is much snuggier, and warmer, than the Upper Shelf and, although they occasionally miss their open fires, it is lovely not to have to clean up all the soot! The older portion of the barn has been torn down and cleared away to give a bit more parking space at Wendover.

Work on the Morton-Gill Building (the old Hyden Hospital) continues and it should be ready for occupancy in the late winter or early spring.

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Many guests have brought a bit of the outside world to our door this fall. Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson of Philadelphia came down to see their daughter Becky during her courier term, and Mr. and

Mrs. John W. Henry of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, brought Ellen to Wendover. Dr. Faye Loo, the new Dean of Nursing at Berea College, and the Community Health Instructor, Ms. Muriel Dayhoff, visited FNS on the opening day of a new class in the Frontier School of Midwifery and Family Nursing in October. Betty Bear brought the University of Kentucky nurse-midwifery students for a visit in November, and, in December, we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Ruth O. Butwell and Mrs. Annette Stolte of Berea when Mrs. Willis D. Weatherford brought them up for a brief visit. A midwifery graduate of many years ago, Beulah Arnold, stopped by to see us with Beulah Heisey, the sister of another FGSM graduate, Mary Heisey. Old staff member Mary Ellen Munsche Stanton spent a week with us when she came to Kentucky to take the American College of Nurse-Midwifery's national certification examination. Her husband, Greg, came along to see something of the area while "Munsche" caught up on all that was going on in the FNS. It was good to see Mrs. Ann Bliss, Senior Program Consultant for The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, again, and we appreciate her bringing Mr. John Thones of the Foundation staff to see our program. It was great fun having old courier Melora Coggeshall back for a short visit in October and to see Dr. Brad Gascoigne in December. Brad was with the FNS as a senior medical student several years ago. In early November we were pleased to show Mrs. Jean Morehead as much as possible of the FNS in a few days. We were especially gratified when Mrs. Morehead wrote:

"I arrived safely home after a most wonderful and meaningful trip. It was a very real privilege for me to be a part of your committed staff—to share in their loving service to others. To say I was impressed sounds trite—but it is so. What gems of human beings I found among your staff! I have rarely met a more empathic young nurse than Susan Hoeffel. To spend the day watching her tend her patients was uplifting. We don't often have the chance to see people care to the degree she does."

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As this Bulletin goes to press, we are in the midst of our Christmas preparations. The outpost centers have had, or will have, parties for the pre-school youngsters in their area and Wendover district will have the traditional pageant and party for the children on December 20. We have a number of excellent musicians on the staff who have enjoyed carolling and participating in community Christmas programs. The Wendover

staff is preparing to cook a Christmas dinner for the domestic and maintenance employees, as we do each year—a small token of appreciation for all they do to feed us and keep us warm during the year. The Mary Breckinridge Hospital staff have decided the dietary equipment in the new hospital is far too sophisticated for novices to cope with trying to cook a meal but they are looking forward to serving, (and perhaps washing the dishes!) for the Christmas luncheon party for all the hospital employees.

At 11:30 p.m. on Christmas Eve staff and Hyden friends will gather in St. Christopher's Chapel for the carol service which has been an FNS tradition since the first service was held in the Chapel on Christmas Eve in 1960.

The Bulletin will not be in the mail in time to say "Merry Christmas" but it brings you the best wishes of the staff for 1976—this country's bicentennial year.

A small boy had been naughty and had been reprimanded. His mother told him he must take a whipping. He fled upstairs and hid in a far corner under a bed. When the father came home, the mother told him what had happened. He went upstairs and proceeded to crawl under the bed toward the youngster. Excitedly the boy whispered, "Hello, Pop, is she after you too?"

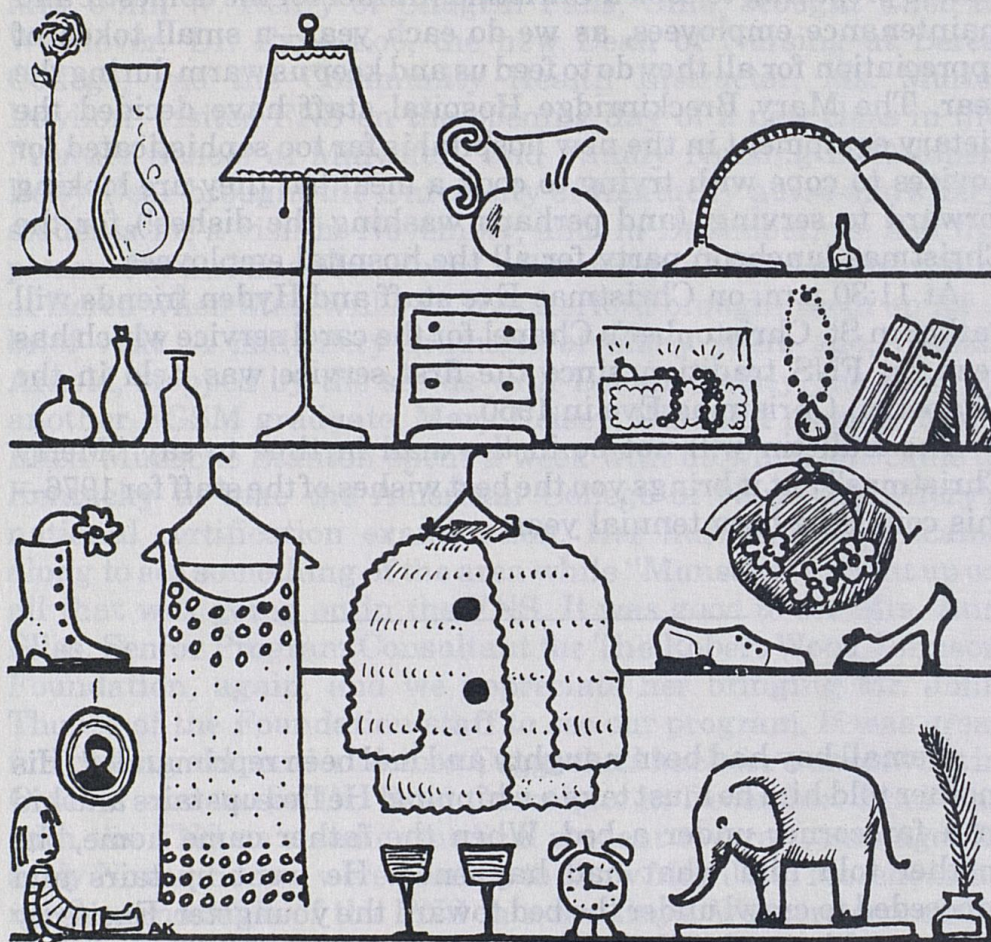
—Contributed

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR

Sign in locksmith's shop-window: 'In God we trust. Everyone else pays cash'.

—*The Countryman*, Spring 1970, Edited by Crispin Gill,
Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT
SEND IT TO FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
 1579 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10028

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the 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, New York 10028

Statement of Ownership

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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

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Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Wendover, Ky. 41775 (a non-profit corporation with no stockholders). Officers of the corporation are: Miss Kate Ireland, Wendover, Ky. 41775; Mr. H. L. Drew, Treasurer, 1 First Security Plaza, Lexington, Ky. 40507; Mrs. John M. Prewitt, Box 385, Mt. Sterling, Ky. 40353, Secretary.

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

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

HELEN E. BROWNE, Editor

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Hyden District
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FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

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 or United Parcel Service to Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky 41749.

Gifts of money should be made payable to
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
and sent to the Treasurer
MR. HOMER L. DREW
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One First Security Plaza
Lexington, Kentucky 40507

