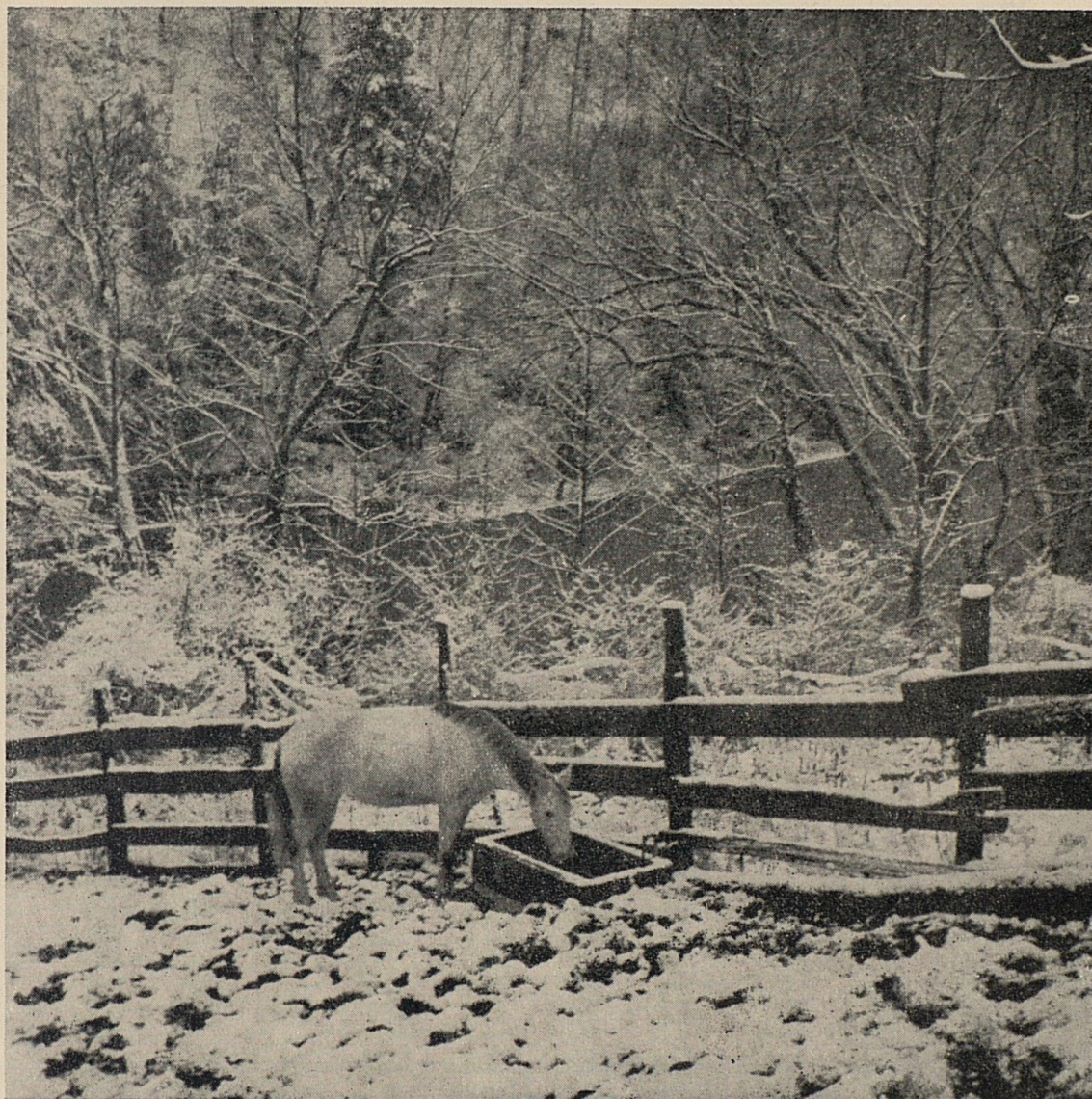


FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 34

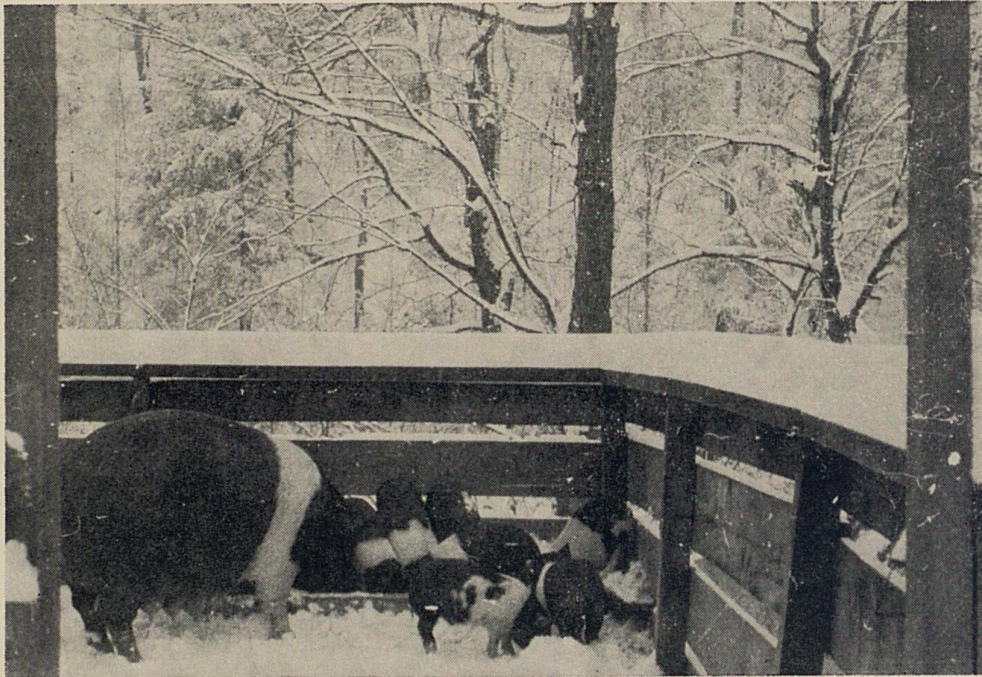
WINTER, 1959

NUMBER 3



In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

Christina Rossetti, 1880-94.



**Edna the Umpteenth, brood sow at Wendover,
and her piglets**

Cover photograph by Fredericka Holdship

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A LAMENT FOR ENOCH

by
M. M. GAGE

[Enoch is portrayed in the drawing
as he was before his mutilation.]

Coming back to the mountains after two years, one of my first thoughts was to visit my ancient friend Enoch. I wanted to talk to him, to feel his sheltering strength again, to admire his noble beauty. A tree—especially a patriarchal tree like Enoch—is a friend to count on and to cultivate. To pay my respects soon after arrival would not only be a privilege for me, I felt, but a courtesy he would understand and appreciate. One must not be too off-hand and informal with beech trees. They are of the old tradition. Like royalty, they should be approached with due reverence.

Before I set out for the anticipated reunion, I was prepared for some changes by a disquieting remark to the effect that the place where he stood looked different. Certain smaller trees, it was said, had been cut away and Enoch himself . . . well, it was too bad . . . no one knew why it was necessary to do such a thing . . . really, too bad . . . I was afraid to ask just what had been done. With anxious beating heart, I hurried down to the river and up its banks beyond the Wendover boundary. True enough it did look different. There was an empty unfamiliarity at the well-known spot just before I usually caught sight of my friend. I took a few steps more. Where was he? Where was that wide-flung gesture of welcome I knew so well and had waited for so long? It was not there. Yet . . .

"Enoch," I cried. "Is that you?" Yes, it was unmistakably Enoch standing like a Titan with his roots in the river and his crown in the sky. But his right arm was missing. It had been lopped off at the trunk. That heroic limb of shelter and protection, large enough for the trunk of an ordinary tree, was gone. I could not believe my eyes. Gone! Only a circular patch of raw wood like a wound remained. That perfect pattern of up-reaching matched with out-stretching, both balanced against the sturdy slanting angle of the great trunk, was no longer visible. Where was the magnificent tree I had left two years ago? Here was

only a shorn giant. The noble design and meaning of Enoch as I remembered him in my mind's eye had been destroyed. It was almost too much to bear.

Slowly I walked over to my friend and mounted the close-woven threshold of roots. I stood dumb with misery, my forehead leaning against the grey bark. I could not speak to him. Tears swelled my throat. I clenched my fists like a stunned and frustrated child. It could not, must not be. I refused to accept what I had seen.

Long I stood there without moving or opening my eyes. What could I do? How could one comfort a tree? What lament would in any way be appropriate to such a catastrophe? There seemed nothing to do but silently nurse a sense of untold loss and beauty desecrated.

Enoch, the wise and valiant, however, has never been at a loss under adversity. He drew a slow deep breath which shook me gently and reprovngly. Then . . .

"Child, child," he whispered. "Will you never learn to understand something of the Life that flows through us both? Why are you grieving? I do not grieve. Loss, pain, the marring of outward beauty—what are they? Not disaster but pruning. Yes, a pruning for further growth, an opportunity to expand in other directions. My wide-flung outward reach is curbed, cut short, but my upward reach is higher than ever. Do you not see? My roots explore deeper. My inward brooding, too, is more profound. I stretch toward heaven above and within. Secrets are unlocked. Seeds of creation are sown in the pregnant inner stillness. The loss of a branch? What of it? How can outward loss compare with learning to forge powerful and cherishing protection within the deep heart—protection for greatness yet to be born? My work, my reach, my musing, my reawakened spirit are all intensified by this pruning. I accept it. I center my resources. I wait. I burgeon anew and rejoice! Do you go and do likewise, my child. Look up. Be inwardly wise. Be comforted."

During the silence that followed I was indeed comforted. Looking up I caught sight of a bright red cardinal flying to take shelter among the green leaves high above. My unsung lament turned into a prayer of humble thanksgiving for the unscathed, the undaunted spirit of my old friend Enoch.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

by

RUTH WILTING, R.N.

Student at Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

At 3:30 in the morning a voice said, "Home delivery, get going!" Hurriedly donning my uniform, I rushed out of the door to go to my second home delivery. To the dismay of one of my classmates I was gone before she could prepare some nourishment to take along. Fifteen minutes later my supervisor and I were driving along from Hyden and turning up the gravel road toward Thousandsticks Mountain. Our rapid departure had been helped by the night student in the Hospital getting out delivery bags and emergency carry bag with plasma and I.V. fluids. We were happy with anticipation, and somewhat excited with the third home delivery in three days, and this call coming only five minutes after the others had returned from a delivery. We passed the cabin where the newest infant had arrived and noticed that all was dark there. Overhead were bright stars. The jeep, Blake, labored up the steep mountain, then down—around many curves, and finally to Bull Creek. We passed the little two-roomed building where our nurses hold a weekly clinic for mothers and babies.

For the next two miles our way lay mostly in the creek. Tractor gear was necessary to get over some of the rough parts, for high water had shifted rocks and created little waterfalls. We left the creek and continued up a small branch just wide enough for the jeep. A few lights were seen along the way for this was well past the getting up time for many of our people. The early morning was cold but invigorating. With the slow and bumping ride my supervisor said, "It would be quicker and smoother here on horseback. If our baby comes, we'll ride over tomorrow." In the minutes before our arrival we discussed briefly the patient's obstetrical history and prenatal course. She was of more than special interest to my supervisor, for Carol Banghart had delivered Gertrude's third child, a boy, on Christmas Day three years before. This mother was now expecting the fourth baby and hoping for a girl among all the boys. Gertrude's home was really away over near the head of Hell-for-

Sartin Creek, but she had come to stay at her parents' home for the confinement so that we could make regular visits to her.

The warm glow of the fire in the grate greeted us as we entered the small log house. We could see that all was in readiness for the coming event. The room was clean and neat. Stands were cleared and the baby's clothes neatly folded and placed in a bushel basket nearby. Overhead was a quilting frame with a beautiful patchwork quilt, and on the four-poster bed were six beautiful, newly made quilts. A look of relief spread over Gertrude's face when we greeted her, for the nurses had arrived.

During the early hours of the morning while making preparations we were delighted with the excellent coöperation from the patient and family. We never lacked running water for the grown-ups would run and "fetch" a pail of water whenever it was needed. The tea kettle was full of boiling water and when empty immediately refilled.

At sun up we looked out of the window to see Gertrude's mother milking the cow. She used just a small can in one hand, stood up while milking and, when the can was filled, dumped it into a pail. In order to keep the cow from roaming around the field, for she was not tied, a pan of feed was given to her and replenished from time to time until the milking was completed.

During the waiting period we were pleased to help and to befriend Gertrude. Her mother and grandmother, a well-preserved old woman who sat near the fire and talked of the "old" days and the first nurses on the creek, had wanted to send for us earlier. But Gertrude had stopped them, wanting to be sure the tightening she felt was real labor. When we told her after the initial examination that all was well and she was making good progress there was another look of relief. She was eager to have the baby, for then she could make plans to return over the mountains to her home. Gertrude was homesick for her boys.

The new baby, Roy Lee, arrived just before noon, at almost the exact hour the Christmas child had come. His vigorous crying brought a look of joy from all of us. Gertrude seemed pleased; "Might as well have all boys," she said.

The joy was mine to bathe and care for this little one, and what a thrill it is each time I bathe a new-born infant. As you examine the toes and fingers and see the perfect features you

cannot but marvel at the miracle of creation. No sooner had the new baby been placed in his mother's arms, and the delivery bag repacked, than someone from the kitchen shouted, "There's Edward and the boys comin'!" We could see a mule with three astride coming slowly up the branch. Edward, the new baby's father, and two of his sons had come all the way from home. What a timely arrival! As I proudly showed the baby to the gathered clan the look of happiness on their faces was a joy to behold. We left the mother and baby with a promise to see them next day.

Our return visit next day was smooth and wonderful. On horseback we climbed to the ridge trail high above Hyden Hospital, and rode along a beautiful path until we came again to the rough road the jeep had travelled. This was the longest ride I had made and was a challenge to me as I had only recently learned how to care for and ride a horse. Mounting Doc from the ground seemed impossible with the combination of tight breeches, tall horse and short me, and I needed help to lift my saddlebags to and from Doc.

All was satisfactory with mother and baby. After completing our nursing care and accepting a good cup of coffee, we made preparations for leaving. The men had already resaddled the horses. I sized up the mounting problem—led Doc directly to a big sled in the yard, climbed on top of it and leaped into the saddle. No one (except maybe Doc and Carol) realized how lucky I was.

We rode on up the branch, over a steep mountain, and down into another fork where the first baby of the series of three newborns had been delivered. As we journeyed along, there were sandwiches and tidbits to eat from my bulging pockets. Everywhere were the steep, converging hills. An occasional cabin was seen and the sound of barking and of children's voices.

After making the second mother and baby comfortable, we wended our way back home. By this time the horses were tired and my legs were in need of exercise, so we walked up some of the steep hills. Along the ridge trail at the edge of dark I felt safe as I rode faithful old Doc, and watched the lights in the valley flicker on.

By the time the baby was six days old, the quilting frame

was down and another quilt had been finished. While giving the baby his bath the care of the infant was explained to the mother. This was another thrill as Gertrude showed such intense and eager interest. Each time I leave a new mother and baby well cared for and comfortable I have a satisfied feeling of "Mission Accomplished."

POSTSCRIPT

by

CAROLYN BANGHART

Dean, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

As Ruth's supervisor, fellow nurse and companion, I too feel "mission accomplished." First of all, the mother had been carried safely through her pregnancy, labor and delivery, with the reward of a well baby. Secondly, the time spent in the heart of the family was full of rich experiences not only in conduct of labor, but in public health teaching and human relations. And finally, this latest delivery proved again the value of the expert care and individual attention that a nurse-midwife can give to womankind because of her specialized training.

TO ANY CANDIDATE ANYWHERE

We want our candidate's . . . promise to make mistakes. Half the troubles of the free world are caused by politicians either refusing to admit they have been wrong, or refusing to act for fear of being wrong again. In both cases the effect is a kind of paralysis. If public men would only concede that they have made mistakes in the past which they now proposed to correct, but will inevitably make more in the future, they would be able to get a lot more done. They would also be protected against the occupational hazard of thinking themselves infallible.

—Leslie Hannon in *Maclean's Magazine*,

Toronto, Canada, February 1, 1958

Harper's Magazine, January, 1959

OLD COURIER NEWS

(Most of these letters were edited by Agnes Lewis before her accident)

**From Mrs. Charles William Steele (Candy Dornblaser),
San Jose, California—November 6, 1958**

We have the most wonderful little girl! I'm hoping, of course, that she'll have her turn as a courier, some twenty years from now. Meanwhile, we plan to have her camping with us, and later on back-packing. By the time she's ten she'll probably be a snow and glacier climber as her parents are now starting to be!

I am not actively nursing now, for obvious reasons, but have begun to teach "education for childbirth" classes for San Jose Adult Education Department. I love it, and it keeps my hand in O.B. Give my best regards to all the staff.

.

From Nancy Dammann, Bloomington, Indiana
—November 9, 1958

Your letter of March 27 just reached me a week ago. It must have been following me around the world. I had a wonderful trip home—26 days by ship from Singapore to Naples, three weeks' vacation in Europe, and then home by the SS United States. I must say, traveling to and from a post is one of the nicest parts of a foreign assignment. One really gets to see the world.

I'm currently on a training assignment at the University of Indiana. In other words ICA (International Coöperation Administration of the Department of State) has sent me back to school. I'm studying all phases of audio-visual operations, i.e., how and why to make photographs, movie films, charts, posters, et cetera. It's a fascinating course. One of the best angles is that there are only two Americans in the class of twenty-two. The rest are officials from various other countries—mostly in Asia and Africa—sent here under the auspices of ICA. They are a top-notch group, full of ideas and talent. It's a very interesting experience living and working with them. In a way, I think I've gotten to know more about Asia and Africa through my contacts with these students than I ever did while living and working in Asia.

I'm not sure how long I'll be here. I may leave in February or then again may stay until June. If I do stay for a second semester I'm sort of dreaming about coming down to Wendover for a short visit during the Easter holidays. I'm doing a lot of photography here—color, movie, black and white, et cetera. I'd love to take some more pictures of FNS if that would prove useful. It would to me, I know, as I have—and probably will continue to do so—talked a lot about FNS while working overseas. It's a terrific example of a private institution doing outstanding work.

.

From Katherine Amsden, Northampton, Massachusetts

—November 21, 1958

Last summer I toured Scandinavia with a Canadian Youth Hostel group—what a trip!—I can't begin to tell you all the fun experiences we had. Some of the highlights were: going up the coast of Norway on a coastal steamer and seeing the Midnight sun, two days in Swedish Lapland, a canoe trip in Finland, three wonderful days in Copenhagen, and a brief visit at the Brussels Fair. Then the group broke up and each of us could go off on our own for ten days. I spent mine in Switzerland and loved every minute of it, especially in Zermatt.

.

From Mrs. Bruce M. Putnam (Amy Stevens), Stanford,

California—December 5, 1958

About four weeks ago, Bruce made the decision that he wanted to go back to school to get his M.A. degree at Stanford, where he graduated in '52. So, next week, we move. We are so happy about the decision, and know it can mean nothing but a step in the right direction. Maybe, I can even get some courses in! We haven't a place to live yet, but on arrival hope to find something before Christmas, so that we'll be able to spend the holidays with Bruce's family in that area without too much concern. Bruce's classes start January 5th. We will be in the Stanford area until next September anyway. When we find a house or such, will let you know our permanent address.

Did I tell you that we have a dog? Think I did, and oh what

a joy she is to have around the house! Vickie really is so cute—a cross between a fox and collie—looks like a small collie, but has ears that stand up like a fox's. Can't tell you how thankful I am that she is so easy to handle.

**From Mrs. John R. Pugh (Weezie Myers), West Berlin,
Germany—November 10, 1958**

Thanks so much for your nice letter about father. We have since had another tragedy—my oldest sister was killed in an automobile accident in France in July. Mother has been like the Rock of Gibraltar. She flew over here and I met her in Paris where we spent a week. Then she came back with me and spent a month here.

We have just been ordered back to Washington, and are very happy about it, much as we like Berlin and will miss it. We have many arrangements to make, such as how to transport two horses, two dogs, and two cars across the ocean. We are going to be able to travel by boat this time, which we haven't done for eighteen years, and are looking forward to it.

We will be back in time for Christmas with mother and David, who is at college.

**From Mrs. Harald Vestergaard (Ellen Wadsworth),
Copenhagen, Denmark—Christmas, 1958**

Have just had a wonderful visit with my mother in New Canaan. The children and my husband's eighteen-year-old sister are with me, and we are sailing back today on the Kungsholm.

From Fanny McIlvain, Devon Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1958

I just heard a short time ago that Joan McClellan is being transferred to Port Elizabeth, South Africa. She is coming home this month for her leave and, I think, a course of some kind before going out to South Africa—probably several months hence.

I saw Alice Ford last weekend. She is fine and just the same as always. She sees Wini Saxon several times a year when she (Wini) comes to New York on buying trips.

From Felicia Delafield (Flicka), New York, New York

—Christmas, 1958

I enjoy my Quarterly Bulletins so much. It seems queer to me to think that my Great Grandmother's nursing center (The Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center) will no longer be at Bowlingtown. I must pay you a visit when it has moved to Wolf Creek.

I graduated from the New York School of Social Work last June and am at present working for the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service. It is a wonderful job and also very exciting.

.

From Mrs. John Calvin Perkins (Liz Bigelow), Brookline,**Massachusetts—Christmas, 1958**

It certainly was delightful working for the FNS in Boston this fall and doubly pleasurable in retrospect when I received the letter showing the financial benefit to come of it. Three cheers, I say, and let's do it again next year!

The only major recent event in my life is that Cal and I have acquired a 90-pound boxer dog who keeps me company when Cal is off at the hospital and also keeps me thin as I must run him around the park for one hour a day.

.

From Mrs. Walter G. Ellis (Pam Dunn), Hawaii

—December 30, 1958

Christmas has been wonderful as have the holidays, but I'm quite ready for normal routine to start again. We haven't done much during the holidays except stay close to home which is exactly what we wanted to do. The day before Christmas I worked up at the hospital as a Gray Lady which I do once a week but got special enjoyment out of that day. There were some pretty lonesome soldiers who had to spend Christmas up there and they all wanted to talk about home. Then we went to the beach the afternoon before Christmas because next Christmas we hope to be where it will be cold and want to look back with pleasure at our day on the beach.

.

From Alison Bray, Adelaide, South Australia—Christmas, 1958

I am very happy happy here, and everyone is so kind and

friendly. We had a lovely voyage out, and I enjoyed it so much. Since we arrived, life has been simply hectic and will continue to be so until after Christmas at any rate. The weather is very changeable just now. One day it is quite cold, and we wear woolens and have fires, and the next minute it is blazing hot. We get lots of sunshine, and it should be hot now for the next few months.

Adelaide is a pleasant city—not too big—and there is some lovely country round about and glorious beaches.

.

From Celia Coit, Agoura, California—Christmas, 1958

Christmas at least does get us down to paper and pen. This year I'm more disorganized than ever as we're mopping up after a big fire. The house was entirely circled by flames but miraculously wasn't touched. The little rental next door didn't fare as well. The big news now is a trip abroad in a leisurely off-beat fashion, leaving this March. I haven't been in twenty-some years, so it'll almost be like the first time.

.

From Gertrude Lanman, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

—Christmas, 1958

As for my news, I've had one really exciting summer since my FNS summer in 1944. In 1955 I went to an International Work Camp in Finnish Lapland a few miles north of the Arctic Circle. It was a tremendous experience living with twenty people from about twelve different countries and working with a group of Finnish families who had been relocated from Karelia. Wonderful work cutting down trees, pulling up the stumps, digging drainage ditches and foundations for barns and houses, and with the long winter every straw was pure gold. It would be impossible to say which of my two summers was the most exciting—FNS or Finland.

On returning from Finland I started to work in Dr. Aub's lab (Nancy's father I believe) at the Massachusetts General Hospital. We are doing cancer research, and I find it very stimulating and pleasant. In spare time I'm leading a group of 10-11-year-old Pony Clubbers under District Commissioner, Edie Hall Overly. Lots of fun.

I hate to think of Bowlingtown under water. You may recall I spent about three weeks there.

.
**From Mrs. John R. Cheshire (Julie Davidson),
Wilmington, Delaware—Christmas, 1958**

I love getting the Bulletin and was interested to see the latest with the picture of little Aggie. She certainly has grown up to be a charmer!

We have bought a tiny farm out in Unionville, Pennsylvania. The house is old, and every time we go out to see it, it gets older—new heating system, new wiring, et cetera; but if we ever finish ripping out and putting back in, it should be quite attractive. The country is beautiful and has been kept open by several big landowners—mainly the King Ranch of Texas, which owns 11,000 acres. We are hoping to do some riding and hunting if I have the courage.

Little John is quite a little man now and has definitely improved with age. Those first three months are the worst! Now, he is quite good and really fun to take care of.

.
**From Mrs. James B. Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will),
Binghamton, New York—Christmas, 1958**

Maybe you would like to be caught up on the status of the family. We are still four. The eldest is thirteen, and for her we put up a barn so she could have a horse this winter—she has complete care of him. It's amazing how much I had forgotten. The next one, Barb, is eleven—sort of in between but fun to have around. James is eight and all around good at everything. Then Scott, age five. As he is in school, I have three days in which to follow my work with home-bound old people—those in hospitals, nursing homes, et cetera. We try to offer a service of things for them to do with their hands to keep them occupied.

I feel as though I am well up on all of you through the Bulletins. They are wonderful to receive.

.
**From Mrs. Robert F. Muhlhauser (Ann Danson),
Cincinnati, Ohio—Christmas, 1958**

How the years do roll around. Can't believe it was over

twenty-four years ago that Mary Lib Rogan and I spent those nine unforgettable weeks at Wendover. The snow and cold weather we have had this last week brings back memories of those cold days at FNS.

Thought you might like to see how our children have grown. Sandy is a junior at Hillsdale and Rick in the eighth grade at our wonderful new consolidated high school.

. . . .

**From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Ames, Iowa—Christmas, 1958**

Greetings to all of you at Christmas time. I hope you know what influences you have all had on many of our lives! Even silly little things come to mind—I can never make tea or coffee without starting with cold water from the tap. Someone asked me why the other day; and when I tried to remember, I realized it was Willeford who was sure that tea tasted differently if you didn't start with cold water!

I hope you aren't as cold as we are. This is our eleventh day of below zero weather. Everything is white with snow and sparkling—but I prefer the mercury to keep a little above zero. Our two oldest boys come home this week for Christmas, which is our big excitement, of course. They are both very happy. Now our youngest boy is investigating college. He and his Dad drove to Maryville after Thanksgiving and quite fell in love with the college, and he wants to go there.

Thank goodness our girl will still be at home for four more years! I am nursing twenty-four hours a week and enjoy it. The FNS Bulletin is as great a delight as ever.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Ross Whistler, Jr. (Vera Potter), Dover,
Massachusetts—Christmas, 1958**

Our best wishes to everyone including, of course, the animals. I do enjoy the Bulletins, especially news of the horses.

Ross and I have another little boy, Timothy; a new wing on our house; and we have found a good cure for heaves. This past year has been good to us!

From Anne Kilham, Gorham, New Hampshire—Christmas, 1958

Merry Christmas to you and all your family there at Wendover. I saw your plea for Christmas Secretary and wished I could have done it for you, but my job here has me tied down. Right now I am in the mountains in a place similar to Kentucky. Our buildings are log cabin style which adds to the similarity.

.

**From Donna Dean (Keuka College Volunteer in 1958),
Keuka Park, New York—January 5, 1959**

Winter quarter at Keuka College began today for us and it has really lived up to its title. It is extremely cold, especially with the wind blowing in from the lake which is in front of our dorm.

My sister, Nancy, whom some of you met two years ago, was married on Sunday, December 28, at 5:00 p.m. in a lovely candlelight service at our church in Marion. Her husband is expecting to be sent overseas in the Army so the decision was made to marry now, rather than wait for two years. Nancy will graduate from Keuka in June and then join him. They are both very happy and I'm thrilled to have a new brother-in-law. For this reason, Christmas did not receive too much attention at our home this year. However, the pageant at Wendover was a joy to me and expressed the true meaning of Christmas in such a wonderful way.

I can still visualize the mountains of Kentucky and hope that I can return to them. The nursing program at Keuka has been changed so that we will not go into training this summer, so maybe I can manage to visit with you, which I would really love.

.

**From Mrs. M. Chase Stone (Dickie Chase), Cold Spring
Harbor, New York—January 18, 1959**

Last summer we went to Europe for two months. We bought a Volkswagon bus, the biggest kind, and fixed it up for living in. Muffet and I slept "down stairs" and had a sliding roof, and Charlie slept on top, where there was another bed for a friend whenever he found one to travel with us. We had complete

cooking equipment, electric lights, and a portable toilet—who could want more?

We drove about 4,500 miles and flew a great many more. We went all the way from Bodo, Norway, north of the Arctic Circle in Lapland to the Adriatic Sea, and all the way from the Russian border of Germany to the Atlantic coast of France, and from the Mediterranean to the northern part of Scotland. We saw ten countries and had the most super, marvelous, happy trip. The children both climbed the Matterhorn, and several other peaks. Muffet made the traverse of the Matterhorn (up the Swiss side and down the Italian side) instead of up and down the same route. The guides said there had never been a girl younger than 17 do it before! There was great excitement! We had some awfully funny times and everything went very smoothly. Many and many a night the only money we spent was seven cents per person to park the bus in some camp or field. You can hardly see Europe more cheaply than for twenty-one cents per night for three people and a car. So, if you want to travel in Europe inexpensively, come to Mummy Stone for the details!

. . . .

We send our love and deepest sympathy to Jane Bidwell Stone in the death of her mother last November.

WEDDINGS

Miss Margaret Parker Gundry of Baltimore, Maryland, and Mr. Albert O. Trostel III, on January 31, 1959.

All of our good wishes go to this young couple.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

That the picture of Queen Victoria is reported to have appeared on more postage stamps than that of any other person who has ever lived?

. . . .

That Martha Washington was the first Presidential widow to be given the franking privilege? The Congress made this into law in 1800, having given George Washington free mail service for the rest of his life in 1797.

—*Postal Service News*, May 1958

OUR MAIL BAG

Editor's note: Last summer we sent copies of the Summary by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of our tenth thousand and first thousand confinement cases to several distinguished men who have been our consultants since our early years. We print herewith the letters that came to us from Dr. Louis I. Dublin, who personally transmitted to us the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company report on our first thousand confinements, and from Dr. Richard M. Smith, noted Boston pediatrician, whose Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality was instrumental in reducing the early infant death rate. These two letters give us great gladness.

New York, July 23, 1958

My dear Friend:

Thank you for your note of July sixteenth and for the reprint which I have read with a great deal of interest. Needless to say, it brought back sharply an association with you that began nearly 35 years ago. I pride myself in having sensed a pioneer effort of great possibilities and of having served it. I have no doubt at all that your work in the Frontier Nursing Service sparked the national movement for the better protection of maternal health and early infant life. We both operated in a time of low estate in our country. I can remember pointing out that our record was almost as bad as . . . Recently it is one of the best in the world. You must get great satisfaction in knowing that you have played a tremendously constructive role in bringing this change about. I salute you as thousands of others who have known you as a blessing.

Cordially yours,
LOUIS I. DUBLIN

Ipswich, Massachusetts, July 26, 1958

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

Thank you for sending me the reprint of the studies of your maternity records. The quotations from the earlier study carried me back to the days of The Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality. How thrilled we were with what you were doing and we cited your work as an example of what might be done elsewhere. You should be very proud and happy in the service and accomplishment of the Frontier Nursing Service.

My best wishes to you as always.

Cordially yours,
RICHARD M. SMITH

LEATHERWOOD

by

SYLVIA LEATHERWOOD, R.N., C.M.

Stationed with Miss Gallagher at Belle Barrett Hughitt
Memorial Nursing Center

(See inside back cover)

Leatherwood—a strange name to people in the flat lands of Louisiana where I was raised; but in the Kentucky mountains it is a fairly common one because of a wild shrub which bears that name. Several creeks have been named after the shrub. The area around Saul post office in Perry County is on upper Leatherwood Creek. This is a long creek that flows from the ridge of Panco Mountain all the way down to the Middle Fork. The lower part of the creek will be covered by the Buckhorn Reservoir. But the upper part of the creek, around Saul, is above the water line of the lake. All of this means that some 23 families, who have been cared for from the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center in the Bowlingtown valley, were being cut off from nursing and medical care. The nearest approach to those families was from the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center at Brutus on Bullsken Creek, some five or six miles up the steep Panco Mountain and across the ridge to Saul.

At a meeting of the Brutus Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service at the Center on Thursday, October 23, with an attendance of 29 members, this fine Committee invited the members of the old Bowlingtown Committee, living at Saul, to transfer to the Brutus Committee. Six members attended the meeting and were warmly welcomed. The Frontier Nursing Service gladly offered to carry on with its nursing care and I was assigned for the Leatherwood families.

As I have stated, Panco is a rugged trail. The people, knowing that the nurse might have to drive a jeep over that trail to transport any sick person out, decided to have two road workings. While their former nurse, Miss Olive Bunce, was still at Bowlingtown they got together, dynamited rocks, and hauled them to fill in the cracks and crevices. They soon made the road passable. But with the coming of winter and its ice and snow, the road, though much improved, is dangerous for anything but a horse.

Panco road leads to the very top of a mountain which overlooks the valley of Leatherwood. Each season of the year adds to its charm, to the magnificent view from the top. Here it is easy to understand the great power and majesty of our Maker.

You can imagine my delight when I was chosen to be the district nurse-midwife of Leatherwood for, besides loving to ride horseback, I had the happy coincidence of being named Miss Leatherwood. At first the people I met all misunderstood and thought I was just the Leatherwood nurse, so then I had to explain that it really was my name. The people of Leatherwood then thought I rightly belonged to them.

On Tuesday, November 25, 1958, I held the first clinic on Leatherwood, with a large attendance, in the Baptist Church, provided by the people. They built this church themselves and offered it for my clinic. They provided the coal to heat the church and the electricity used. The men open the church each Tuesday and start the fire, so it will be warm. They help to unsaddle "Kimo," my white horse, and one family provides a stall for him while I attend to my patients.

Thus by various acts of kindness and help, these people have shown their appreciation for their nurse. With God's help, I trust that I may be worthy of this appreciation during the time I am Leatherwood District Nurse.

GREGORY

After Leigh Powell brought Gregory from New York by plane in his own special shoebox to Sara Swindells for her birthday last November, the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence could claim the most unusual pet in the FNS. It was with deep regret that we read the following obituary in the FNS weekly newsletter:

"Poor Gregory died! On the evening of Monday, January 12, about 4:00 p.m., Gregory, alligator at Confluence, took the cramps and died of a heart attack. Brigit and Sara, though deeply bereaved, are consoled in the fact that Gregory died with his head high. He was cremated on Tuesday morning and his ashes strewn over Hell-fer-Sartin Creek. (New York papers please copy.)"

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Becky Brown in Jenkins, Kentucky—November, 1958

A few days ago I came across a little journal I kept the first time I was with the FNS, and as I read through it I could see the green river and the tall trees; the pretty little doctor from India, Sister Hope sewing on the terrace, and dear old Tenacity acting very uppity with me because I did not have any candy for her—just so many things. I would not have missed Wendover for anything.

I am in the throes of opening a music studio. There are two other teachers in town and until I get things going in a big way, I probably won't make enough money to keep my snuff box filled! But it is a dream I've always had and I just must try it. Please give my best to all the residents at Wendover from Mrs. Breckinridge to the chipmunks.

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From Minnie Meeke in Omagh, N. Ireland—November, 1958

It does not seem one year since I sent you Christmas greetings from Ireland. Reading the Bulletins from cover to cover keeps me informed about the progress of the FNS. I often think about you all at Wendover, and all those lovely horses. I trust your winter will not be too severe, and that those violent thunderstorms have kept far away from Kentucky. I hope Merrylegs (horse) has fully recovered. It is a miracle she was not killed. It is sad to think the patients are having to leave Bowlingtown. The nursing center was so beautiful in the valley—I cannot picture it as a lake. I shall be interested to hear where the new center will be built.

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From Joan Court in London, England—November, 1958

I seem to have buried myself for three years and just come up for air again. After two years in Bristol University taking social studies, I then went on to the London School of Economics and took the Mental Health Certificate to qualify as a psychiatric

social worker. I am now trying out my new trade in a Child Guidance Clinic. I like it immensely—but you know me! As soon as I feel competent, I shall hope to go overseas again. I feel enriched by all these new horizons and need to consolidate a bit before branching out.

I hope all goes well with you. Give my greetings to all who remember me. I think of you all with love and nostalgia.

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From Mavis Powell in Rock Island, Illinois—November, 1958

It was very good to return to work October 22, after the holiday in the Smoky Mountains. We hiked and drove, and my first day I slept fourteen hours. At present I am working at Moline Public Hospital, in Moline, Illinois, doing staff nursing, instructing students and mothers, as well as working freely on postpartum and in the labor room, as needed. Working with the doctors as a midwife is a new experience, and more and more they are allowing me privileges. Last week I scrubbed for the first time and assisted one of the doctors; whereas nurses usually circulate and the student nurse scrubs. Then the next day I am allowed to care for the deliveries as postpartums, until more pre-natals come in. The patients are cared for the same as in the FNS, so this means no anesthesia, only Trilene, and working with the patients as individuals.

The diploma and certificate came Wednesday. Thank you very much. The diploma is lovely, and I am very grateful for all the work you and the other members of the staff contributed toward enhancing my background in obstetrics, and aiding and developing my future plans toward maternal and child growth and development.

.

From Vera Chadwell in Hampshire, England—December, 1958

The work I am doing is a constant reminder of Kentucky. I miss my horse although I enjoy my car. How I wish I could see you all again—memory pictures are so clear of you and Wendover and everyone. I am so sad about Bowlingtown having to be flooded—such a beautiful center and so many happy memories.

From Ruth Offenheiser Morgan in Milton-Freewater,**Oregon—December, 1958**

Joel is in the first grade this year and no genius tendencies in the publishing field have thus far bloomed forth. It may be a little early, however, to tell for certain! Janet is an always smiling imp of a girl almost the age of three (the 28th) and Barbara Ann, a year old tomorrow, is walking, and into every nook and cranny.

So often I think of my "Kentucky home" and all of you there. The Bulletin is always so welcome.

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From Frances L. Zoekler, M.D., in Resht, Iran—December, 1958

This has been a busy year for me. In January I took over the Kermanshah hospital accounts and most of the administration from Dr. Bussdicker, and in April the entire administration. Dr. Bussdicker's departure for the States made it necessary for me to be on call five nights a week, as my Iranian colleague lived too far from the hospital to take calls more than twice a week. Even on the nights that he was on call I had to see the maternity cases. Much of the time routine work of the hospital lasted until about seven thirty at night with a short time out for lunch and again for afternoon tea. Most of my evenings were spent working on accounts, orders for the hospital or station business.

The seriousness of the medical problems of the mission which stemmed from both a shortage of personnel and of funds led Kermanshah station to request an enlarged mission meeting, and it was felt that I should be one of the delegates from Kermanshah. The mission meeting decided that the solution to our dilemma was to close Kermanshah Hospital. From the end of July until September 22 when I left Kermanshah much of my time was spent working at packing away the hospital equipment and supplies and inventorying them, and getting my things packed for transport to Resht.

This brief résumé of the work of 1958 also brings you my sincerest wishes for a Joyful Christmas and a Blessed New Year.

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From Delphine Jewell in Nigeria, West Africa—December, 1958

This will be my first Christmas in Africa where the climate

does not lend to the atmosphere but it makes no difference what the temperature is or what part of the world we are in—it is still the time of the year for the joyful commemoration of our Savior's birth.

The language is coming some easier now and I feel I am getting more and more acquainted with the people of this area but there is still so much to be learned. I pray the people will be patient until I learn to communicate with them more satisfactorily. They certainly have been understanding and helpful.

Recently I was able to take a short trip and saw a little more of the work in this area of Nigeria. While in England I made friends with a young couple from South Africa also coming to Nigeria. They are at a station over 300 miles from here (a long distance on Nigerian roads) so I was able to spend about a week with them. Their mode of travel consists of a motorcycle so the return trip to Jos (92 miles from their station) was made on the back of it. We were a little dusty and wind blown by the time we arrived but it was a very enjoyable trip. We were certainly able to see the beautiful scenery without any hindrance. I lost some of my pale complexion. The African sunshine can take away snowy white skin in a hurry. I certainly feel rested now and am ready to plunge into the dry season work.

Our maternity ward is being developed slowly. That seems to be the way everything is done in Africa. There is just no use trying to hurry an African—it accomplishes absolutely nothing except to frustrate the one doing the "pushing." They are really wiser than we—most of us have to learn to slow down the hard way. We do have hopes of having the maternity work in full swing soon.

They have started burning the grass around us to prevent bush fires. When I see a fire burning on a hill I can't help but think of the Christmas decorations at home. It is hard to put warm weather and Christmas decorations together but we catch ourselves humming Christmas carols just as you are doing in the cold weather.

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From Alice Herman in Danville, Pennsylvania—December, 1958

Marion Hickson sailed from New York City at noon December 5 on the S. S. United States. I accompanied her to New York.

We spent three days there seeing the sights—which we both enjoyed despite our sore feet and aching legs!

When I returned home, there was a letter from Gertrude describing her stay in London. She contacted the Beasleys, and apparently they verbally relived the good times at FNS. She mentioned some of her duties at her post in Eket. Perhaps she has already written to you.

The Bulletin arrived Tuesday, and although I needed every spare minute to study for a final exam. Wednesday, I couldn't resist reading it from cover to cover. The news of Miss Lagerfeld's death, along with recalling the passing away of Mrs. Ella Begley and "Granny" Duff, brought back memories of my associations with them while I was Hyden District Nurse. I shall never forget Miss Lagerfeld's hospitality, especially during the winter when I enjoyed her homemade cookies and hot tea as well as her fellowship. Mrs. Begley also graciously accepted me into her home, and when I became clinic nurse she was one of my favorite patients. It was always a privilege to serve "Granny" Duff; she held my respect.

You all must be in the midst of Christmas bundles and candy again. The best Christmas I ever had was spent with the FNS preparing for the joy of the mountain children. They were always grateful for even the smallest gifts.

We have the coldest weather with no sign of any moderation—or perhaps I'm just not used to the North yet. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all of you.

From Louisa Chapman Whitlock in Bernardsville,

New Jersey—December, 1958

Our family grew again with Jonathan, born January 26 this year. The boys and I spent most of the summer on the farm with Mother while Don was in India on business. He had a most interesting trip but thought the weather a bit warm and humid there. Once it rained ten inches in two hours in New Delhi.

Best wishes for a good year.

From Barbara Yeich Edwards in Seaford, Delaware

—December, 1958

Our lass says hello and if the bouncing that she loves so

does not lend to the atmosphere but it makes no difference what the temperature is or what part of the world we are in—it is still the time of the year for the joyful commemoration of our Savior's birth.

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Best wishes for a good year.

From Barbara Yeich Edwards in Seaford, Delaware

—December, 1958

Our lass says hello and if the bouncing that she loves so

means anything, she will be a great horsewoman. She joined the family on Friday, June 13 no less, and has been a pleasure, a never ending work causer and a feeding problem, but an all around blessing, too. She had a milk allergy and may have wool or wheat allergy too, or both. She is on canned milk now after increasing it $\frac{1}{8}$ ounce each bottle every two days. More fun!

I would love to see the mountains again. I get homesick when anything—sight, sound or smell reminds me of them. I would come back today if Dick would, but he's wrapped up in his school set-up and house building—and he has a five-year plan in mind now which, if it works out, would be a great asset to us and our future plans anywhere. We are great dreamers and being together is enough wherever it is.

Our best regards to all.

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From Lois Harris Kroll in Yakima, Washington—December, 1958

We are spending the winter here—the boys are in school. Henry will soon be fifteen years old and Herbert is twelve years old. I heard from Jean Egbert that she has had to retire. She will go to New Mexico for a while. We will be back in Alaska in the spring.

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From Joyce Stephens in South Cerney, Glos., England

—December, 1958

Although I did not get around to writing you for Thanksgiving (as fully intended), my thoughts were certainly with you all at Wendover. This, as you know only too well, can be said for each one of us over here. I do hope everyone was able to get in for the day.

It was so good to see—and hear Dr. Beasley, and get up-to-the-minute news of you all. I am hoping they (Dr. Beasley and family) will manage to come down this way before they leave. I have gotten a well-tried-out Cotswold tour for American visitors. I spent the night at Peggy's, after the reunion. Needless to say we sat up talking into the wee small hours about this, that—and the FNS: mainly the latter as you can well imagine.

I wonder who, if anyone, will be coming over to visit with us next summer. It sure was good to have Mary Quarles to stay.

No doubt Neddy will be down from Boston to see you all soon—if she has not been already. Again, my very best wishes to you as always, and the next time you are out at Flat Creek, my regards to them all, please.

From Joy Broomfield in Minsterly, Shropshire, England

—December, 1958

I often think of you all and the good times I had in Kentucky. On the Children's Hour a few days ago, the Story of St. Christopher was read and it reminded me vividly of Mrs. Breckinridge reading it at Hyden, one Christmas I spent there.

I am now living in my new bungalow—two bedrooms, a living and dining room, small kitchen, etc. I have no real complaints, except that I have no road to it—only a foot-path, so I have about a five-minute walk to my garage. It isn't so pleasant at night carrying a gas and air machine, midwifery bags, etc. This doesn't happen very often though. I have had fourteen deliveries this year, but do a lot of health visiting. I have four small schools. The Health Visiting Course at Brighton was most enjoyable and instructive. I wish now I had taken the course before joining the FNS.

From Elizabeth Hillman in Watford, England—January, 1959

I was awfully sorry to hear about Agnes' accident. I do hope it's proving to be not too serious. It is a pity it happened when you didn't have a doctor. Dr. Beasley really sounded quite drawn towards going back. It was awfully nice meeting him at Thanksgiving. I could have listened to him for hours. I would love to call and see them while they are still in London.

I've enjoyed it here. I like having the lecturing to do. Miss Chetwynd had her operation as I expect you've heard and is now home again. She is looking quite well. I visited Gwen the other week-end. She's going to have a third baby in June. Jane is talking away, the little boy is rather sweet, very good natured, and he never says a word. We went tobogganing that week-end. We've had one or two cold spells when I've managed to feel quite as cold as I did in Canada. I heard from people there at Christmas who said Breton was getting quite a new look—with super-

markets, a new town hall and fire hall complete with jail, shower baths, and talk of a municipal water system.

I'm busy studying Spanish for possible World Health.

From Marion Hickson in London, England—January, 1959

I received the news about Agnes the other day, so I hastily rang Trink, and we were both of the same mind. I am very sorry to hear she had such a dreadful injury.

The time is passing so quickly. My stay at home seemed very short lived and now the first month of the year is almost through. It was wonderful to see my folks again. There were quite a few changes. My youngest brother who is now fifteen years old has grown so tall that I hardly recognized him; and my eldest brother and his wife have a six-months-old girl, my first niece. Then there were changes around the old farm stead. But the thing which impressed me most of all was the cold. I have never experienced anything quite like it, my suggestion of central heating did not go over well, I'm afraid. On Christmas evening I finally went to bed with the flu. However, I feel much better in this London weather. This last week has been almost like spring.

Life in the General Lying-In is one of learning, and I hope to gather in as much as possible. I am attending the Preliminary Lecture Course at the College every Tuesday afternoon. The lectures have been very stimulating—I'm enjoying them immensely. I hope to take a refresher course. I am afraid I'm impatient and over anxious to be getting on with it all—I shall endeavor to take things easy.

As I look out of my window I can see London's busy stream of traffic and hundreds of people coming and going all the time, it never seems to cease even during the night. Not so far away is Big Ben whose chimes I can hear every hour of the day. I find it hard to realize that I am really in London; just the same, when I would go over the path to Midwives for breakfast I always looked at the hills beyond and many times I found it hard to really believe I was actually there. I would love to pop in over there at Wendover and have a chat and a cup of tea with you once again. I have been wondering what I can do for the Service and yesterday, while I was visiting with Trink, an idea came to

mind. At one time I used to knit and I'm sure I can again. Rogers has been sick in bed, and we had a grand time playing Monopoly and trains, then we read a little. Later in the day, Gabrielle came and read poetry. He must have slept well that night. Between Gabrielle, Battle and myself, we exhausted the poor boy. Not very good nurses are we?

I think of you all very often.

. . . .

From Vivian Bougher in Lisbon, Portugal—January, 1959

After a twenty-day boat trip by freighter I arrived in Lisbon to embark on a new phase of my life. Since the ship was Portuguese it was possible to pick up a few words and phrases so that I didn't feel completely lost when I first got here. We stopped at four different islands in the Azores and were able to see some of the sights including the new volcano which has been erupting for over a year now. We also stopped on the island of Terceira where the U. S. has an air base. At 3:30 a.m. it was arranged for me to go ashore in an Army launch and with a private escort I managed to get to my brother's house and visit with him, his wife, and baby for a little while. Madeira was also on our agenda and I heartily recommend it for honeymooners. It's as lovely as all the travel folders say it is.

Another nurse is living in this same Portuguese home with me. We're planning to write the Portuguese nursing exams—in Portuguese! We don't expect them to be given until June or July so we have a few more months to study for them. Today we went to see about working in one of the hospitals a couple of mornings a week to see how they carry out their nursing care. Since we don't have resident visas we really can't work while here, but we can "Observe." We hope to be of some use while we're wandering around and perhaps learn a few technical terms in Portuguese.

Just about every week we try to visit some place of historical interest. Travel really is an education. We have the Tower of Bethlehem here where Vasco da Gama went to pray before setting out to find the maritime way to India.

Olive Bodtcher is studying French in Belgium now so perhaps one of these days we'll get together in Paris and learn something of that part of the world.

From Beulah Olson Forness in Fargo, North Dakota

—January, 1959

I was thinking of you all this Christmas and the usual packing of Christmas bags. Nancy and I stayed up all hours packing those and we sure had a lot of fun doing it.

I was married in September and we are trying to buy a home. I have been working in one of our hospitals in labor and delivery. I like it, but it is not as exciting as "catching" them myself. We are planning to come to Kentucky when Palmer gets his vacation next fall. Some of the Confluence people write and tell me that many of them will be moved out by them. It sure won't seem like the same place with them gone.

. . . .

From Gertrude Bluemel in Nigeria, West Africa—January, 1959

I arrived in Nigeria on November 20. On the way I stopped and visited with the Beasleys in London and caught some of their enthusiasm for the big city which they are so enjoying. Here, in Africa I have occasion to think often about the FNS, for some of our problems are the same and the experiences I had in Kentucky are standing me in mighty good stead now. I have been helping in all departments in order to get acquainted. My first assignment was to open the new wing for tuberculous patients and we now have twenty-one patients aged from 6 to 75 years.

We have two young doctors on the staff and they are anxious for me to get started in the maternity department which is being run, after a fashion, by native midwives. The mortality rate of mothers and babies is atrocious in these parts. I have started in the nursery and hope to show that even tiny babies can live, if they are given decent care. It has been a real challenge for we do have tiny ones, ranging from 3½ to 6 pounds.

The Nigerians have many admirable qualities—they are stoic, patient, polite, and good humoured often under most distressing circumstances; and they have a remarkable gift of adaptation. I really hope I can work in each department and make improvements wherever possible. Right now we are faced with almost insurmountable problems. The well has gone dry and we have no water in the compound or at the hospital. Thank goodness the river is close, and the Nigerians take this sort of thing in their stride. When I see them traipsing back with

buckets of water on their heads, I love every one of them from their kinky tops to their dirty bare feet. It seems the well sprung a leak in the cement wall, and though we have another well, the motor has never arrived for the pump, although it was ordered two months ago. This is Africa! But I love it.

NEWSY BITS

Nora Kelly writes from Watford, England: "We had a smaller gathering than usual at our Reunion. Besides Dr. Beasley there were Peggy (McQueen), Dennis, Elizabeth Hillman, Joyce Stephens, Lydia Thompson and Marshie. The others telephoned and we had many letters."

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From Oklahoma City Elizabeth Kindzerski writes: "I am working at the Deaconess Hospital here. It is small, having only about forty beds, but we hope to expand in a few years. I am working in OB now and the last two months have been quite busy."

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Katie Quarmby is doing children's orthopedic work. She writes from Truth or Consequences, New Mexico: "I have had pleasant reunions with Joy and Bob (Mishler), as well as a wonderful five-day week-end with Jane (Furnas) and Peggie (Foster). Plans for home are fixed for May and I hope to have an opportunity to visit you all before going north to embark at Boston."

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Nancy Wilson is working in Public Health in Lee County, Kentucky.

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Ivallean Caudill is back in her home territory at Pippa Passes, Kentucky, after a leave of absence to attend the University of North Carolina.

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Mollie Kirchgassner sends greetings to all her friends in the FNS, from Argentina where she is consultant at the University School of Nursing at Cordoba.

WEDDING

Miss Josephine Grace Holdridge and Mr. Ronald Arthur Murdock at Oxford, New York, on December 27, 1958. We send our best wishes for their future happiness.

NEW ARRIVAL

To Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Muncy (Caroline Stillman) on November 12, 1958, in Connecticut, a baby girl, Lavinia Faith. A sister for Marcus and Michael.

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Our love and sympathy go to Bessie Waller on the loss of her sister, following an operation last September.



Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Ingerson (old staff Ruth Alexander) whose home is on the Severn River about five miles north of Annapolis
From left to right Ann 3½, Helen 20 months, Alice 5
Spunky, the dog

BULL CREEK CLINIC DAY

by

PATRICIA HELLER, R.N.

Student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

"Seven o'clock again, Wednesday morning, Bull Creek clinic day." These were my first thoughts a few weeks ago, and I still look back on that day as one of the nicest I have had on district.

By nine o'clock we, my assistant dean, a fellow student, a general nurse and I, were snuggled in Blake, the jeep and on our way. The first visit was at a home about a mile from Bull Creek Clinic. While the other two went on in Blake to the clinic, the instructor and I made the call. Soon, the baby bathed and the mother cared for, we shouldered the heavy saddlebags and tramped after our dog through the creek toward the clinic. The cold air felt good as we crossed the creek, and then back again, and again. Oops!—one wet boot! The bare trees were beautifully silhouetted against the gray sky. Every rustle of the brown leaves and bird call could be heard. As the saddlebags grew heavier, we switched them from one to another, then from right to left.

Ah! Smoke from the Clinic chimney ahead. Sure enough, the two nurses had started a fire. They had also weighed school children from across the creek, during their recess, and answered their many questions. They rechecked a man with a badly cut hand, and checked some of our women. They even had hot chocolate waiting.

Several patients later, all warmed up, we bumped our way in Blake on up Bull Creek. That is the part of the creek where the jeep is called upon to go up three "steps." My fellow student did a beautiful job of taking us up them and on over the rocks and through water to the home of another mother, whose baby is not so new.

The mother was cooking lunch for her school children, the baby was asleep on the bed and the two dear little girls were all eyes. The old dog slept, propped against the fireplace as if he couldn't possibly move. As we examined the mother and baby, little Rose looked on, her dark curls bobbing as she followed her mother around. When spoken to she hid her cherry red

cheeks in her mother's skirts. But when we asked her to hold the baby, she really beamed!

But time has a way of running away, so we left the peaceful family scene and back down the "steps," past the clinic, and up, down and around on the muddy road towards home we came, when swish, into a ditch we skidded. But Blake and my fellow student were equal to that and quickly got us out, only to slide into a tree on the other side. Never fear. No harm was done and a minute later we were again heading home to the 2:00 o'clock lunch awaiting us.

It was a good day. I'm looking forward to the next: Seven o'clock again, Wednesday morning! Bull Creek Clinic Day!!

TO CAMP—IN GRATEFUL MEMORY



Camp and Snooky in 1954

Many people, scattered over the world, will be sad to learn that Camp died in the fall of 1958. Camp, a large black horse, was one of our oldest in service as well as in age, and the winner of many blue ribbons and prizes at the Leslie County fairs. But Camp was at his proudest and best in district work, rushing his nurse-midwife to attend a mother in childbirth and visiting the sick. He was so gentle and so truly kind, as well as swift and spirited, that he taught a lot of nurses to ride. He never failed anyone at any time anywhere. Camp was a great horse and a grand old gentleman.

EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

Those of you who write us, and there are many, that you read the Bulletin from cover to cover won't miss out on the news under **Field Notes**. It is a terribly important section this time because so many things have happened to us during the winter months. These are written up in the order in which they came about, starting off with the final evacuation of the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center in the Bowlingtown Valley (now a ghost valley) and its relocation in temporary quarters on Wolf Creek. The terrible accident to Agnes Lewis, from which she will make a complete recovery, is next. Then, in Agnes' absence came the crisis with the Hospital well, pump, pipes, and sucker rods.

When you read **Mission Accomplished** by Ruth Wilting, a young nurse at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, please note particularly the postscript by Carolyn Banghart, Dean of the Graduate School. This brings out the immense importance of public health teaching and human relations, as well as the expert care the nurse-midwives can give the mother in advance of her labor, during her labor, and afterwards.

We think that the two letters under **Our Mail Bag** are among the finest testimonies we have ever received as to the value of that kind of care for the baby as well as for the mother who bears the baby.

Don't overlook the delightful stories of **Leatherwood** by Sylvia Leatherwood and **Bull Creek Clinic Day** by Patricia Heller.

In this column of the Autumn Bulletin we spoke of the poignant word **Vacancy** under Medical Director. We want to call your attention again to this vacancy and to tell you that we have left literally no stone unturned to fill it. Meanwhile, our surgical and our complicated obstetrical cases have to be relayed outside our territory, with danger of trauma to them.

Our undying gratitude goes out to Dr. Herman Ziel, a Diplomate in Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Hazard Memorial Hospital for his examinations of our expectant mothers, his care of complicated cases referred to him, and for giving the weekly lectures to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The annual meeting of the trustees, members, and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year in the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel at Lexington, preceded by lunch, on Monday, June 8, 1959. Please mark this date on your calendar. All of the arrangements are in charge of the Blue Grass Committee of which Mrs. Floyd H. Wright is chairman.

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We take great pride in announcing that the Boston Christmas Preview Benefit of last October netted the Frontier Nursing Service \$5,000. The Boston Committee plan to carry on as before in late October of 1959.

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We are happy to announce the birth on November 22, 1958, of Miles Newberry Peterle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Peterle, and a great grandson of the late Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy. This young man's mother, grandmother, and great grandmother (all named Helen) once visited the Kentucky mountains together. We wish him every good that can come from a lineage such as his.

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From Dr. Lance Townsend, head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the University of Melbourne, Australia, we have just had a delightful letter in which he tells us of meeting young Mr. and Mrs. Scott Breckinridge who are "down under" at the moment. Dr. Townsend was talking to someone about the Frontier Nursing Service when Mrs. Breckinridge, who was standing near, spoke up and told him of her family connection with it. This led to reminiscences of Dr. Scott Breckinridge, whose surgical clinics in our early days were of untold value to our patients. It is a friendly world.

TOWN AND TRAIN

On Saturday, January 10, I left Wendover for exactly three weeks beyond the mountains. So many engagements had been lined up for me by our committee members and others in three eastern cities, and so punctual must one be about keeping engage-



ments, that I just naturally had to go out on the day planned. But for two reasons it wasn't easy. In the first place, there had been Agnes Lewis' accident and her broken back on the Tuesday and I wanted to stay near her. In the second place, we were having a raging blizzard in our section. The only way Peggy Elmore and I could get away from home was in the cab of Joe Roberts' big coal truck, with chains on its wheels. Joe is a superb driver. We made it all right through the blizzard and, when we got onto open roads, Joe took off the chains.

We got to **Lexington** in plenty of time to make the George Washington, on the Chesapeake and Ohio, for New York. The sleepers on this train, along with sleepers from Atlanta, Birmingham, and Cincinnati, connected with the Pennsylvania in Washington and thereby hangs a tale. This Pennsylvania train once carried two diners. This time, with more passengers due to the return to the railroad of people who used to take planes, the Pennsylvania had met the crisis by taking off one of the diners. Peggy and I entered the diner in a queue at Washington, ordered our breakfast at Baltimore, and got served at Wilmington!

Peggy stayed with me at the Cosmopolitan Club in **New York** for a week—a week so crammed with engagements that I

am not going to attempt to list them. Suffice it to say that I was entertained by loved members of my family and by my friends, and that I had a lot of conversations with people who are honestly trying to get us a medical-surgical director, or are helping us in other vital ways. Among the engagements I attended the monthly meeting of the New York Committee at the home of Mrs. Walter Binger, our Bargain Box Treasurer—a most satisfying experience for me.

Our New York Annual Meeting on Thursday, January 15, again took place at the Cosmopolitan Club, followed by tea. Something over 200 people came to this meeting, bless them. Before the meeting, and afterwards at tea, I had the joy of meeting and talking with a lot of old friends, couriers and staff among them. Our New York Chairman, Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, presided over the meeting with her usual charm. Mrs. George J. Stockly presented me with a check for \$1,500.00 from the proceeds of the sale of the articles you send the Bargain Box. This brings the total received from that source to \$4,000.00 since our fiscal year began May 1, and we are promised another check in April before the close of the year, if you keep on sending saleable articles!

On Monday, January 19, Peggy Elmore started back for Wendover to help carry the extra heavy load caused by Agnes Lewis' accident and absence. On Wednesday, January 21, I left the Cosmopolitan Club and New York for **Philadelphia**. Our Chairman there, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, had invited our New York Chairman, Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, to come with me and attend the Philadelphia meeting the next day. Our taking the train trip together turned a burden into a delight. We were met at the 30th Street Station by Mrs. Drinker with her chauffeur. After a pleasant drive we entered the hospitable door of the Drinkers' home at Merion. I was shown to the same room I had had on my last visit, a friendly room overlooking the garden. Again there came to my mind something from *The Pilgrim's Progress*: "They showed the Pilgrim to an upper chamber and the name of that chamber was Peace."

Our Honorary Chairman, my dear friend Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, came to have tea with us. And did we four women talk!

Mr. Drinker joined his wife and guests before dinner that

evening. We lingered in the library after the meal, stimulated by this gracious host into a conversation that ranged over the world and included a lot about fishing. "And so to bed."

Thursday, January 22, was the day of our Philadelphia meeting at the house of the Colonial Dames of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Latimer Street. Their hall is a beautifully proportioned room overlooking a lovely, old fashioned garden. Our meeting was preceded by a buffet lunch about which Mrs. Drinker and her Committee had made arrangements both sensible and satisfying. They felt that it was not wise for a charity to ask its supporters to spend big money for a big meal that few people want in the middle of the day. Everyone paid exactly \$1.00, which old courier Fanny McIlvain and other young things took up at the door. For this everyone had a choice of excellent chicken or ham sandwiches with more than one if they were hungry. There was plenty of tea and coffee, and teacakes too. We sat around little tables and chatted as we ate our sandwiches. I had the joy of meeting again so many old Philadelphia friends, including old staff and couriers, and of becoming acquainted with a number of new people.

After we had eaten Mrs. Drinker opened the meeting at which she presided delightfully. She brought out the fact, well-known in Philadelphia, that Philadelphians contributed articles at the Bargain Box in New York. These they send or deliver to Mrs. Drinker's garage, 249 Merion Road, Merion, and Mrs. Drinker's chauffeur takes them to New York whenever there is a load. Every article given by a Philadelphian is credited to Philadelphia in the checks the Bargain Box sends to Frontier Nursing Service.

After I had made my talk on our past year, and on "The Need for Nurse-Midwives in Rural Medical Service," Mrs. Drinker introduced the New York Chairman, Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn. In the most appreciative language Mrs. Horn told the Philadelphians how valued every shipment was that came from them. She commented on the fact that all the things they sent were saleable, many at very good prices indeed.

It was hard to tear myself away from such a gathering as the one on Latimer Street. But I carried with me an enthralling book, privately printed under the auspices of The National

Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The title is *Hannah Penn and the Proprietorship of Pennsylvania* and the author is our own Philadelphia Chairman, Sophie Hutchinson Drinker. The letters from William Penn's second wife are readable in themselves, and because of the light they throw on late seventeenth and early eighteenth century in England as well as in Pennsylvania. Even more readable are the sections between the letters written by Mrs. Drinker herself, with a clarity of style that might well be the envy of all biographers. The research Mrs. Drinker did in compiling this work was stupendous. But the fact that the book is read with ease and delight is an even greater achievement.

After the Philadelphia meeting I drove with my sister and her husband, Colonel George Warren Dunn, to **Brackenwood**, the old stone farm house they have bought in Delaware, about two miles out of Newark where the University of Delaware is located. Our trustee, Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, drove with us. When we dropped her at her home I had the joy of meeting her daughter, Kip, a courier-to-be.

I had the dearest family visit with Lees and Warren from Thursday evening until Saturday morning, January 24. Until this year it has always been my custom to take a Baltimore and Ohio train for Harper's Ferry at the bottom of the Shenandoah Valley where that river flows into the Potomac. But the B & O, that most courteous of railroads, has discontinued its service northeast of Baltimore. Lees and Warren Dunn insisted on driving me to Baltimore where I could get an early train for Harper's Ferry. Here Miss Imogen Thomson met me, bless her, and drove me up the Valley to **Flagstop**, the home of my sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge. We arrived in time for lunch. Again there was for me a dear interlude of renewal of family ties. After lunch on Monday, January 26, Dorothy Breckinridge and I took a Baltimore and Ohio through train (from Chicago) at Harper's Ferry for **Washington**.

For some years I have been put up at the Sulgrave Club through the courtesy of members. This year Mrs. James C. Breckinridge was put up with me so that she could be my eyes as well as my loved companion. I got in touch at once with our Washington Chairman, Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield, who gave me a

most cheering report on the sale of tickets (over 400 by mail) for Washington's John Mason Brown Benefit on the Tuesday.

Well, a big snow came on the big day which prevented a lot of the dear things in Virginia and Maryland, who had bought tickets, from attending the lecture. On the other hand, a lot of people bought tickets at the door so that we had an attendance of around 400 people.

My sister-in-law and I were Mrs. Warfield's guests for lunch at the Sulgrave Club, with some other Washington Committee members, in advance of the lecture which was held in the State Room of the Mayflower Hotel at 2:30 p.m. Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower headed the list of patronesses which included a number of other distinguished women. Among the distinguished women who came to the lecture was Mrs. John Foster Dulles, next to whom I had the pleasure of sitting except for the brief time that I was on the platform.

Mrs. Warfield opened the meeting in a gracious manner all her own. She introduced me, to whom fell the honor of introducing my kinsman, Mr. John Mason Brown. In advance of doing this I gave a brief sketch of the history of the Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. It seems to me that this should be done about once in thirty years! Our first meeting in Washington was in the home of the late Senator and Mrs. Ernst of Kentucky. Our second was in a house my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, had on Massachusetts Avenue in those days. After that we had ever open to us the lovely studio off the home of Mrs. George Hewitt Myers and the late Mr. Myers. When the Washington supporters formed a Committee their first chairman was Mrs. Cary T. Grayson. Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner was our second chairman. Under her auspices we started our famous John Mason Brown Benefit lectures that are now identified with Frontier Nursing Service in the whole Washington area. The First Lady of the United States has always honored us by heading the list of patronesses for these Benefits.

Mrs. John W. Davidge was acting chairman for one year in Mrs. Groner's absence. When Justice Groner's health compelled his wife to give up the chairmanship she was succeeded by Mrs. Adolphus Staton who had been a Blair born at Blair House. When Admiral Staton's health compelled her to give up the chair-

manship she was succeeded by Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth. Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (our first courier Marvin Breckinridge) succeeded Mrs. Wigglesworth and held the chairmanship until she went with her husband to Uruguay. For the third time we have in Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield an admiral's wife as chairman. It gave me a lot of pleasure to tell this wonderful Washington gathering something about their tradition.

John Mason Brown was at his very best. After the lecture many people said to me that he had never spoken better. He ran through the current plays and books with the old humor that never fails him but with an even deeper insight than of yore. He was scathing in his references to those whining young authors of plays and books who seem to feel that the world owes a lot to them and they owe nothing to the world. He spoke of Pasternak's book, *Doctor Zhivago*, as a "tone poem" rather than a novel. Apart from its drama there are haunting things said in it. To me one of them is this from page 341:

". . . from what I observe we are going mad, and modern forms of insanity spread like an epidemic."

I wish there were space to tell of the pleasant times Dorothy Breckinridge and I had in the homes of kinsmen and friends. On Thursday morning, January 29, she left on her return trip to "Flagstop." I again embarked on the George Washington of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad late that afternoon. My niece, Mrs. Jim Breckinridge (Judy), and her three entrancing children saw me off at the station.

Instead of going to Lexington I went first to **Cincinnati** where I arrived soon after 7:00 on Friday morning. There to meet my train was old courier Treon McGuire, bless her. She drove me out to the home of Agnes Lewis' niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Lingle, Jr., to spend the better part of the day with Aggie. She had been taken there by ambulance from Christ Hospital not long before, in her cast, and now had the freedom of the house. Her only grievance was that she had lost a new powder puff down the front of the cast! She did look well in spite of all she had gone through, and that was much. Her sister Helen, Mrs. Clinton Gillingham, was staying with her. I saw Jack and Susie and a little Lingle dog named Cousin Smith. Old courier Ann Danson Muhlhauser came to lunch and took me afterwards to my bus for **Lexington**. How I hated to leave! I got to

Lexington late that Friday afternoon. Peggy Elmore had come down to get me and shove Anna May January off for a holiday in Texas. Our very own Lucile Hodges joined us in Lexington and she, Peggy, and I drove back in Peggy's car the next morning to the Mouth of Muncy Creek. There we transferred to a jeep for the last stage across the river and up the winding road to Wendover. Thank you, all of you, whom I met on my eastern tour for your unforgettable kindness.

Mary Breckinridge

JUST JOKES

A retired merchant, whose hypochondria had grown with the years, was going over the usual roster of aches and complaints with his physician. "This left arm of mine has been giving me a deuce of a time, Doctor," he moaned, "Isn't there something you can do about it?"

"Now, see here, Mr. Robinson," replied the doctor, "There's nothing really wrong with your arm. You'll just have to expect these twinges at your age."

"Oh, is that so?" said the old man tartly. "Then why doesn't my right arm ache? It's just as old as my left arm."

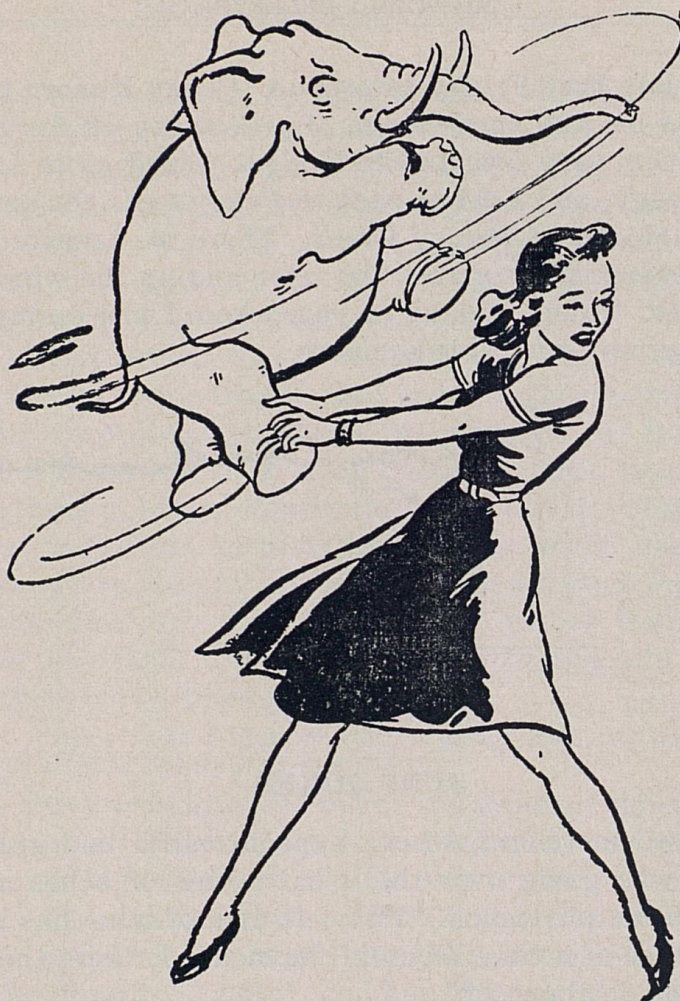
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The captain wrote in the ship's log: "Mate was drunk today." After sobering up, the mate went to the captain and pleaded with him to strike out the record. "It's the first time in my life I've been drunk," he pleaded, "and I promise never to do it again."

"In this log we write only the truth," said the captain.

The next day it was the mate's turn to keep the log, and in it he wrote, "Captain was sober today."

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown was closed on Saturday, December 20, 1958, and was reopened in temporary quarters at the Mouth of Baker's Fork on Wolf Creek in Leslie County. Olive Bunce, nurse-midwife in charge of Bowlingtown, had watched most of her patients leave the area during the fall, but she could not leave until the Frontier Nursing Service had sold the property to the government. And the negotiations for such a sale took a lot of time. As the families moved out of the Bowlingtown Valley marauders moved in and did extensive damage to vacant houses. By mid-November it became impossible to leave the Center unprotected for even an hour and a second nurse, Jean Becker, volunteered to go out to be with Olive. They began to pack up the household things. One would stay at the Center while the other transported jeep loads of household and clinic supplies to Wolf Creek.

In December Betty Lester had accumulated more nursing work at Wolf Creek than she could handle alone. Our field supervisor, Anna May January, volunteered for Bowlingtown duty, to stay with Becker, and the real evacuation of the Center began. Olive, the maid, the horse, cow, and chickens—almost everything—went to Wolf Creek. Anna May and Becker were left two beds, two chairs, a table on which they ate and played Scrabble, stove, refrigerator, hot water heater, and furnace, plus two each of the necessary eating utensils and a few pots and pans. They had nothing to do except guard the place. Even the United States Mail had stopped running. Bowlingtown had become a ghost valley.

On December 19, the government accepted the deed to the Bowlingtown property and deposited their check to the Frontier Nursing Service account. Mr. Dabney phoned the good news to Wendover and it was relayed to Anna May and Becker. Only then could the two nurses, and their few possessions, leave Bowlingtown.

Betty Lester remained at Wolf Creek through December and

January to help with the Christmas parties and to show Olive, and Josephine Finnerty, when she joined them in mid-January, the district. The work is now well established and on February 8, Josie had the honor of "catching" the first Wolf Creek baby.

On Tuesday, January 6, occurred the serious jeep accident in which Agnes Lewis sustained two fractured thoracic vertebrae. Agnes and new courier Nan Bartow were being driven to Hyden Hospital by Patsy Crumley when the jeep stalled on Hospital Hill just below Joy House. The brakes, after fording the icy river from Wendover, were not sufficient to hold the jeep on that steep hill and "Rabbit" and his passengers went over the hill, turned over several times, and landed in Mrs. John D. Begley's yard. Mrs. Begley saw the accident. She knew we were without a doctor so she immediately called Dr. Gene Bowling and Mr. Dwayne Walker and his ambulance and sent someone racing up to the Hospital with the news. Jean Becker flew down the steps and Liz Palethorp drove her car down the hill in case it were needed. They found Dr. Bowling and Dwayne already there and Agnes was immediately put into the ambulance, accompanied by Becker. Patsy and Nan were loaded into the car, Liz phoned the news to Wendover, and followed the ambulance to the Miner's Hospital at Hazard.

Patsy was unhurt except for bruises and shock. Nan had a fractured scapula. She remained in the hospital for several days because we had a blizzard on January 8, and it was not possible to get her back to Hyden until Friday. She stayed at Hyden for several more days before she returned to Wendover where she soon resumed most of her courier duties.

Agnes remained in the Miner's Hospital until January 15, under the excellent care of Dr. Charles Rutledge and Dr. J. O. Shaw. She was then moved to Christ Hospital in Cincinnati for orthopedic consultation and to be near her family. She was put in a walking cast the following week and dismissed to convalesce at the home of her niece, where she is getting along very well indeed. Agnes will exchange the cast for a brace in late March and we hope she will be back at Wendover soon after that.

There is frequently humor in even so serious an accident as this one. Bill Cornett, a mechanic from the Gulf Station in

Hyden, was one of the first people to reach the scene of the accident. He stepped into the ambulance to help load the stretcher, the nurse jumped in, the doors were shut, and off they went. They were about a mile out of Hyden before they discovered that Bill was still with them. He would not let them stop to let him out so he was on hand to help Liz Palethorp (to her great surprise) with her two patients when they arrived at the hospital a few minutes later!

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We miss Agnes every day that she is away but never more so than when the Hyden Hospital pump broke down in late January. Nobody had ever coped with a Hospital water crisis without her. The pump didn't just stop all at once; it slowed down in the amount of water it put in the tanks, then responded well to the things Alonzo Howard and Hobert Cornett (Hyden and Wenderover foremen) tried, then stopped altogether. The Hospital, Haggin Quarters, and Mardi Cottage went on short rations of water on Sunday but by Wednesday night the main stone tank was quite dry. There was an emergency supply in the wooden tank further up the hill but that water had to be kept for the furnaces and for fire protection.

The Hospital staff will all tell you that it is no fun to run a hospital without water. It was carried in every available container from the river for the animals and from Mr. Rutheford Campbell's well in Hyden for drinking and for the patients. Friends in Hyden generously offered their bathrooms to the staff and Mrs. Colston French allowed the babies' diapers to be washed at her home.

Alonzo and Hobert felt there must be a hole in the drop pipe so arrangements were made to pull it from the well. It was a worried group who gathered on the hill below Joy House on Thursday morning. The two men who are most familiar with the Hospital's water problems, our good friend and trustee, Mr. Chris Queen, and Mr. Hacker of the E. W. Hacker Plumbing and Heating Company in Hazard, were on hand to help and advise, and they agreed with the diagnosis. The pipe was to be pulled by a wrecker from Melton's Garage in Hyden and it took over two hours to winch it into place down the steep, wet slope. We

knew that the whole of Hospital Hill had crawled over a foot following the severe winter last year. The men were afraid that if the pipe were rotten enough to have a hole in it, and if the ground around the well had shifted, then the pipe might easily break off below the surface—and that would have been the end of the well. No one wanted to go through the time, expense, and agony of drilling a new well!

Finally the wrecker was in place, the block was attached to the scaffolding on the pump house, and the tackle was fastened to the top of the pipe. Everyone held his breath, the wrecker pulled, there was a grinding, crunching noise, and one foot of pipe came up! Mr. Queen said the first pull would be the worst and, since it was successful, it should be possible to get the whole pipe out without disaster. There was another tense moment during the afternoon when the pipe did break, but it was above ground at the time and quite easy to reattach the tackle.

Inch by painful inch the 160 feet of pipe came out and no one breathed too easily until all of it was lying on the ground. It was rotten, with several small holes along its length. The men immediately began to replace it with all new galvanized iron pipe—they were determined that the Hospital would have water again before Miss Lewis could hear about the trouble. (We hope that it has been a well-kept secret and she will get her first news of the crisis from this Bulletin!)

By eleven that night water was going up the hill again, and the crisis was over—almost. In addition to water, the pump periodically put mud into the tanks. The sucker rods were pulled and cleaned several times but it soon appeared that the bottom of the well had filled in a bit and the foot valve was down too low in the mud. So the top segment of the drop pipe was shortened by about three feet and immediately more water began to go up to the tank than ever before. We hope that is the end of the current story of the pump.

One of the students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Lois Miller, probably will remember the 1959 water shortage longer than most. She decided to go see if the tank were really empty, fell from the ladder, and fractured her right scapula. We appear to be having a run on fractured scapulae these days.

Lewis Morgan, who, with his wife Becky Jane, has been caretaker at "The Clearing" below Wendover for many years, has been ill and unable to take care of the animals there. Their son, Hayes, and his family have come down from Camp Creek to live with them and an additional room is being built on to the house. We are indebted to Mr. John Asher for the lumber he donated to be used in building this room.

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No Winter Bulletin would be complete without a mention of weather! It was unusually cold here in the Kentucky mountains in December and most of January and has been unusually warm, and wet, during the early part of February. We had a near-tornado and a near-flood all in the same day. The tornado that did extensive damage in other parts of Kentucky in late January was only a high wind in our area but it brought torrents of rain with it. The river, already up, produced its biggest "tide" of the season. At 10:00 that night Muncy Creek was within inches of the footbridge and the river was approximately five feet below the swinging bridge. It was over the road from the front gate of Wendover to the ford above Wendover with only a few feet of the high ground at the foot of Pig Alley out of water. We fully expected to be marooned—and there were some of us who were disappointed to find that the high water had receded by the following morning.

We were most grateful, during one big snowstorm, to Mr. Woodrow Sizemore who had his road crews out until eleven one night salting and clearing the snow on the Hyden Hospital Hill road.

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Beth Burchenal, who had been the mainstay of the Courier Service for eighteen months, had to leave us in mid-December. Various members of the Wendover staff carried the courier chores until the new junior couriers arrived in early January. Sally Foster of Baltimore, Maryland, Diana Wilson of Seekonk, Massachusetts, and Nan Bartow of Cohasset, Massachusetts, are all students at Bennington College who are spending their two months' field period with the FNS. They are a tremendous help.

Other volunteers during the winter months have been Priscilla Baldwin, Recreation Worker with the Council of the South-

ern Mountains, who gave us invaluable help with the Christmas parties, and Louella Blazer, senior student at St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing in Cleveland, who spent three weeks helping at Hyden Hospital in February.

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Two much needed additions to the FNS fleet this winter are "Jet," the gift of our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, and "Miss Nell," the gift of Miss Ruth Keeney of LeRoy, New York. We are more grateful to these wonderful friends than we can express.

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Mr. Louis Gillespie of the American Red Cross spent a week at Hyden Hospital in February, giving the advanced and instructor's First Aid Courses to the Hospital staff.

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The February 5, issue of *The Thousandsticks* carried the following item: "The many friends of Miss Lucile Hodges are happy to know that she is back at Wendover after a long absence." We are all delighted to have Lucile back with us and we extend to her our deep sympathy in the loss of her mother last December.

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We were sorry to say goodbye to Jean Ann Becker and Maryellen Fullam when they left the FNS in February. Jean had been clinic nurse at Hyden Hospital for several years and Maryellen had been social service secretary for the past eighteen months. As yet we do not have anyone for the Social Service post. Betty Lester has taken on the field work—as she has done in the past—and she has the excellent help of Florence Lincoln of New York who has come to us as a volunteer for three months. We are sorry that Eileen Minton no longer feels able to carry on with the Books and has left the Frontier Nursing Service. We are grateful for the fine service she has given for the past two years.

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The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, which has been so wonderful about taking our sick children, sent us two more of their residents for a pediatric clinic in November. Dr. Gerald

Cussens and Dr. David Davis, with Mrs. Davis, spent nearly a week at Hyden Hospital, holding clinics there and at various outpost nursing centers.

Dr. Raul Garcia and Miss Lidia Celis of Santiago, Chile, were sent to us for several days in November by the World Health Organization. Dr. Garcia is Professor of Obstetrics at the University of Chile and Miss Celis is an instructor in the Midwifery School.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Baker of Louisville were overnight guests in December.

Leigh Powell and Noel Smith paid us a surprise visit the end of November. Even an airlines strike which came just as they were leaving New York and routed them to Kentucky by way of Detroit, could not deter Leigh from spending her fifth consecutive Thanksgiving at Wendover.

We did enjoy all these and other friends who braved the inclement weather to come to see us.

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No date could be more appropriate for a wedding than St. Valentine's Day and that is just what happened here this year when Mary Catherine Hotchkiss and Eddie J. Henson were married at the Hyden Baptist Church in a candlelight service Saturday evening, February 14. The Rev. Finley Ray performed the ceremony and his small daughter, Lisa, was a charming flower girl. Mary "Kay" had as her matron of honor her sister, Mrs. James McClellan, and Mrs. McClellan's son, Jimmy, was the ring bearer. Miss Eloise Gosser was a bridesmaid and the music was furnished by Mrs. Fred Brashear at the organ and Mrs. John Vanden Akker who sang two solos. Mr. Hershel Henson served his brother as best man and Messers Wiley Faw and Bill Mueller were the ushers.

The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hotchkiss, came down from their home in Michigan for the wedding and the reception which followed the ceremony.

Mary "Kay" is our Hyden District Nurse and Eddie is pastor of the Bob Fork Baptist Mission and teaches at the Hyden High School.

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Miss Luree Wotton, R.N., C.M.; Miss Jean Lamb, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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Miss Patricia Richards, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Pauline Comingore, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

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

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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

Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Sylvia Leatherwood, R.N., C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

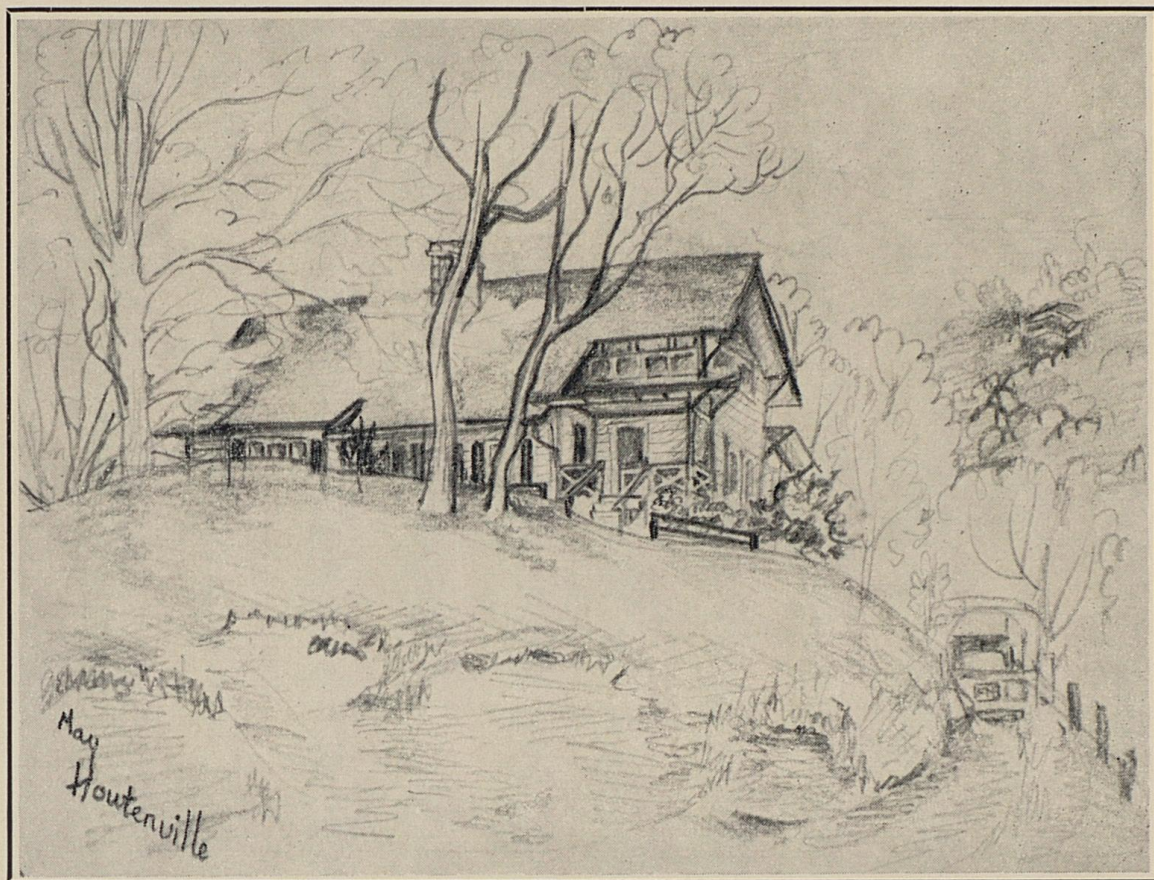
"I hereby give, devise and bequeath the sum of _____ dollars (or property properly described) to the Frontier Nursing Service, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky."

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
At Brutus on Bullskin Creek in Clay County**

Drawing by May Houtenville, R.N.

The closing of the Margaret Durbin Harper Center at Bowlingtown by the construction of the Buckhorn Dam resulted in a community of approximately 26 families being isolated above the water catchment over on Leatherwood Creek. These families are now being cared for by the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus. To reach their patients the nurses ride on horseback over Panco Mountain on an extremely rough bridle trail of about five miles. It is hoped that a road suitable for jeeps and trucks will be built in the near future.

