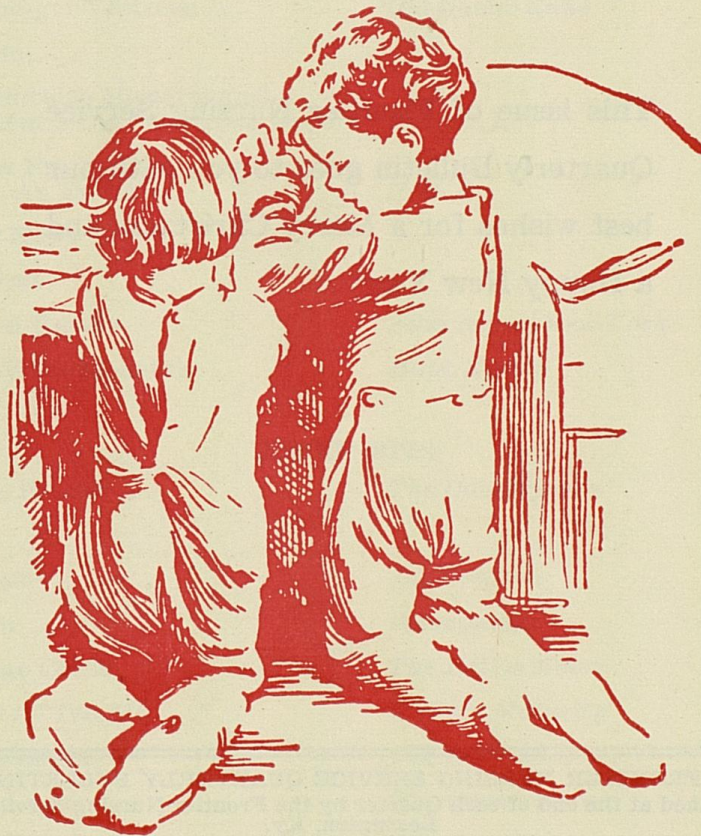


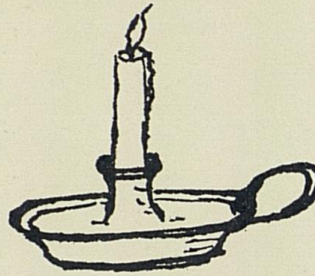
Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 44

Autumn, 1968

Number 2





This issue of Frontier Nursing Service
Quarterly Bulletin goes to you with our
best wishes for a Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year.

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I SAW A STRANGER YESTREEN
I put food in the eating-place
Drink in the drinking-place
Music in the listening-place
And in the sacred name of the Trinity
He blessed myself and my house
My cattle and my dear ones * *
And the lark said in her song
Often, often, often
Goes the CHRIST in the stranger's guise
Often, often, often
Goes the CHRIST in the stranger's guise

 Old Gaelic Rune

THE SECRET OF THE MOUNTAIN

by

HOPE MUNCY

Pine Mountain stretches from the Virginia border at the Breaks of the Sandy to the Cumberland River on the south, and then begins again on the south side of the river as Kentucky Ridge on into Tennessee. This great barrier mountain had to be crossed by the early settlers before they could settle in the valleys to the west. The old mountain can be dark, brooding and menacing, it can be wreathed in rainbows and tipped in sunshine, or it can be blue-tinted and aloof in the distance as it towers above the straight, long valleys at its foot.

There are many stories told about this mountain. One is a very strange story passed down from my great-grandfather who was born in 1796. Once upon a time, probably around 1820, give or take a few years, he lost his favorite hunting dog, and hunting was a very important part of frontier economy. Since he and the dog had hunted so often there, he struck off in the direction of Pine Mountain. It was early November, and the snows of winter had fallen early that year. Only a scattering of yellow and red leaves and the blooming witch hazel along the creek beds spoke of autumn. At the higher elevations the red oaks made a dark, wine-red swatch across the mountain, and the pines along the crest were mantled with snow. Great-Grandfather was soon on a bench of the mountain formed by one of the little hillocks so often found at the foot of Pine Mountain. All of a sudden he became aware that he was being followed. Just a hint of a cracking twig and a rustle of leaves alerted him, and he felt a cold chill in the region of his spine. It could be an Indian, but there had been no Indian trouble for a long time. He turned slowly and looked behind him. There was absolutely nothing to be seen. The rustling of the leaves had stopped, there was no sound in the forest—not even the song of a bird nor the barking of a squirrel. Everything was hushed, listening and waiting for something to happen. He started climbing up the mountain in order to get a little height and perhaps get a view of the creature following him. After about an hour's time, he came to a ledge of sandstone. On closer inspection, he discovered

a deeper opening under the rock—a small cave that led about four feet back and was very low of ceiling. It seemed dry and safe, so he built himself a small fire against the side of the cave, sat down facing the entrance, and waited. Nothing came into view. This seemed in character with the panther. These great, tawny beasts would follow a man all day, apparently out of curiosity alone. Despite all the hair-raising stories told around a winter's fire, it was rare that a panther would attack a man and, then, only if cornered. They were mainly predators of the barn lot and did their damage at night. Even a small dog could frighten one away. They certainly were not like the bobcats, smaller but as swift as a ball of lightning and every bit as dangerous. He threw some more brush and pitch-pine boughs on his fire, and in the sudden flare of the fire the whole cave was illuminated. Then he made an astonishing discovery. The ceiling of the cave was a dark gray where the quartz-studded sandstone ended, and small, gray blobs were dripping from the top of the cave into the fire and running out along the perimeter of the fire in small gray puddles. He took out his pocket knife and was able to scrape off a shotpouch full of the gray material. Since his unease about his stalker had been alleviated and since he didn't want the dark to catch him in the mountains, he decided he had better get back home. He could easily freeze to death in near zero weather, but he felt that he and his gun were a match for the stalker. He hoped his dog would find its way home on its own.

He came out of the cave and started down the hill. Those who are familiar with Pine Mountain know that the south side is mainly quartz-embedded, soft sandstone, while on the north side is limestone from an ancient sea bed. In the pink, sandy soil at his feet, Great-Grandfather found great cat prints. It was the panther! He soon found a small rill which led him to a larger stream, then to a much larger stream, and he finally came out on the Cumberland River. He was soon able to reach the town of Mount Pleasant and from there on to his own home. He was greeted at the gate by a very happy, tail-wagging dog that had found his own way home. Inside, Great-Grandmother had a good hot supper waiting. Great-Grandfather told her about his adventure.

After supper he got out his bullet mold and pan for melting

lead, put the gray scrapings from the cave roof into the pan and set the pan in the hot coals of the fireplace. Soon he had a pan full of melted lead from which he was able to mold a great many bullets. What a saving in money and trips across the mountains to Virginia!

When Great-Grandfather needed more bullets, he tried to find his lead mine again, but as much as he tried, he was never able to locate it. Perhaps this was an isolated, single incidence of lead being turned up at the time of the great upheaval that created Pine Mountain. But, are there other caves in the old mountain containing lead and, containing lead, radium also?

THE DAY AND AGE

I was standing in the back lane picking my cultivated blackberries which were growing over the wall, when a small girl and even smaller boy stopped to watch me. At last the girl found her voice and inquired what I was doing. 'Picking blackberries,' I replied, 'would you like some?' After some hesitation each selected a berry from the colander, and I returned to my picking. As they sauntered off, I heard an awed little voice say: 'They've got jam in them'. It made my day.—*N. G. Suffield*, Kent

—*The Countryman*, Autumn 1968, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

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checks on their own banks.

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GOSSIP TOWN

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown
Is going the live-long day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town
For people who want to go,
The Idleness Train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

The thoughtless road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way,
It's steep down grade; if you don't look out
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.

You glide through the Valley of Vicious Folk,
And into the tunnel of Hate,
Then crossing the Add-to-Bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They-Say,
And I've Heard is the Public Well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
Are laden with Don't-You-Tell.

In the midst of the town is Telltale Park,
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the Street Don't Care.

Just back of the park is Slander Row
'Twas here that Good Name died,
Pierced by the dart from Jealous Row
In the hands of Envious Pride.

From Gossip Town, Peace long since fled,
But Trouble, Grief, and Woe,
And Sorrow and Care you'll meet instead
If ever you chance to go.

—Anonymous

MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL AND DEVELOPMENT FUND

Progress Report

Our campaign is going very well!! We have over two million dollars in pledges, but we can't go it on our own. We are again applying for government financial assistance through the Appalachian Regional Commission. Since our campaign was started in 1967 and since our brochure was printed, the cost of building and equipping the proposed Frontier Nursing Educational Center and Mary Breckinridge Hospital has risen from an estimate of \$1,750,000 to \$2,500,000. We will be submitting our application for government funds through our local Buckhorn Council which is one of three councils which comprise the Southeastern Kentucky Regional Health Demonstration Project under the Appalachian Regional Commission.

The firm of Booz, Allen and Hamilton has been engaged to aid us in identifying our role in the training and development of the rural family nurse. The need for development of health manpower in the Appalachian region is critical. The Frontier Nursing Service has the organization and experience to help fill this need, but first we must have an educational facility, including a new hospital, with sufficient space for all clinical experience for the rural family nurse. The Board of Governors feel that it is to the advantage of the FNS and to this area to have our goals defined quickly and expertly.

Detroit opened its fund-raising campaign Tuesday, November 12, under the chairmanship of Mrs. William W. Wotherspoon of Grosse Pointe. On November 14, Mrs. Cleveland E. Dodge, a charter member of our first committee, invited a group to her home in Riverdale, New York, to see *THE ROAD*. (See *Beyond the Mountains*.)

The future is exciting, but we realize that there is much work still to be done and many dollars to raise. We are counting on you, our dear friends, to continue to help us grow in whatever way you can.

—K. I.

Local Fund Drive

Calling All FNS Babies:

The ladder outside the Leslie County Court House has a baby sitting on the top rung, showing that \$25,000.00 has been raised locally. On the third rung of the ladder is a second baby opposite the figure \$9,000.00, showing that we in the mountains have collected \$34,000.00 to date. We want our second baby to reach the top to show that we have donated \$50,000.00 to help pay for the Mary Breckinridge Hospital.

On November 16, the Big Creek Elementary School and the Community Action Council had a Box Supper and raised \$248.70 as a surprise gift. The Community Action Council donated \$100.00 to bring the total to \$348.70. We invite all FNS babies to help us raise the \$16,000.00 we need to reach our goal. Donations may be given or sent to Mr. Fred Brashear, Hyden Citizens Bank, Hyden, Kentucky 41749, or to Betty Lester, Wendover, Kentucky 41775.

—B. L.

A Yorkshire reader who has contributed many entertaining paragraphs to our pages reports an up-to-date encounter: 'I answered the door to a young lad who was asking for funds for the youth club. He had long shaggy hair and was in need of a wash. So, instead of a donation, I gave him a lecture on his appearance. "If I come back all tidied up tomorrow, will you give me something then?" he asked. I said I would; and the next night he returned well washed, with hair short at back and sides. I was so pleased by the transformation that I gave generously. Three days later I again found him knocking on a door, unwashed and with shaggy hair—a wig worn with a purpose'.

—*The Countryman*, Autumn 1968, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

THE ROAD

A Review

Once in a long while a film goes far beyond its original purpose. The intrinsic nature of the subject, the excellence of its photography, the quality of its script, and haunting music all blend to make *THE ROAD* such a film. Released just in time for this year's American Film Festival, *THE ROAD* won for producer Lee Bobker his sixth Blue Ribbon award.

Although the original purpose of producing *THE ROAD* was to enlist support and help for a new hospital in the Kentucky Mountains, the outcome is an absorbing and cinematographically exciting documentary illustrating the poignancy of mountain life. The photography is highly professional; and the producer's ability to bring out the spontaneity of the people in this cinema verité film is superb. It is difficult to say whether its impact rests on its subject matter or excellence of production. Both elements are essential to this powerful production.

The title of the film is an apt one. It refers to the rough mountain road which the nurses of the Frontier Nursing Service of Wendover (Kentucky) travel by jeep, dangerously and in all kinds of weather, to bring care to isolated families in their homes. *THE ROAD* also refers to the one which Mary Breckinridge had in mind when, shortly before her death, the founder of the Frontier Nursing Service in her wisdom declared: "The focus of everything is the life of a young child. We've got to conserve his mother . . . see him safely through birth . . . and then, what is the use of taking care of him in his early life if you let his father die of appendicitis? You must have a hospital . . ."

At the present small, 27-bed Frontier Nursing Service [Hospital] in Hyden, Ky., two resident physicians receive over 2,000 outpatient visits each month and admit serious cases for care. Nurse-midwives, working under medical direction, care for obstetrical patients, and conduct a school of midwifery for registered nurses.

Perhaps one of the most moving human sequences is the one about 5-year-old Tommy, born without an ear. The father, whose apprehension about an operation is illustrated, is finally

convinced by the nurse that reconstructive surgery would be best for the boy's mental health and his future. In one scene, while the nurse is discussing Tommy's problem with his father and mother, the camera captures a sequence of the boy swinging a mirrored door back and forth, aptly and creatively illustrating his awareness of his affliction.

Skillful organization enhances the structure of the film, indigenous mountain music helps create the mood of the life pictured. The nurses are remarkable for their quiet dedication, professional competence, personal courage, and human approach to the "needing" folk who look to them for help in their ills of mind and body. *THE ROAD* is an enriching experience for anyone who sees it, whether in the adult community or the classroom.

—Myra N. Frey, Assistant Director
ANA/NLN Film Service
Reprinted with permission from
Film News, New York, September 1968

On October 22, 1968, the Frontier Nursing Service received The Chris Award from the Film Council of Greater Columbus (Ohio) in association with the Columbus Area Chamber of Commerce "for the excellence of their production, *The Road*".

We have completed plans for worldwide distribution of the film. We have a contract with the United States Information Agency for overseas distribution and we know that the film has already been shown in Jamaica (see *Old Courier News*) and in Paraguay. *THE ROAD* is available for a nominal rental fee through the American Nurses Association/National League for Nursing Film Service, 267 West 25th Street, New York, New York 10001. In order to be able to show *THE ROAD* as a documentary film on television, it has been cut to 28 minutes, and Modern Talking Picture Service, 1212 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10036, will soon have prints of the cut version for television distribution. Carousel Films, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York, New York 10036, will sell the film for \$150.00 a print and has prints available for preview.

HELEN S. STONE

“Pebble”



Helen Scofield Stone—“Pebble”—was a devoted, and beloved, member of our FNS family from her first term as junior courier in the fall of 1932 until her untimely death on September 10, 1968. Year after year she returned to us, first as senior courier and then to relieve for Jean Hollins as Resident Courier. During the Courier Reunion in the summer of 1939, she had to have an emergency operation at our hospital at Hyden, which was followed by a desperate fight for her life. Her mother came down from New York and we can never forget how gallantly she faced the crisis. Pebble felt that the excellent professional

care given her by our medical director and nurses, combined with the tender, loving care given her by other members of the staff and her friends in Hyden, pulled her through. She made such a splendid recovery that she was able to represent the New York Junior League in the last international squash matches played in England, just before the Second World War.

In 1941 Pebble wrote us, "Well, I made the leap and am learning to fly." Like all other civilian pilots, she was grounded for a while after Pearl Harbor. When the civilian ban was lifted, she continued her training and obtained the necessary two hundred hours flying time to make her eligible to join Jaqueline Cochran's intrepid group of women flyers. On May 28, 1943, she received her wings and was recruited into the WAAF's. She was assigned to the Ferry Command, flying planes from factories to their command fields, and in October of that year she made her first trip as Flight Commander. On these trips we received post cards from her, written in all sorts of places and at all hours of the day and night—it was an arduous assignment. She often flew over FNS territory. Pebble loved doing her bit for her country, and she loved flying. In the autumn of 1944, she resigned from the WAAF's, as the emergency was over. She joined the Civil Air Patrol and was an active member until the time of her death.

With the war over, Pebble resumed her annual work periods with the FNS here in the mountains and came back every year until her mother's illness tied her down at home. She was the third Chairman of the Courier Division of the New York Committee, holding that office at the time of her death. In June 1960, she was elected a Trustee of the FNS, taking her mother's place, and each year since she has flown down to Kentucky to attend the annual meeting.

Not only did Pebble give of herself, her time and her talents to her beloved FNS, but she gave generously, too, of her means. After the old Garden House burned in 1942, she gave us "The Pebble Workshop" which has truly been a godsend throughout the years. She also gave us such things as the big autoclave for the operating room at the Hospital, battleship linoleum for Wendover and some of the centers, and a new furnace for the Garden House. In recent years she made it possible for us to do away with the old wooden buildings at the back of the Hospital (al-

ways a fire hazard) and replace them with a neat concrete workshop, garage and storage rooms for lumber and supplies. She kept our small needs in mind and from time to time sent down useful, unsolicited gifts. One that Mrs. Breckinridge welcomed most joyfully, after we could no longer get home-ground meal, was a little coffee mill with which to grind corn for making spoonbread. Just last year Pebble pledged a substantial amount to the Mary Breckinridge Hospital Fund, and in her will she has left the FNS a generous legacy.

Our last letter from Pebble was started on August 4. It was characteristic of her that she wrote jokingly of her illness. I quote:

"I cheated the FNS Bulletin of another obituary! This time, I guess I really went nearly out, according to my doctor who said I was the first person whose life he really had saved. He called it an 'asthmatic heart attack'. He gave me three shots and I finally came around.

"This was July 22, in the afternoon. He came back to the house later and suggested I go to Nassau Hospital for tests, so I have been here since then. I was supposed to go home Wednesday but had a slight attack Tuesday morning and a rather bad one again Wednesday night. Then, I was to go home today, until I was a little short of breath yesterday; so now I am planning on the morning, if all goes well. When I go home, I will have an oxygen machine—just in case.

August 10, 1968

"I didn't leave the hospital until Monday, the 5th, and have been taking it easy since then. As for getting to Wendover for Mary Breckinridge Day, 'I kind of have me doubts'. I'll see how I behave, and how I feel."

Pebble was a gallant and courageous soul. She holds a special place in our affections, and the splendid work she did with the FNS will live on in our memories forever.

OLD AND NEW FRONTIERS IN NURSING

An Editorial

On Friday, September 6, 1968, an Associated Press story, datelined Washington and written by Jack R. Miller, appeared in newspapers around the country. It said, in part:

"Federal health planners say there's a new breed of nurse on the way to provide the kind of personal home care that busy doctors have little time for.

"The nurses—men and women—will need five to six years of college and university training for their roles as family health counselors.

"Although they are to take over many of the functions doctors used to perform, the home-visiting nurses will work under the supervision of physicians.

"This new concept will take some getting used to,' says Dr. Leonard D. Fenninger, director of the federal health manpower programs. But he predicts that in ten to twenty years, visiting nurses will be 'the common thing'.

"Public health nurses and other nurses have been functioning for years in somewhat the capacity envisioned for the new nurses. But the new nurses would operate more independently. They would serve families or individuals as a first contact for all health problems, handling the ills they can and turning the others over to doctors."

When one of our old staff members, Ruth Alexander Ingerson, sent us this clipping from a California paper, she wrote, "I just wanted to send you this note from our paper to let you know how well ahead of the times (over 44 years so far!) you FNSers are! I thought all of you might be interested in this little item—this 'new concept'".

We are indeed interested, and even slightly amused. We are reminded once again of Mrs. Breckinridge's wisdom when we know that she envisioned the need for a "family nurse" for the rural area where there was a shortage of physicians many, many years ago. Mrs. Breckinridge did more than think about it, or talk about it—she began using "family nurses," who were also midwives and who worked under the supervision of a centrally located physician, in the Kentucky mountains in 1925. Although

this was an innovation in the United States, we cannot give Mrs. Breckinridge all the credit because she had observed the work of a "family nurse", the district nurse-midwife, in England and in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland before she started her work in the Kentucky mountains.

We cannot agree entirely with Dr. Fenninger's premise that "five or six years of college and university training" will be needed to prepare the family nurse. Certainly education at the Master's level will be needed for the administrators, the supervisors, the educators, of this family nurse. But we feel that this nurse is needed in the United States *today* and the door should not be closed to the experienced clinical nurse, who may not have had her basic nursing training at the baccalaureate level but who, because of her experience, is perhaps better qualified to give primary nursing care than her more highly educated—in the academic sense—colleague.

It has been our observation that academic education in nursing tends to remove the nurse from the bedside of the patient. Emphasis today seems to be on theory rather than clinical practice; the textbook has been substituted for the human being. The young nurse today is well versed in the principles of such procedures as catheterizing a patient or starting an I.V., but she goes through her entire training without actually practicing these arts under supervision. The young nurse today can give beautiful care to three or four patients, but when she is confronted with a dozen or more, she is overwhelmed and her immediate reaction is "I can't possibly take care of so many patients". It has been our experience that many newly qualified nurses can discuss learnedly the emotions and fears of a patient but they are not always aware that many problems can be solved for that patient by straightening his sheets or bathing his face. The young nurse today is intelligent and capable of learning, but her nursing education, be it associate degree, diploma school, baccalaureate or even master's program, does not prepare her to take on the position of "family nurse" unless she has had the kind of post-graduate experience in nursing which will allow her to develop her clinical judgement and her initiative.

If the family nurse of today or tomorrow is to help fill the gap created by the virtual disappearance of the devoted family doctor of yesterday, she is going to have to be willing to work

and work hard, and she will not always be able to limit her activities to an eight-hour day or a five-day week. She will have to spend her time in the patient's home, not behind her desk. The nurse who goes into a comprehensive family care program with a genuine desire to care for people to the best of her ability will be successful; if she goes into such a program because of the status it will bring her, or the higher salary, she will make no contribution to her profession or to the public. The majority of young people *do* enter the nursing profession because they want to care for people who are ill and, if possible, help prevent serious illness. We feel a nurse can derive tremendous personal satisfaction from work in a family centered care program because of the challenge it presents and because the nurse can fill a real need as a nurse, teacher, friend.

The Frontier Nursing Service has offered practical experience in family centered care to its own staff, to the students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and to hundreds of professional guests who have come to study our methods and techniques from some 58 countries all over the world during the past fifteen years. Now, when our new hospital is finished and we have space in which to expand our educational program, we plan to offer formal training to prepare such nurses as Dr. Fenninger has in mind for other areas in this country and abroad. In preparation for this, Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley, a former FNS Medical Director, discussed the possibility of such a program with 128 practicing physicians in Eastern Kentucky and their response was favorable as they, too, realize the need of a nurse who is prepared to give good primary care to families in areas where there is a shortage of physicians. We cannot undertake this program in our present grossly overcrowded facility at Hyden, but preliminary planning is under way in preparation for the time when the new building is finished at Hyden.

—P.G.E.

Psychiatrist: "Tell me, Madam, is your son a behavior problem?"

Mother: "I don't know. He has never behaved."

—*Modern Maturity*, Oct.-Nov., 1968

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
JUANETTA MORGAN

From Louise Pomeroy, Lakeville, Connecticut

—August 24, 1968

I can't believe that summer is almost over, nor can I believe that I left the FNS over three months ago. My plans for this summer were in a jumble when I returned home but I finally decided to take a course in psychology at a nursery camp for three to five year old children. I am going to Oglethorpe College this fall.

.

From Susan Harding, Colby College, Waterville, Maine

—September 11, 1968

Wendover seems so far away and I can hardly believe I was a part of it not very long ago. I am most grateful for the experiences of June and July; the education, challenges and opportunities I am sure will not be equalled for many years.

I had a wonderful three weeks in South Freeport. The weather was perfect—I really felt very lazy and enjoyed every minute of it. I am back at Colby now and my courses seem interesting but awfully hard.

.

From Mary Grosvenor, North Kingstown, Rhode Island

—September 14, 1968

I have so much for which to thank you. I had such wonderful time this summer, and it was awfully hard for me to leave. Mum, Lucy and I have had fun comparing experiences. We all agree that at FNS we have met some of the most wonderful people we will ever know.

.

From Pamela Hauserman, Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

—September 20, 1968

I just loved being a courier and wish I could have stayed on. I really feel that I learned something this summer—in many respects a knowledge far more valuable than that I'll acquire

here at school. I really miss everyone at Wendover and can't wait to see you again.

. . . .

From Fredericka Holdship in Spain—September 29, 1968

This is a fabulous trip. We did the tour of Madrid including the King's Palace and the Prado, the world's best museum. In Sevilla the old part of town is the best with narrow cobblestone streets and beautiful gardens and parks.

. . . .

From Nancy Dammann, Kingston, Jamaica

—October 13, 1968

I had an extremely pleasant surprise last night. I turned on TV while I was making dinner, expecting to see the usual Jamaica Information Service propaganda re new roads or some such fascinating subject. Instead I saw the new FNS film, which I might say ruined my dinner since I had to stop cooking to watch it. If USIS actually has the film I shall certainly borrow it to show to my Ministry of Health friends. I liked your package of publicity materials. Somebody did a good job.

Jamaica is an enjoyable place to work. The nurses, doctors and other professionals are very well trained and of very high caliber. The only trouble is there aren't enough of them. Pay is low so many migrate to the UK, Canada or the U.S. where they immediately get good jobs. My tour is up next summer but I've been asked to extend a year. I've been overseas long enough—I've just had my seventh attack of amoebiasis. Besides, I think that those of us who have spent years working in underdeveloped countries have learned a lot which we could and should apply in poverty pockets of the United States.

The best of luck on the hospital project.

. . . .

From Mrs. Paul Church Harper (Marianne Stevenson),

Lake Forest, Illinois—October 21, 1968

I'm sorry that I couldn't get to the Mary Breckinridge Day Festival this year. It was such a memorable occasion when I went last year that it is something I look forward to.

I am leaving in January to spend four months in Italy as

“mentor” to twenty-five Lake Forest College seniors. We will all be studying at the University of Florence.

.

A WEDDING

Valerie S. Greene to Charles Alexander Higgins, Ensign, United States Naval Reserve, on November 23, 1968, in Dayton, Ohio.

We send our very best wishes to Valerie and Charles.

.

A BABY

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ian Van Praagh (Flicka Delafield), New York City, their second child, and first son, Ian Richard, on August 23, 1968.

.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Joanna Noble Koennecke on the death of her father in Honolulu in late October.

CORRECTION

We would like to call your attention to, and apologize for, an error in the Frontier Nursing Service Annual Report as printed in the Summer 1968 Quarterly Bulletin, in Section II—HYDEN HOSPITAL on page 13. We wrote “there were 45 deaths in the hospital, of which 5 were newborn.” This should read: There were 21 deaths in the hospital, of which 4 were newborn.

WIGGY

'Judith,' my mother would call, 'come and help me lose Wiggy'. She was our pet pig, and 'losing' her involved running up the garden and interesting her in a game of hide-and-seek among the cabbages, thus allowing my mother to go unaccompanied to the village shop about a quarter of a mile away. Wiggy loved a trip to the shop, trotting alongside the bicycle and often riding back in the basket. Sometimes two or three dogs and Wiggy would be waiting on the shop steps for their owners to reappear. Wiggy came to us when her mother, from whom a large litter was expected, produced just her and promptly died. With the help of a proprietary milk food my mother managed to keep the pathetic orphan alive, as for three days she hovered between life and death in the airing cupboard; on the fourth we realised she would live, and from that moment she took charge of the household. Completely house-trained, she would rush to the front door—never the back—when nature demanded and squeal to be let out, returning a few seconds later after more squeals. Her own cushion was usually on the mat in front of the drawing-room fire. If it was missing when Wiggy wanted to sleep, she would place her nose under one end of the mat and roll it up until it became cushion-like and comfortable. A favourite game, which she obviously enjoyed because, squealing with delight, she would perform five or six times in a row, was to scamper over the hall carpet on to the kitchen linoleum, where she at once lost her balance and slid across the floor on her bottom. On regaining her feet she would walk back to the hall and repeat the performance. She would play with a ball and chase it like a dog or cat, and she was adept at untying shoe-laces. Newspapers left on chairs she would seize, roll up, chase, sit on and systematically tear to shreds page by page. Twice a week she was bathed in soapsuds, which she adored. She soon learned that to run under the gas stove immediately afterwards and emerge covered in grease meant another soaping. As Wiggy grew, she discovered the joys of rooting until it was acknowledged that, if we were to have any garden left, she would have to go. So she went to my grandparents' Cotswold farm as sole occupier of a large orchard. Right to the end of a long life a call over the wall would bring her scampering, or by then lumbering, up to see us.—*Judith Baldwin, Hants*

—*The Countryman*, Autumn 1966, Edited by John Cripps,
Burford, Oxfordshire, England

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY



Graduation services for the Fifty-fifth Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery were held in St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden Hospital on Sunday afternoon, October 27, 1968. We are happy to welcome two of the graduates—Joyce Lind and Sandra Tebben—back to the FNS staff. Dorothy Degnitz and Priscilla Crow are on their way to Nigeria and Sandra Rhodes plans to return to New Guinea. Constance Freier has gone to New York for further training and experience in family planning and Rene Reeb has returned to her home in Illinois.

As their contribution to posterity, the Fifty-fifth Class has designed the very attractive School pin illustrated above and we are all most grateful to Dr. Mary Pauline Fox for having the die made. The students feel that the design epitomizes our service to mothers and babies and we hope that it will serve as a link, to remind graduates of the School in the far-flung corners of the globe, that they will always be an integral part of the Frontier Nursing Service.

The pin is small—an equilateral triangle which measures four-fifths of an inch. The outer edge of the pin is white enamel with "Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery" in gold letters. The center is gold with the figure of mother and child in bas-relief. It has a safety catch and may be ordered with a guard chain and the graduate's initials.

The pin is available to all graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery—past and future—and may be ordered by the graduate directly from

George C. Richards & Company, Inc.
Attn: Mr. Raymond J. Paulin
124 West Main Street
Louisville, Kentucky 40202

Confirmation of graduation will be supplied by Wendover. The cost of each pin is as follows:

10K Gold Pin	\$ 9.50
10K Gold Chain	.40 (optional)
Three initials	.25 (optional)
5% Ky. sales tax	.51
Postage & Ins.	.40
	<hr/>
	\$11.06

Checks should be made payable to George C. Richards & Company, Inc.

We like the pin very much and hope those of you who wish to order one will also be pleased.

SETTING IT STRAIGHT

There were hecklers in Colonial days, too. One such fellow took issue with Ben Franklin after listening to a stirring speech Ben made on behalf of the Constitution of the U. S.

"Those words don't mean a thing," he shouted at Franklin. "Where is all that happiness you say the Constitution guarantees us?"

But Ben trimmed him down with this reply: "My friend, the Constitution only guarantees the American people the right to pursue happiness. You have to catch it yourself!"

—*The Colonial Crier*, Sept.-Oct., 1968
Colonial Hospital Supply Company
Chicago, Illinois

GOBBLEDEGOOK

I have always been full of awe—or is it awful?—of those writers who can crank out copy saturated with jaw-breaker phrases that look impressive even though I seldom understand any of them.

This seems the especial talent of many who write reports marked “official” for federal government agencies. Until I received a note from Dr. Frank Dickey, former UK president who now is with the National Commission on Accounting in Washington, I had thought there was some deep secret to turning phrases that give a dignified, knowledgeable ring of authority to reports and such.

Now I know differently. Dr. Dickey sent along a formula invented by Philip Broughton, an official with the U. S. Public Health Service, which guarantees to produce phrases that sound great and are confusing enough to please the most picky bureaucrat. He uses a lexicon of 30 key words, numbered 0 to 9, which are divided into three columns as follows:

Column 1—0 - integrated; 1 - total; 2 - systematized; 3 - parallel; 4 - functional; 5 - responsive; 6 - optional; 7 - synchronized; 8 - compatible; 9 - balanced.

Column 2—0 - management; 1 - organizational; 2 - monitored; 3 - reciprocal; 4 - digital; 5 - logistical; 6 - transitional; 7 - incremental; 8 - third-generation; 9 - policy.

Column 3—0 - options; 1 - flexibility; 2 - capability; 3 - mobility; 4 - programing; 5 - concept; 6 - time-phase; 7 - projection; 8 - hardware; 9 - contingency.

The procedure is simple. Think of any three-digit number, then select the corresponding key word from each column. For instance, 357 produces “systematized logistical projection”; 683 comes up “optional third-generation concept”, phrases that would class up any report. No one would have the vaguest idea what it was all about, but they wouldn't dare admit it.

So now I know how it's done, and you may expect more sophisticated phrases to spice up my writing immediately.

Which may well put me in the class of the political orator

who had been droning on for an hour when a late arrival appeared on the scene.

"What's he talking about?" he asked another man in the crowd.

"I don't know," was the reply. "He hasn't said."

—Reprinted by permission from
"Joe Creason's Kentucky",
The Courier-Journal
September 16, 1968

TRANSFORMATION

My friend, a large-scale poultry keeper, has an old grey hen which, though 10 or 11 years old, is still going strong and lays the very occasional egg. She has raised batch after batch of chicks, although her owner usually buys day-olds, which are always Rhode Island Reds. The hen enjoys the freedom of garden and orchard, sleeping in the trees and cadging scraps at the back door; but in winter her housing is difficult, for the 'Rhodies' will not suffer her. Time after time she has been introduced into the large henhuts, only to be rescued to save her life. Finally, deciding that it was her colour which picked her out as a stranger, my friend bought dark brown hair-dye and set about changing a Maran into a Rhode Island Red. This has been a great success, and peace reigns at last.

—*Florence Hopper, Yorks*

—*The Countryman*, Summer 1968, Edited by John Cripps,
Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
EILEEN H. MORGAN

From Norma Brainard in Bangkok, Thailand—September, 1968

I am enjoying my life here in Thailand. Thank heaven for what I learned at FNS and in Knott County! I would be at a loss without that experience and knowledge gained. My work in Pittsburgh prepared me for supervision and administration and I am certainly using that knowledge also in working with the Thais, but that *basic* knowledge was a must!

I am working at an MCH center in Bangkok which is going to be used as a demonstration and training area for student nurses, social workers, sanitarians, et cetera. I have been asked to help upgrade the PHN section and to get quality nursing care into the home visiting program. I think the idea is probably what you have in mind for the new hospital. The MCH center is now all outpatient and has twelve different sections including child health, school health, dental health, PHN, lab., sanitation, et cetera. Each section has an M.D. or two and nurses for the section. The center also has a leprosy and TB clinic and a child guidance clinic affiliated with it. The PHN gets referrals from all the sections and follows up the patients in the home.

Miss Pien was in my office today asking if I would help her set up an in-service program on supervision for hospital and PHN. I believe her trip to the States was very valuable and she is ready to put into practice some of the ideas she got from her tour.

Regards to everyone.

From Sandy Conville in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

—September, 1968

I had a dream about you all night before last, so I thought I had best write. How is everyone there? How is the whole Wendover District? I certainly miss it. You can't imagine!

I am working in a large teaching-type hospital, steady 11-7 at my request. I am in a really nice wing, all new and modern, forty-eight patients, and I'm in charge of all of them at night.

They are mostly medical, cardiac and terminal, a few surgical here and there. It is a challenge.

Kristi Davis and I had a nice visit when she was on her way home. She stayed five days. I surely hated to see her leave.

. . . .

From Kristi Davis in Big Timber, Montana—September, 1968

I certainly miss you all, although it is great to see family, friends and beautiful Montana again!

I had a good trip home with stops in Pittsburgh, Washington, Pennsylvania (Health Fair team reunion), and Rochester, Minnesota.

Today was my second day at work in the local hospital and quite a change from field nursing. I am a bit uncertain about going to school in January.

I hope all is well there.

. . . .

From Lois Harris Kroll in Seldovia, Alaska—September, 1968

The brochure on the Mary Breckinridge Hospital was received and it is beautifully done.

We are having lovely fall weather now. I have been out picking high bush cranberries with which to make jelly. We also have a low bush cranberry, or linger berry, which is delicious with duck or wild meat.

Last evening three moose, a cow and two big calves, crossed our mud flats. I hope they keep hidden as moose season is open now!

Summer has been busy, but now fishing is over, everyone gone and I am here alone. I enjoyed the summer, though, as the new baby in the family was here. Henry F. Kroll III was born February 25, our first grandchild, and he is precious.

Hank is out prospecting for gold. He has been in the Interior since June and will return home when it begins to freeze him out.

I am sorry to hear that Agnes Lewis and Lucile Hodges have left. I imagine they will miss the FNS and everyone there as much as they will be missed.

I would love to visit Brutus again. All best wishes.

From Bland Morrow in Nashville, Tennessee—September, 1968

A new hospital as a memorial to Mrs. Breckinridge seems to me very appropriate. I felt that she combined in a rare and most remarkable way the qualities of the visionary and the pragmatist.

I have been in a big push for the past few months trying to make sure that, as of the first of September, my desk would be clear and I could retire without leaving any loose ends. I am pleased to announce that I made it. I don't know how I may feel eventually about my status as a retired person. Thus far I am just indulging in the sense of being free.

I am hoping to see Agnes Lewis before long. I have been so out of touch that I don't know who is still on the staff whom I would know. In any case, my very best wishes to all.

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From Chad Russell in Boston, Massachusetts—September, 1968

As I begin my first teaching experience since graduate school, one of my foremost aims is to help the students develop the gracious, accepting attitude found in the competent nurses who have worked at the Frontier Nursing Service through the years. I feel I left a part of myself in the hills of southeastern Kentucky.

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From Clara-Louise ("Pete") Schiefer Johnson in**Moorestown, New Jersey—September, 1968**

We are both quite well and enjoying life in the States. Our Moorestown address is our seventeenth home, so I do hope we "stay put". Although, of course, I am always ready for a trip somewhere!

Our daughter, Heather Anne, is now a freshman at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, New York. I am not quite used to saying that I have a daughter in college! Fred, our son, is in his last year at Kent School in Kent, Connecticut. I hate having them away from home, but they are very happy.

Eric joins me in sending you our best wishes.

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From Jane Sanders Burt in Brooklyn, New York—October, 1968

I have thought of you often since I left Kentucky. I had a nice rest while at home.

This place is just great for learning and clinical practice. We work in both hospitals, Downstate and Kings County. We get good lectures from both chiefs of staff on OB and gyn., and go on rounds with medical students.

I have been offered the internship now instead of waiting until April as one girl cancelled. I can get the family planning, too.

I have been sight seeing. Two of my South African classmates and I went on a boat trip around Manhattan. Then on Sunday we took a bus tour around Lower Manhattan.

We have a grand group of girls. Seven are from Vietnam, two from South Africa, and one from Pakistan who just visited FNS before coming here, (She was much impressed with FNS) one from South India, and my roommate, a Canadian girl, who has been a missionary to India for twenty years. She is a director of a school of nursing in India and teaches midwifery there, too.

Say hello to everyone for me.

. . . .

From Hazel Reesor in Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

—November, 1968

I have just returned from Dalhousie University School of Nursing where they have established a two-year postgraduate course in outpost nursing. I was able to visit the Grenfell Mission hospital in St. Anthony, Newfoundland where the Outpost Nursing students get their midwifery experience. I also visited one nursing station in a fishing village located in an almost inaccessible cove on the east coast of Newfoundland. The nurse is in radio contact with the hospital medical staff. There is no access by land to this outpost. Small boats can navigate the fiord and the mission pontoon plane can land on the harbour water if the wind is compatible. It was a most rewarding visit and ideas gained from the experience of the staff there will be a help to us in our program.

Ruth May is well and very busy in her work as Director of the Outpost Nursing course. It was nice seeing her at Dalhousie!

I am following with keen interest the developments there at Hyden and Wendover.

From Mrs. Grace A. Terrill (Pixie) in Louisville, Kentucky

—November, 1968

Nancy has changed schools since Kim graduated from Kentucky Home. She teaches at Westport High School now which is about five minutes' car ride from home. Marc is in first year Junior High on the same grounds. This makes it handy for them to go to school together. Nancy is finding it quite different from teaching at Kentucky Home now that she has both boys and girls. Kim goes to the University of Louisville, drives her own car, and is studying pretty hard. She, too, is finding it quite different and more exciting than a small girls' school.

Carroll and Elizabeth have been on vacation the entire month of October and I went on three short trips with them during that time. I don't believe the colors of the trees have been so glorious this year as last. However, they went to My Old Kentucky Home yesterday and said the countryside was beautiful.

Carroll and I popped and bagged sixty bags of popcorn for Trick or Treaters and had apples ready, too. I dressed up silly to greet them.

Tell everyone hello for me.

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NEWSY BITS

We have heard from her mother that **Annie Voigt** is currently serving with International Red Cross in Nigeria.

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Wedding

Miss Anne Marie Lorentzen and Mr. James Kett in Needham, Massachusetts on November 9, 1968.

We send our best wishes to this young couple for a long and happy life together.

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Babies

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Clayton (**Polly Merritt**) of Astoria, Oregon, on September 16, 1968, a son, Stephen Eliot, weight 8 pounds, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Garwood (**Edith Powers**) of Bradley, West Virginia, on October 5, 1968, a daughter, Esther Elizabeth, weight 6 pounds, 11 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Powell (**Brigit Sutcliffe**) of Exeter, Devon, England, on July 6, 1968, a daughter, Anna, weight 7 pounds, 8 ounces.

We feel that it must be a good omen that one of these babies, Esther Elizabeth Garwood, arrived on MARY BRECKINRIDGE DAY! Our heartiest congratulations to the proud parents.

LOST LUGGAGE CRISIS

Charleston, S. C. (WMNS)—It was a common enough occurrence; The plane landed safely in Charleston, the passenger alighted and made her way to the baggage counter only to find that her luggage had gone astray. The airline promised to find it. She went off to her hotel—annoyed.

At 11:30 p.m., the station manager received a call from the lady who was inquiring, with some urgency, whether her luggage had been found. It hadn't been. She explained that it contained pills that had to be taken at once. The station manager offered to get her the medicine if she would tell him what it was. Then, his report continued:

"She advised that it was birth control pills and they must be taken immediately and we would be responsible for any child born. She wanted to know if I would be willing to take the child if it was born. Advised her that if it was a girl would be more than happy to as only had boys."

The problem was solved when one pill was obtained. It cost the airline 20 cents plus \$2.00 for cab fare to deliver it to the anxious passenger.

The station manager's memo reporting this affair concluded, "With the world population explosion as it is, I feel each of us should do our part in helping to curb the birth rate. Surely the first thing that will help in this is the prompt delivery of the passenger's luggage!"

—*The Dallas News*

In Memoriam

MRS. W. A. DWIGGINS
Hingham, Massachusetts
Died in October, 1968

MISS VIRGINIA L. HUNT
Washington, D. C.
Died in September, 1968

MR. JAMES O. FLOWER
Sewickley, Pennsylvania
Died in May, 1968

MRS. WALTER B. McILVAIN
Devon, Pennsylvania
Died in October, 1968

MRS. RICHARD S. HEVENOR
Westport, Connecticut
Died in May, 1968

MR. PAUL B. MOODY
Drayton Plains, Michigan
Died in January, 1968

MRS. SELAH M. HARRIS
Rochester, New York
Died in November, 1968

MRS. TIMOTHY N. PFEIFFER
New York, New York
Died in September, 1968

We apprehend peace comes
Not with the roll of drums,
But in the still processions of the night . . .

In the profound unknown,
Illumined, fair, and lone,
Each star is set to shimmer in its place.
In the profound divine
Each soul is set to shine,
And its unique appointed orbit trace.

—Bliss Carman

A mighty oak has fallen from the ranks of our Philadelphia friends. **Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain** had been a staunch friend of the Frontier Nursing Service for over thirty years. She served on our National Board of Trustees and as our Philadelphia Chairman for many years. She gave us her daughter, Fanny, as a

courier and the wife of her eldest son is the present Chairman of the Philadelphia Committee. Mrs. McIlvain visited Wendover on many occasions and always enjoyed riding one of the horses along the mountain trails. She welcomed staff members to her home many times. We send our deepest sympathy to members of her family and her host of friends.

We have lost two members of our New York Committee during recent months. **Mrs. Richard S. Hevenor** of Westport, Connecticut, and **Mrs. Timothy N. Pfeiffer** of Riverdale had been faithful donors for many years. The latter was a devoted friend of children in need both in the city of New York and in eastern Kentucky.

We were saddened to learn of the untimely death of **Mr. James O. Flower**, a member of our Pittsburgh Committee who had supported our work for thirty years. **Miss Virginia L. Hunt** had devoted many years of her long life to charity and social work. We are deeply grateful for the generous gift she made to the Mary Breckinridge Hospital Fund just before she died following a heart attack in September of this year. We always looked for her at receptions held in Washington for the benefit of the FNS and she never disappointed us. **Mrs. W. A. Dwiggin** of Hingham, Massachusetts, was an interested and faithful supporter of our work for nearly forty years. She remembered the FNS by leaving a generous legacy. As we go to press we have learned that our old friends, **Mrs. Selah M. Harris** of Rochester, New York, and **Mr. Paul B. Moody** of Drayton Plains, Michigan, have also left us generous legacies.

We shall long remember all these good friends and bid them farewell with grateful hearts for their many years of friendship. Our sympathy goes to members of their families and to their friends.

POSTSCRIPT

As we go to press we are saddened by the news of the death of our old staff member, Peggy Tinline McQueen, who died at her home in England on November 27, following a long illness. We send our loving sympathy to her daughter and to her host of friends.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We rejoice with our old friend, Dr. Carl H. Fortune, who was honored by his medical colleagues in the fall of this year. Dr. Fortune was selected by members of the Kentucky Medical Association for their annual Distinguished Service Award for his contribution to organized medicine and service to his professional organization. Dr. Fortune has made notable contributions to the field of medicine and we are proud to claim him as a member of our Board of Governors.

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We are happy to announce that Dr. Allen L. Cornish of Lexington, Kentucky, has accepted an invitation to serve on our Medical Advisory Committee.

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Our old staff member, Dorothy J. Snell, showed THE ROAD to a group at her home in Middletown, New York, in August. "D.J." is now attending the University of North Carolina to study for her master's degree and planned to show the film at the University this fall. Our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, showed THE ROAD to the Women of St. Alban's Church in Washington, D. C. in September. Marvin reported an enthusiastic audience and we are grateful for the generous donations we received following both of these meetings. Mr. Henry R. Heyburn, Vice-Chairman of our Board of Governors, presented the Frontier Nursing Service and showed THE ROAD to the Rotary Club of Louisville in November. Our old staff member, Helen Callon, showed THE ROAD to approximately 500 nurses from six states and two provinces of Canada who were attending a conference in Chicago, and she reports that the film was well received.

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Members of the Needlework Guild of America have long been interested in the FNS and various chapters have sent us lovely shipments at Christmas for many years. We were pleased when our old staff member, Mrs. Albert Ernst (Kitty Macdonald) was invited to show slides and talk of her experiences with the FNS to the Schwenksville Branch in September.

Members of the National Society, Daughters of Colonial Wars, who have a special interest in supporting our School of Midwifery, are working hard this year to help raise an additional fund for the Mary Breckinridge Hospital. The Arizona Society showed *THE ROAD* at their meeting on November 19, and the Kansas Society showed the FNS slides earlier in the month.

Director's Travels

Mrs. Roger D. Mellick and Mrs. E. Townsend Look, both old friends of the FNS and members of our New York Committee, invited me to show slides and speak to a group at the Essex Hunt Club on September 18. Jane Leigh Powell and I drove to Far Hills where we were the overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mellick at their lovely home, Middlebrook. Several friends who had helped with the addressing of invitations came for tea. Among them were old FNS couriers Mrs. F. Nicholas Brady (Kitty Douglas) and Mrs. E. Danforth Ely (Sue Martin). Mrs. Mellick invited friends for dinner and we had a delightful evening. The next morning a good group assembled at the Essex Hunt Club. They were all most interested in seeing the slides and hearing about our work in Kentucky. I was so pleased to see again our old staff member Mrs. Donald R. Whitlock (Louisa Chapman) and our old courier Babs Van Duyn Verbeck. After the meeting Mrs. Mellick and her friend, Mrs. Charles Scribner, took Leigh and me for lunch at the Golf Club. Mrs. Scribner entertained us with stories of her foreign travels. That evening Leigh and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Frazier Dougherty in New York City and showed them *THE ROAD*.

The next morning Leigh and I joined Brooke Alexander, the New York member of our Board of Governors, at Vision Associates studio to review the edited version of *THE ROAD* which is being prepared for television showing. On Friday, September 20, Leigh and I drove to Greenwich, Connecticut, where Mrs. Ralph Hornblower gave a luncheon. Among her guests were our old couriers Mrs. John William Middendorf ("Diz" Payne) and Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lil Middleton). I was delighted to meet several British-trained nurses who are now married and residing in Fairfield County. In the afternoon we went to the Bush-Holley House where a group had been invited to see *THE ROAD* and hear about the FNS. We gathered in the attractive old barn for

the meeting and later enjoyed refreshments in the main house. The arrangements for this meeting were in the hands of Lil Hampton and our old friend and New York Committee member, Mrs. A. Ten Eyck Lansing of Southport.

I returned to Kentucky the next day.

Our Boston Committee held their Tenth Annual Christmas Preview at the Dedham Polo and Country Club on November 6-8. Agnes Lewis and I flew to New York where we met Leigh Powell who drove us to Dedham. The evening of Wednesday, November 6, was Sponsor's Night and a good group gathered to do Christmas shopping and dine with their friends at the Club. Mrs. Vce-vold Strekalovsky, Chairman of our Boston Committee, and Mrs. William L. Helm, old courier Nella Lloyd, Preview Chairman, had provided beautiful corsages for committee members and FNS guests. Mrs. Charles Cheston (old courier Lois Powell) was again in charge of shops which had a wonderful variety of gifts displayed so there was something for everybody to enjoy. Mrs. Bruce Putnam (old courier Amy Stevens) succeeded in getting good publicity. On Thursday morning she drove me to the studios of WHDN (Channel 5) where I was interviewed by RoseMarie Van Camp following the noon news program. I dined at the Club both nights, on Wednesday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Helm and on Thursday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (old courier Patsy Perrin). I had the great pleasure of meeting the parents of the two New England couriers who are with us at the present time, Chris Boyle and Sarah Brooks.

On Friday morning, Nella Helm, who had been my delightful hostess this year, drove me to Cambridge to pick up our old friend Mrs. Albert Carter to drive her to the Dedham Club. At noon on Friday, Leigh Powell drove Agnes Lewis and me to the Boston Airport where we met Freddy Holdship and Leigh was kind enough to drive the three of us to Hingham where we were to be week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lee Branham.

On Sunday evening I returned to New York and on Monday Leigh and I flew to Detroit. We were met by the Detroit Chairman, Mrs. W. W. Wotherspoon (old courier Mary Bulkley) who drove us to the Detroit Country Club in Grosse Pointe where we were later joined by our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson. Mary's husband, Bill, who is a member of our Development Committee, took us to their home for dinner. Early Tues-

day morning, November 12, Mary took Leigh and me to the Grosse Pointe University School where the headmaster, Mr. Hugh C. Riddleberger, had invited me to show slides and speak to the Upper School students. There was a good discussion following my talk which was stimulated by the TV program on Appalachia seen by many of the group the previous evening. We joined the faculty members for coffee. Bill Wotherspoon then picked Leigh and me up to drive us to the city where we had an engagement with Mr. Wesley R. Baker of the Kresge Foundation who was good enough to give us an hour of his time. We returned to Grosse Pointe for lunch at the Club with Mary and Marvin Patterson.

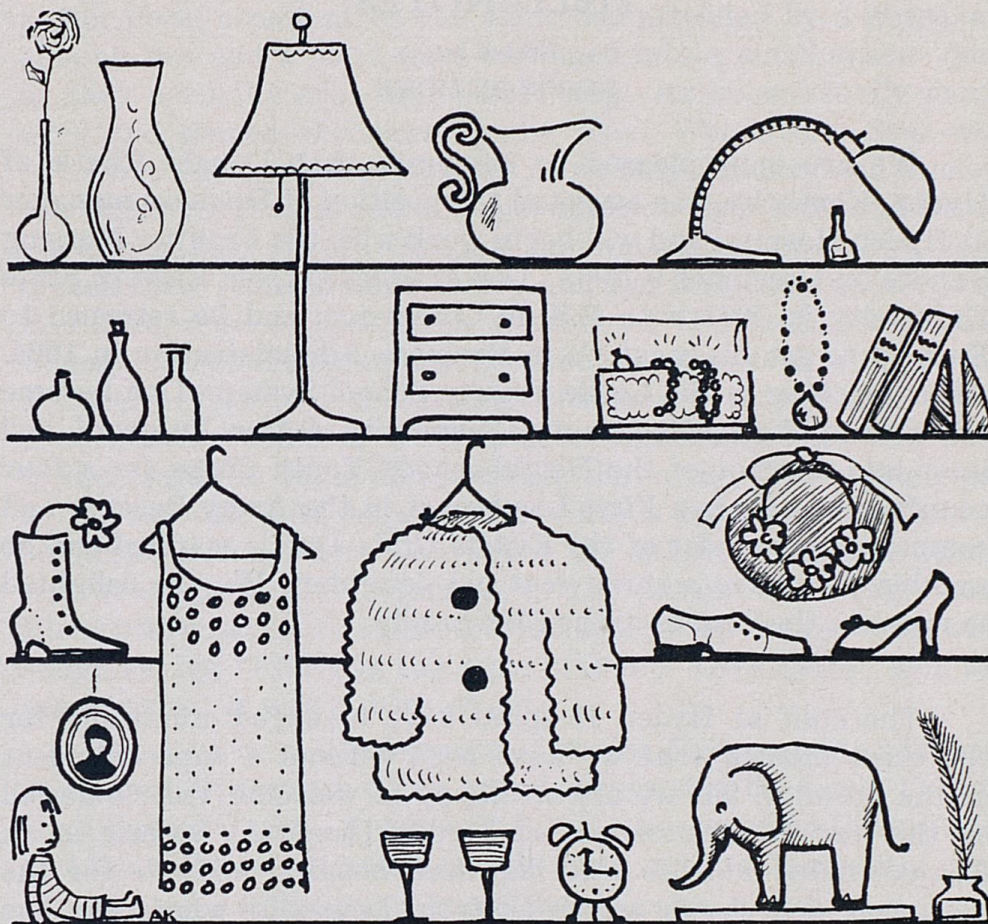
In the afternoon Mrs. Lynn McNaughton had a meeting and tea in her lovely home in Grosse Pointe. A good group of approximately eighty women arrived. We showed *THE ROAD* and Marvin and I spoke about future plans for the FNS. It was a most responsive group and many good questions were asked. I was delighted to see our old staff members Mary Jo Clark and Maxine Thornton Selim from Ann Arbor and old courier Margey Watkins. Roberta Erickson, who had spent one summer with the FNS as a senior student from the University of Arizona, and who is now attending Wayne State University, was delighted to have the opportunity of seeing our film and hearing more about the FNS and its future plans. In the evening our former Detroit Chairman, Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., gave a delightful dinner party in honor of the FNS.

Leigh and I flew back to New York on Wednesday. The next day, Thursday, November 14, Mrs. Cleveland E. Dodge gave a tea at her home in Riverdale. Leigh and I picked up our New York Trustee, Mrs. Seymour N. Siegel, and drove to Riverdale where we showed *THE ROAD* and enjoyed talking with Mrs. Dodge and her guests. I spent that night with Leigh in her apartment in New York and flew back to Kentucky the next day.

Once again I send my thanks to all the friends who entertained me so royally on my travels.

Helen E. Browne

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE**
 1579 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10028

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
 1579 Third Avenue
 New York, New York 10028

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

We are very pleased to announce that Donald Roark of Hyden, Kentucky, has accepted the position of business manager at Hyden Hospital and will begin work with the Frontier Nursing Service on December 9, 1968. Don graduated from Eastern State University in 1961 with B.S. in Commerce, and he returned to Eastern to get his master's in Business Administration in 1964. After teaching in the Leslie County School System, Don became Director of the Leslie County Community Action Program, and later was director of the Neighborhood Youth Corps for a four county area. He is a First Lieutenant in the Army Reserve and company commander of the Evarts Unit. Don is married and he and his wife have a three year old daughter. We are delighted to welcome the Roarks to the FNS family.

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The staff at Hyden Hospital have managed admirably for the three months that we have been without a superintendent at the hospital, but we are all happy to welcome Valerie Jewell as the new Superintendent of Hyden Hospital. Valerie is an English nurse-midwife who has been hospital midwife for the past year and she is just back from Louisville where she has taken an eight week course—required for licensure in Kentucky—in psychiatric nursing at Our Lady of Peace Hospital.

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The Seventh Annual Mary Breckinridge Day was held in Leslie County on Saturday, October 5, 1968, and was most successful. A good crowd assembled at the Leslie County High School to see the excellent craft show and await the parade which came winding into sight about 10:30 a.m., led by Betty Lester and two other riders on horseback. The floats were exceptionally good this year and it must have been difficult for the judges to make their choice.

Everyone who had visited Hyden Hospital recently appreciated the float produced by the Hyden staff. A ramshackled "Hospital", bulging at the seams, occupied the rear of the float.

"Outpatients" was, literally, outside the building. Hope Muncy at her desk, a patient on the clinic bed attended by a nurse, an aide or two and a maid were crammed into a small space—just as they normally are! Our oldest jeep—its holes heavily bandaged and pinned—brought up the rear. Wendover's float was "Ft. Breckinridge", defended by Anna May January and numerous children. Brutus had a school clinic on their float and Beech Fork promoted Health through Immunizations. Red Bird celebrated their fortieth anniversary and the first baby delivered at Red Bird rode with a nurse in front of the float. The Leslie County Telephone Company honored its operators with a very attractive float and the Hyden Elementary School had put a tremendous amount of work into the lighthouse they had built to illustrate the value of education. Even the FNS animals got in the act—various dogs rode in various jeeps and two mules, Jonathan Voltaire and Dan pulled the bright red wagon which was Wolf Creek's contribution to the parade. The Big Creek Elementary School float, an enormous high-top orange shoe, with a sign saying "FNS has the same problem. Give \$\$\$\$\$" won the grand prize. It was a work of art.

The Rev. Sam Vandermeer of Morris Fork was the principal speaker at a program which included crowning the Leslie County High School Queen. A delicious lunch was served on the grounds and the children enjoyed a bicycle show in the afternoon.

One nice thing about Mary Breckinridge Day is that it frequently brings a few ex-FNSers back to Leslie County. Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (old courier Mardi Perry) of Concord, Massachusetts, came down for a couple of nights. A more recent courier, Rosemarie McDonald, who has just been accepted in the University of Kentucky College of Medicine for next fall, came up from Lexington. Old staff members Gayle Lankford and Pat Moseley came over from McDowell for the day, and Doris Reid, Burt Lake, Michigan, and Ginny Frederick Bowling and Betty Scott Jakim, both of Ann Arbor, spent a night with Evelyn Mott-ram in Hindman, and the four spent Saturday in Hyden to join the fun and see many of their old friends.

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We are most grateful to our two Medical Directors for the gift of an Electronic Micro-air Filter which is a blessing for our

patients with asthma and has helped to shorten their stay in the hospital.

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We are well along with preparations for Christmas 1968. For the first time in FNS history, the Christmas workers have set up shop at Wendover rather than Hyden Hospital. There isn't even room for Christmas over there any more! The toys, clothing and candy will go out to the first of the outpost centers shortly after Thanksgiving and most of the parties will be held for the children during the week ending December 21. We are most grateful for the help given us again this year by two students from Keuka College—Suzanne Szego of Binghamton, New York, and Phoebe Gates of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania—who are spending their field period at Wendover.

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Helen Browne and Betty Lester have had the pleasure of meeting with three of the local district committees this fall. The Red Bird Committee met on Saturday, October 26, Beech Fork met on Tuesday, October 29, and Wolf Creek on Friday, November 1.

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Tom Howald, the senior medical student from the University of Cincinnati, who spent three months helping Dr. Wiss, left reluctantly at the end of October—and we were equally reluctant to see him go. We look forward to January when Tom has promised to return for three weeks.

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The Fifty-sixth Class was admitted to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery on Monday, November 4, 1968. Karen Zertuche, Shirley Dick and Joy Boese had all been working on the staff, and Carolyn Drumm had also been a staff nurse some years ago before going overseas to Nigeria. Both Janice Ruch of Flicksville, Pennsylvania, and Grace Miller of Des Moines, Iowa, have been working in Liberia. Ruth Blevins had been doing public health nursing in Nebraska and Beatrice Kornmann was previously with the Grenfell Mission in Labrador.

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To our delight—always—Agnes Lewis returned to Wendover

to spend the month of October. Among the many helpful things she did for us was to clean out and inventory the Wendover safe—a little chore that probably hasn't been done since the Garden House fire! She found some fascinating things which probably wouldn't have been in a safe except in the FNS! Jane Leigh Powell was also working at Wendover most of October and has returned to the mountains for her thirteenth Thanksgiving and, we are pleased to say, her first Christmas.

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We are glad to welcome several new nurses to the staff. Sheila Vick of Motley, Minnesota, Mary Buck of Winona, Minnesota, and Judy Becker of Lima, Ohio, are working at Hyden Hospital, and Wilma Lee Chivington of St. Marys, Ohio, is to be the new Hyden District nurse. Emily Kroger of Cincinnati, Ohio, is at Beech Fork and Molly Joe King, a nurse-midwife from Wellington, New Zealand, is working part-time at Beech Fork and part-time at Hyden. Kathryn Anne Kroll of Colfax, Washington, is at Brutus. Dorothy Hennings has returned to the staff and is spending two days a week at Hyden and the rest of the time at Wolf Creek. Juanita Hoskins of Peabody, Kentucky, has joined the clerical staff at Wendover.

Our best wishes go with the four nurses who left the mountains this fall—Margaret McCracken, Candy Griffin, Carole Howe and Karen Persson.

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We are grateful that many colleges have work periods for their students these days and that many girls like to take a year out of college or between high school and college because this means that the Courier Service is staffed during the fall, winter and spring months. Chris Boyle, Westwood, Massachusetts, Anna Johnson, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and Debbie Higgin, Edina, Minnesota, arrived in September and, although Anna returned to her home in early November, Debbie does not have to be back in school until January and Chris is staying on through the winter. Sarah Brooks of Weston, Massachusetts, and Katherine Newcomb of Greenwood, Virginia, arrived in late October and they have been joined recently by Ellen Bayard of Wilmington, Delaware. Both Sarah and Ellen will be with us for some

time and Ellen will be going to Hyden to help in the busy outpatient clinic at the hospital.

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Recently the United States Information Agency asked us for a list of overseas guests who had been to observe the work of the FNS in recent years. In fulfilling the Agency's request, we discovered that we had entertained guests from 58 different countries in the past fifteen years—which surprised us! During the fall we have had two nurses from Pakistan, Miss Akhtar and Miss Yusuf, and two physicians from India, Dr. V. Rahmatullah and Dr. H. P. Awashti, both of whom had met Dr. Rogers Beasley since he had been in India.

It always gives us pleasure to entertain Trustees and members of our FNS Committees beyond the mountains. Mrs. Clayton Morris Hall, chairman of the Princeton Committee, spent one night with us in early October, and a New York Trustee and Committee member, Mrs. Seymour N. Siegel, came down for two nights at the end of the month. Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, a member of our Board of Governors, and Mrs. Carey McCord of Glendale, Ohio, spent two nights at Willow Bend but we had the joy of having them at Wendover for lunch. Another Board member, Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington, came up twice on business recently.

It was fun to have a brief glimpse of old staff member Katie Quarmby when she stopped by in September. Other September guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jewell of Harrow, England, who came over for a three week visit with their daughter, Valerie. Dr. Manly B. Donaldson of La Belle, Florida, spent a week end with us and Dr. Joseph Alter of the Hazard Community College brought a group of HEW representatives over to spend a day with the FNS staff. The Rev. Roland Bentrup, a minister from Lexington who comes up periodically to give Communion to Lutheran staff members, brought a small group of women to visit the FNS in late November.

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As we go to press, we are looking forward to having the FNS staff at Wendover for Thanksgiving dinner. In England, members of the old staff will meet on the same day for their annual reunion. Their hostess this year is Betty Hillman (Hilly) who will entertain her guests by showing them THE ROAD.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE** and sent either by parcel post to **Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky 41749**, or by freight or express to **Hazard, Kentucky**.

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky 40507

Statement of Ownership

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1968.

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

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

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

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

HELEN E. BROWNE, Editor



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