

# Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 36

Winter, 1961

Number 3





*Front cover picture:*

## St. Christopher's Chapel, Hyden Hospital

"Old Christmas" January 6, 1961

The cover picture of the east end of St. Christopher's Chapel was taken by Virginia Branham. Even the children in the Kentucky mountains know about Old Christmas, the date when Christmas fell due under the Justinian calendar. Within the last generation some of the old people observed it in preference to the new brought-on Christmas of the Gregorian calendar. It is only on the night of Old Christmas that the animals talk together in the barns and that the Christ Child comes back to visit His world.

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year

Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

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VOLUME 36

WINTER, 1961

NUMBER 3

"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky., under Act of March 3, 1879."

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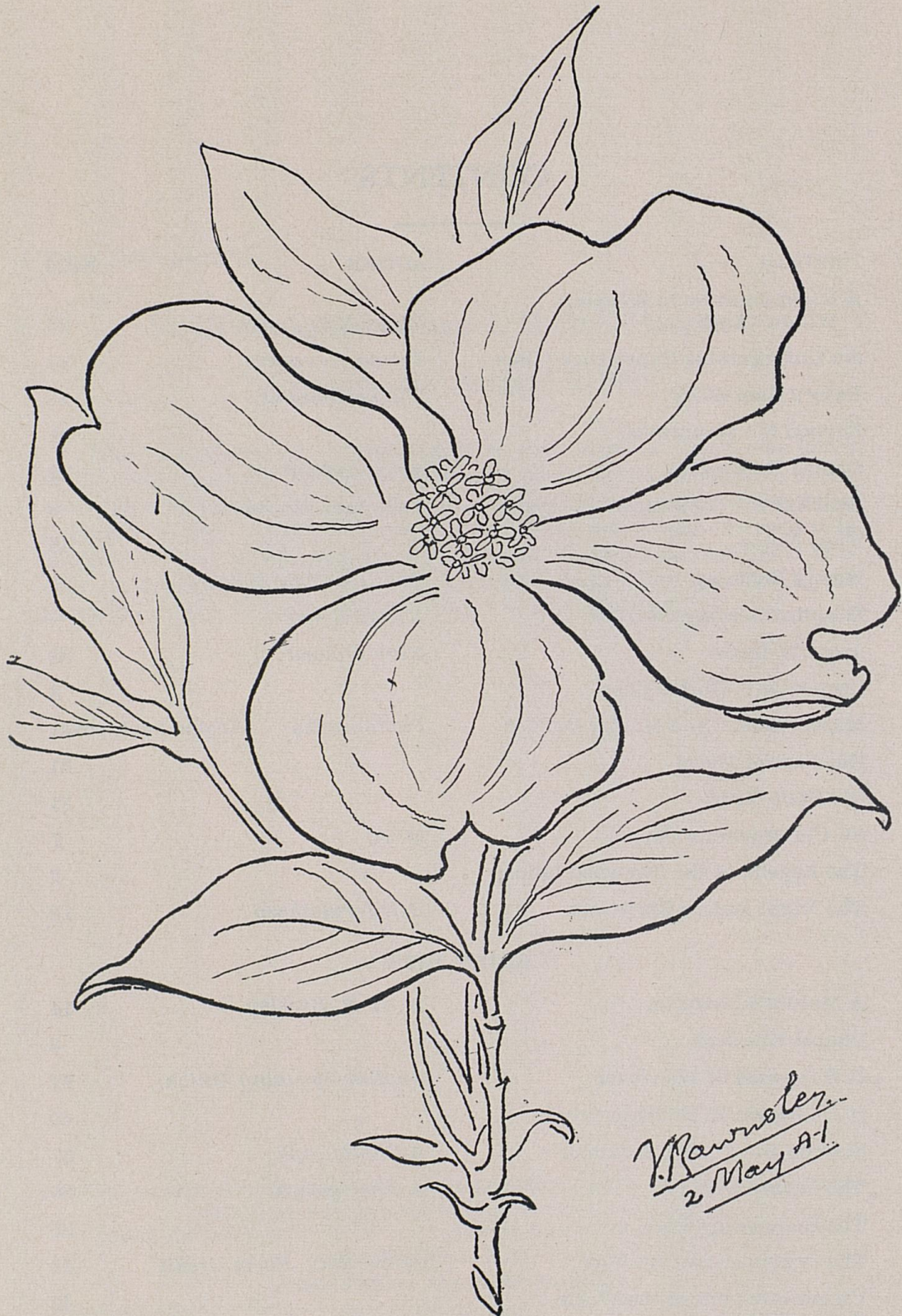
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### The Legend of the Dogwood

In the Kentucky mountains people claim that the dogwood was big timber back in the old days, and the Crucifixion Cross was made from it. In each of the four petals of the bloom are the marks of nails, tipped with red, like blood. At the center of the bloom is the crown of thorns. Christ told the dogwood that it would be a little tree forever after, so that no one else could ever be crucified on it again.

—Reprinted from Spring 1941 Bulletin



## LEGEND OF S. CHRISTOPHER

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NOTE: This story is one of the oldest Christian legends, so old that its origin is unknown but probably dates not long after the death of Christ. The form in which we have given it is taken from the *Legenda Aurea*,—a book compiled and put into form about the year 1275 A. D. by Jacobus de Voragine. The English translation used is that of William Caxton, the fifteenth century English printer. The modern edition is the one edited by F. S. Ellis and printed by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. of London. We have inserted punctuation marks and divided the story into paragraphs.

*Christopher said to the king: "Tofore or I was baptized I was named Reprobus, and after, I am Christopher" . . . . To whom the king said: "Thou hast a foolish name, that is to wit of Christ crucified" . . . .*

Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, and he was of right great stature, and had a terrible and fearful cheer and countenance. And he was twelve cubits of length, and as it is read in some histories that, when he served and dwelled with the king of Canaan, it came in his mind that he would seek the greatest prince that was in the world, and him would he serve and obey. And so far he went that he came to a right great king, of whom the renomee generally was that he was the greatest in the world. And when the king saw him, he received him into his service, and made him to dwell in his court.

Upon a time a minstrel sang tofore him a song in which he named oft the devil, and the king, which was a christian man, when he heard him name the devil, made anon the sign of the cross in his visage. And when Christopher saw that, he had great marvel what sign it was, and wherefore the king made it, and he demanded of him. And because the king would not say, he said: "If thou tell me not, I shall no longer dwell with thee," and then the king told to him, saying: "Always when I hear the devil named, I fear that he should have power over me, and I garnish me with this sign that he grieve not ne annoy me."

Then Christopher said to him: "Doubtest thou the devil that he hurt thee not? Then is the devil more mighty and greater than thou art. I am then deceived of my hope and purpose, for I had supposed I had found the most mighty and the most greatest Lord of the world, but I commend thee to God, for I will go



seek him for to be my Lord, and I his servant." And then departed from this king, and hasted him for to seek the devil.

And as he went by a great desert, he saw a great company of knights, of which a knight cruel and horrible came to him and demanded whither he went, and Christopher answered to him and said: "I go to seek the devil for to be my master." And he said: "I am he that thou seekest." And then Christopher was glad, and bound him to be his servant perpetual, and took him for his master and Lord.

And as they went together by a common way, they found there a cross, erect and standing. And anon as the devil saw the cross he was afeard and fled, and left the right way, and brought Christopher about by a sharp desert. And after, when they were past the cross, he brought him to the highway that they had left. And when Christopher saw that, he marvelled, and demanded whereof he doubted, and had left the high and fair way, and had gone so far about by so aspre (rude) a desert. And the devil would not tell him in no wise.

Then Christopher said to him: "If thou wilt not tell me, I shall anon depart from thee, and shall serve thee no more." Wherefor the devil was constrained to tell him, and said: "There was a man called Christ which was hanged on the cross, and when I see his sign I am sore afraid, and flee from it wheresoever I see it." To whom Christopher said: "Then he is greater, and more mightier than thou, when thou art afraid of his sign, and I see well that I have laboured in vain, when I have not founden the greatest Lord of the world. And I will serve thee no longer, go thy way then, for I will go seek Christ."

And when he had long sought and demanded where he should find Christ, at last he came into a great desert, to an hermit that dwelt there, and this hermit preached to him of Jesu Christ and informed him in the faith diligently, and said to him: "This king whom thou desirest to serve, requireth the service that thou must oft fast." And Christopher said to him: "Require of me some other thing, and I shall do it, for that which thou requirest I may not do." And the hermit said: "Thou must then wake and make many prayers." And Christopher said to him: "I wot not what it is; I may do no such thing."

And then the hermit said to him: "Knowest thou such a



river, in which many be perished and lost?" To whom Christopher said: "I know it well." Then said the hermit, "Because thou art noble and high of stature and strong in thy members, thou shalt be resident by that river, and thou shalt bear over all them that shall pass there, which shall be a thing right convenient to our Lord Jesu Christ whom thou desirest to serve, and I hope he shall show himself to thee." Then said Christopher: "Certes, this service may I well do, and I promise to him for to do it."

Then went Christopher to this river, and made there his habitacle for him, and bare a great pole in his hand instead of a staff, by which he sustained him in the water, and bare over all manner of people without ceasing. And there he abode, thus doing, many days. And in a time, as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voice of a child which called him and said: "Christopher, come out and bear me over."

Then he awoke and went out, but he found no man. And when he was again in his house, he heard the same voice and he ran out and found nobody.

The third time he was called and came thither, and found a child beside the rivage of the river, which prayed him goodly to bear him over the water. And then Christopher lift up the child on his shoulders, and took his staff, and entered into the river for to pass. And the water of the river arose and swelled more and more; and the child was heavy as lead, and alway as he went farther the water increased and grew more, and the child more and more waxed heavy, insomuch that Christopher had great anguish and was afeard to be drowned. And when he was escaped with great pain, and passed the water, and set the child aground, he said to the child: "Child, thou hast put me in great peril: thou weighest almost as I had all the world upon me, I might bear no greater burden." And the child answered:

"Christopher, marvel thee nothing, for thou hast not only borne all the world upon thee, but thou hast borne him that created and made all the world, upon thy shoulders. . I am Jesu Christ the king, to whom thou servest in this work. And because that thou know that I say to be the truth, set thy staff in the earth by thy house, and thou shalt see to-morn that it



shall bear flowers and fruit," and anon he vanished from his eyes. And then Christopher set his staff in the earth, and when he arose on the morn, he found his staff like a palmier bearing flowers, leaves and dates.

## THE DEATH OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

By LAWRENCE HOUSMAN

Christopher, who bore our Lord  
On his shoulder through the ford,  
After years (his great reward)  
One glad day lay down to die.  
From his body, limb by limb,  
Labour he put off from him,  
Till he heard a passer-by  
Stand before the ford and cry.

When he heard the summons sound,  
Christopher rose up from ground;  
Forth he went on duty bound,  
Murmuring: "Lest I work amiss,  
Christ must give me strength for this:  
This my latest labour is!"  
When he reached the ford at length,  
Spake the Voice of all his bliss,  
Saying, "Christ shall give thee strength!"

Humble, bowed, and very faint,  
At His Feet fell down the Saint,  
At His Feet fell down to pray,  
"Lord, I have not strength to-day,  
Thou must go some other way!  
These old limbs can lift no more  
That dread weight which once they bore."

In his face the Holy Child  
Looked and smiled;  
And His Voice grew full and wide,



Many waters multiplied,  
Saying: "Christopher, let be!  
Since thou once didst carry Me,  
I am come to carry thee."

Very gently from his knees  
Lifted him the Prince of Peace;  
Wonderful and Counsellor,  
In His Hands the Saint He bore;  
He, the everlasting Lord,  
Carried him across the ford.

Underneath, a level road  
All the trodden waters flowed;  
Not a wave was dispossessed  
That the Heavenly Bearer pressed,  
With the Saint upon His Breast.  
"When," said He, "My weight did hurt,  
Thou My beast of burden wert.  
Now for thee, My child and lamb,  
I the Beast of burden am."

—Printed with the kind permission of the publishers  
of Lawrence Housman's poems, Jonathan Cape,  
Ltd., London, England

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## ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL

For years we have read aloud the Legend of St. Christopher and Housman's poem on Christmas Eve at Wendover and at the Hospital at Hyden on Christmas Day. More than any other legendary character he has seemed peculiarly ours because of the dangerous ford in the river over which he carried travelers.

Innumerable times in our recollection has a mountaineer, a courier, a nurse reminded us of him. Only those who have to cross angry, rushing rivers on foot or on horseback can appreciate fully how deeply this legend has imprinted itself on our hearts.



Some twenty-two years ago the glorious St. Christopher's window was given us by my kinsman, the late Dr. Preston Pope Satterwhite of New York, who had it in his entrance hall. When I went to New York and lunched or dined with Preston, I used to stand in front of the window and tell him if we had a patron saint it could not be other than St. Christopher. He decided to give us the window and had it taken down by experts and shipped to us. It might have lain stored forever except for W. B. Rogers Beasley, M.D. He undertook last spring the erection of the Chapel of our dreams. He has told the story of how it was done in earlier issues of this Quarterly Bulletin, and of the enthusiastic support he had from all of our mountain friends and craftsmen, from members of our staff, and from other friends beyond the mountains.

The legend of the dogwood on page 2 of this Bulletin will tell you why we chose the dogwood for the cross. The tree was cut out of the forest in the Wendover boundary so that it was our very own tree.

Now Hyden Hospital has not only one of the most beautiful chapels in North America but the place it needed for quiet meditation and prayer as well as for services of praise and prayer. It is for the use not only of the staff but of the clinic patients and the families of the sick and of the women who have had their babies born at Hyden Hospital. It is for the use, too, of anyone in the neighborhood who enters it and any stranger who finds himself at our gates. A place of healing needs a place for prayer.

M. B.

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### CHAPEL KNEELERS

St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden Hospital will need three dozen kneelers. The first one has already been given by a little girl. The price for each kneeler, including postage, is \$4.50. We will welcome individual gifts for individual kneelers.



## HOSPITAL HEATING HORRORS

by

AGNES LEWIS, Executive Secretary

In Mrs. Breckinridge's room there is a plaque, given her years ago during the depression by our beloved "Mac" who was then superintendent of the Hospital. It reads:

"Just about the time you think you can make both ends meet, some one moves the ends."

How many times over the years have those ends been moved! This time, it was the Hospital boiler that moved them.

In the wee small hours of the morning, on Saturday, December 3, leaks sprung in all six sections of the boiler, flooding the basement. The nightwatchman was dispatched over Thousandsticks Mountain to "fetch" Alonzo Howard, our Hospital foreman. He came and worked through the night, putting out the fire in the boiler, cutting off the water and electric controls, draining the pit, getting fires going in the big hotel coal range in the kitchen (kept as a stand-by unit when the power fails) and in the two fireplaces—one in Dr. Beasley's office and the other in the children's ward. Liz Palethorp, superintendent, and the nurses on duty got out extra blankets for the beds.

The patients couldn't have accepted the situation more cheerfully. There was not a complaint from patients, staff, or workmen all during the crisis, which lasted a week. All of the patients in the general wing of the Hospital that could be safely moved were sent home. The remaining ones, regardless of sex and age, were taken care of in the children's ward with the big open fire to keep them warm.

Normally, we keep our midwifery patients in the hospital eight days. In this emergency Dr. Beasley let all those whose condition was perfectly satisfactory go home after the sixth day. This eased the bed situation considerably and we were able to move all the mothers with their babies who were on the closed-in porch, in to the inner wards. By closing off the porches, we could keep more heat in the wards. As soon as word got around Hyden that the Hospital was without heat, friends offered more electric heaters than our circuits could carry. Mr. Emmitt Elam, chairman of our Hyden Committee and a Trustee, was the first



to get up the hill to ask what he could do for us. Everyone was most kind and helpful.

At 1:30 a.m., Sunday, December 4, a mother arrived with her baby who had measles with broncho-pneumonia, and a temperature of 105.4°. The baby was placed in a small crib in front of the fireplace in Dr. Beasley's office. The nightwatchman kept the fire blazing while the mother nursed her child and rocked the hours away until Monday.

In the beginning, "The Matron" stoically refused to wear a sweater over her white uniform—that was against all rules and regulations in her British school of nursing. However, by the middle of the week, with the temperature dropping, she pulled on a cardigan, much to the delight of her associates!

As soon as the telephone exchange opened Saturday morning, we at Wendover got the news. Our problem was to get a new boiler installed as quickly as possible. We called our heating contractor, Mr. E. W. Hacker in Hazard, who said that he would settle down to the telephone and locate a boiler. Late that afternoon he had found one at the factory in Michigan City, Indiana—a long haul from Hyden. How to get it here was the problem. To ship it by railway or motor freight would mean a delay of ten days to two weeks. We decided that we would have to send a truck; but what truck? Ours was too small, and Joe Roberts, who does our hauling from Hazard, didn't have a license to haul that distance. We called various friends who suggested various men who might be able to do it; but, not every truck large enough had an interstate license and the insurance coverage for such a trip. Finally, we called Mr. Johnny Lewis with whom we trade. He had just gotten home and had not had his supper but he said that if we could give him half an hour he would find someone. In less than half an hour he lined up two young men, with a truck, the interstate license and, they thought, insurance which would cover the cargo in transit. They would check with their agent and they would be at the Hospital at one o'clock Sunday afternoon when Mr. Hacker met us there to get our approval on his specifications for the boiler and all the bits and pieces that had to come with it. The young men would then set out for Michigan City with full instructions and be on the factory doorstep when the office opened on Monday morning. It seemed so simple!



In the meantime, Alonzo, who had been on the job since early morning, and Hobert, our Wendover foreman, were in a huddle on when and how to get the old boiler cleared away and the boiler pit repaired and ready for the new installation. They decided that Monday would be too late to start—they would work Sunday, which they did.

Sunday afternoon, December 4, Mr. Hacker came over as scheduled, the specifications were checked, the order signed and full instructions given the driver for picking up the order. By two-thirty, all that was necessary to get the truck on its way was the insurance; and the driver's agent was checking that. We relaxed and came home. Six o'clock, and the telephone rang!! The insurance **didn't** cover the cargo and the driver's agent could not write the policy until his insurance office opened up Monday morning. He kindly suggested that it might be easier and quicker for us to get proper coverage for the cargo through the agency which carries our fleet schedule. We called our agent and he was good enough to take care of it at once. By seven o'clock, the truck was on its way; and by three o'clock Tuesday morning, December 6, it was back in Hyden—what a relief!

The temperature in the hospital seemed to rise, as soon as the new boiler was actually on the grounds; but the thermometer showed that it was getting colder—another cold wave was due to "hit" us the end of the week! Mr. Hacker's men and Alonzo worked all day and until midnight, trying to complete in four days an installation which, they said, takes two weeks. They hoped to have the steam on by late Thursday night; but there was a delay. Steel caps, very important, were needed and they were not to be had in any town nearby. Fortunately, the machinist in Hyden, Aubrey Dixon, who is an expert in such work, was able to make them and weld them onto the pipes. Hobert helped mount the equipment on our truck and they worked all through the night. By this time they were getting awfully tired. Strong coffee helped! At one o'clock Saturday morning, December 10, a week almost to the hour, since the breakdown, the last bolt was put in, the controls adjusted, the fire built—and again heat was on in Hyden Hospital.

Our gratitude goes out in fullest measure to all those who helped us weather this big crisis.



## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

by

BETTY PALETHORP, R.N., S.C.M.

Shortly before 11:30 p.m. on Christmas Eve, a little band of worshippers wended its way to St. Christopher's Chapel for a Carol Service. To those of us who had been fortunate to witness the birth and growth of the Chapel this was an especially happy occasion, for, to our Christmas joy was added the glad participation in the first service to be held in St. Christopher's. It seemed particularly fitting that the beginning of this new life of prayer and praise should coincide with the celebration of the birth of our Lord and Saviour.

The Chapel is beautiful, but the interior was even more lovely at Christmas due to the attractive figurines so kindly donated to St. Christopher's Chapel by an ex-staff member, Mrs. May Houtenville. They were placed underneath the stone altar and illuminated from behind.

About thirty-five people were present; a thrilling sight in church so late at night. We were very pleased to have a number of our Hyden friends, including Mr. Veley and Mr. Newell, our Presbyterian and Baptist ministers, in our midst to worship with us before the manger.

The service was short, simple, and very reverent. After the opening carol, "Once in Royal David's City," Brownie said a prayer for the Chapel followed by a bidding prayer. Then came six carols, one of which, "O, Holy Night," was sung as a solo by Elaine Douglas, and interspersed were three readings of the Christmas Story given by Betty Lester, Molly Lee, and Anna May January. Then were recited the Lord's Prayer and the General Thanksgiving, and on the stroke of midnight the Chapel bell was joyfully pealed by Jinny Branham aided by Molly Lee. With glad hearts we sang the thrilling Christmas Morning Hymn, "Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn"; listened again to the Christmas Collect and heard Mr. Veley ask the Blessing. Finally we sang that most lovely carol "Silent Night" and departed to our homes and beds. It was a happy Christmas for all.

Our prayer is that the Chapel will be the source of many blessings both for those who use it for private meditation and for those who attend the daily evening service.



## BABY'S OWN STORY

As Reported by

ELAINE DOUGLAS, R.N.

Student of The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

This is the story of my life. Actually it's been a very happy life, although there have been a few unpleasant things that have happened. The first I can remember, was several moons ago when I began to realize my pleasant surroundings. It was so dark and quiet and I just swam around all day long hearing the continual beat of some ticking motor.

I was warm and content and as time passed it seemed like I was growing bigger and bigger. I learned a new game one day; I'd poke out my arm or leg and hit this wall. I'd hear a funny little noise as if someone were surprised or laughing. Then sometimes something would poke back at me. Then I usually liked to poke somewhere else and see if it could find me. I called this game "Poke and Hunt."

Then one day something very strange happened. Every once in a while my little room would get smaller and push me up into a ball. At first I thought it was some sort of a game. Then these squeezes got closer together and longer. They began to push me down toward a little door. I began to get an awful headache from these hard squeezes and started getting a small lump on the right side of my head.

The door kept getting bigger and bigger until all of a sudden, there came some hard big squeezes and began pushing me right out of my warm little room. Things happened so fast after that and I had such a headache, I can hardly remember what happened.

All of a sudden my head was pushed out through a big door and something went over my eyes and nose and something was pushed into my mouth. It tasted terrible but it got a whole lot of stringy stuff out of my mouth. Then once again the big squeezes came and my shoulders and arms came out, then my "tail" and legs.

It was so cold out of my room and then, of all things, someone turned me right upside down and hung me by my feet and started patting them. At that terrible treatment, I decided to protest at all these actions and so I yelled! Instead of putting



me down, I heard a noise, like laughing. Then after more protesting on my part, at last I was put down.

Then I heard someone make a remark about "cutting my cord," whatever that is, but that's what they did and it didn't hurt. Finally something warm was wrapped around me and I was handed to someone else. I could hardly get my breath and then I heard a strange hissing noise—"oxygen," someone said. Whatever it was, when it was over my face I could breathe easier. Then I felt something very warm at my back and I fell asleep.

When I woke up I had strange wrappings on, so nice and warm, I almost thought I was back in my own room. Then I was placed in someone's arm and something warm was put into my mouth. I began to suck and then I felt really happy. Someone said, "My own little baby—how I love you and thank God you're here." I don't know who it was but she was so good to me, I decided to call her "Mother"—that name just fits her.

So I've decided this life is pretty good after all. My little room was nice, but I think this other place with my own "Mother" is just perfect. I'm here to stay. I'm a newborn baby.

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### A MOTHER'S DEVOTION

We had forgotten the severity of the snows and ice of last year until the mother reappeared at Hyden Hospital at 1:30 this morning with her sick child.

This mother's first seven children had been delivered by the nurse-midwives and she wanted the nurses to deliver her eighth although she now lived out of our territory. When her time came last February 1960, though there was snow and ice on Pine Mountain and her transport was unable to cross the top because it was so slick, and the drifts so deep, she pulled off her shoes and walked barefooted across the top of the mountain to the road on the other side. And so her baby was born with the nurses in the Hospital. It was a healthy child, but, in the last two weeks, measles have riddled her home. Five of her children had had them, and now, her baby had the measles with broncho-pneumonia with a temperature of 105.4. So again she crossed the mountain, this time in December, to bring her sick child to Hyden Hospital.

W. B. Rogers Beasley, M.D.



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

by

THE ASSOCIATE EDITORS

"Time, you old gypsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?"

—Ralph Hodgson

These were our last waking thoughts on February 16, the eve of Mrs. Breckinridge's birthday. We had just had three lovely springlike days, and if the weather were kind to us, the nurses from the outpost centers and the hospital would be able to get to Wendover for the birthday dinner.

Wendover had been buzzing for some time, making preparations for the big day. Mrs. Breckinridge had invited her cousin, Miss Katherine Carson of Knoxville, to come on the Wednesday before her birthday and stay on a week, helping go through some family papers. We, as a surprise, invited other members of her immediate family to come but bad weather at home kept several of them away. Miss Hope McCown, our devoted friend and trustee from Ashland, drove Mrs. Preston Johnston from Lexington on Thursday afternoon—a real surprise for Mrs. Breckinridge. Her niece, Mrs. John Marshall Prewitt and her husband from Mt. Sterling could not make it for the day, but promised to come on the Saturday. This worked out beautifully as we could prolong the celebration over the week-end. After all an 80th birthday comes only once in a life time.

Mrs. Breckinridge had remarked that "tradition is a terribly important thing," so she must have a hand in some of the plans for her birthday. Major Clifton Rodes Breckinridge, her father, celebrated his 80th birthday at Wendover on November 22, 1926, with a round cake with 80 red candles. She wanted just that, plus her favorite menu for the dinner—spoon bread and turkey hash, turnip greens, and spring onions. Madeline Gamble offered to bake the cake, using our very own eggs and butter. Where to find a round pan large enough for a cake that would hold 80 candles? Alabam came to the rescue and found a dish pan that was just the right size.



Friday dawned fair and warm and the birthday was heralded by Caryl Len Gabbert, the Wendover nurse-midwife. She stood on the mountainside above the Big House with her cornet and played a hymn of praise followed by "Happy Birthday to You." Mrs. Breckinridge, in her room, could hear the lovely clear notes ringing across the valley. "No birthday presents" had been the firm command from the lady herself. As all our readers know, the editor never refuses an article for the Bulletin and many members of the staff brought in their contributions. The animals at Wendover, horses, cows, dogs, cats, geese and chickens had sent their birthday wishes in the early morning, in the form of silly cards.

By 11:30 a.m. the staff had assembled at Wendover—three noble souls had remained on guard at the Hospital—and Dr. Beasley proposed the birthday toast which we want to print for you, our readers:

"Mrs. Breckinridge, here we are, your very own family, your county family, your Frontier Nursing Service family, greeting you on your 80th birthday, which has really come at long last. We are mighty proud indeed to celebrate with you today as I am sure many are celebrating for you in other parts of the world.

"And I take the pleasure of proposing to you a triple toast.

"First, a toast to you as our teacher. By your brilliant introduction of the nurse-midwife into the Kentucky mountains you have pointed the way for rural maternal care all over the world; and indeed people from the world to learn. You have taught each of us a very practical method of practicing nursing, medicine, midwifery, stenography, bookkeeping, what ever our case may be. You have taught us something of how to be a good neighbor. You have even been willing to teach us how to raise chickens although I don't think you've had many takers on that.

"Secondly, a toast to you as our Friend, Mrs. Breckinridge. You who have been the most enthusiastic, the most loyal, the most generous of friends, the best



humored of friends. Yes, we accuse you of being our Friend.

“And finally, we toast you as the Rose of Wendover. For years you have recorded in your Day Book the blooming of the first rose. But for us, YOU are the ROSE OF WENDOVER who has bloomed without fail for 80 years.

“A Toast to our Teacher, to our Friend, to the Rose of Wendover.”

The long dogtrot table looked very festive with its birthday tablecloth, napkins, and party snappers, provided by the couriers, and there was plenty of spoon bread and hash for everyone. Alabam Morgan, our friend and cook at Wendover for years, did a magnificent job in serving perfect spoon bread for sixty-odd people—no mean feat in a coal fired oven! Luncheon was served buffet style with small tables set up in the living room. Then came the great moment—the birthday cake—a round one with 80 red candles was carried in my Madeline followed by all the Wendover employees while everyone sang the familiar birthday greeting. Mrs. Breckinridge blew out all the candles and cut the first slice. Then she turned to the group and said how happy she was that she was following the example set by her father, and celebrating her 80th birthday at Wendover. She was especially happy to have Mrs. Becky Jane Morgan—the oldest FNS employee and the only other octogenarian present—share in the celebration. Madeline took over the cutting of the cake into 75 pieces, so that everyone could have a piece with the ice cream, which was being served.

After luncheon, much to everyone's delight, Mrs. Preston Johnston told the story of her trip from Lexington for the dedication of Hyden Hospital in 1928. She told it as only she can, and it was good to hear the bursts of joyous laughter that rang from all corners of the living room. All agreed that it was a wonderful party.

Mrs. Breckinridge received a huge pile of letters, cards and telegrams from all over the country and from overseas. For the day itself came lovely white hyacinths, red roses and yellow daffodils. Mrs. Breckinridge gave us permission to quote from some of her mail.



**From Santa Monica, California:** "In the name of her host of friends I want to salute Mary Breckinridge on her eightieth birthday, and thank her with grateful heart for her generously shared gift of true friendship.

"Much has been said and will be said about Mary Breckinridge's wonderful works for children, their mothers and suffering humanity all during her long creative compassionate hard-working life.

"To all this I shall not add further praise although she deserves more praise than can be given in words. Instead I would like to speak of her rare and precious gift of friendship. In this I know I shall be speaking for a multitude of men, women and children of all ages, in all walks of life. If Mary Breckinridge is your friend, you have a strong heart to depend upon and a life-long loyalty on which to count. She is always with you in loving concern, rejoicing with you in your joys, helping you in need, supporting you in sorrow, pain or disappointment. Your problems become hers, your successes doubled by her delight. With such a friend in life you can never feel lonely no matter how many miles or how many years come between you. This is a spiritual gift. It is a grace with which she has cooperated wholeheartedly. It has to do with the communion of saints in the sense that Saint Paul meant when he told us we were all called to be saints. It radiates like the glow from a great open fire quickening us with confidence and with a deeper understanding of others need for like inclusive warmth."

**From Matamoras, Pennsylvania:** "I wonder if you realize the happinesses you have created? I doubt it. Of course, the enormous and lasting and inspiring happinesses that the Frontier Nursing Service has brought and does bring and shall continue to bring, you recognize and know.

"I speak now of your joyous laughter, unrestrained and uninhibited, which rings through the hearts of all of us who know and love you as a human being, and not as a monument.

"I speak and know of your reaching out, with tears on your cheeks as well as in your heart, so any especially to the 'least uns' who exist among us all."

**From Wendover, Kentucky:** "We, your neighbors on Camp Creek and along the Middlefork River above Wendover, wish to congratulate you on your eightieth birthday.

"For these thirty some years you and your Frontier Nursing Service have been a great source of comfort to our neighborhood. We realize that to you and the Service we owe a very great debt; and we realize, too, that saying THANK YOU cannot begin to discharge this debt. But we do want to say THANK YOU anyway.

"We are indeed hard pressed for words to say what we feel in our hearts about someone we think so highly of. Therefore, we shall let the wise man Solomon's words speak for us:

'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;  
yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy;  
She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in  
her tongue is the law of kindness . . . .



Give her the fruit of her hands;  
and let her own words praise her in the gates.' "

*(Attached were the signatures of one hundred and twenty-five neighbors.)*

. . . . .

**From Boston, Massachusetts:** "This brings you greetings from the Boston Committee on your eightieth birthday. What a useful eighty years it has been! You should be so proud of yourself, as we all are of you."

. . . . .

**From Washington, D. C.:** "Greetings and best wishes on this happy day. We congratulate you on eighty years of achievement in humanitarian and civic affairs. You are an inspiration to us all."—The Washington, D. C. Committee

. . . . .

**From Seattle, Washington:** "Congratulations to the number one Kentuckian. God bless you."

. . . . .

**From Lexington, Kentucky:** "If all of us who have reached or are reaching your age, could accomplish what you have in your life time, the world would be grand."

. . . . .

**From Santa Fe, New Mexico:** "We will be thinking of you very especially on your very special day, as I will always be grateful to you for the happy years spent in FNS. You have always given so much to so many."

. . . . .

**From New York City:** "Dow Jones averages state that the sales of birthday candles soared to a new peak to-day. Here's hoping the dividends remain high and the income very profitable in the years to come. With much love to an octogenarian and congratulations."

. . . . .

**From Leeds, England:** "Many, many happy returns of your birthday. We shall be thinking of you so much and hope you have a wonderful day. I only wish I could be with you to help you celebrate. What fun it will be!"

. . . . .

**From Rennes, France:** "Je veux être avec vous toutes vendredi pour vous entourer moi aussi de toutes mes pensées a l'occasion de votre 80e anniversaire! Que Dieu vous bénisse, vous accompagne chaque jour de sa paix, renouvelant vos forces et vous gardant a l'affection de toute votre famille et de celle du FNS tout entier."



## CANINE EMERGENCY

by

JOAN ANTCLIFF, R.N., S.C.M.

Nearly everyone in the Frontier Nursing Service has a passion for a canine friend, I'm no exception. A month after joining the service I acquired a part "blue-tick" hound, whom I named Bruce.

Bruce and I arrived back at the center one night, when a friend brought four sick kittens to the clinic in order for us to put them to sleep. The fatal potion was mixed and the unsuspecting, but hungry kittens, ate and passed peacefully away.

Bruce, then three months old, was an inquisitive and mischievous puppy. Being engrossed in our humane service we had forgotten our new arrival and when going into the clinic to retrieve the remains of the kittens' meal discovered to our dismay there was nothing left.

We found a doped-looking puppy searching around for more food, but his breathing was much slower and there was no time to lose. Picking him up we rushed into the clinic, reached for the stomach pump and saw he had stopped breathing. One injection of coramine and two of caffeine and we sighed with relief for once again he was breathing and we could set to work with the stomach pump.

Bruce is now eight months old; he still garbages for food but is none the worse for the experience he gained on his first night at Flat Creek Center.

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## THE PROFESSOR AND HIS HAT

About to leave the lecture hall, the professor asked, "Has anyone seen my hat?" "You're wearing it, Sir," a student replied. "Thank you," said the professor. "If you hadn't seen it, I'd have gone home without it."

—*Coöperative Farm Credit*, Dover, Delaware,  
January, 1961



**OLD COURIER NEWS**

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Jane Clark, Middleburg, Virginia—Christmas, 1960**

I'm sorry not to have been able to get down to Kentucky last year. I'm in Virginia, at Foxcroft, this year and have had a few inquiries about FNS. Such fun recalling good times and I do hope to be with you all again soon.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edmund H. Booth (Betty Pratt), Norwich,  
Vermont—Christmas, 1960**

I hear you are going to have a birthday this winter. We all have one once a year. But this is a special one for you. Congratulations to you and wish I could pop in and say "Happy Birthday."

Lisa hopes to get to the FNS some year. But this time wanted to be north. She has a job during Jan. and Feb. working at the Veterans Hospital as an assistant technician in the lab that was given in memory of Andy. She will be happy there.

. . . . .

**From Felicia Delafield (Flicka), New York, New York  
—Christmas, 1960**

My best to everyone at Wendover. Now I am working at the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service in New York. I supervise work-study students, carry a small case load of foster homes, and also, work as a foster home finder. I do love the work.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch), Mill Valley,  
California—Christmas, 1960**

Sam and I are just back from a wonderful visit to Japan. The children stayed with friends here and we went with another couple on a Japanese freighter. As Sam had lived in Kyota for five years before the war when he was studying gardens, and as he has kept up the language, he made a perfect guide. We did things we otherwise never could have done. We thoroughly enjoyed the Japanese inns, their delicious food so beautifully served,



the friendliness of the people, the good weather, wonderful scenery and superb gardens. It was a marvelous experience.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edgar B. Butler (Sally Taylor), West Hartford,  
Connecticut—December, 1960**

We've been ski-joring behind our Morgan in the reservoirs. Recommend it as speedy means of travel in the snow!

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**From Helen M. Barber (Hought), Columbus, Ohio  
—Christmas, 1960**

After all our celebrating of Christmas, it does not seem possible that the Puritans in England objected to mince pies and the celebration of Christmas. Not until the Restoration of Charles II to the Throne (about 1665) could one openly enjoy a mince pie. The Pilgrims also considered Christmas just an ordinary day. We have come a bit too far, I think at times; but, surely, 1960 is better than this. May you all have a very pleasant Yuletide and a Happy New Year.

. . . . .

**From Paula Johnson, Saunderstown, Rhode Island  
—Christmas, 1960**

Despite being an art major, I am thinking seriously about going into physical therapy with retarded children. No matter how far afield I go, I always seem to come back to social work—and the FNS has been one of the greatest influences on me in this direction.

. . . . .

**From Nancy Dammann, Djakarta, Indonesia  
—Christmas, 1960**

I have a fascinating job. We are now working on a malaria movie plus several pamphlets and posters—have just finished a long trip taking photographs for them. Next fall I'll be home and this time I do hope to visit you.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Charles William Steele (Candy Dornblazer),  
San Jose, California—Christmas, 1960**

Our happiest news is our little Heidi Anne, born July 14, 1960. Our Danae is a lively 26 months, and a loving little girl.



Next happiest news—we've acquired 17 acres of true wilderness land in the Salmon-Trinity Wilderness Area, Trinity County in N. California. It has a "road" not unlike a really rough Kentucky mountain road. Both our youngsters have already camped there with us and we hope to build a cabin in four or five years.

. . . . .

**From Sarah Reynolds (Gay), Hudson, Ohio—Christmas, 1960**

I have definitely decided to major in art and have practically run my poor roommate out with all my many and various creations—and next year will be studying in Florence. Please give everyone holiday cheers for me. I would so love to be with you at this time especially.

. . . . .

**From Anne Archbold, Upperville, Virginia—Christmas, 1960**

How much I did enjoy my stay with the FNS this fall—such fun going out on district with Anne Cundle, staying at Brutus and doing all the other things around Wendover. Paris is great fun and I have been doing all sorts of things—have been hunting twice, the first time for stag, the second for roe deer. The hunting here is very different from fox hunting at home. It's all done in big forests, and there is no jumping, which I rather miss. I think we'll go on a bear hunt sometime, which should be exciting. Also, I went to some fashion shows at Dior and Balenciaga—quite interesting.

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**From Ellen Ordway, Lawrence, Kansas—Christmas, 1960**

The end is almost in sight and perhaps by next year at this time I will be on the final leg of this trip for a Ph.D. Last summer I stayed here in Lawrence working in the field with the little green bees I am studying. Since coming here to the University, one of my major ambitions has been a six-weeks summer field trip to Mexico to collect bugs. This year I am actually going and can hardly wait.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Ruth P. Chase, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts**  
—Christmas, 1960

Starting January first I begin work with SEMP (South End



Methodist Parish), an Inner-City Church Program in the South End of Boston, which is an experimental program aimed at reclaiming, rehabilitating and redeeming some 47,000 men, women and children crowded into a sub-standard area of less than one mile. SEMP includes three churches—the Morgan Memorial Church of All Nations, Tremont St. Church, the birthplace of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, and Union Church, a Negro Church organized in 1824. My special work will be under the ministers and with the older citizens—much perhaps, as I was doing in Virginia, but with the added appeal and challenge of so many races and nationalities.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Trenchard More, Jr. (Kitty Biddle), Watertown,  
Massachusetts—January, 1961**

Trenchard is an Instructor at M.I.T. and getting his Ph.D. in Electrical Engineering. We lived in Cambridge two and a half years till the advent of Paul Trenchard forced us to seek bigger quarters. So now we're in Watertown. Paul, almost 7 months old now, is a never ending delight to both of us. He is huge, happy and has a sense of humor.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Whipple Schilling (Bobby Whipple), Huntingdon  
Valley, Pennsylvania—February, 1961**

We have been in Pennsylvania for a year and a half now. I will receive my MFA this June from Temple University. I'm a graduate assistant and so am teaching as well as studying.

My older daughter, Chris, who will be sixteen this month, is most interested in being a courier as soon as she is qualified. Both Kit and Chris remember vividly our visit at Wendover on our return from Texas in 1954.

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#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

We have just learned that **Anna K. Bartow** of Cohasset, Massachusetts, and Mr. Sidney M. Baker were married last July 2, 1960, and are now living in Northford, Connecticut. We send them our best wishes for every happiness.

Our love and tenderest sympathy go out to **Marvin Breckin-**



**ridge Patterson** and **Isabella Breckinridge** in the recent death of Mrs. John C. Breckinridge of York Village, Maine. Marvin was our first courier and is now our National Chairman.

We were shocked and grieved over the untimely death last month of **Sheila Clark Page**. To her husband and children, and to her mother, we send our deepest sympathy.

Our hearts go out in full measure to **Mardi Bole Webster** who lost her mother just before Christmas; and to **Jean Alexander Gilcrest** whose mother died in late January. She was the wife of Doctor A. J. Alexander of Spring Station, Kentucky, who is on our Medical Advisory Committee.

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**BABIES**

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steffens, Jr. (**Jolly Cunningham**) a son, Rich Steffens, on October 2, 1960.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McCormick Putnam of Arlington, Massachusetts, a son, Richard Bruce Putnam, on December 9, 1960. He weighed in at 7-pounds and 12-ounces and measured 21-inches long. We are delighted that Carol Abbot has a baby brother.

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**THE EMERGENCY CASE**

Mr. Black was admitted to the emergency room to have his dislocated shoulder put back. The poor man's frequent yells could be heard from one end of the hospital to the other, as this was indeed a painful procedure. Being rather disturbed by all the unnecessary noise, the nurse in charge of the maternity department went to see what it was all about. "Come come, Mr. Black," she said, "Mrs. Grey has just given birth to twins, and she didn't even murmur." "Well," he said, "you just try and put them back!"

—J. A.



## A NIGHT JOURNEY TO WEEPING WILLOW CREEK

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.

Old Man Winter, I shall not soon forget how very generous you were to me in so many, many ways.

First of all, Mr. Flu Bug with the aristocratic name of Asian paid you an extended visit; in fact, a most over-extended visit. You two pulled off a joint trick to outdo each other in extending your generosity to old Mother Earth and her people. Mr. Asian Flu snatched the vigorous, the lame and halt, the old and even the least ones by the scruff of their necks, proceeding to lay them low. Somehow I managed to escape his clutches. But lo and behold, you, Mr. Winter, almost got me one fine day of your reign.

That day the skies were darkened. Snowflakes drifted down from the heavens. They covered Mother Earth with a velvet carpet of white spread over valleys and mountain tops. They robed her barren rocky knees and bare branching arms in garments of sparkling jewels. A glorious sight! Even the electric lines bowed low in reverence before all that majestic beauty. In their desire to show proper respect to this great work of art, they lost their balance and toppled over on their faces, leaving the Hospital without light. This affected the heart of our well, which ceased to pump. All circulation stopped, leaving us without water.

We managed to circumvent this by resorting to spit baths and working by candle light when darkness descended over the hills. You, Mr. Winter, endeavored to help us out by providing enough activity to keep us warm. We had to move continually at a sprightly pace. One could imagine that she was engaged in one of those famous Marathon races so popular some years ago.

It was in the midst of one of these stepped-up Marathons one wintry afternoon that John Brock had somehow managed to defy you and win through to the Hospital. He told us that his Ma was "a punishing bad with head spells. Goes clear out of her head. Don't know nothin'. Ma's nigh onto 70." Dr. Beasley allowed we'd better go see about her, since Ma was "nigh onto 70."

I dropped out of the race and skidded over to my room to get into outdoors uniform. (Crown, the jeep, doesn't believe in



being too bundled up himself. He prefers going in very airy clothes.)

We ricketed off Hospital Hill a bit before the edge of dark on our way to Weeping Willow Creek to see about Ma's spells. As we drove along the mountain dirt road, large fluffy clouds in their smocks of grey and black seemed to be doing a graceful dance on a carpet of sapphire blue to a waltz tune played gently by the trees in their garments of white. I had just commented to Dr. Beasley how beautiful all Nature was, when I suddenly realized that Weeping Willow Creek was gurgling and rippling as though Springtime had arrived.

I thought to myself, "We really do seem to be trying to shoot the rapids." I did say to Dr. Beasley "Do you think we can make it?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "John Brock made it." Having complete confidence in Dr. Beasley I settled back, pulled the mink robe a bit higher and tighter and left the navigation to him.

As we drifted around Horse Hair Bend, I suddenly felt very wet. Crown began desperately trying to do the side stroke. We found ourselves sitting not in the hot baths of the famous Spas, but in the cold rushing water of Weeping Willow Creek up to our necks. The blood pressure machine and stethoscope tried to swim for their lives. In a state of frenzy, I managed to rescue them. The poor old mink robe sighed and dropped down around my feet.

Dr. Beasley with the agility of a flying squirrel, took one leap, making a beautiful landing on Crown's hood. Beckoning to me in his white duck pants, he reminded me of a cop directing traffic at a busy intersection. As he beckoned me to come hither, the distance seemed to increase tenfold in my mind. "I can't swim, Dr. Beasley! Besides, there's nothing to jump **from!**" As my plight grew more desperate, the memory of an ambulance washing down the Creek from this very same spot and settling on its side in the tree tops, decided me to try and make the leap. I did.

Now there were two of us up on Crown's hood and nowhere to go. Fortunately the people in the nearest house heard us and saw our predicament. The boys rigged up planks, balancing them precariously on large boulders to enable us to make our exit. The planks, although suffering from a severe case of weak trem-



bles, were no obstacle to me and I made a perfect landing. No amount of coaxing, begging or wringing of hands, however, could persuade the Captain to desert his ship. So stay he did until a huge truck arrived and safely deposited Crown in all his drenched glory, along with a still wetter Dr. Beasley, on dry land. Into the kind neighbor's house we went to do a bit of dripping, not drying, and to have a cup of hot coffee.

We dripped a bit, had our coffee and once more started on our way determined to see about Ma's spells. Crown seemed eager to be off—humming along until we encountered Busy Creek. Evidently he thought we had had enough creeks for one night, so he stopped dead in his tracks, winked out his lights and bid us a permanent good night. No amount of coaxing could budge him. Time ticked on and on. We saw many lights flicker and heard voices that never materialized, so we decided to take to shank's mare. As we slithered, slipped and stumbled along; even the tree branches must have thought we needed discipline for they slapped smartly at our faces and pulled at our hair. In the midst of all this disciplining on the part of the dark night, we saw a light, a real light this time, and heard real voices. The very fine Jones family remembered that the Doctor was expected up the Creek. They had heard us earlier but had thought we might be some rather unsavory characters.

By this time we were really cold. So they took us into their gracious home, fed and warmed us and saw that Dr. Beasley got on his way to see about Ma's spells. After that mission was accomplished we tried a bit more coaxing of Crown, but the poor thing had ingested too many bolts and aspirated too much water to be bothered.

Wrapped in warm blankets we were brought back to Hyden in a truck by the Jones' very kind son. Weeping Willow Creek had her fling and the trip back through a dark silent night was uneventful. Now and then, however, the wheels did seem not to know in just what direction they preferred to go!

At the end of the journey, neither of us was any the worse for wear, although I am sure Dr. Beasley got several black and blue spots which he never expected. I have a habit of pinching whatever happens to be nearest me when I think Mother Nature has taken complete control of the navigation of any of our mechanical devices.



We had left a bit before the edge of dark, and now the old day was about to bid us adieu. We had been gone almost twelve hours. When we arrived back we found a worried Trink Beasley and a supper that had been waiting for us for six hours. She took one look at a very wet husband in what were supposed to be white duck pants, and a very wet bedraggled nurse and wondered where on earth we had been.

Immediately she went into action; brought us dry clothes and hot drinks, both very welcome to our cold wet bodies.

I finished off the late evening by providing a spindling attack on a straightback chair which just couldn't tolerate my wet heavy uniform. Dr. Beasley was still able to do the flying squirrel leap, only to find that not I but only the chair had spindled. "You alright?" "Sure, are you?" Thus ended my most adventurous day.

As I prepared for bed, these lines by Edwin Markam went through my mind—

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers,  
No one goes his way alone.



**THE CRUMP FAMILY**

The Rev. and Mrs. David Crump and their children, Sarah, 5½, Elizabeth, 4, Edward, 2, Alexander, 8 months. Mrs. Crump was courier Toni Harris.





Miss Vanda Summers (center)  
Mrs. Lillian E. Vitolo (left), advisor, and Miss Mary Beedenbender  
(right), president, Future Nurses Club

## AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

by

VANDA SUMMERS, R.N., S.C.M.  
Former FNS Superintendent of Hyden Hospital

The meeting of The Future Nurses Club, held in the auditorium of the Babylon High School, Long Island, was an unforgettable experience.

The welcome address was given by Mr. Cyrus Oyer, principal of the High School, and the Introduction and Response were made by the co-chairwomen, Mary Hinkle and Mary Beedenbender, of the Future Nurses Club. Pupils from neighboring high schools were in the audience.

The first part of the meeting was taken up in describing the activities of the Frontier Nursing Service. Then the slides were shown and finally time given for questions. After the meeting we all adjourned for delicious refreshments.

The enthusiasm shown by all those happy-faced teenagers and the way everything was so well organized is a credit to the faculty and the pupils of the Babylon High School.



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—December, 1960**

We had a very happy reunion again this year. Several of our regular old campaigners were unable to come, but we were pleased to welcome some of the newly arrived home. It was a joy to have Alison with us. She brought some of the latest FNS pictures which pleased us all very much.

I have two special pictures of Confluence in my sitting room. They were taken about 1932. It makes me very sad when I think of all that lovely, lovely country under water. Where will Sherman Huff go? When the river froze solid when I was at Confluence, he kept open water between his house and Mosely Branch and proudly told me that he had never let the river freeze solid in front of his house.

(Present at the reunion were: Nora Kelly, Winifred Dennis, Eileen Grogan, Ada Worcester, May Green, Ethel Mickle, Brigit Sutcliffe, Bridget Gallagher, Sara Swindells, Eve Chetwynd and Alison Bray.)

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### **News of Harriet Jordan aboard S. S. Hope in Indonesia**

—December, 1960

Jakarta, Indonesia. Dec. 21 (AP)—The first baby born aboard the American mercy ship HOPE—an Indonesian girl—has been named Mada Jordan Hope. The baby was born Sunday while the HOPE was anchored in Bali Island's Pandang Bay. The baby was named Jordan after the midwife who delivered her.

—*New York Herald Tribune*

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### **From Margaret Field in Jacksonville, Florida**

—December, 1960

The year has been full of significant events. One of the nice things about my job is the opportunity to travel. With my university, hospital and church connections I am privileged to go somewhere pretty often. January found me in a fabulous hotel in the Pocono mountains for the annual meeting of the Woman's



Division of Christian Service, the organization which employs me. In February I attended a clinical institute at the Florida State University in Tallahassee. One of our purposes was to recruit students from the school of nursing there as members of our staff. In June I travelled to New Haven to a reunion workshop for all the graduates of the new Maternal and New-born Health program of the Yale School of Nursing. I enjoyed the reunion with my classmates.

I have discovered that a little of everything falls into the lap of a director of patient care. Here are a few of the things I do: Show visitors through the hospital; receive and acknowledge gifts to the hospital and distribute toys and clothing; help train volunteers; help recruit and interview new staff members; coöperate with the various departments in the hospital; visit patients daily and investigate any complaints; keep my eyes open for necessary repairs; and direct numerous social activities. Brewster Hospital is a place of tremendous opportunity, and I thank God for bringing me here.

—February, 1961

I have reservations for the International Council of Nurses meeting in Melbourne in April, with side trips to Japan, Hong Kong and Hawaii.

. . . . .  
**From Barbara Yeich Edwards in Seaford, Delaware**

—December, 1960

Our two daughters keep me busy. Kathy at 2½ is a future nurse or doctor and at present a horse lover—a good combination for FNS. Pam cares little about anything except standing all day long, at 6½ months. She does it herself so I guess she is ready. She has been a perfect baby. I had her “natural”—what a joy to watch your own baby delivered. We are very blessed to have two such wonderful girls.

. . . . .  
**From Jessica Minns in New York—December, 1960**

I never cease to be thankful for the training I received at FNS. At the Koumra Medical Center in Tchad Republic in Equatorial Africa we introduced 1,200 new Africans to this world in three and a half years. In spite of many complicated cases, we



never lost a mother who came to us at the onset of labor. We have four African women who recognize many complications and manage normal deliveries superbly.

. . . . .  
**From Ninalei Bader Poore in Virgilina, Virginia**

—December, 1960

The children have been put to bed and Wayne (*her husband*) has gone to the office. I am listening to Christmas music and dreaming of my Christmases in the mountains. There was something really special about all of them which holds a mighty special place in my heart.

Wayne is doing fine with his practice and is very busy. We have had a number of deliveries at the office and last week we were inspected as a maternity hospital and hope to get a license. At the same time I will get my license to practice midwifery.

Our little ones are growing fast. It is hard to realize that Beth is now three and Matthew over a year. He is so like his daddy. We are looking forward to our third little one in June.

. . . . .  
**From Anne Hunt Rossiter in Bermuda—December, 1960**

I am still "baby catching." In fact I am writing this while we are all waiting patiently for a new baby to arrive. The view from the window differs from the hills of Kentucky. We have the vast expanse of blue water—to-day angry with fierce white horses as it is whipped by a 60 m.p.h. wind. We spent a worried night wondering about a friend who was about 200 miles off Bermuda in a little yacht with two students as crew. He sent in a distress signal, but the coast guard could not get off the dock on account of the high wind. News this morning is better with the yacht holding her own, and the coast guard only a few hours away.

My husband still goes to sea in pretty awful weather and stays away too long. We plan to go to England in the spring. I cherish a thought that we might manage a visit before we go home, as I would love you to meet Michael (*her husband*).

. . . . .  
**From Frances Vander Zwaag in Ottawa, Canada**

—December, 1960

May I thank you and the FNS for giving me the opportunity



to take my midwifery training there. I realize that students who hurry off at the end of the class do not give the FNS much profit. Therefore, for the very kind and friendly help in everything, I thank you very much. I hope to arrive in Amsterdam tomorrow morning.

. . . . .

**From Lois Miller in Republic of Central Africa**

—January, 1961

I arrived in Africa from France the first part of September, and spent some time moving from place to place. Last week I moved to our medical center where I hope to stay a while. I am teaching native nurses the general principles of a normal delivery. Our maternity department has only been open for a year, so still nearly all our patients are abnormal. Under doctor's orders I have had to apply high forceps five times, when the mothers had been in labor far too long for a section to be safe.

I guess I'll have to correct my statement about normal deliveries—I have just taken out time to supervise two of them!

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**From Myrtle Onsrud in Galesville, Wisconsin—January, 1961**

I am nearing the end of my furlough which has been a good one. I worked for nine months, had a vacation and a few speaking engagements. I expect to return to India in February. I shall fly from New York, have a few hours in London and arrive in India two days after leaving New York! It is hard to believe that one can travel so far in such a short time. Your Queen and Prince Philip are soon leaving on a good will tour of India. They will be given a great reception, I am sure.

I am enjoying the Quarterly Bulletin. How many changes I would find if I could visit. It is so good to know that Mrs. Breckinridge continues to be active in the FNS. May God grant her health and strength to carry on for many more years.

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**From Leona Carlson in Kiowa, Colorado—January, 1961**

Thank you for sending me news of the new Chapel and of your Christmas activities. It will be many years before I forget my Christmas Day at Hyden. I had the privilege of helping to deliver a baby in the morning; then we students opened our gifts



together later in the day. In the evening I listened to Handel's Messiah with Carol and Mollie's records and player.

This week I am completing preparations for sailing to Portugal on January 24. Packing for one year there followed by four or five years in Portuguese East Africa involves many things. It is hard to believe this is really me. I expect to come to grips with reality somewhere in mid-Atlantic.

. . . . .

**From Brigit Sutcliffe in Devon, England—January, 1961**

I am off to Oxford on Sunday to start training with the Queen's nurses. I shall be on a bicycle for three months, after which I hope to be able to use the car and have Naomi (*her dog*) with me. She has only five more weeks in quarantine. I am going to show my Kentucky slides tomorrow—so many people want to see them; and the Bulletin came to-day so I am more homesick than ever. Please give my love to all at Wendover.

. . . . .

**From Anne Cartmell Elder in Annisquam, Massachusetts**

—January, 1961

Mary Quarles and I were so pleased to see Agnes in Boston for the Preview. It made us both a bit homesick. Both John and I read the Bulletin backwards and forwards and love it. Your stories of setting up the new center were most exciting.

. . . . .

**From Bobbie Hunt Bane in Rochester, New York**

—February, 1961

We are no longer in Indiana, and hope to hear by the end of this week about a job for Norman (*her husband*). Jobs are very scarce here in Rochester—I guess they are everywhere.

Next month spring will be coming to the mountains, and how I shall miss it all. The redbud and dogwood couldn't be prettier anywhere else.

. . . . .

**From Dorothy Helwig Roberts in Seattle, Washington**

—February, 1961

I often think of Kentucky and the most interesting year I spent there. I would love to come for a visit, but must wait until



our children are older. We have two boys and a girl, the oldest nearly five. My husband teaches engineering at the University here. My only tie with nursing and obstetrics is with our local Childbirth Education Association. It is ten years old this year, and has been instrumental in helping bring about great changes in the local hospital delivery routines. I have taught mothers' classes for three years now, and I have found my Kentucky experience most helpful. Many of our girls are breast feeding which is a source of great satisfaction to all the instructors.

. . . . .

**From Marjorie Jackson (Jacko) in Dorset, England**

—February, 1961

Thank you very much indeed for sending me the Bulletin. I do so enjoy reading it, although it is now quite a number of years since I was with you. My brother has invited me to use his home address which will always find me. I nursed both my parents until they died and my invalid sister is permanently in a nursing home. She, unfortunately, fractured her leg just before my father died last September, and the bone refuses to unite at all, so she cannot walk. I had to sell the house and am now looking for somewhere smaller to live. Please remember me to those I know.

. . . . .

**Newsy Bits**

A son, born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. West (**Kay MacMillan**) of Wooton, Kentucky, on November 14, 1960. His name is Joseph Blair and his weight was 7 lbs. 14 oz.

. . . . .

A son, born to Mr. and Mrs. Willard Bowling (**Virginia Frederick**) of Ann Arbor, Michigan, on December 13, 1960. His name is Scott Edward, and his weight was 7 lbs. 4 oz.

. . . . .

A Wedding: Miss Charlene (Shot) Tucker and Mr. Frank A. Witt III on December 19, 1960 in Chattanooga, Tennessee. "Shot" writes: "We have just bought a new 2-bedroom trailer and are going to move into it tomorrow. It is a beautiful thing and we are going to park it outside the city. Frank works with Chattanooga Aero Service."



Our deepest sympathy goes to **Alice Young** on the death of her sister last November. Alice writes: "My sister in Vermont retired in June after teaching for 30 years, married in July and died in November. She had a ruptured ulcer followed by pneumonia.

"I will be going to Gallup, New Mexico in March to set up an OB department, and when patients are admitted in April, I will be night supervisor."

We were deeply moved by the news of the death of **Ellen Halsall**, on January 2, 1961, in Florida. Ellen was one of the very early nurse-midwives in the FNS, first coming to Kentucky in 1926.

As we go to press we hear from **Marjorie Jackson (Jacko)** in England. We send her deepest sympathy on the loss of her father last September. (See her letter under Old Staff News.)



**MARCUS AND STUART BOCKMAN**

Children of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bockman, Nome, Alaska.  
Mrs. Bockman was formerly Louise Fink, Social Service Secretary.



## JEEPS IS JEEPS

by

KATE IRELAND, Cleveland Courier

Several of our jeeps were getting old and the costs of their repair were increasing. Some had spent a lot of time in the garage lately and it seemed essential to get two new jeeps. Jean Hollins had not yet returned from Christmas holiday and Peggy Elmore and I were asked to consult Mart Davidson, the manager of the Gulf Station in Hyden, and Richard Browning, the Willys Jeep dealer in Harlan, with whom we would make the trade, and to decide which two were to be traded. We compared six jeeps, taking into consideration their ages, the roads and creeks they had traveled and the centers to which they had been assigned. I thought "Budget," seven years old and the logical one to turn in first, was in good shape—his expenses had been nominal in the last two years and he had that old "Army quality." Peggy, while Christmas Secretary last December, had driven "Red" to and from Hyden Hospital with no trouble at all. We would have to try to get the other four "olsters" in to the Gulf Station to be checked, before coming to our final decision.

Tuesday night the Flat Creek nurses, Mary Simmers and Joan Antcliff, called from Hyden. "Parker" had no brakes. Would I come out to Flat Creek and bring him in? "Red," their relief jeep, had "chugged" coming in but was o.k. and they were leaving it and departing in their other jeep "Sprinkle" which had just had a general overhaul. I promised to come out by 11:30 a.m. Wednesday, after I had met Mr. Childress, the soil conservation technician, at Beech Fork to get his advice about the pastures. Later Tuesday night Margaret McCracken called from Brutus to say that Sulky Sue had calved but had a retained placenta. Early Wednesday Mac called again to say that the cow was down and it looked like she had milk fever. Mr. Bra-shear, our local veterinarian, said he would go out to see the cow and I said I'd join him immediately after my appointment with Mr. Childress. "Red" and I drove the twelve miles to Beech Fork, and then the twenty-nine miles to Brutus. The cow was up, the calf was fine. Back into "Red" I got to go to Flat Creek when "Red" began to die—no pull to get up hills, and horrible



rumblings from the right front wheel. I stopped at Willie Woods' Garage and asked Willie to drive "Red." He thought I could get it into the Gulf Station at Hyden safely. I didn't make Flat Creek that day!

Thursday morning I called Anne deTournay at Red Bird and asked if I might borrow "Silver," (Rosemary Radcliffe was on vacation) to use as a relief jeep for Flat Creek. She said, "Certainly if you can start it. I can't." I drove to Brutus with James who was to shoe there and with Cecile Watters and Adine Stephens who were to work with the Brutus records. Sulky Sue was all well, the calf was still fine, but "Onward," one of the jeeps Peggy and I had thought in poor condition, had so little brakes that it was not safe to drive. By driving it on its gears I got it to Willie Woods'. James picked me up there and we went on to Red Bird to start "Silver." It would not start until I had been towed several miles and we found one cell of the battery had ice in it. James followed me to Hyden and by the time we got to the Gulf Station, the battery had built up and was charging. I called Peggy because it was then 1:00 p.m. and at 3:00 p.m. we had an appointment with Mr. Browning to get estimates on the jeeps and with Mart to get his opinion of their conditions. "Silver" and I left for Flat Creek; but, fifteen minutes short of the center that little red light indicating "no charge" in the battery came on. I was past the point of no return and went on to Flat Creek. There we parked "Silver" on the hill so it could be started by rolling down and I drove the brakeless "Parker" into Hyden. Mr. Browning had driven "Budget," the aged one, and said it had a good motor but the body was about to break up into pieces. He had also driven "Red," and said in view of the recent breakdowns he could not give us a high estimate because it would need a lot of overhauling. Then he looked at "Parker," four years old, and said, "This is the age you all should turn in a jeep, if you want to be economical."

Peggy and I were both sick at heart at the thought of letting our favorite jeeps go. She accused me of wrecking her "Red" to save my "Budget!" I knew that her unkind remarks about "Budget's" old age and general debility had hurt his feelings so deeply that he had just fallen apart! Nevertheless, we had to agree with the mechanics that, although "Silver," "Parker,"



"Apple Pi," and "Onward" all were depreciating, "Budget" and "Red" were the two jeeps to trade in first.

I returned "Parker," with his brakes adjusted, to Flat Creek on Friday and took a booster battery out to start "Silver." Still the jeep wouldn't run properly. For once I was in luck. It was Doctor's Clinic at the center and some of the men discovered my trouble. The fan belt was broken—no wonder the generator had not charged the battery. Mary Simmers happened to have an old fan belt which was put on and I tootled in to Hyden, just in time to meet Jean Hollins as she returned from vacation. She said she was glad we had solved all the jeep problems—little did she know! "Parker's" brakes still had to be relined; "Silver" had to have a complete overhaul; "Onward" is going on a wing and a prayer; "Apple Pi" still quits; "Budget" has departed; and "Red" is doing limited duty pending his departure.

Now we have two new jeeps. They are equipped with heavy duty gear as advised by the Willys Motor Company in Toledo: big tires, which make the jeeps higher, heavy duty springs, battery, and clutch. They are better fitted for the work of an FNS nurse who must travel up creeks, over rocks, through rivers, on icy roads, in deep snow, and over dusty roads in the summer. As we continue to replace our older jeeps, which alas, we must do, we shall ask our dealer to have the new ones equipped with the heavy duty gear. In this way we hope to solve our problems of too many break-downs; and to lower the cost of maintaining the fleet.

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### IT HAPPENED ON BULLSKIN CREEK

Father had just finished hanging a few decorations for Christmas in his store. His son came in from school and immediately caught the Christmas spirit. After a bit the father said, "Son, how many over at your school still believe there is a Santa Claus?"

"Just one, Dad."

"Who is that?" replied the father.

"The teacher."

—M. McC.



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of Trustees, members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year in the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington, Kentucky, on Monday, June 12, 1961. The meeting will be preceded by a luncheon for which reservations must be made in advance. Cards of notification will get in the mails at least two weeks before June 12.

The December 1960 issue of *Nursing Outlook* devoted a beautiful editorial to the annual report in the Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin for Summer 1960. With a delightful sense of humor, and with understanding and compassion, the editors of *Nursing Outlook* commented on the variety of things covered in an FNS annual report.

Miss Marjorie Bayes, Executive Secretary of the International Confederation of Midwives, wrote us on January 2, 1961, as follows: "I am sure Carolyn Banghart would give you a very interesting report on her trip to Rome. She really was a wonderful ambassador and the paper she gave us was quite excellent and one of the best. She is a charming person and we all enjoyed meeting her very much indeed."

Mrs. Edward Arpee (old courier Katherine Trowbridge) spoke about the FNS to the students at Ferry Hall School in Lake Forest and showed colored slides, lent by the Illinois Daughters of Colonial Wars. This was on February 15. Mrs. Arpee is an alumna of Ferry Hall and this school has been interested in Frontier Nursing Service for two generations.

Mrs. David Dangler joined Katherine Arpee at the School and spoke informally about her visit to the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center at Brutus. The Ferry Hall girls were enthusiastic and Katherine Arpee writes that several of them want to be couriers.

## TOWN AND TRAIN

On Tuesday afternoon, January 31, the New York Commit-



tee of the Frontier Nursing Service held its annual meeting. The Chairman, Mrs. T. N. Horn, presided with her usual grace, and the New York Bargain Box Chairman, Mrs. George J. Stockly, presented me with a big check for FNS. Other members of the Committee, the couriers, members of the old staff, and Peggy Elmore, all acted as hostesses. Fortunately, the meeting came before the big storm so there was a huge crowd, including a number of out-of-town friends. When the business of the meeting, and my talk, were over here came Webb down the central aisle bearing a birthday cake with 80 candles lit. Everyone started singing "Happy Birthday To You." I blew out the candles and cut the first slice. This cake was a special gift of the New York Committee to go with the tea given in my honor. I had the joy of shaking hands afterwards with innumerable old friends, including some former members of our staff. Before the big storm on Saturday, February 4, I went to many homes and saw many delightful people who came to me at the Cosmopolitan Club. I can't give the space in this thick Bulletin to tell about them.

On Monday, February 6, I took the first train that left New York after the big storm for Philadelphia. There had been plenty of blizzard there too, but the main roads were clear enough for my hostess, our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker; to meet me at the station with her car and chauffeur. On Tuesday, February 7, came the big Philadelphia meeting, preceded by a luncheon, at the House of the Colonial Dames on Latimer Street. Here too, there was a wonderful birthday cake for me in two tiers, the gift of the Philadelphia Committee. Before we finished eating, countless old friends had come up to speak to me. Our honorary chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, had sat next to me at one of the little tables. Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey of our National Medical Council, with Mrs. Scheffey and two other men friends, were at the next table. This whole big gathering had been superbly handled by the luncheon chairman, Mrs. Henry Glendenning, old courier Nancy Ingersoll, with the help of other couriers. With the McIlvains was my associate, Helen E. Browne, of whom more later.

Mrs. Drinker opened the meeting and presided with distinction. The secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Clifford Lull, made the report, I gave my talk, and then I introduced Brownie. She ran through



a batch of Kodachrome slides with comments on each. This was met with acclamation by the crowd that filled the room. After the meeting I drove back in Mrs. Harry Clark Boden's car, driven by an excellent chauffeur, and with my sister inside. My brother-in-law, Colonel Dunn, had gotten hold of a piece of machinery, a kind of bulldozer-snowplow, to clear the road leading to his mountain top. I stayed two nights and a day with him and my sister. On the Thursday morning I had to leave for Washington to make my connection on the C & O for Kentucky. A terribly nice freight train passed through the little University town around noon and the Dunns put me on it. In addition to the freight cars, and right behind the engine, it carried a baggage car and one passenger coach in which I was one of seven passengers. My nephew, Jim Breckinridge of the U. S. Marine Corps, his wife, and three children, had tea with me in the Washington station and saw me off on my train.

This Bulletin is long enough so I will stop right here.

*Mary Breckinridge*

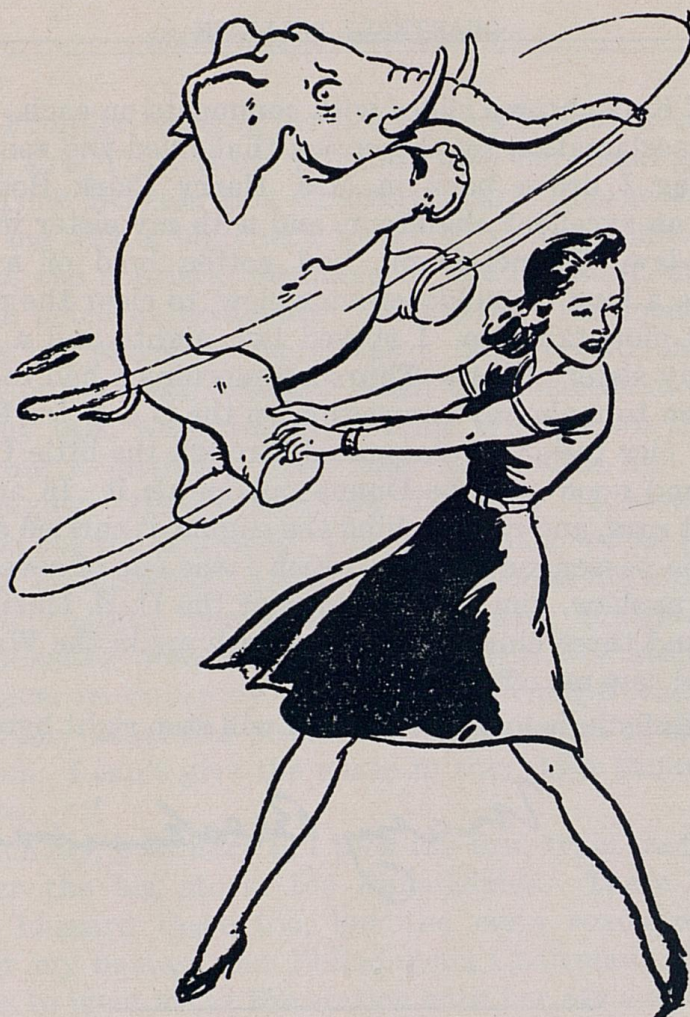
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#### UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE WEEK

During a spell of icy weather two of our district nurses were riding in their jeep along a narrow road, when the jeep went into a skid and turned over the bank and slid into the icy waters of the creek. One nurse decided it was not time for her to drown and scrambled on to the bank. She turned to look for her companion. To her surprise she found her sitting on the jeep which was lying on its side in the creek, and remarking to a neighbor man who had rushed to their assistance: "Oh, we were on our way to see your baby. We will be there in a little while!"



## 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

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## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
PEGGY ELMORE

Two of the most important events in the Frontier Nursing Service this winter, Mrs. Breckinridge's 80th birthday and the Midnight Service in St. Christopher's Chapel on Christmas Eve, are reported elsewhere in this Bulletin. We call your attention to **Happy Birthday** and **The Night Before Christmas**.

. . . . .

The Hyden Community joined together on December 19 to present A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols in the Hyden Presbyterian Church. The local churches and the Frontier Nursing Service participated for the second year in this beautiful and moving service.

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Helen Browne and Betty (Liz) Palethorp spoke on the FNS at a meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of Christ Church, Harlan, on January 5.

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We are most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brashear, the Brashear and Campbell Insurance Agency, and the Hyden Citizens Bank for the gift to Hyden Hospital of a new, and much needed, Croupette.

. . . . .

We are most appreciative of the Prayer Books given St. Christopher's Chapel by Mrs. Hugh W. Nevin, and of the Hymnals, the gift of Mrs. Jefferson Patterson.

. . . . .

We are deeply grateful for two new jeeps that have recently been added to the FNS fleet to replace two of the vehicles which were in danger of falling apart. "Comstock" is the gift of the Mary Parker Gill Fund and "Kip" is the gift of our Trustee, Mrs. Harry Clark Boden of Newark, Delaware.

. . . . .

The "new look" has come to the Wendover living room, thanks to Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Glendale, Ohio. The beautiful



new slip covers which she has given us, as an 80th birthday gift for Mrs. Breckinridge, have done much to boost our morale these dull winter days.

. . . . .

Two of our district nurses escaped serious injury in January when their jeep, "Miss Nell," went swimming. The roads were icy and they slid off a bridge on Baker's Fork near the Wolf Creek Center. The girls were soaked, bruised, and shocked but otherwise unhurt. "Miss Nell" had to spend a couple of weeks in a nearby jeep hospital but is now back on her appointed rounds.

. . . . .

On January 24, Mrs. Margaret Adams fell from her horse near her home on the Lefthand Fork of Camp Creek and fractured several bones in her neck. Dr. Beasley applied traction, after consultation with the neuro-surgeon in Lexington, and Margaret is making satisfactory recovery in Hyden Hospital. Two weeks later, Mrs. Nora Cornett, who shares the duties of the Wendover laundry with Margaret, fell from her horse and dislocated her shoulder. These two valued Wendover employees are laughing at themselves because, two years ago when Margaret broke her arm, Nora sprained her wrist a few days later.

. . . . .

We are delighted to have Norma Brainard, a December graduate of the School of Midwifery, back at Hyden Hospital. We welcome to our staff June Weiss of Auburn, New York, and Judith Gay of Nashua, New Hampshire. We were sorry to see Alice Martin leave the Hospital in February but consider her reason for going an excellent one—she is being married in March!

. . . . .

We have heard from Margaret Willson that she will return to the FNS staff, where, to Brownie's delight, she will take over the post of Field Supervisor, in mid-April. Margaret will arrive on the same ship that brings Anne Cundle, the Wendover nurse, back from holiday. With them will be Anne's sister who will join the staff as a nurse-midwife and their mother who is coming for a visit.



Our two junior couriers this winter have been Georgia Atkins, Pittsford, New York, here on her field period from Bennington College, and Leslie Williams of Cleveland, Ohio. They have been under the supervision of the Resident Courier, Jean Hollins. Kate Ireland has been in and out several times lately; and Jinny Branham has been at Wendover and Hyden since before Thanksgiving helping with "do-it-yourself" projects.

. . . .

A few brave souls have faced the winter weather to come and see us. The National Chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (old courier Marvin Breckinridge) spent several days at Wendover in December. Mrs. Martha Cornett and Dr. Mary Fox of the County Health Department brought Dr. Akram Beetar of the Ministry of Public Health in Saudi Arabia in for lunch one day. Dr. Beetar was so pleased to visit the FNS where he found someone with whom he could speak French both at Hyden and Wendover. Old courier Edith Harrison spent a week of her vacation from nursing school at Wendover and Wolf Creek. Miss Katherine Carson, Mrs. Preston Johnston, Miss Hope McCown, and Mr. and Mrs. John Prewitt were all welcome guests for the birthday celebration.

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We extend our deep sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mullins in the loss of their son, his wife, and baby in the air collision over New York City in December. Mr. Mullins is the secretary of our Flat Creek Committee.

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### IT HAPPENED AT WENDOVER

Adventurous people pass through the Visitors' Service Department each year. Last year one of our visitors, a hospital matron from Bradford, England, delivered a one-eyed calf in the hills of Kentucky. It was named "Bradford" in her honor.

—*Annual Report 1960*

English-Speaking Union of the  
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| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa.              | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, Danbury, Conn.    |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York             | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio        |
| Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago, Ill.         | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio      |
| Dr. Rustin McIntosh, New York               | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y.   |
| Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky.            | Dr. John Whitridge, Jr., Baltimore, Md.   |
| Dr. John Parks, Washington, D. C.           | Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.      |
|   | Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., Hazard, Kentucky |

inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

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

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

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



## FIELD WORKERS

**AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**

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

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

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

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

**Assistant Executive Secretary**  
Mrs. Ruth Mink

**Bookkeeper**  
Miss Lucile Hodges

**Record Department**  
Mrs. Cecile Watters

**Quarterly Bulletin and Donor Secretary**  
Mrs. Grace Terrill

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

**Resident Courier**  
Miss Jean Hollins

**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY**

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

**Secretary to Medical Director**  
Miss Hope Muncy

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

**Secretary to Superintendent**  
Mrs. Mary Whiteaker

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

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

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

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

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

## AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

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

Miss Muriel Joslin, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Jean Kerfoot, R.N., C.M.

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

Evacuated April 1, 1960

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

Mrs. Anne deTournay, R.N., C.M.; Miss Toni Lambert, R.N., C.M.

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

Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.; Miss Joan Antcliff, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

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

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

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

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



## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

. . . . .

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





## FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

### DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,

Security Trust Company

Lexington, Kentucky





**George Bowling, master mason**

**AT WORK FOR ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL**

**Oscar Bowling, master builder**





