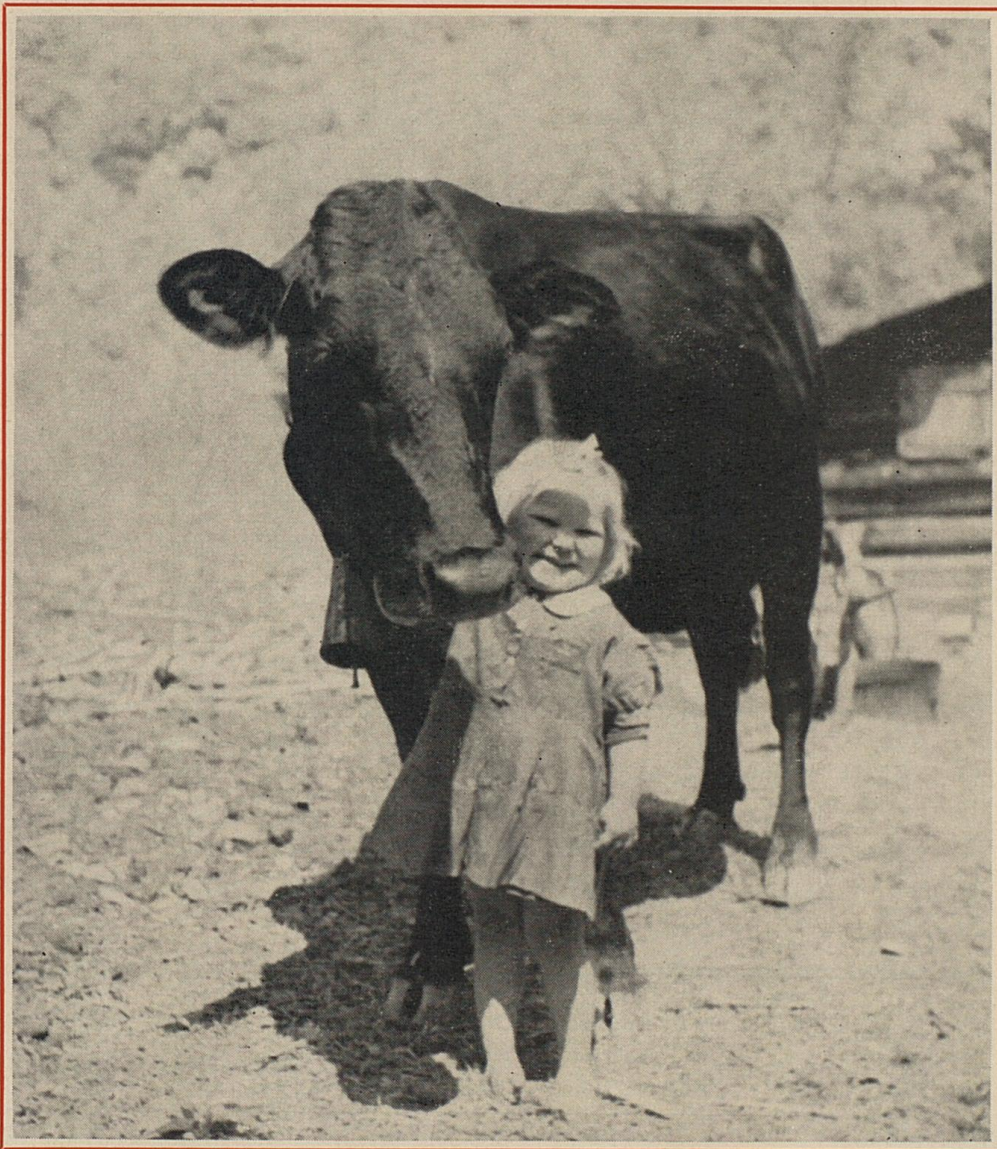


# Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 36

Autumn, 1960

Number 2



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD AND HER COW



CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AT WENDOVER

Picture by Anne Cundle

For her Story See Page 3

Cover Picture by Edith Anderson (Mrs. George Lawrence)

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN  
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### THREE SHIPS AND THREE PILOTS

Three ships of the desert all sailed through the night;  
They followed a star—'twas exceedingly bright—  
Their pilots were wise men from three royal courts;  
Their cargoes were treasures from three ancient ports:  
Merry Christmas to you and to God be our praise!

They sailed o'er the desert's dark mountainous seas  
And ripples of sand without even a breeze;  
No sextant was needed to tell right from wrong—  
Their course was well lighted while three hearts sang a song:  
Merry Christmas to you and to God be our praise!

The pilots all knew our Messiah was nigh  
When that brilliant star seemed so still in the sky;  
Three ships and three pilots, no longer at sea,  
All knelt by His crib in humility:  
Merry Christmas to you and to God be our praise!

Three ships' precious cargoes, unloaded at last,  
Before the young Babe the three pilots did cast;  
With joy and great thanks for Emmanuel's birth  
Like them we proclaim Him the Lord of the Earth:  
Merry Christmas to you and to God be our praise!

—Thistle

Sent by Henry and Carolyn Booth

## CHRISTMAS AT WENDOVER

by

ANNE CUNDLE, R.N., S.C.M.

Nurse-Midwife in Charge of Wendover District

"Will I be too old to be in the play this year?" asked 14-year-old Jimmy rather wistfully. Although he was the eldest of his three brothers and two sisters, he was still a child at heart and was tremendously proud to have been given the part of a wise man the previous year.

About three weeks before Christmas comes the first rehearsal of our Nativity Play, and this is the day that has been eagerly awaited by the children. Indeed one little girl has been asking her mother all summer long—when can she go to Wendover to be an angel again?

At first the children are shy, and some hang back waiting for their older companions to come forward and ask to be in the play. But they are all confident that none will be forgotten and all who desire it will be given some part in the Christmas Programme. By the end of the rehearsal, all are lustily singing the familiar carols and are ready to partake of the cocoa and cookies the courier has just brought over.

About a week before Christmas everyone helps to decorate the rather dark basement (only place large enough for the crowd), the stage is set up, and the tree which Hobert cut for us sparkles in the corner.

The long-awaited day is here at last, and there is great activity in the Garden House. One of the shepherds has lost his staff, Mary's veil is crooked and we seem to have acquired an extra angel from somewhere. But how can we tell that expectant little angel that she cannot take part, as she was not at any of the practices? So, quickly the courier fashions another pair of wings and a halo out of cardboard, sprinkles them with glitter, and one small girl is transformed into an ecstatic angel.

Finally, all is ready, and the chattering dies away as the first bars of that triumphant carol "O Come All Ye Faithful" are heard on our little organ, everyone joins in the singing. And then as Mrs. Breckinridge reads the familiar words of the Christmas story, the children very solemnly take their appointed places on

the stage, Mary gently lays the Babe in the crib, and Joseph stands by protectingly as the shepherds and wise men come in and gaze with awe at the sleeping Christ Child. Surely, here is the true meaning of CHRISTMAS that the children are portraying for us and that so often gets lost among the tinsel and glitter.

Before the children leave for home, the jingling of bells is heard and a very rotund and merry Santa Claus appears. The little ones who can gather enough courage, go up and put their arms about his neck and tell him what they would like for Christmas. Then there is a wild rush upstairs to the clinic waiting room, where each family in the district is given a bag containing toys and candy; and clothing for the really needy families.

Suddenly, Wendover seems very still and quiet and all that is left to remind us of what has gone before is a heap of clothing left by the shepherds and wise men and a halo and pair of wings made out of cardboard sparkling in the light.

Footnote:

### **CHRISTMAS AT WENDOVER**

A recollection by Mary Breckinridge

Some twenty years ago a little boy named Paul played the part of one of the angels in the Nativity Play. Some weeks after that he fell into a grist mill on the creek where he lived and his right arm was torn out at the socket. His father rushed him down to Wendover on horseback. The Wendover nurse, Sybil Holmes, and I were both in. Paul was in a terrible state of shock. While a third person phoned the medical director at Hyden for orders, we both worked over Paul. When the place where his arm had been was packed and Paul had recovered from his shock, we considered it safe to send him over to Hyden Hospital. When he became fully conscious he looked up at Sybil and me and he said,

“I reckon I’ll be a wise man next Christmas. They don’t have to fold their hands.”

## A REPORT ON HYDEN HOSPITAL CHAPEL

by

W. B. R. BEASLEY, M. D.



Photograph by Mr. J. A. Riordan

Despite best efforts, it has been almost impossible to keep ahead of Mr. Oscar Bowling (Master builder) and his family team. He and his son Elmer, together with nephews Clinton and Shafter, are not only quick workmen but do work of the highest caliber as befits the Hospital chapel.

All hands turned to to have the heavy rafters, the broad oak

planks for the ceiling, the styrofoam insulation, the sheathing, the concrete and asbestos shingles for the roof in hand before their arrival. Eugene Dixon created a lovely cross made of five iron bars for the west end of the chapel. When Mr. Elmore brought a large bell for the opposite end of the roof, Aubry Dixon laid down his work on bulldozers and made the iron belfry to contain it. The roof went on rapidly, while the window jambs were being set, and a scramble was under way to prepare for the floor. Using a mid-twentieth century method in this fifteenth century building, the ground inside the chapel was covered with two inches of sand and this overlaid with heavy polyethylene for a moisture barrier. The plastic was bound down by the blocks to support the sleepers, which, incidentally, necessitated that the carpenters pull off their heavy boots and put on thick, soft woolen socks to walk on the plastic while setting the joists and headers. By means of a special chemical and steam treatment the joists were protected against rot and termites. At this point the electricians came quite literally on the run to bring the wiring up from the conduit before the chicken-wire-supported rock wool and subflooring were put down.

The floor, like the ceiling, is of broad oak planks; and because of their breadth, they are pegged. Although as yet unglazed, the windows are hung deep in the flared stone recesses. Making a jamb for the East Window was no problem for Elmer Bowling; he did this with accuracy and dispatch, making use of a templet of plywood taken from the metal frame of the ancient window itself. When the facings were cut and fitted inside and out they were ready for the arrival of the expert in stained glass.

Mr. Riordan, our Cincinnati Expert, came at 2:30 Thursday afternoon, November 17. No, indeed, he did not wish to rest after his 7-hour drive; he was ready to work. Carpenters laid down their tools; stone masons put aside their trowels and brought their truck (for hauling stone) down the mountain to Joy House. The window had been in that attic untouched for 21 years and was carefully braced in its crating at that time by Oscar Bowling himself. As they left the chapel to go down for it, Oscar called out that when it had been put into the attic he had had to take out the door jamb to get it in. Such difficulties did not need to be repeated, however, at this time the window was removed from its crate and all pitched in with a will to carry it



down to the truckbed. There it was held upright by Alonzo and Shafter while the rest returned to the attic for the separately packed central panel of St. Christopher. It was stood on its side on a mattress on the bed of the truck.

As lovely a sight as one could wish to see was that of the great old window being balanced on the truck by a dozen careful hands while the driver carefully climbed the winding hospital road in the autumn afternoon. It was unloaded with equal simplicity. Putty was expertly smeared around the jamb and the window was set in. The beading tacked around and all was now ready for the final step, that of setting in the central panel of this masterpiece. Mrs. E. J. Moore was there with her camera. The Matron, the Hospital Midwife, and a large crowd of keenly interested spectators stood by to view for the first time this ancient glass at the time of its installation. So, Alonzo and Wiley and Oscar lifted it into place under the expert's supervision.

But it didn't fit. We were aghast. This could mean taking out the leaded glass, reworking the steel frames, releading the glass, and finally completing the installation. Various attempts were made to grind off the bulge of the frame, to remove hinges and put it in backwards. All failed. Suddenly Wiley suggested that the frame might be forced apart by pounding in a small stick of proper length. With no further ado, the carpenters cut it. The hammer was put in Mr. Riordan's hand and he pounded in the first wedge; and then a second; and then a third. The central panel slipped in as though nothing had been amiss. The props were removed, and as the frame resumed its form the panel was firmly gripped in place, never again to be removed. The time was just 4:30. In two hours the most dangerous part of the job was over.

The window is quite as lovely as we had been led to expect. Its colors blend beautifully with the yet more ancient sandstone. Small fishes are in the stream at St. Christopher's feet and he carries in hand a staff with an unidentified flower while behind him is considerable blue, rather like the blue of the nurses' winter uniform.

Next morning the problem of the glass for the side window was settled and arrangements were promptly made with Mr. Hensley of Harlan for a storm window of polished wire glass, the mullions of which are to duplicate those of the old one. This

week coming, the pegged floor will be sanded and stained; the finishing touches of the glazing will probably be done, and the Master Mason will begin the final phase of his work. There are to be two small bits of carving next the lintel and the stone altar must be made. George Bowling has already cut the six-foot slab for the altar and the great blocks of stone are there for the legs. Skimmer John is working on the dogwood cross and the candle sticks are begun under Aubry Dixon's hand. Soon the temporary door will be replaced by the heavy chestnut oak one with its strap hinges.

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#### THE SPIDER

A noiseless, patient spider,  
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood,  
    isolated;  
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,  
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament,  
    out of itself;  
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,  
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of  
    space,  
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking  
    the spheres, to connect them;  
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd—till  
    the ductile anchor hold;  
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch some-  
    where, O my Soul.

—Walt Whitman

### OUR MAIL BAG

**From a Trustee in Upstate New York:** The whole Bulletin was wonderful. Such a fine financial statement and the best line of all "No maternal deaths." It always gives me a thrill as I'm sure it does you—a remarkable achievement from any angle.

**From a Friend in Kentucky:** First of all, I should say that my personal interest in the FNS is very great since my three daughters and I myself were delivered by the Midwives of the FNS. No organization provides a greater service to the people of this area.

**From a Friend in Pennsylvania:** I can't begin to tell you what an inspiration the Frontier Nursing Service has meant to me. I eagerly read each Bulletin and every department of it. The poems, the news of the Service, the stories of those wonderful nurses, and letters from your former nurses and couriers, even the jokes, seem in a different atmosphere from this age.

**From a Retired Diplomat.** . . . an opportunity to review the FNS's Summer Bulletin in which I noted a comment on yesterday and today written over your signature. I find myself in entire agreement with its tenor.

**From the husband of a New England courier:** . . . read the Bulletin from cover to cover.

**From a Friend in Wisconsin:** I enjoy reading the Bulletin and over the years have almost come to feel I know the people who make up the Frontier group.

**From a Recent Letter:** Have just finished your wonderful *Wide Neighborhoods*. It has moved me as no other book has done in many a day. . . . You might be interested to know that the copy I have just finished reading is the one you gave to our Central Baptist Hospital. Mr. Coggins, the Administrator, loaned it to me. . . . I know a little of the mountains and of the worth of the mountain people—to me the most genuine people to be found anywhere. . . . The part about Adeline was so beautiful and helpful. I copied some of that down to keep and refer to—especially this—"Her windows were kept so clean that Life and Love and Light streamed through them—to reach the maimed and the halt and the blind."

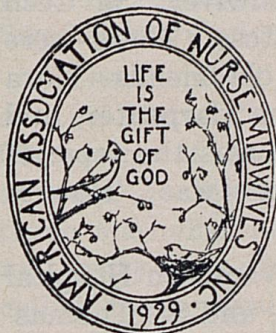


On Board the launch "Fair Lady," luncheon guests of the Editor of the *Nursing Mirror*, Miss J. Elise Gordon, are Carolyn A. Banghart, Kentucky; Sally Yoemans, Chicago; Helen Rowe, Great Britain (Queen's Midwife); E. Springer, Republic of Panama.



The luncheon hostess (seated fourth from the left) with a group of her guests among whom is our own Catherine Lory (seated at far right) who is working with U. S. O. M. to Liberia.

*Nursing Mirror* photographs



## THE TRIP TO ROME

by

CAROLYN BANGHART, R.N., C.M., B.S.

It was a great privilege to represent the American Association of Nurse-Midwives at the twelfth congress of the International Confederation of Midwives in Rome. I was one of a group of ten nurse-midwives from the United States who attended the congress. Before going to Rome we spent two weeks on a tour, which included professional visits to maternity hospitals and midwifery training schools in five different countries. Through the splendid efforts of Miss Marjorie Bayes, Executive Secretary of the I.C.M., and the Convoy's Travel Service, a full schedule of interesting activities had been planned.

The warm welcome we received in Edinburgh, our first stop after leaving the transatlantic plane at Prestwick, Scotland, was repeated wherever we went. Miss Jean Ferlie, President of the Royal College of Midwives, together with Miss Beckett, Chairman of the Scottish Council, Miss Taylor, Matron of Simpson Memorial Maternity Hospital, and Miss Grant, the senior tutor there, extended warm greetings and hospitality.

We were blessed with clear weather on the flight down to London, and could see the lovely lake district. Arriving in London we were met by Miss Bayes and Miss Margaret Atfield, tutor at the Royal College of Midwives. They graciously welcomed us on behalf of the College, and the British Midwives. Within a short time we were taken to "Fair Lady," a boat on Regent's Park Canal. Miss Gordon, Editor of the *Nursing Mirror*, and our hostess, had chosen a unique place for the luncheon in our honor. We were delighted to meet Miss Helen Rowe, Queen Elizabeth's Midwife, and Lady Peel, wife of Sir John Peel, the Queen's Obstetrician. Both of these kind ladies were also luncheon guests.

A reception at the R.C.M. enabled us to meet some leading

specialists in obstetrics, and many British Midwives. Sir Cecil and Miss Ferlie Wakeley were host and hostess. There were many old and new friends to greet. Among the old friends—Nora Kelly, Eve Chetwynd, Elizabeth Hillman, Jane Carpenter, and Marion Hickson—FNS, so dear to our hearts, was the topic of conversation. First, among numerous questions was, "How is Mrs. Breckinridge?"

Among the hospital visits were trips to Woolwich Hospital for Mothers and Babies, the General Lying-In, and St. Thomas' Hospital. There was also a lecture and demonstration by Dr. Perchard on, "the place of hypnosis and suggestion in the antenatal program."

Leaving London for Amsterdam it was, "Goodbye, I'll see you in Rome," for many of the people we met in our visits were going to the congress in Rome, also.

In Amsterdam there was an excellent tour through a midwifery training school, Kweekschool voor Vroedvrouwen. General nurses training is not required of the student midwife; however, the trend is towards a basic nursing program first and then midwifery as in Great Britain. Dr. Huitema, the director of the school, had been a guest of the FNS only two weeks before, and had attended a home delivery with a student and myself in a district home on Buffalo Hill.

The visit to Geneva was the Palais des Nations (W.H.O.) was interesting and informative. Dr. Mortara of the Maternal and Child Health Unit and Miss Lyle Creelman, Chief Nurse, told us of the structure and functions of the W.H.O. with special reference to their own fields. They mentioned the great need for trained personnel for the developing countries.

In Geneva there was also an interesting visit to the Hôpital Cantonal and University Clinic of Obstetrics and Gynecology. Mlle. Audrie Reymond, the director of the Obstetrics Clinic, showed us through her hospital. We saw her a few days later in Rome as she too was a delegate to the I.C.M.

Then, there was Rome and the Congress. Over 1,400 trained midwives from 41 countries filled the beautiful Palazzo dei Congressi in the immense E.U.R., a few miles outside the city. There, in an atmosphere like the United Nations, complete with ear-phones and simultaneous translation the work of the congress

went on in English, French, Spanish and Italian (German and Swedish were added during the group discussions).

The theme of the Congress was, "The Midwife in the World of the Future." Dr. Sarwono Prawirohardjo, Professor of Obstetrics at the University in Indonesia, gave the opening address. In his very stimulating talk he said, "There are only three specialist health workers who are competent to provide maternity care of a high standard. They are the obstetric specialist, the general practitioner obstetrician, and the trained midwife. It is impossible for the obstetrician and the G.P.O. to care adequately for all the pregnancies and labors themselves, and therefore they will have to intrust a large part of this care to the trained midwife. Apart from this, the midwife has an important function as a health educator. In developing countries this is particularly important, for in these countries she is the backbone of the maternal and child health work."

After this address, and for the next four days, there were 21 papers presented by delegates from as many countries. Group discussions came after all the papers had been given. The functions of the trained midwife today and her role in the future were discussed at length.

New associations (national) of midwives were admitted to the I.C.M. The Republic of China, which had been sponsored by our American Association of Nurse-Midwives and Great Britain, had Miss Lillian Chang, former visitor to FNS, as its representative. Nigeria and Guatemala were the other new member countries. To become a member to the I.C.M. the country must have a professional organization of trained midwives.

The Congress ended on a note of the midwife's great responsibility in helping to make the world a better place in which to live.

The next congress of the I.C.M. will be held in Spain in 1963.

## THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE MIDWIFE TO THE INDIVIDUAL AND HER FAMILY

by

CAROLYN A. BANGHART, R.N., C.M., B.S. (Ed.)

Dean, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Member, Board of American Association of Nurse-Midwives

Presented to the International Congress of Midwives

Rome, Italy. October 1960

Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a privilege and a pleasure to take part in this Congress. I wish to extend greetings to all of you from the American Midwives.

Midwifery is not generally accepted in the United States by the Medical Profession. But through the example set by the few trained midwives (approximately 400), and with the great interest shown by such a person as Dr. Eastman, Professor Emeritus of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, and a speaker at a former Congress, we feel the time is coming when the College of Obstetrics and Gynecology will accept the nurse-midwife and will promote the development of more midwifery training schools. Midwifery is developing along different lines in the United States; however, the aims are essentially the same.

In my paper I will be repeating facts and ideas which have already been so well presented; nevertheless, these facts and ideas can bear repetition. I will refer to midwifery practices of the Frontier Nursing Service for that is the work I know.

I would like to add at this time a special note of gratitude to Great Britain for the great contribution to midwifery in the United States. It was principally from there that the first trained midwives used in the United States came, and where Americans received training before any schools were established in the United States. **THANK YOU, GREAT BRITAIN.**

. . . .

Years ago, a great pioneer in the field of public health nursing, Miss Lillian D. Wald, described the function of the public health nurse as, "the promotion of right living, beginning even



before life itself is brought forth, through infancy into school life, on through adolescence, with its appeal to repair the omissions of the last generation, and, finally, to help potential parents to do better for themselves and the oncoming generations than has ever been done before." Nurse-midwives working with the Frontier Nursing Service in the rugged, mountain country of Southeastern Kentucky have every opportunity to demonstrate this challenging function, which can be equally applied to the trained midwife. Living among the people to whom nursing care is given, they see the mother through pregnancy, deliver her baby in the home or rural hospital, or assist the medical director when complications arise and intervention is necessary. Infants are closely followed throughout the hazardous early days of life, past the formative years of childhood, to adolescence and adult life.

The trained midwife is a public health worker, and as such plays an important role in maternal and child health. You and I know that the midwife has a ready entry into a home. She is, perhaps, brought more closely into intimate contact with the family than any other person, and is accepted as a friend when others are merely tolerated. To a greater degree than any other public servant, the midwife enjoys the affection, the esteem, and the confidence of the families she is privileged to serve; and because of this fact her potentialities as a teacher in hygienic living are without equal.

When a mother becomes pregnant it is the responsibility of the trained midwife to instruct her in the physiology of pregnancy, and labor, to give her some idea of the development of the baby in utero, to explain the process of labor with the accompanying pains, and, generally, prepare the mother for the greatest profession in the world—motherhood.

Prenatal care is the most important achievement in obstetrics during this twentieth century. It is aimed at promoting the health of mother and child, and through it the trained midwife has unlimited opportunities to teach with head, hand, and heart. Regardless as to whether the pregnant woman is expecting the first child or the eighth she has a right to an understanding of the child-bearing experience. It is still the exception rather than the rule to find the pregnant woman who knows very much about her bodily functions and much less about the

phenomena of pregnancy, labor, lactation, and the puerperium. An obstetrician with a large practice often has little time for more than the essential examination, and, as is the case in our part of Kentucky, there are too few doctors for the number of patients. The trained midwife can, and does, where possible, fill the gap where education is so necessary.

The value of the nurse-midwife as an educator is readily seen in the prenatal clinic. It is here that explanations are given for the regular procedures which include the check on weight, blood pressure, edema, urine, hemoglobin, presentation of the foetus, foetal heart tones, care of the breasts, and general condition of the pregnant woman. We have seen minor discomforts of pregnancy become less bothersome when a mother knows what to expect, and serious complications can often be prevented if the individual knows when to seek help. When a woman is convinced of the value of care for herself and her unborn child she will seek prenatal care. Maternal mortality and morbidity are steadily decreasing in countries where good prenatal care is available. The trained midwife, along with the doctor, health worker, maternity nurse, and social worker, is an essential part of the team which is responsible for this decline.

Consciously and unconsciously the nurse-midwife practices health education, not only with the expectant mother but with the whole family. She informs the mother about good nutrition, and of general hygiene during pregnancy. In this age of remote control and formal education the trained midwife must not forget that she is working with an individual whose feelings demand respect. Information and instruction must be adapted to individual backgrounds of knowledge and culture, plus availability of foods regarding nutrition. Anemia is still a problem in our area of the country. People are just beginning to eat adequate animal protein as it becomes more available; and intestinal parasites are still common. Sanitation has been slow to come to the rugged mountain area of Kentucky, so we are confronted with some of the same problems which are paramount in developing countries. Iron-rich and nutritious foods, such as eggs, milk, vegetables, and cereals are available to most people; however, instruction and advice are necessary in encouraging mothers to make use of these common foods, and prepare them without loss of nutritional value. Civilization has brought with it the ready

availability of carbonated beverages, candy and other sweets. Too often these high calorie foods are consumed in place of the essential nutrients.

Discussions and instruction in good nutrition and food habits, and general hygiene are given with this aim: Whatever is good for the expectant mother in the way of an iron-rich diet, in the way of a complete, nutritious diet, in the way of cleanliness in handling food and water, is good also for her children and her husband; and once the mother is impressed with the values of hygienic living, she sets the example for and is the teacher for the whole household. Regular prenatal visits offer a unique opportunity for repeating such instruction over and over again. This instruction should include an understanding of the nutritional needs of the coming baby, with emphasis on preparation for breast feeding.

A discussion with the expectant mother of the physiology of pregnancy will certainly include some explanation of the organs of reproduction. Instruction must be adapted to individual backgrounds of knowledge. When explaining the reproductive organs and the menstrual cycle, essentials in discussing family planning, an opportunity is presented to suggest ways in which an expectant mother can explain the miracle of birth, and body functions to her growing children. If the trained midwife is to promote "right living" it is her responsibility to impart this knowledge in the hope that it will be carried to the adolescents and pre-adolescents—the parents of tomorrow. If children can grow up with animals and see as a matter of course kittens, puppies, calves, lambs, etc. around them, or, better still, be members of a growing family with new babies to look forward to and welcome, and watch feeding naturally at the breast, having at the same time the information for which they seek, there should be little difficulty in instructing them as adolescents. Unfortunately, in the organization of maternal and child health adolescent care is often neglected. This care is partly the responsibility of the trained midwife; there must be a way of integrating some aspects of it into maternity care.

The well being of the family centers uniquely around the mother. It is by actively teaching her in the familiar environment of her own home, as well as in the hospital-clinic setting, that these principles and ideas of hygiene and nutrition can

stimulate progress in "right living" not only in one individual and one pregnancy, but to the lasting benefit of the entire family and to subsequent pregnancies.

The educational value of the trained midwife to the individual and her family varies from continent to continent, from country to country, and from state to state. Nurse-midwives working with the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky carry out a generalized program where each nurse is responsible for the health of everyone living in her district. The first fundamental of the work is bedside care—bedside care for the sick, for the woman in labor, and for the new baby and his mother. When it is necessary for the expectant mother to go to hospital for delivery it is still possible for her to have the psychological advantages of home delivery. The physical and emotional support given throughout pregnancy continue through labor, delivery, and the puerperium. Each mother is cared for as an individual with respect to her feelings, family background, and culture. The thing that we most earnestly desire is that this kind of care will one day be universal. In the United States it can only come with recognition of the value of the nurse-midwife, and the subsequent establishment of more midwifery training schools. Throughout the world, and especially in the developing areas, more trained midwives are needed.

I believe that the secret of success in the educational role of the midwife is through the close contact in the family circle. Demonstration and action are the greatest tools of education. Christ Himself used these tools in His compassionate teaching.

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### MOTOR VEHICLES

Motor vehicle registrations in the U. S. during 1959 totaled 71,502,394, a gain of 3 million over 1958, according to the Department of Commerce.

—Frances P. Bolton  
Congresswoman, 22nd District, Ohio  
June 4, 1960

## In Memoriam

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>THE LADY HERMIONE<br/>BLACKWOOD<br/>London, England<br/>Died in October, 1960</p>    | <p>MR. W. N. LEWIS, SR.<br/>Hyden, Kentucky<br/>Died in August, 1960</p>                        |
| <p>MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM D.<br/>CONNOR<br/>Washington, D. C.<br/>Died in June, 1960</p> | <p>DR. HERMAN C. PITTS<br/>Providence, Rhode Island<br/>Died in August, 1960</p>                |
| <p>MRS. MARTIN H. FISCHER<br/>Cincinnati, Ohio<br/>Died in June, 1960</p>               | <p>MRS. JOHN LATIMER WAY<br/>West Hartford, Connecticut<br/>Died in July, 1960</p>              |
| <p>MRS. HENRY JAMES<br/>New York, New York<br/>Died in August, 1960</p>                 | <p>MRS. EDWIN WHITE<br/>St. Paul, Minnesota<br/>Died in July, 1960</p>                          |
| <p>MR. EDWARD S. JOUETT<br/>Louisville, Kentucky<br/>Died in September, 1960</p>        | <p>THE HON. RICHARD B.<br/>WIGGLESWORTH<br/>Milton, Massachusetts<br/>Died in October, 1960</p> |

"The attempt to explain life in terms of matter has failed. Mechanism has its uses, but the material body is a temporary instrument . . . . Our material bodies are troublesome: troublesome to put on; troublesome to shake off; troublesome to deal with in many ways. They are not really ourselves: they are an instrument to be used for a time—a short time.

"Matter does not last for ever; it is only we who last for ever. The psychic, the spiritual, the mental, all that goes on, advancing, progressing . . . . We have got to get rid of the body, but do not make too much fuss about that; that is only scrapping the machinery that is worn out."

—From an address delivered by the late Sir Oliver Lodge to the London clergy and published by the *Church of England Newspaper* in 1927.

### MR. EDWARD S. JOUETT

Chairman Emeritus, Board of Trustees  
Frontier Nursing Service

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman.  
Tennyson, *In Memoriam*

There is always something especially poignant for us in the deaths of those who have been our National Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen. Only we who work constantly with them can fully realize the stupendous loads they have carried for us all.

Mr. Jouett was one of our earliest Trustees in 1925. He retired as Chairman in 1949 after serving eleven years. He was nearly 97 when he died. Every year of his life, from infancy on, he shared with others. In addition to his work as a vice-president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and its general counsel, he found time to take a leading part in his church and in numerous public services, such as the English Speaking Union, University of Louisville, YMCA, his Community Chest. It has been our experience in the Frontier Nursing Service that those who work for us are active in other great causes too. In looking back over our long association with Mr. Jouett, we are struck significantly by two things. The first was a courtesy that is now called old fashioned, a courtesy as perfect as any could have been in his distinguished ancestry. He and Mrs. Jouett, who died long before him, were the perfect host and hostess when one stayed in their home. The second was a kindness that showed itself in a hundred little ways. For example, when we had many years ago a boy whose father had been a Mason and was dead, Mr. Jouett arranged passes for this boy to a Masonic school in the Midwest. He arranged for passes for our patients and their nurses over the L & N Railroad to Lexington and Louisville during all of our early years. Once, when I told him of an L & N employee he had at a station that we reached on horseback, who was lame and particularly kind to our patients and to us, Mr. Jouett within weeks had this man promoted to an easier and better paying job.

In looking back over the years, I like to think of him as he was when he rode horseback thirty miles in from Hazard to attend the dedication of Hyden Hospital by Sir Leslie MacKenzie of Scotland. He had arranged for Sir Leslie and Lady MacKenzie to have his private car for the trip to Hazard, where they were given a sumptuous breakfast by our Hazard Committee, and then rode and drove off over such roads that few of them had ever seen before. But Mr. Jouett knew those roads because he had ridden all over them. My dear old friend, "God be with you 'til we meet again."

During the summer we gave up a number of old friends. **Mrs. Edwin White** had been chairman of our St. Paul Committee, a member of our Board of Trustees and a supporter of our work for thirty-two years. She was a truly delightful woman as well

as a most efficient one. It was amazing to us how much interest she created for the Frontier Nursing Service in her Minnesota town and the country around it. It was a joy to me in the earlier years to attend meetings there. During the Second World War she lost her only son. She carried on thereafter as gallantly as he had carried on in battle. Now she is not parted from him any more. In **Mrs. Martin H. Fischer** of Cincinnati, wife of Dr. Fischer, we lost another friend whose support went back to the Twenties and never flagged during all the intervening years. With it there was always the personal interest, the affectionate regard, that means so much to a charity. In **Major General William D. Connor** we gave up one of our great Washington friends. We do not attempt to write of the public careers of those who have carried us in their minds and hearts. General Connor's military career was one of distinction. His private career was one of kind consideration for others. It was so that we knew him and so that we shall remember him. In **Mrs. John Latimer Way** of West Hartford, Connecticut, we lost, at the age of 80, one who had long followed our work with generous interest, one who served us in Hartford for many years. She was so deeply kind as to remember the Frontier Nursing Service with a legacy.

**Mr. W. N. Lewis, Sr.**, was a prominent citizen of our Hyden community and a member of our Hyden Committee from its inception. Many old and kindly ties bind him to us in our memory and it is hard to realize that he has moved on into the next world where so many that he loved had gone before him. In **Dr. Herman C. Pitts** of Providence we gave up an early member of our National Medical Council and the father of one of our early couriers, now Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr., secretary of our Providence Committee. The medical profession has lost a pioneer in the war on cancer. He began his cancer control work in 1922 when he started a clinic at the Rhode Island Hospital. After that he devoted his life to that specialty of his profession. And what a useful and devoted life it was! **The Hon. Richard B. Wigglesworth** was the husband of one of our Trustees and a friend of ours over many years. He was the father of two of our couriers. Although when he died he was U. S. Ambassador to Canada, it is in the long and distinguished years of his career

in Washington that we best remember him. More than once I have dined at his home and had the privilege of talking with him. Rarely have I met a mind of such integrity as his and my respect for him, as well as my affection for him and his family, could not be easily told.

**Mrs. Henry James** was an early chairman of our New York Committee and a Trustee on our National Board for many years. She was not only one of the most charming of women but one of the most useful in the world. Nursing was among her many public interests. Through inheritance and upbringing Mrs. James had that sense of responsibility for charities that is a hallmark of the gentlewoman. Among the things she did when she was our New York Chairman, and everything she did was effective, was to enlist the sympathy of her sister, Ruth Draper, who gave benefits in New York, Boston, and Washington in our behalf. Sometime after the death of her first husband, Linzee Blagden, she married Henry James, a son of William James, the philosopher, and a nephew of Henry James, the novelist. When Mr. James died in 1947, she became the owner of Lamb House, in Rye, Sussex, England, which had been the home of Henry James. This she presented to the National Trust of England as "an enduring symbol of the ties that unite the British and American people."

The connection between **Lady Hermione Blackwood** and the Frontier Nursing Service began far away and long ago. I first knew her in France after the first World War where we were both working in behalf of the devastated regions. Associated with her was Miss Celia de Sautoy, a life-long friend, and a most competent group of British nurses and girl lorry drivers. At her invitation I spent a week with her, during that period, at an old house she had in Chelsea. With her as a guide I made my first studies of the English nurse as a midwife, and of the district work and the great charities in London in which such nurses were used. Lady Hermione was herself a registered nurse and a certified midwife, so that I saw everything through the eyes of a connoisseur. She and Miss de Sautoy took the most enthusiastic interest in the early beginnings of the Frontier Nursing Service and followed its work with many helpful suggestions.



They were both endlessly kind to me whenever I was in London, as were many members of Lady Hermione's family. She was deeply attached to her family. Her oldest brother was killed in the Boer War. A younger brother was killed in the First World War. She told me once that she was working as a nurse in France when he came to say goodbye. As his regiment marched away the boys were singing "There's a long, long trail awinding into the land of my dreams." Now she has reached the end of her long trail and it has led into the land of her dreams.

Our tender sympathy is extended to the families of all of these old friends.

M. B.

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### INDESTRUCTIBLE WHEN WELL BUILT

"An organ is indestructible when well built."

—E. Power Biggs speaking of the old European organs over WHAS, Louisville, Kentucky, January 15, 1960

**REPORTS OF INSPECTION OF HYDEN HOSPITAL****DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY  
DIVISION OF FIRE PREVENTION**

New State Office Building  
Frankfort, Kentucky

November 3, 1960

Miss Betty Palethorp, Superintendent  
Hyden Hospital  
Hyden, Kentucky

**RE: HYDEN HOSPITAL  
HYDEN, KENTUCKY**

Dear Miss Palethorp:

We have just received a report from our Engineering Inspector, Mr. Orville Igoe, and which was made pursuant to a recent inspection of the above captioned property.

Your interest in the welfare and safety of those patients in your Hospital is most highly commendable and we wish to take this opportunity to extend our personal appreciation for the coöperation you have given this Division.

If we can be of service to you at any time in the future, please do not hesitate to call upon us.

Yours very truly,

Signed: H. L. Foster, Director

HLF/vv

cc: Orville Igoe  
Paul Hackney

November 11, 1960

Dear Miss Palethorp:

Your interest in fire safety, which you have indicated by making certain that your building complies with the Kentucky standards for safety, is highly commendable.

A recent inspection of your property by officials of the Division of Fire Prevention shows that this property complies with all the fire safety regulations required by this department.

We appreciate your continued interest in fire safety, and we hope we can be of service to you in the future.

Sincerely,

Signed: Glenn Lovern, Commissioner

GL/cg

## OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

### **From Janet Craig, Naples, Italy—September 7, 1960**

I think of you very often, wishing I were back with you in Kentucky. We arrived in Naples on the twenty-fourth of August and have been staying with Jo and Jim [her sister and brother-in-law]. Their apartment has a terrace that looks out over the bay. It has been a perfect place to watch the Olympic Yacht races. It is difficult to tell exactly what is happening from this far away, but it is really beautiful to see so many little white sails on the blue sea.

The voyage over was perfect in every way. We met so many nice people. Two of them (a professor and a dentist) stayed in Naples a couple of days after we arrived and the four of us went to Capri. Jim's ship came in on Tuesday and since then we have all been going here and there—Pompeii, Vesuvius, et cetera. Jo has had company for dinner several times. The officers on the ship who aren't married seem to love to come to someone's house just to get off the ship. They are wonderful company.

I'm in the process of buying a car and as soon as I get it, Sharon and I are heading for England via Switzerland and France. The problem at the moment is Italian red tape. I have to get an Italian export plate for the car. By the time the Italians decide that I can have one and finally give it to me, the Alps will probably be packed with snow. I'm hoping that we can leave here by the thirteenth or fourteenth. If all goes as planned, we will be back in Naples by the twelfth of November.

. . . .

### **From Nancy Newberry, Concord, Massachusetts**

—September 11, 1960

I can never thank you in the FNS for the privilege of knowing you and working with you. Such an experience will never leave me nor fail to influence my understanding of people, especially those of the Kentucky Mountains and their distinct culture. I'm afraid my outlook was sadly narrow before coming to the FNS.

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed working with Miss Lester in Social Service. She was so extra kind to me and went out of her way so often, for me to observe and take part in the many aspects of the Service. I'm truly grateful to her.

Soon now I head back to San Francisco and college. I'm looking forward to seeing Harriet Jordan—with hopes of waving bon voyage to her and the good ship "Hope" from the Golden Gate Bridge.

. . . .

**From Edith Fulton, Lexington, Kentucky (en route home)**

—September 12, 1960

Today, trying to find a dog crate for Red Bird, certainly has been eventful. After you left, I asked at Eastern Airlines about their crates and was told that they are flown down from Cincinnati which takes forty-eight hours—I was too late for that. The girl called a pet shop for me but all they had was a cardboard type of carrying case that would not do. As a last hope, I inquired about a lumber company and was directed to one nearby. Red Bird and I went there and I asked the man if I might make a crate for my dog. We spent at least one-half hour designing the lightest crate we could think of and then he let me go back into the shop and nail together the pieces he cut for me. Now, I have the most beautiful dog crate you ever saw—all for \$2.06, and he didn't charge me any extra to deliver it to the hotel lobby! It is 18" high, 18" wide and 20" long and Red Bird fits in perfectly. Three sides are slats and three are plywood. The bottom piece of plywood slides in and out of a groove and acts as a door and the floor. It weighs about eight pounds and is pretty strong.

. . . .

**From Alison Bray, New York, New York**

—September 13, 1960

I had such a good time with Pam Ellis last week and was so glad to meet her and all the family. I've had a busy time in New York getting my passage changed and doing shopping, et cetera. I also visited the U.N. and was able to go to a meeting of the Security Council which was most interesting.

Pebble Stone came yesterday—in the midst of hurricane Donna—so instead of going back to Long Island or out to lunch

in town, we just stayed in my friend's apartment until the storm subsided a little. Today I had lunch with Vanda Summers.

I sail tomorrow on the "Berlin," one of the North German Lloyd ships. It will be lovely to see all the family again, but I'm sorry that this wonderful trip is coming to an end.

. . . . .

**From Brooke Alexander (Brookie), South Hadley,  
Massachusetts—September 29, 1960**

This last summer, I worked in Macy's in New York on the College Board, and once again found myself in the midst of an immense personal relations job! I sold college clothes and modelled them.

This winter, at Mt. Holyoke, I am taking Ancient History and Cultural Anthropology; and coupled with courses I've taken in Philosophy, Physiology and Sociology, I should come through with something to back up experience. At any rate, I'm excited about it.

. . . . .

**From Elizabeth Bradford (Libby), South Hamilton,  
Massachusetts—October 10, 1960**

Bustling Cambridge certainly seems a long way from the quiet hills of Kentucky, but I find myself thinking about them all the time.

I have just about established myself in the routine of College life. My courses fascinate me. This year, with requirements out of the way, we can start taking really interesting upper level courses. Mine range from Music to Economics to American History and finally African politics, with much reading and many long hours spent in the library. My nightly rest of ten hours sleep has dwindled to six at the most; but Cambridge is exciting.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edmund H. Booth (Betty Pratt),  
Norwich, Vermont—October 18, 1960**

I am growing to be more and more of a farmeress. We use every bit of our fifty-eight acres; and now that we have a trail in the woods, I am contacting a forester and we shall delve into forestry.

Ed is busy teaching. He reads three Shakespearian plays

each year to the freshmen at Dartmouth. This year, so far, the girls and I have heard him read "Julius Caesar" and "Twelfth Night." He reads an act a day and seems to cover a play in four or five evenings.

Our summer project was raising five puppies—Golden Retrievers. Day (fourteen years old now) owns the mother. The pups arrived July 12th and needed no midwifery help. It was a great experience for us all. Now, after three months, we have sold four and have kept the one male. He is Susie's dog—named "Rondo." So, our livestock never seems to decrease.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lloyd (Sue McIntosh), Boston,**

**Massachusetts—November 8, 1960**

We have been moving to and getting settled in Lincoln in a little ex-chicken house near Bob's shop; and life has been steadily hectic—occasionally frantic. Our life (Benjamin's, Seth's and mine) is lived much of the time outdoors now. It's good to be in a place where seasons and weather make a lot of difference, even if it means small field animals—mice, rats, chipmunks, squirrels—moving in to spend the winter with us. We've just gotten a timid little kitten and we're hoping she'll scare at least a few of our guests into the barn before they find out how timid she is.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

**Janie Haldeman** is teaching ninth-grade English in the Seneca School in Louisville and loves it.

**Theresa Nantz Walton** is teaching seventh and eighth-graders in the Bowling Green public school. Not her chosen field, she says!

**Eloise Eberhart** toured Europe this past summer and is now a student at Garrett Biblical Institute. She is assisting in the Christian education department under the seminary scholarship grant provided by the First Congregational Church of Wilmette, Illinois.

. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (**Barbara White**) have announced the marriage of their eldest daughter, Pamela Lock-

ett Dailey, to Mr. Frederick Joseph Commentucci on November 12, 1960, in Princeton, New Jersey.

We send our very best wishes to this FNS "granddaughter" and her lucky husband.

. . . . .

Our tender sympathy goes out to Anne Wigglesworth Clemmitt and to her sister, Jane Wigglesworth in the death, last October, of their father, Mr. Richard B. Wigglesworth, U. S. Ambassador to Canada. Their loss is shared not only by us in the FNS but by the nation.

#### A WEDDING

Mrs. Barbara Bullitt Watkins of Louisville and Mr. Corrie Virgil Christian of Bridgeport, Oklahoma, on September 6, 1960. We send a thousand good wishes to them both.

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#### SO YOU'RE BUSY

A man comes up to you and asks if maybe you could step in and do this or the other, and you say quickly: *It's impossible. I just haven't any time at all. I'm loaded down.*

Listen, then, to what this man did:

He invented a new kind of stove . . . made the first mangle for ironing clothes . . . helped to establish 18 paper mills . . . invented a copying press . . . promoted the idea of water-tight bulkheads to keep ships from sinking . . . devised a new alphabet . . . was the first to propose daylight saving time . . . established the first circulating library . . .

The list could go on and on. None of these activities represented the man's regular job . . . for he was Ben Franklin, printer and statesman. He "retired" at 42 but was still going strong at 81.

But we're *rushed*. We haven't time for anything *extra*.

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



### EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

The Hyden Hospital Chapel is nearly finished as you will note in Dr. Beasley's latest report. The glorious 15th Century window of St. Christopher has been installed. The work has taken a long time because almost all of it is craftsmanship of as good a quality as any in the 15th Century. Our old friend, Mr. Earl Palmer, is coming to take a color picture of the window. We will use it as a cover for our Winter Bulletin. At the same time we will print the Legend of St. Christopher. This is always read aloud at Wendover on Christmas Eve and at Hyden on Christmas Day.

You will all of you, even the lay readers, be deeply interested in Carolyn Banghart's description of her trip to Rome, and in the speech she made there at the Congress of the International Confederation of Midwives on behalf of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. Whether the midwife is first of all a graduate, registered nurse, as are the British and American staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, or whether she is a three-year trained midwife, although not a nurse, as is the case in most of the European countries, she is one of the most useful people in the world.

We have printed as always some articles and stories by members of our staff. We want to call your attention especially to an unusual recollection by Betty Lester called *Meeting the Unknown*.



## A LETTER TO MRS. WALTER WHITE

Chairman of Frontier Nursing Service Washington, D. C. Committee

Dear Mrs. White:

First of all, let me thank you for introducing me to the Frontier Nursing Service. Visiting Mrs. Breckinridge and her co-workers in Kentucky has been one of the most exciting experiences of my American sojourn. The most amazing thing, to my mind, is the fact that the organization has not been more widely copied in other areas of the United States where economic and geographic conditions are similar.

Everyone at Wendover was so warm and sincere in their welcome that I found myself caught up in the work from the moment I arrived. The courier that met the bus in Hyden had me tag along to help shop for the many little errands that anyone going into town gets loaded with by the stay-at-homes. Afterwards she took me up the hill to the hospital, where I met two of the English girls and Miss January. I had a quick tour of the hospital, met Dr. Beasley in the dispensary, in spite of its being Thursday and his "day off." He takes a great personal interest in the progress of the Chapel and the building is coming along very nicely.

From Hyden I was whisked, or rather bumped, over to Wendover, just in time for tea. There I met Mrs. Breckinridge for the first time and all her staff, in the big living room of the main house, assembled for the daily four o'clock ritual of tea, cheese and crackers. The dogs are allowed in too and everyone chatted away most pleasantly. After being settled in a room in the Garden House, I wandered around to meet the animals that are such an important part of the life of Wendover—the horses, cows, chickens, geese and of course, Frontiersman. The two main topics of conversation at tea time had been the new baby born just that morning and delivered by the Wendover nurse, Anne Cundle, and the baby heifer calf born at one of the outposts—daughter of Frontiersman.

Next morning Anne Cundle and I rode 'round to visit the new mother and several patients along Camp Creek. After lunch Peggy Elmore, Mrs. Breckinridge's secretary, drove Miss Lewis and me to Flat Creek to arrange with some of the local work-

men about some repair work needed at the outpost. Miss Lewis knows the cost expected down to the last penny, and if any one can get anything done for nothing, she can. On the way back we stopped by to see the carpenter about building the roof of the Chapel—we just managed to get back to Wendover in time for tea! The roads are so dusty and rough that it is a marvel to me that even the sturdy jeeps can keep going under such punishing conditions.

That evening we went to a box supper at one of the school houses on Camp Creek, the object being to raise money to make a better road in that area, as the present dirt road becomes a sea of mud in rainy weather. The Box Supper was rather fun and provided me with my first glimpse of the inside of a one-room school house.

The next day being Saturday, it was clinic day at Wendover. By eight o'clock in the morning there was quite a little crowd waiting outside the clinic door. This was to be a combination type business because today there was a "Grab Sale." Anne Cundle, the couriers and I worked very hard to prepare the merchandise offered for sale. Big packing boxes from Washington, New York and Philadelphia, full of bargains, were opened and the goods spread out in the corridor and adjoining room. These were picked over by the customers as carefully as anything in Garfinkels and the children's clothes and shoes went very quickly—everyone seemed to have some child in the family who would fit any of the sizes available. . . . I wonder if the people who send the packages realize just what they mean to the people who receive them.

I spent two more days with the FNS, each hour bringing new sights to my eyes and thoughts to my mind—the lovely Evensong in the tiny Chapel at Wendover on Sunday evening, when Dr. and Mrs. Beasley and some of the nurses from Hyden came over to join us. How simple and touching in its sincerity—the couriers working so hard with the horses and jeeps and being so cheerful about running all the errands that seem to be perpetually cropping up.

This was indeed a memorable visit for me, one that I thoroughly enjoyed and that has left an indelible impression of the wonderful thing that can happen when people really do a good job in helping those less fortunate than themselves. I wish it

were possible to bottle some of the tremendous spirit of good will and fellowship that exudes from all the people of FNS, ship and sell it in the stores throughout the world. The United Nations would be out of business in a year!

I remain, yours very sincerely,

Signed: JEAN LORIMER

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### JUST JOKES

"Now, how many of you would like to go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher. All the eager tots raised their hands except Tommy.

"Don't you want to go to heaven, Tommy?"

"I'm sorry, I can't. My mother told me to come right home after Sunday school."

. . . . .

A mother, going into plump middle age, was comforted when her young son, squeezing her enthusiastically said:

"I just love mothers your size."

. . . . .

A five-year-old tot was assigned by her school teacher to make a Christmas drawing—the interior of the stable where Christ was born. The youngster showed her father the finished picture. He studied it, then pointed to one item and asked what it was.

"Oh, that?" the child explained. "That's their TV set."

. . . . .

A gruff banker, trying his hardest to unbend with his young grandson, harumphed, "Let's see now, boy, just how old are you?"

"Twelve, Grandpa," said the lad.

"Hmmm," mused the old boy, "When I was your age I was fifteen!"

## ELEPHANT MIDWIVES

(From the American Magazine *Newsweek*,  
December 6, 1954)

Col. J. H. Williams, who spent years breeding elephants in Burma, describes in his best-selling book, "Bandoola," the birth of a baby elephant whose mother was assisted at her lying-in by a single "auntie" elephant. Last week another elephant watcher, W. L. A. Andiris, a forest guard in Ceylon, reported an eyewitness account of an elephant "maternity ward" conducted on a major scale.

Andiris watched the astonishing event from atop a pile of rocks. The mother was attended by eight pachyderm "midwives," he wrote in the official records of the Ceylon Department of Wildlife. "It was obvious the elephants made a careful selection of their 'maternity room' in a clearing adjoining a small lagoon, well hidden by deep jungle on all sides."

**SOUNDLESS BIRTH:** The expectant mother lay on her side, while her eight attendants caressed her delicately with their trunks. When she grew nervous, seven withdrew, only to reappear from time to time in pairs as if to reassure her. The birth itself was accomplished without any sound or signs of strain. The mother stood and walked ten paces. She trumpeted triumphantly, and her attendants returned, trumpeting also.

At last the calf stood—steady on its chunky feet. The mother trumpeted again, walked to its side, and lifted her baby in her trunk.

"Then as the calf attempted to suckle the mother, the big female elephant gently lowered herself to her knees and permitted her child to have its first meal. This important event finished, the mother again trumpeted, picked up her calf in her trunk, raised it high over her head, and disappeared into the jungle, escorted on either side by her 'maternity' staff."

—*Midwives' Chronicle and Nursing Notes*  
London, England

## ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

by

BRIGIT SUTCLIFFE, R.N., S.C.M.

I was sad because it was time to pack up parcels of extra clothes to send home to England. On my way from Beech Fork to Wendover, where I could borrow some brown paper, I picked up two children whom I had promised a trip to see all the horses at Wendover. When we pulled over the top of Stinnett Hill, a car waved us in. I asked Andy if he knew them. "Bowens Creek people," he thought. Well, he was right. The sister of a woman, Carrie, whom I was going to "wait on" jumped out of the car and said Carrie needed me. We were amazed at the good luck of passing them on their way to fetch me. So boxes and all we turned back to the Beech Fork Center for the "bags that I pack babies in." Sara, the other nurse-midwife at our Center, was surprised to see me back so soon. She quickly had the midwifery bags in the jeep, and I was ready to go. I had decided not to ride my mare Flicka the direct way, because the river was way up and I knew of at least one tree across the path. That might make it difficult going, so instead I would drive the jeep the long way round. Off I set again up Stinnett and then along Bowens Creek, only to find a car stuck across the road. With the help of the driver I got by after crawling up the bank and promising to pull him out later.

Carrie was standing on the porch to welcome me, so I knew I had made it in time. Ellen, Carrie's last baby, had arrived unexpectedly early, well before the nurse-midwife delayed by a tide in the Middle Fork had been able to get there. This time Carrie had "sent" at the first sign and was now worried that it might be a false alarm. When I arrived I realized she was in early labor and it was not a false call. After the preliminary preparations, we walked out to visit the new heifer calf, a fat little pig, raised on the bottle from birth, all the chickens, and then the garden. On the way back Henry climbed a mulberry tree and picked a jar full of my favorite berries. Soon we all had red fingers and mouths.

Carrie had moved into her brother's old house so as to be in our district for a home delivery. Since then her parents' house

had burned down with everything in it, a terrible tragedy. The parents had come to stay with Carrie, and also her two younger sisters and a nephew. Susie, Carrie's older sister with her six children had come for the Fourth of July weekend. The house had a kitchen, one bedroom, and a large loft.

As soon as Susie came back from the garden of the burned house "over the mountain" with a mess of green beans, Nora started to fix supper for all of us. The dark caught up with her and we had to light the coal oil lamp, the only one in the house. This one had a hole in its chimney which we managed to repair with wet papers so that it would not smoke. These had to be rewetted as soon as they dried and dropped off.

In the small kitchen we ate the delicious fresh garden vegetables in relays. The next problem was to find enough quilts and mattresses for everyone who had to sleep in the loft.

Susie and Nora stayed downstairs to help me. As soon as we got everyone settled, Carrie began to need more attention. She had little discomfort. She was a very good relaxer. It was not long after the strong contractions started that it was time for me to pull on my gloves. Carrie was very good, did exactly as she was told, so it was not long until her baby was born. She was a very pretty little girl with black curly hair and a round pink face. The others in the family were asleep so they had to wait until morning to see the new little sister, my first namesake. With the help of Nora and Susie my "tricks" were soon washed and back in the saddlebags. Carrie and little Brigit were clean and comfortable and very satisfied. I made a last check to see that all was well, before setting out into the dark and rainy night. I had not gone very far when I met the same car stuck in the road—this time with no space to squeeze by. Back to the house I went, where they easily persuaded me to "take the night," since it would be easier to pull the car out in daylight. I crawled in beside Carrie and the new one, the only space left. I woke up in time for breakfast, did my routine daily postpartum visit, found the owner of the car, pulled it out, and was home in time for a second breakfast and a day's work.

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by

HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Hazel Dufendach in Huntingburg, Indiana—July, 1960**

The trip was marvellous in spite of the fact that there were too many in the group and we travelled too fast. I believe I was more interested in people than in shrines and sites. The Holy Land interested me most. From Italy we went to Egypt which I found too confusing to want to return. The wide streets and modern buildings and large cars are a great contrast to the camels, oxcarts and the crowded bazaars with human beings asleep along the walks wherever we went. We had quite a lovely hotel with marble bathroom and dressing room. The robed figures with turbans appearing quietly along the corridors made it a little eerie. From Alexandria we sailed for Beirut where the harbor is beautiful. After a brief tour we went on to Damascus over mountainous roads. We liked our young Arab driver. Cars came from Jordan to take us to Jerusalem where we spent three nights on the Jordan side, and on the Sunday morning attended a service at the Protestant Garden Tomb. It was very impressive. It was an exciting experience to go through the Mandelbaum Gate into Israel. It took some time to check our group of 197 out of Jordan. We were surrounded by fortresses with machine guns. The change between the two sides of the city is almost unbelievable. Beautiful buildings have been constructed during the last five years. We were greeted by the Dean of Humanities at the Hebrew University where we saw the Dead Sea Scrolls. The drive through the irrigated countryside with the lush orchards, vineyards and pastures was such a contrast to the dry arid land in Jordan. Our young Hebrew guide took us through an agricultural "kibbutz." This is owned by the families who live there. Each family works in return for housing, food and clothing. It is beautifully organized and run. Everyone we saw seemed happy and well cared for.

Tel Aviv was our next stop. The terraced gardens, pools and a hotel with good food and clean rooms were a delight after a dusty trip from Jerusalem. Next day we went on to Haifa where we boarded our ship and sailed for Cyprus and Greece

and then on to Venice which I loved—we spent several days there before going on to Germany and to Oberammergau for the Passion Play which was wonderful. We were given hospitality in the homes in the village and it was such fun. I would have liked to stay over in so many places but had to keep up with the tour! Holland was most interesting. We were two nights at a resort on the North Sea and I have never been in such a wind. We sailed for home from Bremerhaven on the same ship on which we went over. It was good to reach home again. Give my love to any of those who remember me.

. . . .

**From Clara-Louise (Pete) Schiefer Johnson in**

**Parma, Italy—September, 1960**

I had the nicest surprise a week ago. There came to call on me a former FNS courier, Janet Craig, and her friend, Sharon Smith. They were motoring on the continent and came out of their way to stop in Parma to see us, and we were delighted. Not that we had ever met each other, but having a mutual love for the FNS, we felt like old friends.

They arrived at a most hilarious moment—just as I was about to pour tea for an Italian friend of mine who was here with her small son. Heather and Freddie (now ten and eight years old) were still at home. We had a great time conversing and translating to and from English and Italian. It was all such fun. Heather and Freddie have been taking riding lessons, so they urged Janet and Sharon to watch them the next morning, which they did. I find the lessons very interesting to watch, as the “maestro” teaches techniques for dressage and jumping. I am eager to ride again, but it has been such a long time since I was last on horseback that I am half-way afraid I would not “fare un bel figure,” as the Italians say.

We drove to Switzerland over the week-end to take the children back to school. We spent the week-end at a mountain resort at 1500 meters altitude, then left them at school near Martigny in Valais, and we returned home quite sadly without them. Thank you so much for giving my address to Janet—we were so happy to meet her, and we hope to be able to welcome more FNS friends at our home in Parma.



**From Jean Lamb in Richmond, Virginia—September, 1960**

I am working in the labor and delivery department of the Medical College of Virginia Hospital, and at the moment greatly enjoying the novelty of a five-day week. The hospital is air-conditioned which makes working in the summer quite tolerable. We had a patient yesterday, a nurse and wife of a Presbyterian minister who had just returned from the Belgian Congo. She knows of the FNS as she has met nurse-midwives who trained there. Please give my best wishes to those I know.

. . . . .

**From Elizabeth Hillman in Swansea, Wales—September, 1960**

The sixth group of students are just starting here, all very nice and things go quite well. It rained every day in August! Just as when you were here in 1956. I was visiting Gwen (Jelleyman Rosoman) a little time ago. Her children are fine and bonny.

Peggy McQueen plans on a bus trip to Moscow this month! Greetings to all I know.

. . . . .

**From Sybil Holmes Barton in Barbados, W. I.—October, 1960**

Under the new constitution no Chief Secretary is required here, so we will be returning to U. K., we hope December 1. I have thought about you all so much and have been disappointed not to be able to come with Guy and our two children, Deidre and Brian, to visit Wendover. Deidre will be 14 in January—it is time she was in U. K. Brian, at 12, went in September and is in school in Bruton, Somerset, and loving it. We have a voluntary Child Care Service supported by a Government grant. I work with the babies at the Health Clinic. How I would love Guy and the children to see and feel the wonder of the FNS. God bless and keep you all and your inspiration. I may be able to join Nora Kelly next year, at Thanksgiving.

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**From Harriet Jordan on board S. S. Hope  
en route to Indonesia—October, 1960**

We had a fabulous two days in Honolulu. After an early breakfast, we were on deck to get our first sight of land in a week, as we watched the shoreline of Oahu in the early morning

mist. It is a beautiful island, mountainous and green. The sun appeared as we rounded Diamond Head. Two tugs, a fire boat and three Navy helicopters formed a welcoming committee. A huge box of baby orchids was dropped from one of the helicopters. As we eased into the dock a band played beautiful Hawaiian music and there was much singing and dancing. We were each presented with a lei and the traditional kiss of greeting. Among the group were a good many doctors who were attending the AMA convention. The publicity was good for us. Since this was to be the last American port and the last chance to shop before we reach Singapore we all rushed for the stores. Then after a quick Chinese lunch we were off to Waikiki where we spent an afternoon on the beach. We were entertained by the Navy in the evening. Next day we took a guided tour of the city and the surrounding area, and in the afternoon were on board to be available as guides for visitors. Most of them were doctors who were very interested in the ship and its work. We all tossed our leis as we left, hoping to return.

After Honolulu work began in earnest. The other nurse-midwife and I have set up our obstetrical, gyn. and midwifery department and have written a manual. We have not finished by a long shot, but things are beginning to look as though we will be ready for patients in a few weeks. It is very good experience and my work in Kentucky was of invaluable help. The main purpose of the ship's tour is teaching. We hope to have an equal number of Indonesian staff on board to work with us. Some forty doctors are coming aboard in Djakarta. Once we get the hospital running, I hope to be assigned to the shore midwifery program.

Yesterday Belle (the other nurse-midwife) and I gave a talk on midwifery, our experience and background. It was well received and everyone seemed interested in our plans for Indonesia. I plan to show my slides of Kentucky some evening, and we will have further discussion.

Language classes are coming along well. It is not nearly so hard as I expected. Pronunciation is just as the word is spelled, and plurals are made by repeating the word—the grammar is not hard. It is a musical language which pleases me.

I started this letter several days ago, and many exciting things have happened. We are now off the coast of Borneo, and

last night had the excitement of crossing the Equator with the traditional assembling of King Neptune's court. I am no longer a landlubber, but a trustworthy shellback. We were allowed two hours shore leave today and were taken on a tour of the city. Besides crossing the Equator one really spectacular thing about this part of the world is the magnificence of the heavens on a clear warm evening—never have I seen the stars so clearly even on the desert and the sunsets are gorgeous beyond words.

You don't know how much you are all missed—every time something comes up about Kentucky (and it seems to be very often, if just in my thoughts) it brings back a flood of wonderful memories of even more wonderful people. I am already looking forward to my return. Greetings to everyone.

*The following United Press report is dated November 19, 1960:*

### **25 Women Nurse Hope in Indonesia**

"Those 25 women are worth their weight in gold. No, make it diamonds." That's Dr. William B. Walsh, just returned from Indonesia, speaking. The women he referred to are the nurses aboard SS. Hope 1, the floating teaching and training hospital made possible by the contributions of unselfish Americans everywhere—maybe you.

The Washington, D. C., physician and volunteer head of Project Hope talked about the problems these women face, working in a ship anchored just a few miles from a steaming jungle.

"Those nurses work all day in the hospital set up on the ship, showing Indonesian nurses how to run a ward and how to manage bedsores. Then they teach classes of Indonesians at night, training the women in simple nursing procedures," Dr. Walsh said.

"Almost miraculously, they also find time to accept invitations to the homes of Indonesians, a very important part of the social part of our people-to-people program," Dr. Walsh said.

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### **From Becky Brown in Jenkins, Kentucky—November, 1960**

I think of Wendover so often, and I do have many "memory pictures" gathered in the month I was there. I remember the window seat at the Big House, where I loved to sit and watch the rain, and the quiet hour after dinner when the shadows were deep around the stairway, and the flickering embers in the fireplace challenged them to come nearer. When the snow came, the little birds flew to the cabin porch for a hand-out!

I also remember the rosy-faced children bouncing with

energy; and one winter night when Anne Cundle was called out on a delivery. I raised my blind and looked upon a fairyland of sparkling ice. Beautiful beyond comparison, but treacherous for a slender girl riding up an ice covered mountain. So many more pictures which I have not begun to cover. The wonders of Wendoover cannot be digested all at once, and only through memory can we relive the magnificence. Please give my regards to all who remember me.

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**From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in S. Cerney, Glos., England**  
—November, 1960

Goodness—Thanksgiving time again. I do hope this letter reaches you on Thursday, just to say I'm sorry not to be with you all in person—so very sorry. The next best thing is to join in thought with you all, and us all, wherever we may be scattered. Your family must be quite a size after all these years! Please give my love to all I know and my best wishes to those I have not had the pleasure of knowing. It would be so wonderful to ride in from Flat Creek again, on Rex or Ranger, with Blondie scouting ahead.

I hope you are keeping well, and the FNS as flourishing as ever. My years with you all seem like a very very happy dream—at times almost as if they had not been, in relation to time and space.

I hope you have found a suitable assistant for Dr. Beasley. I keep on the lookout, just in case—but no luck so far.

It was grand to see Teddy (Metcalf) again in September, enroute from Boston to N. Z., stopping off at Geneva. She had hoped to go straight home, but was diverted to Leopoldville for a month instead, to size up the situation, before going on. I've had 2 letters from her in Leopoldville. She is Nursing Advisor to the Gov't. and sounds as if she has a terrific job ahead of her, as the nursing strength—and potential—is pitifully small. If only I could speak French!

Things here are much as usual—very dull compared with Flat Creek—but have had a very nice spate of midwifery this month—4 deliveries in 11 days.

With very best wishes to you all.

### Newsy Bits

To **Dr. John H. Kooser** we send our congratulations on the birth of his first grandson, John Herman the Third, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kooser, Jr., born October 4, 1960.

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**Audrey Lafrenz Biberdorf** writes: "I will not be able to attend the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives as we have returned to our field of work among the Enga people of New Guinea."

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**Brigit Sutcliffe** planned to come to help us out in the fall after attending a family wedding in New England. We were sorry to hear from her in October that she must hurry back to England as her brother had been in an accident. We were sorry not to see Brigit again, and send our best wishes for a speedy recovery for her brother.

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**Marlene (Sara) Swindells** is doing geriatric nursing in Great Yarmouth, England.

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**Madeline Cook Sykes (Cookie)** is back in her home town, New Bedford, Massachusetts, after living for several years in Fairbanks, Alaska.

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### Wedding

**Miss Peggy H. Brown** and Brigadier-General Mordaunt (Bill) Elrington on October 15, 1960 in Santa Fe, New Mexico. To Peggy and to her husband we send our very best wishes for many happy years together.

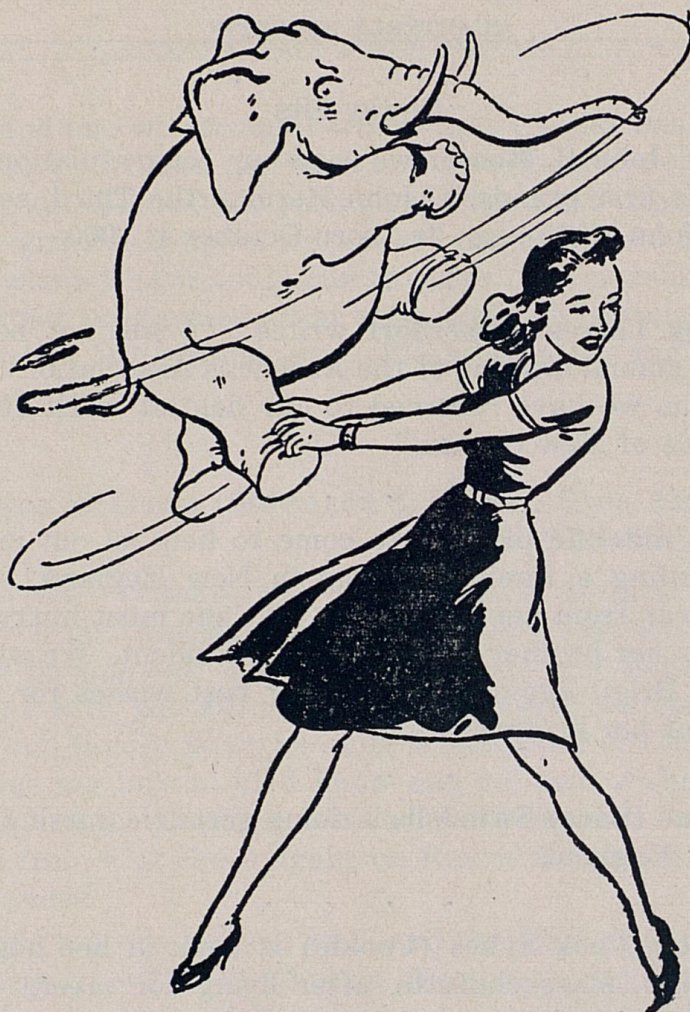
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### BIRDS AND THEIR EGGS

If for some reason birds cannot get to their nests at laying time, they will drop eggs anywhere; they cannot withhold them.  
B. C.

—*The Countryman*, Burford, England  
Winter, 1959

## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

## MEETING THE UNKNOWN

by

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

Assistant Director, in charge of Social Service

It was night—dark and still. I had heard the familiar “Hello” outside my window, and recognizing the voice, knew it was a call for me. While I dressed the man saddled Raven and put my midwifery bags across the saddle.

The woman had told me that when she sent I must come quickly or the baby would be there to greet me. The man had walked the three miles to get me so telling him to follow on I rode off up the mountain. Going up I remembered a seldom used path down the other side which would cut off some distance and which I had used once or twice in daylight.

Raven and I started down the path when suddenly she stopped dead in her tracks—snorting and tense with fear. I heard nothing and saw nothing but a coldness went right through me. Then she began to tremble and for what seemed an eternity we both shook—feeling the lonesomeness and fear.

Presently we recovered and went on down that dark gloomy mountain side, passed an old empty log cabin, along the creekbed to my patient’s house. Raven was now quite calm and stood quietly while I hitched her and took off my bags.

In the house I found three women sitting by the fire—my patient and two neighbour women—the baby had not won the race. After greeting them I asked the usual questions and started my preparations.

There was silence until one woman asked where was the husband. “Oh!” said I brightly, “I was told to hurry so I left him behind.” Silence again, then, “Miss Lester, which way did you come?” I had purposely not mentioned my experience but I wanted to talk about it.

I said, “I came down that little path from the top of the mountain,” and I saw the women look at one another and then at me.

“Miss Lester, did you come through the hollow? Don’t you know that place is ‘hanted’ and no woman ever goes that way,

no man ever goes after dark? Didn't you hear anything up there—weren't you scared?"

Then I told them what had happened and heard the story. A long time before a man had been going that way and disappeared—nobody ever seeing or hearing of him any more. Groans and moans had supposedly been heard but nothing seen and the path was no longer used at night.

The next morning, after I had finished the work of delivery and postpartum duties, Raven and I went back through the lonely hollow and up the mountain. It was still dark and gloomy under the trees, but in the daylight Raven went steadily on through the silence. That silence is there no longer—a big coal mine has been opened and the clatter of machinery and the noise of trucks have shattered it.

While it was still quiet and lonely, two years after my experience, another nurse who had not heard my story was passing the same way on another horse and the same thing happened to her.

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**PICKLED OKRA—a la MRS. GEORGE BROWN,  
Selma, Alabama**

(Courtesy of Mrs. Roger K. Rogan)

Wash tiny whole Okra pods, leave stems on. Pack into sterile jars being careful not to bruise Okra.

Into each jar put:

- 1 clove garlic
- 1 stalk dill (substitute  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. dill seed)
- 2 small green peppers
- 1 tsp. celery salt (optional)
- pinch of alum
- pinch of red pepper

Mix and heat together:

- 1 quart water, 1 pt. white vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salt, then pour over jars.

14 lbs. of Okra makes 24 jars (pints). 2 qts. of vinegar liquid makes 24 pints. (Also 2 cups salt added to liquid.)



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We are happy to announce that the Board of Trustees of the AMERICAN HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION, at its meeting on August 27, 1960, voted to accept the FNS Hyden Hospital for "continued listing." Hyden Hospital has had this listing for years. After a visit in the early summer from an inspector of the American Hospital Association came the vote for continued listing. An announcement of this action appeared in a recent issue of *Hospitals*.

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Agnes Lewis, Executive Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, was our representative at the third annual Christmas Preview of the Boston Committee of the FNS. She reported that she was almost stunned by the magnitude and beauty of the exhibits in the Charter Room of the New England Mutual Hall. She said that nothing could exceed the effectiveness and graciousness of the members of the Christmas Preview Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Vcevoid Strekalovsky, and the other members of the Boston Committee who all pitched in to help.

We sent Agnes by plane from Lexington to Boston where she arrived after midnight. Through the courtesy of old courier Mrs. Theodore Chase, she was put up at the Chilton Club for the night of her late arrival. She lunched there on Tuesday with Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr., and our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, both cousins of mine. That afternoon they all three went to the Sponsors' Party with the Branhams. Agnes was deeply moved to receive an orchid from our honorary chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman, who was not well enough to attend the party but remembered, as always, to be kind. Agnes attended the Preview and worked with the Committee on Wednesday, the 26th, and Thursday, the 27th. She spent Tuesday and Wednesday nights with the Branhams, Thursday night with courier Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., and Friday night with courier Mrs. Bruce Putnam. She took a bit of holiday with some of her own family before coming back to Wendover.

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We beg to announce that the annual meeting sponsored by

the New York Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. N. Horn, will be held this year on Tuesday, January 31, 1961, at the Cosmopolitan Club. Invitations will go out to all in the New York area well in advance of this date.

A week later on Tuesday, February 7, the Philadelphia Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, will sponsor its annual meeting in the house of the Colonial Dames of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Latimer Street. This meeting, as all of you in that area will learn from your invitations, will be preceded by a buffet lunch. I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to attending these meetings and seeing so many old friends again.

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The John Mason Brown Benefit, sponsored annually in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service by the Washington Committee, will not take place this year until April 4, 1961. A later announcement about it will be in our Winter Bulletin.

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Our Associate Director, Helen E. Browne, spoke on October 12 to the members of District 3 of the Ohio State Nurses Association in Youngstown, Ohio. She reported a most responsive audience. She had the pleasure of being the guest of Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland and our courier, Kate, in Cleveland in advance of the meeting and afterwards. In fact, the Irelands sent her to Youngstown in their car. Kate had arranged for her to meet prominent nurses in Cleveland.

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We appreciated very much a talk on the Frontier Nursing Service given by Mrs. James Moss of our Louisville Committee to the Monday Afternoon Club in November.

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The new Medical Center of the University of Kentucky was dedicated and opened on September 23 and 24, 1960, at Lexington, Kentucky. The Frontier Nursing Service deeply appreciates the pleasant ties of friendship springing up between our group and the medical and nursing faculty of this new Medical Center.

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Mrs. Lou Blaine Naylor of Bethel, Kansas, is the new chair-

man of philanthropic activities of National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars. Mrs. Naylor was president of the Kansas Society and then National Treasurer of the whole Society. We shall hope for a visit from her in the FNS before long.

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Our readers over the years have been privileged to see various statements about the World Calendar. We have received a booklet on this subject by Elisabeth Achelis which is eminently readable. Anyone who wants to know facts and comments should write for this small booklet, addressing his letter to The World Calendar, P. O. Box 224, Lenox Hill Station, New York 21, New York.

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We take pleasure in quoting from an October letter sent us by Miss Edith Bunce, sister of our Olive Bunce, after she had attended the International Confederation of Midwives in Rome.

"How nice it was to meet Carolyn (Banghart) in Rome at the Midwives Congress. We had a wonderful evening together when I heard news of you all in the FNS. The Congress was very interesting, especially meeting midwives from 38 different countries. It made one realize that rules made in one country would not suit another as the customs differ. The papers read at the Congress from various countries were full of interest. The one from the Frontier Nursing Service was one of the best—Carolyn read it very well and I wish you might have heard the acclamation when she finished reading."

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We, here in the mountains, wish all of you big-hearted people beyond the mountains a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*Mary Breckinridge*

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#### WANTED BACK

The woman told Daytona Beach, Florida, police that her girl friend had stolen her husband and her mailbox, and added, "I want that mailbox back!"

—*Postal Service News*, August, 1960

## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
PEGGY ELMORE

Armco Drainage and Metal Products, Inc., has been so kind and generous as to give four big culvert pipes for the drainage of a very bad hill on the Camp Creek road in the Wendover district. Last winter this hill became a sheet of ice, impassable by truck or jeep. Women employees at Wendover, who live on Camp Creek, came to work in a mule-drawn sled! The men decided something had to be done about it before another winter.

Under the leadership of our foreman, Mr. Hobert Cornett, men and boys gave volunteer labor, filling in holes with crushed rock and deepening the drain ditch above the road. One Friday night they had a box supper to raise money to buy limestone gravel for the road. Everyone turned out. One of the young men, Owen Adams, did a superb job of auctioning off the boxes and a record-breaking \$171.50 was raised for the gravel fund. At the box supper, the announcement was made that Armco was shipping the culverts as a gift. We hope that the big hand given the donors reached all the way to Middletown, Ohio.

For people living on Camp Creek, this road is the only outlet to the Wendover Clinic, the post office, and the highway. Those fifty-odd families, as well as our district nurse-midwife who travels this road in making her daily rounds, and in answering emergency calls, send Armco a thousand grateful thanks for making it possible to put in culverts. Without them, after the first downpour of rain, all of the hard work put in on the road would have been in vain.

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Betty Lester spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service to the nurses at the Ireland Army Hospital at Fort Knox on September 14. Ivallean Caudill and May Houtenville, both of the ex-staff, showed the FNS slides to nurses at St. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital in Louisville and to the Princeton, New Jersey, Chapter of the Needlework Guild of America, respectively.

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The Margaret Durbin Harper Center on Wolf Creek became truly a community center early in September when a nearby

school burned. The County Board of Education was given permission to use the basement to hold classes during the week, and a church group, which shared the school, has services at the Center on Sundays.

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Mrs. Breckinridge attended the meeting of the Flat Creek Committee on October 14, where the chairman, Mr. Bascom Bowling, presided as he has done for thirty years. The secretary of the committee, Mr. Walter Mullins, read his fine minutes of the previous meeting. There was a large attendance. Our trustee, Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville, went with Mrs. Breckinridge as did the new vice-chairman of the Louisville Committee, Mrs. M. C. Browder. They were warmly welcomed by everyone. Mrs. Breckinridge attended the meeting of the Red Bird Committee on October 18. The chairman, Mr. Chris Queen, had come back from North Carolina to preside. The vice-chairman, Mr. Oakley Spurlock, was also present as were many other members. Mrs. Cleveland Marcum reported that her sewing circle was ready for another bolt of goods for whatever sewing the Hospital needed. A resolution in memory of the secretary of the committee, Mrs. Floyd Bowling, was adopted unanimously. This committee continued a custom that had been started by Mrs. Bowling of cooking individually and bringing to the nursing center everything for the dinner except coffee. At both committee meetings the nurses presented their admirable reports of the year's work.

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We are deeply grateful to Mr. Floyd Bowling at our Red Bird Committee for doing all the necessary repairs around the Center, including the painting of the trim of the log house, and for donating half of his time to the FNS.

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In September we had another of the valuable pediatric clinics given us by the residents of the Cincinnati Children's Hospital. Drs. Thomas Coleman, Charles Neave, and Charles Taylor were with us for three days, accompanied by one of the hospital social workers, Miss Cecilia Dwyer.

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We are glad to welcome to the Hyden Hospital staff Alice Martin, Patricia Stevens, Winifred Jacobson, Carolyn Coleman,

Roberta Rawson, Priscilla Tighe, and British nurse-midwife Anne Curry. It is great fun to have Margaret McCracken, who was with the FNS for a number of years, back with us as nurse-midwife in charge of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center at Brutus. She took over from Zelda Pierson who helped out at the Hospital for a few weeks before she left the Service. Margaret's sister, Mrs. Alberta Halpin, is the second nurse at Brutus, and they have with them Mrs. Halpin's son, Frankie.

It was with deep regret that we saw Margaret Willson return to England in late November, but we hope she will be able to return to Kentucky next year.

The 41st Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery will be admitted on December 1, with seven students. Betty Mantay and Elaine Douglas have been with the Service since the early summer. Helen Trachsel is from Marion, Indiana, and the other four nurses—Mary Nell Harper, Everett, Washington, Martha Lady, Abilene, Kansas, Jewell Olson, Columbus, Nebraska, and Joann LeVahn, Minneapolis, Minnesota—have been in the mission field in Ethiopia, Northern Rhodesia, and the Belgian Congo.

Two girls who will graduate from the School at the end of November—Caryllen Gabbert and Toni Lambert—are joining the FNS staff as nurse-midwives.

Our junior couriers this fall have been Anne Archbold of Newport, Rhode Island, and Nancy Walker of Concord, New Hampshire. Anne returned home at the end of October but Nancy is remaining to help out until after Christmas. To our delight Jean Hollins came back in early November. Kate Ireland and Leigh Powell were here briefly in the early autumn and both they and Jinny Branham came back just before Thanksgiving.

We are deeply grateful to the other volunteers who have come to us in recent weeks. Jill Henderson, an English nurse visiting in this country, spent two weeks helping out at Hyden Hospital and was invaluable. The two students from Keuka College, Beatrice Fratta and Gloria Weyerts, with the Service for their field period, have spent many hours helping with the Christmas preparations.

We have loved having visits this fall from several of our old friends and many new ones. Mrs. Charles H. Moorman and Mrs. M. C. Browder of Louisville were with us all too briefly in October. Miss Margaret M. Gage of Santa Monica, California, came for a ten-day visit in September, and again she shared her talent for dramatic reading with the staff and with several of the local schools. Mrs. Roger Lee Branham of Hingham, Massachusetts, came down with Jinny and spent hours writing acknowledgments for Christmas toys and clothing. Bishop and Mrs. William R. Moody of Lexington spent a night with us in October. Several members of the Hazard Committee came to Wendover one gray afternoon in November for a tea in honor of Mrs. Walter A. Hull, the chairman emeritus, who was moving back to Virginia.

Several members of the faculty of the Colleges of Medicine and Nursing of the new Medical Center at the University of Kentucky have been in to see us this fall and we have enjoyed every one of them. Misses Mildred Seyler, Susanne Prough, and Virginia Lane were here for three days the end of October, and Dr. Kurt W. Deuschle, Miss Marion Pool, Mr. Robert Johnson, and Dr. and Mrs. James Halsted were so kind as to give us a day and night in November.

Mr. Morton D. Hull, associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, spent nearly a week in FNS territory. Miss Sue Won, a Korean nurse-midwife in the United States on a scholarship from the Methodist Church, spent several weeks at Flat Creek, Brutus, and Hyden Hospital. Alice Herman, of the ex-staff, who is now doing public health work in Pike County, has been over to see us several times and always ends up doing a bit of work wherever needed.

We had the honor of having an overnight visit from Dr. M. Edward Davis, Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Chicago Lying-In Hospital, and his son, when he came down to address the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives.

At our Thanksgiving Day Reunion at Wendover we were all pleased to receive a cable from Harriet Jordan from Surabaja, Indonesia, where she is stationed as a member of HOPE Project:

"Thinking of you all this Thursday. Wish were there. Love and God bless."

The Midwives Meeting, which came two days after Thanksgiving, brought a goodly number of the ex-staff to Wendover: Grace Reeder, Elaine Sell, Ivallean Caudill, Evelyn Mottram, Peggy Kemner, Helen Farrington, and Sister Anne Paul (Betty Ann Bradbury) with her guest, Mother Hilda. We hope they enjoyed being back in the FNS as much as we enjoyed having them.

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#### **CONCERT BY THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA**

On its way to New York after playing in Moscow, the Near East, and Europe, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra spent a short weekend in London and gave one concert on October 10th under its dynamic conductor Leonard Bernstein.

The English-Speaking Union was extremely fortunate to be able to have the proceeds of this Concert for the benefit of the Educational Trust. The Royal Festival Hall was filled to capacity and the evening was an outstanding success. The E.-S.U. owes much to Lady Ravensdale, under whose vigorous chairmanship a special committee was responsible for making the arrangements.

His Excellency the American Ambassador, Mr. John Hay Whitney, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, were among those present.

—*The English-Speaking World*  
September, 1960



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

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

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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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.

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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**, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

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

**Gifts of money should be made payable to**

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,**

**and sent to the treasurer**

**MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,**

**Security Trust Company**

**Lexington 15, Kentucky**

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

### A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It is hard for an amateur editor like me to get this Bulletin flung together four times a year. It would be a sheer impossibility without the help of several of my colleagues. These lines are written in grateful appreciation.

M. B.

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### Statement of Ownership

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1960.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

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(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., chairman; Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1960.

GRACE A. TERRILL, Notary Public.

Leslie County, Kentucky.

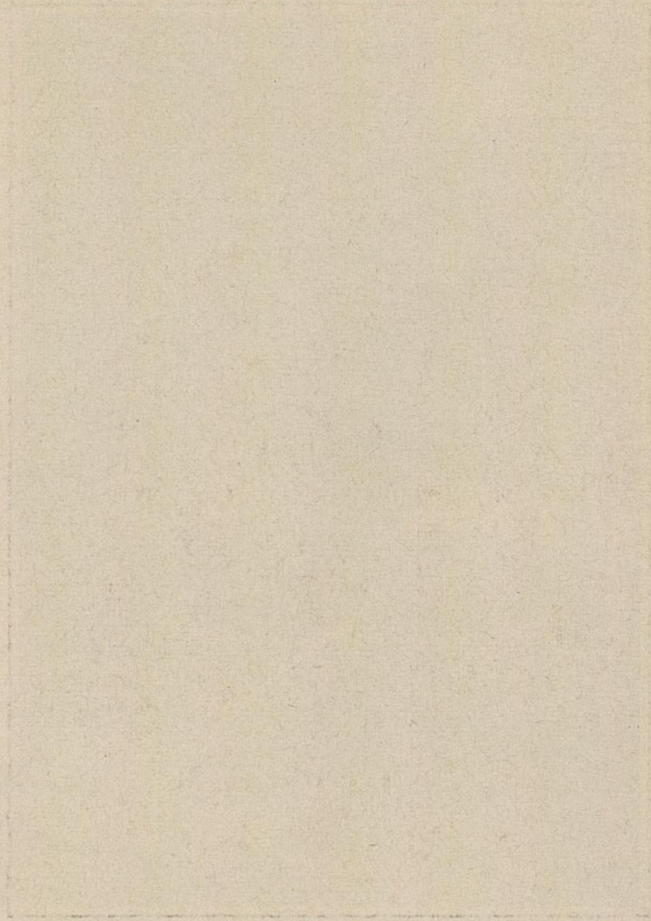
(My commission expires June 2, 1962.)



Carolyn Banghart, Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery,  
and her assistant, Molly Lee, left to right.

Caryllen Gabbert, student in the School, standing upper left.

This picture was taken in September 1960 by Dr. Wine Huitema of  
The Netherlands



Faint, illegible text or markings, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.