FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 37

SUMMER, 1961

NUMBER 1

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT



KIP, A RED JEEP, ON WOLF CREEK

The cover photograph of Kip on Wolf Creek is printed with the kind permission of the photographer Warren Klosterman, and of The Courier-Journal and Louisville Times. This jeep is named for a very young lady and is a gift from her mother, one of our trustees.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN
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SUMMER, 1961

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REX B. POTTER
Certified Public Accountant
145 East High
Lexington, Ky.

To the Officers and Trustees Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated Lexington, Kentucky

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have examined the balance sheet of the Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated, as of April 30, 1961, and the statement of revenue and expense for the fiscal year then ended. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards, and accordingly included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

In our opinion, the accompanying balance sheet and statement of revenue and expense present fairly the financial position of the Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated, at April 30, 1961, and the results of its operations for the fiscal year then ended, and were prepared in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year.

Respectfully submitted,

REX B. POTTER Certified Public Accountant

Lexington, Kentucky May Twenty-fifth Nineteen Sixty-one

of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc. for the Fiscal Year May 1, 1960 to April 30, 1961

PREFACE

As has been our custom since we were one year old, we present our annual report of the fiscal affairs and of the field of operations of the Frontier Nursing Service to its trustees, members, and subscribers.

We have, as in previous years, divided our report into two sections. One section is about money, and one section about work.

Under the heading of Conclusion, we tell something of what the year has meant to us.

I.

FISCAL REPORT

Our annual audit is so detailed, and therefore so voluminous, that we do not print it in full. The figures that follow are taken from the Exhibits and Schedules of the last audit. We have divided these figures into four categories. The auditor's own Balance Sheet is the first category. The second is his list of Endowments and Reserves. The third category covers all Revenue Receipts. The fourth category we have put into two columns—to the left the Expenditures of the last fiscal year taken from the audit, and to the right the Budget accepted by our trustees for the current fiscal year, based on last year's expenditures.

Under a fifth category, called Inventory, we account for all our properties. All five categories are given in sequence on the following pages.

BALANCE SHEET

As at April 30, 1961

| ASSETS | m 505.00 | |
|--|--|--|
| Cash on Hand—Petty Funds | \$ 505.00 | |
| Cash in Banks: Security Trust Company—General Account | 24,037.09 | |
| Security Trust Company—Social Service and Alpha | | |
| Omicron Pi Account | | |
| Security Trust Company—Staff Payroll Account Security Trust Company—Frances Bolton | | |
| Building Fund | | |
| Peoples Bank, Hazard—Organization Account | | |
| Total Cash | | |
| Temporary Loans Account | | 722.30 |
| U. S. Treasury Bonds (Frances Bolton Building Fund) | | 21,844.72 |
| Realty, Buildings, Equipment and Livestock | | 415,544.26 |
| Endowment, Memorial and Reserve Fund Investments at | | |
| Original Costs, in hands of: Security Trust Company, Lexington, Kentucky | 1.108.178.42 | |
| Liberty National Bank & Trust Co., Louisville, Ky | | |
| Guaranty Trust Company, New York City | 185,000.00 | |
| To the Commence News York City | 137,496.50 | |
| Bankers Trust Company, New York City | 101,100.00 | |
| Total Investments—Original Costs | | . 1,515,925.75 |
| | | |
| Total Investments—Original Costs Total Assets | | |
| Total Assets | | |
| Total Investments—Original Costs Total Assets | 1,851.97 | |
| Total Investments—Original Costs Total Assets LIABILITIES Accrued Payroll Taxes Withheld | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 | 1,994,536.57 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs Total Assets LIABILITIES Accrued Payroll Taxes Withheld Endowment, Memorial and Reserve Funds | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 | . 1,994,536.57 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs Total Assets | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 | . 1,994,536.57 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 | . 1,994,536.57 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 | . 1,994,536.57 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs Total Assets | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 | . 1,994,536.57 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 5,846,748.30 5,369,989.45 | . 1,994,536.57 . 1,517,777.72 . 476,758.85 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 5,846,748.30 5,369,989.45 | . 1,994,536.57 . 1,517,777.72 . 476,758.85 |
| Total Investments—Original Costs | 1,851.97 1,515,925.75 5,846,748.30 5,369,989.45 | . 1,994,536.57 . 1,517,777.72 . 476,758.85 |

STATEMENT OF ENDOWMENT AND RESERVE FUNDS April 30, 1960 and 1961

| Designated Funds—Income Restricted | April 30 1960 | Additions During Year | April 30 1961 |
|--|------------------|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Joan Glancy Memorial Baby's Crib\$ | 5,000.00 | | \$ 5,000.00 |
| Mary Ballard Morton Memorial | 85,250.83 | | 85,250.83 |
| Jessie Preston Draper Memorial No. 1 | 15,000.00 | | 15,000.00 |
| Jessie Preston Draper Memorial No. 2 | 185,000.00 | | 185,000.00 |
| Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial | 16,000.00 | | 16,000.00 |
| Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial | 2,500.00 | | 2,500.00 |
| Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby's Crib | 5,000.00 | | 5,000.00 |
| John Price Starks Memorial Baby's Crib | 5,000.00 | | 5,000.00 |
| Norah Oliver Shoemaker Memorial Baby's Crib | 5,000.00 | | 5,000.00 |
| Eliza Thackara Memorial | 2,268.91 | \$ 124.60* | 2,393.51 |
| Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown | 1,000.00 | | 1,000.00 |
| Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed | 12,750.00 | | 12,750.00 |
| Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia | | | |
| Brooks for a Center and its Endowment | 60,967.92 | 2,587.99* | 63,555.91 |
| Margaret A. Pettet Legacy | 1,953.70 | | 1,953.70 |
| Jane Short Atwood Legacy | 7,500.00 | | 7,500.00 |
| Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., Fund | 10,800.00 | | 10,800.00 |
| Sub-totals\$ | 420,991.36 | \$ 2,712.59 | \$ 423,703.95 |
| Designated Funds—Income Unrestricted | | | |
| Marion E. Taylor Memorial | 10,000.00 | | 10,000.00 |
| Fannie Norris Fund | 10,000.00 | | 10,000.00 |
| Marie L. Willard Legacy | 3,127.36 | | 3,127.36 |
| William Nelson Fant, Jr., Memorial | 78,349.52 | | 78,349.52 |
| Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Fund | 1,100.00 | | 1,100.00 |
| Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy | 5,000.00 | | 5,000.00 |
| Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial | 1,000.00 | | 1,000.00 |
| Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund | 26,375.00 | | 26,375.00 |
| Elisabeth Ireland Fund | 22,457.50 | | 22,457.50 |
| Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy | 5,000.00 | | 5,000.00 |
| Richard D. McMahon Legacy | 943.23 | | 943.23 |
| Anonymous—General Endowment | 137,496.50 | | 137,496.50 |
| Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford in Memory of her two children | 10,000.00 | | 10,000.00 |

^{*} Income added to principal.

STATEMENT OF ENDOWMENT AND RESERVE FUNDS April 30, 1960 and 1961

(Continued)

| Hattie M. Strong Memorial Beulah Bruce Brennan Memorial Anna Rosina Gooch Memorial Jeannie B. Trull Legacy Elizabeth B. Perkins Legacy Frances Kendall Ross Legacy | April 30 1960 10,000.00 2,000.00 16,625.00 33,253.33 152,970.44 | Additions During Year | April 30 1961 10,000.00 2,000.00 16,625.00 33,253.33 152,970.44 17,100.00 |
|---|---|--------------------------------------|--|
| Elizabeth Sherman Lindsay Memorial | 5,000.00 23,401.42 | | 5,000.00 5,000.00 23,401.42 1,000.00 |
| Charles N. Kavanaugh, M. D., Memorial | 3,000.00 2,000.00 1,000.00 | | 3,000.00 2,000.00 1,000.00 7,078.50 |
| Lena G. Anderson Legacy Eliza Davitt Hartley Legacy Cordie M. Williams Legacy Lisette Hast Legacy Edward S. Jouett Legacy | 150,000.00 | 250,000.00 10,944.00 1,000.00 | 150,000.00 250,000.00 10,944.00 1,000.00 |
| Henry Bowmar Fund | | 1,000.00 5,000.00 \$270,656.59 | 1,000.00 5,000.00 \$1,431,925.75 |
| Reserve Accounts: Mrs. Louise D. Crane | 10,000.00 16,000.00 24,000.00 2,500.00 5,000.00 5,000.00 | 6,000.00 12,500.00 | 4,000.00 10,000.00 16,000.00 18,000.00 2,500.00 5,000.00 5,000.00 6,000.00 12,500.00 |
| TOTALS | \$1,232,769.16 | \$283,156.59 | \$1,515,925.75 |

\$328,770.09

REVENUE RECEIPTS Statement of Donations and Subscriptions Paid May 1, 1960 to April 30, 1961

| May 1, 1960 to April 30, 1961 | | | | |
|---|-----------------|-----------------------------|--------------|--|
| SUMMARY: | Contributions | Benefits and Bargain Box | Totals | |
| Alpha Omicron Pi | | | \$ 4,344.94 | |
| Baltimore Committee | | | 910.00 | |
| Boston Committee | | 7,000.00 | 12,546.50 | |
| Chicago Committee | | | 6,439.00 | |
| Cincinnati Committee | | | 10,862.03 | |
| Cleveland Committee | | | 10,040.97 | |
| Daughters of Colonial Wars | | | 3,618.50 | |
| Detroit Committee | | | 6,904.00 | |
| Hartford Committee | | | 2,232.50 | |
| Kentucky:* | | | | |
| Blue Grass Committee | . 4,430.00 | | 4,430.00 | |
| Louisville Committee | | | 15,423.10 | |
| Miscellaneous State | | | 5,281.93 | |
| Minneapolis Committee | | | 1,756.50 | |
| New York Committee | | 5,132.35 | 22,697.44 | |
| Philadelphia Committee | | 1,867.65 | 13,461.35 | |
| Pittsburgh Committee | | | 12,866.68 | |
| Princeton Committee | | | 655.00 | |
| Providence Committee | | | 1,017.50 | |
| Riverdale Committee | | | 6,135.00 | |
| Rochester Committee | | | 1,741.76 | |
| Washington, D. C. Committee** | | 388.50 | 6,545.98 | |
| Miscellaneous | | | 9,637.33 | |
| | Burning Comment | | | |
| Totals | .\$145,159.51 | \$14,388.50 | \$159,548.01 | |
| | | | | |
| * Total for Kentucky \$25,135.03 ** Contributions through Benefit \$1,211.50 | | | | |
| | | | | |
| OTHER REVENUE RECEIPTS: | | | | |
| Fees for Graduate School of Midwifery | | 10,020.00 | | |
| Payments from Patients: | | | | |
| Income from Nursing Centers | | | | |
| Medical and Surgical Fees | | | | |
| Hyden Hospital Fees | | | | |
| Hospital Clinic Funds and Supplies | | 55,032.90 | | |
| Wendover Post Office | - | 4,271.54 | | |
| Income from Investments | | 98,075.73 | | |
| "Wide Neighborhoods"—Royalties and Local Sales. | | 451.38 | | |
| Livestock Sales | | 759.06 | | |
| A. C. Program—U. S. Treasurer | | 338.72 | | |
| Miscellaneous | • | 272.75 | 169,222.08 | |
| | | | | |

TOTAL—ALL REVENUE RECEIPTS.....

LAST YEAR'S EXPENDITURES AND THIS YEAR'S BUDGET

| | | 1960-1961 | 1961-1962 | |
|--|---------------------------------|-------------|---------------------|-----|
| I. FIELD EXPENSE: | | | | |
| (Hyden Hospital, Frontier Gra Midwifery, Wendover, and five | e nursing centers) | | | |
| 1. Salaries and Wages | \$1 | 106.742.10 | \$107,000.0 | |
| 2. Medical Director and Relie | | 9,999.96 | 15,000.0 | 0 |
| 3. Dispensary Supplies (See I | Vote 1) | 33,447.74 | 33,000.0 | 10 |
| 4. Running costs; Food—min | is board of residents; cows, | 05 050 00 | 20 500 0 | 0 |
| | eight and hauling, et cetera | 37,972.63 | 38,500.0 | |
| 5. Feed and care of 15 horses | | 5,048.90 | 5,000.0 12,000.0 | |
| 6. Jeeps (20), Truck, Station | | 10,256.23 | | |
| 7. Maintenance of Properties. | | 14,126.54* | 14,500.0 | _ |
| TOTAL FIELD EXPENSE | 3\$3 | 217,594.10 | \$225,000.0 | 00 |
| II. ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENS | SE: | | | |
| 1. Salaries, Accounting and A | uditing, Office Supplies, Post- | 07 100 07 | | 00 |
| age, Telephone and Telegra | ph, Printing, etc\$ | 35,488.85 | \$ 35,500.0 |)0 |
| | | | | |
| III. SOCIAL SECURITY TAX: | \$ | 4,424.37 | \$ 4,500.0 | 00 |
| | | | | |
| THE GOOTAL GERMAN | | 14 561 01 | \$ 14,000.0 | 00 |
| IV. SOCIAL SERVICE: | Φ | 14,561.01 | ф 14,000.0 | 00 |
| V. GENERAL EXPENSE: | | | | |
| 1. Insurance (Fire—\$309,500.0 | 00 coverage) Employer's Lia- | | | |
| bility, full coverage on t | ruck, 20 jeeps, and station | | | |
| wagon | \$ | 6,022.96 | \$ 6,000. | 00 |
| 2. Quarterly Bulletins (covered | ed by subscriptions) | 5,038.27 | 5,000. | 00 |
| 3. Record Department | | 2,980.00 | 3,000. | 00 |
| 4. Miscellaneous Projects suc | | | | |
| study and observation, prof | essional books and magazines | 893.58 | 800. | 00 |
| 5. Miscellaneous Promotional | | 1 477 00 | 1 200 | 00 |
| tains | | 1,477.92 | 1,200. | |
| | \$ | 16,412.73 | \$ 16,000. | .00 |
| TOTAL RUNNING EXPENS | SES | 288,481.06 | \$295,000. | .00 |
| NEW LAND AND BUIL LIVESTOCK ADDITIONS | DINGS, EQUIPMENT AND | 3 20,577.27 | | |
| TOTAL | 9 | 309.058.33 | | |
| TOTAL | | | | |

^{*} Wages for maintenance charged to Wages Category.

Note 1: Approximately 1/3 of supplies relayed to Districts.

Note 2: Five animals belong to FNS employees, who must ride to work.

LAND, BUILDINGS, LIVESTOCK AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

INVENTORY

Our auditors set a value of \$415,544.26 on these holdings, after adjustments. Among the major holdings are the following:

Hyden

A stone Hospital, one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and the frame Annex, a Memorial to "Jackie" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director, a gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; Mardi Cottage, the Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; The Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; St. Christopher's Chapel; two water tanks; two employees' cottages; and outbuildings such as garages, work shop, pighouses, forge, pump house, and two fire hose houses.

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Big House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"), the Old Cabin and the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Upper and Lower Shelf; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller buildings such as the cow barn, cow hospital barn, mule barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, pump house, jeep shed, two fire hose houses, two water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

Georgia Wright Clearing

A caretaker's cottage and barn, extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade; two wells.

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

Frame building and oak barn; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Evacuated April 1, 1960, by orders of the Government of the United States in behalf of the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir. Relocation site not decided on as yet.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Log building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

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

Frame building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

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

Frame building and oak barn; jeep shed; fire hose house; walled-in spring; water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center (Wolf Creek; Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; two-jeep garage; deep well and pump; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Subsidiary Clinics

Six small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Willeford Memorial), Coon Creek (Coy Maggard Memorial), Mudlick, and Leatherwood.

Livestock

Ten horses; one mule; one registered Guernsey bull; eight cows; four heifers; registered Hampshire brood sow, and four-teen pigs; over two hundred chickens.

Equipment

Equipment includes: twenty jeeps; one Ford station wagon-ambulance; one three-quarter ton truck; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddle-bags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital equipment and furnishings; dispensary supplies; and household furnishings and equipment at Hyden, Wendover, and the five outpost centers, variously located in a seven-hundred-square mile area.

II.

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

The data in this section are supplied by the record department of the Frontier Nursing Service; by records kept on guests and volunteer workers; and by the social service department.

1.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

To our deep satisfaction we had in Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley a Medical Director for the whole of the fiscal year that ended April 30, 1961. We gave him up with unbounded regret for his return to Africa under the auspices of the International Coöperation Administration in Liberia. We had to give up his wife and children with him. They are so much a part of the FNS and the community where they lived that everyone misses them.

You will all be glad to know that our new Medical Director, Dr. Francis Brewer, will be with us before you, our readers, see this Bulletin. He comes, with Mrs. Brewer, sometime in August. He is a former medical missionary with wide experience in ob-gyn and surgery, and almost everything else, in the days when we had medical missionaries in China. Both Dr. and Mrs. Brewer are delightful people who will be welcomed wholeheartedly by the FNS staff and all of the thousands of patients we serve. They will add greatly to the community life of Hyden.

We are grateful in fullest measure to the staff of the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati for the wonderful pediatric clinics they held in our territory in the fall of 1960 and the spring of 1961 under their chief residents; and the Children's Hospital for free care given our children during the year. We are grateful to Dr. J. B. Holloway and his team for the wonderful surgical clinic at Hyden Hospital this spring.

We extend our warm thanks to the Kentucky Commission for Handicapped Children and the Kentucky Cancer Clinic for free care given the patients we refer to them.

Our thanks go too, as they do each year, to Dr. H. G. Reineke of Cincinnati who reads Frontier Nursing Service x-rays for us as a courtesy. A number of our needy patients have received courtesy care from physicians in Louisville, Lexington, and Haz-

ard. We want to extend our deep gratitude to Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., of the Miners' Hospital in Hazard and to Dr. E. W. Schaeffer of the Red Bird Hospital at Beverly for unending courtesy and kindness to the midwifery patients our nurse-midwives have referred to them. To Dr. Ziel we extend special thanks for taking over the lectures to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in the absence at any time of our Medical Director. Dr. Ziel gives his services for these lectures and holds them on his free afternoon.

Our very special thanks go to the Kentucky State Department of Health for the kindness of its Commissioners, Dr. Russell E. Teague, and the directors of its divisions. Dr. Helen B. Fraser, Director of the Bureau of Maternal and Child Health, has been especially helpful to us. Our gratitude goes out in fullest measure to the Kentucky Board of Nursing Education and Nurse Registration and its Executive Secretary, Mrs. Marjorie C. Tyler, for the consideration they have shown our Frontier Nurses.

2. HYDEN HOSPITAL

Hyden Hospital—with 27 beds and 12 bassinets, 2 incubators—was occupied 7,191 days last year by 1,311 patients with a daily average of 19.7 patients at a cost per patient day of \$13.61. Of the 1,311 patients cared for at the Hospital during the fiscal year, 317 were sick adults, 520 were obstetrical patients, 159 were children, and 315 were new born. There were 14 deaths in the Hospital, of which 6 were new born. There was no maternal death. There were 92 operations performed. The out-patient department, with the Medical Director's clinics, received a total of 14,596 visits.

3. DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts operated by the Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and five outpost centers, we attended 10,298 people in 2,277 families. Of these, 4,811 were children, including 2,219 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 21,294 visits and received 27,373 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes

to 1,402 sick people of whom 9 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 3,860 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, polio, et cetera, and sent 2,496 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district nursing only and does not include midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives along with their district nursing. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

4.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under the supervision of their instructors) attended 411 women in childbirth and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Of these 411 women, 15 were delivered by the Medical Director. There were 403 live births and 6 stillbirths; 4 deliveries of twins; 286 new cases admitted; 441 closed after postpartum care; 2 miscarriages. There was no maternal death.

Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the Medical Director and the nurse-midwives were called in for 49 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 10 live births, 1 still-birth, and 38 emergency miscarriages (28 early, 10 late). Postpartum care was given to 6 other unregistered mothers. There was no maternal death.

Outside-Area Cases

There were 151 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these, 31 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside-area patients move into one of our districts or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver 23 such patients of 23 live babies, with no maternal death.

5.

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The School admits two classes annually on June 1 and December 1. Seven registered nurses are taken in each class of six months duration. The forty-second class which opened June 1, 1961, is now in attendance. When its work is completed on December 1, the School will have sent 229 nurses, qualified as midwives and in our frontier technique, to render service all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, including Alaska; the Philippines, India, Thailand, South Korea, Canada, France, the Middle East, and in parts of Africa and South America.

6.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund and Other Grants)

During the past fiscal year the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service has given financial aid to 265 families or individuals as follows:

Provided medicines for 7 patients

Paid for diagnostic X-rays for 14 people

Bought glasses for 16 patients (NEW EYES FOR THE NEEDY FUND)

Paid dental bills for 3 patients

Provided orthopedic brace for 2 patients

Provided bus fare for 4 school students

Paid all or part of city hospital bills for 18 patients

Paid doctors' bills for 10 patients

Bought coal for 1 destitute family

Gave groceries to 28 families—a total of 106 orders

Provided school clothes and shoes for 12 children

Provided monthly allowance for 3 high school students

Provided seed potatoes and garden seeds for 27 families

Provided school lunches (hot) for 14 children

Paid board ing school expenses for 3 children

Paid college fees for 1 student

Paid tuition fees and travel expenses for 1 student at the vocational school

Paid ambulance bills for 16 trips with patients

Paid laboratory fees for patients at Lexington Clinic, Hazard Clinic and Miners' Memorial Clinic. (Any patients who can pay do reimburse the Service.)

Many patients have been transported to and from the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden to the outpost centers. In addition there were:

- Trips to Lexington with 34 children to the clinic of the Kentucky Commission for Handicapped Children, 8 patients to Lexington hospitals, and 27 to the Lexington Clinic and other doctors
- 20 trips to Cincinnati Children's Hospital with 44 patients
- 14 trips to Hazard with 22 patients to the Hazard Memorial Hospital, Mount Mary Hospital and the Hazard Clinic
- 2 trips to Danville to the Kentucky School for the Deaf with 3 children
- 1 trip to Manchester with children to the annual clinic of the Kentucky Commission for Handicapped Children
- 3 trips to Houston Mission School with 4 students
- 3 trips to London with 3 patients for admission to the Tuberculosis Hospital
- 8 trips to London with 33 patients to the Tuberculosis Hospital Clinic
- 1 trip to the Homeplace Clinic and Hospital with 1 patient

More general service and aid have been given to other families and individuals as follows:

Clothing and bedding distributed to needy families (including 6 that were burned out) and books to local schools

Service and time given in coöperation with the American Red Cross, Welfare and Health Departments, County Judges, Vocational Representatives, Frontier Nursing Service Medical Director, District nurse-midwives, and the Hospital staff.

7.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Twenty-one couriers and seventeen other volunteers worked for the Service for a period of 1,352 days.

8.

GUESTS FOR OBSERVATION AND STUDY

As in other years the Service entertained guests, for observation and study of its work, from all over the world. These came not only from North America, but from the Middle East, the Far East, Europe, South America, South Africa and Australia.

9. CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas, and clothing to those that needed it. Our local district committees provided free trucks to carry supplies from Hyden to the outpost centers, and were helpful in many other ways. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for the children, with Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and Christmas carols. All of this was made possible by the generous response of hundreds of people to our annual request card for the children's Christmas.

III. THIRTY-SIX YEAR TOTAL

It will be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole thirty-six year period of work.

| Patients registered from the beginning | | 54,797 |
|---|--------|---------|
| Babies and toddlers | | |
| School children | 9,545 | |
| Total children | 32,381 | |
| Adults | 22,416 | |
| Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered | | 13,076 |
| Inoculations | | 221,554 |
| Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital* | | 23,094 |
| Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospita | al | 179,570 |

^{*} For 31 years and 6 months. The FNS Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

CONCLUSION

In concluding this report of the last fiscal year—our 36th—there are two special things that we want to call to the attention of our subscribers. The first is fiscal, since we always report first

on our fiscal affairs. You will note that our Endowment and our Reserves have now reached a total of \$1,515,925.75. We began our work with no endowment, no reserves, and no fixed source of income. We survived the depression years, the years of war, and we continue to survive the years of inflation. At the conclusion of this last fiscal year on April 30, 1961, for the first time in our history we had enough money in the banks to meet the obligations falling due in the first weeks of the new fiscal year.

But we shall have to borrow from our Reserves to carry the lean months of August-September, paying the money back into the Reserves during our best months of December-January. So long as maintenance remains the costly thing it is, with the price of supplies rising higher and higher, so long will it be

before we can keep abreast of ourselves.

The second thing we want to bring especially to your attention is the recurrence yet again in this report of the words "no maternal deaths." We have carried our last four thousand consecutive midwifery cases without the loss of a single mother. We have had our share of difficult and dangerous maternity cases, including four with that rare condition called hypofibrinogenemia. These cases need more than one dose of a costly drug called fibrinogen. They need, and get, from enthusiastic volunteers, so many pints of blood that sometimes the amount given them exceeds the amount they originally had in their bodies.

The technique used by the Frontier Nursing Service in its care of rural mothers is studied by professional guests from all over the world. Its success is due to team work. First, there is a personal relationship between the mother and her district nurse-midwife. If the mother is within Frontier Nursing Service territory it does not matter how remote from the outside world is the creek on which she lives. Her own nurse-midwife whom she knows and trusts is near at hand. The mother will send for her at once if she has disturbing symptoms. The nurse, because she is a midwife as well as a nurse, recognizes the gravity of these early symptoms. If there is a telephone connection with the Medical Director at our Hyden Hospital she gets in touch with him that way. If there isn't a connection she uses her own highly trained judgment as to how to move the mother to him. The Medical Director has already screened the patient as he

does all maternity patients when they have registered with our own nurses. He now assumes charge of the case. To help him he has the head Hospital Nurse-Midwife and if need be either the Dean of the Graduate School of Midwifery or the Hospital Superintendent, both of whom are midwives as well as nurses; and the students of the School, who are all registered nurses. A call is put out at once for blood donors, of the type needed; and we have a list of those living near the Hospital, of every known type. All of this is given to show what we mean by team work which lies at the very heart of our success in maternity care.

We want, as we do each year, to express our gratitude to all of our thousands of patients for a coöperation rarely seen in this modern world. We again extend our deep gratitude to the members of our staff. There is not one of them who is not a part-time volunteer, staying with us when she could earn from two to four times as much if she took a city job. It is our hope, and our ardent wish, to make a better provision for our devoted workers than we have been able to do in the past. Lastly, our thanks are due to you, our subscribers, who have made possible everything worth-while that we have ever done.

MARVIN BRECKINRIDGE PATTERSON (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson), Chairman EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

A PRAYER USED AT ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL AT HYDEN HOSPITAL

We pray Thee, O Heavenly Father, to watch over all the mothers for whom we care. Protect them from all fear of danger and deliver them safely and happily of healthy children, that they may give thanks to Thee for Thy safe keeping and spread Thy love in their homes, that their families may grow in the knowledge and love of Thee.

For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

—Composed by the nurse-midwives of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

SONG OF THE LITTLE BIRDS

"Oh, the little birds sang east, the little birds sang west;
And I said, in under-breath,

'All our life is mixed with death!

And who knoweth which is best?"

"Oh, the little birds sang east, the little birds sang west;
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness His rest!"

Quoted in Future Tenses of the Blessed Life, by F. B. Meyer, a writer of the last century.

BEFORE WE STEP INTO THE WINGS

by MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Nearly forty years ago a small boy here in the Kentucky mountains was offered a white shirt and a pair of pants to wear to Sunday School. While he clung to his overalls he said, "I don't

aim to rise above my raisin'."

In one of Turgenev's novels he writes that the heart of another is an impenetrable forest. This is most true of the heart of a young child, which so few people bother to try to understand. To me, this little boy meant that he didn't want to start putting on airs.

When I was young it was considered bad form to put on airs, a mark of vulgarity. There is nothing new in such affectations. One has only to read the novels of the last three centuries to find characters who put on airs. What troubles me today is the number of people, not just here at home but everywhere, who go for pretensions. This leads them to buy things they cannot afford, because others are buying them. The reason for this is, in my opinion, that vulgarity streams in on everyone from modern mass means of communication. No reasonable person objects to an announcement that the program he likes on the radio has come to him through the courtesy of So and So. As a matter of fact, if he likes the program he wants to buy the product advertised. Gratitude, one of the nobler virtues, has been stirred in him. But it is quite another thing to have to listen to the blatant brag of some singing commercials. If a man walked into your house singing about how wonderful he was he would be about as welcome as a polecat.

If this is an age of vulgarity, may not that be the reason why it is an age without melody? Up until the First World War, and all through it, melodies came from creative hearts as truly as in the days of ballads and folk songs. But nowhere in the Second World War were there such rousing melodies as "Pack up your troubles" and "Over there," or such haunting ones as "Keep the home fires burning" and "The long, long trail." So rare is it today for melodies to be created, that when they are, as in South

Pacific, people go wild over them.

One form of affectation current today is subtle and dangerous because it is widespread in university and government circles. This is the abuse of the English language. I shall give only a few examples of the many that come to mind. Once people finished what they had to do. Now the job is finalized, or they themselves are finalized in the doing of it. Once people were shown how to do something. Now they are orientated into it. Once people had an object in life. Now it must be an objective. Soon it will be impossible to write about a subject. It will have become a subjective.

As for me, at the age of eighty, I don't aim to rise above my

raisin'.



OUR BROTHER THE BOTTLE-NOSED DOLPHIN

MARGARET M. GAGE

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail, "There's a porpoise close behind us and He's treading on my tail."

With all due respect to Lewis Carroll and his mock turtle, a porpoise would never have done anything so inconsiderate. He is a gentle beast and extremely courteous.

The porpoise is a true mammal although ages ago he went back to live in the sea, giving up his rudimentary hands for fins. He is a member of the order of whales and belongs to the dolphin family. The bottle-nosed dolphin is usually called a porpoise, although another variety also called porpoise has a blunt nose and is smaller. However, under whatever name we choose to call him, he has the largest brain in the animal kingdom except our own. It is actually larger. The average porpoise brain weighs 1800 grams to the 1300 of man, but his body, too, is proportionally larger. He averages from six to eight feet in length and occasionally grows to ten. His brain is just as complex as man's in its functional units. It has as many brain cells per cubic inch. It is a sobering thought that only a fin's breadth has kept us from having a serious rival in intelligence for world domination. Our hands geared to our brains have made us builders of many civilizations. Perhaps the porpoises might have done a better job of managing this planet if they had been the leading species. They might be less interested in stock-piling atom bombs and megatrons against rival schools of dolphins and more inclined to coöperation, mutual appreciation and under-

standing.

They are remarkably good natured creatures full of eager fun and play. The bottle-nosed type looks as if he were continually smiling. The star performer in the Porpoise Games at Marineland of the Pacific is called Smiley. Porpoises are friendly and altruistic. When a comrade is injured, his ebbing strength leaving him helpless in deep water, a group of them will bear him to the surface for breath. To keep from drowning these mammals must breathe air every few minutes through a small hole in the top of the head. They swim in large schools, reveling in companionship. A lone porpoise is a rarity. Their streamlined figures are graceful and efficient. With the help of a powerful fluked tail they can swim 35 m.p.h., probably faster. Every voyager knows how they enjoy playing about bows of a ship at sea. They jump out of the water seemingly for sheer delight. A number of them will leave the surface together and curve down as if in a prearranged dance movement, making a beautiful splash. Elsie, another trained performer at Marineland, jumps over a bar eighteen feet above the pool.

The female porpoise bears her young alive, and only one at a birth. When the crucial moment comes she leaps out of the sea and delivers her child so that it can take its first breath. Other friendly females, like concerned midwives, gather near at this time and after the birth help to buoy up both mother and offspring, so that they may get sufficient breathing spells after the labor. Like all mammals the mother nurses her young. The two of them float during the process to insure proper air intake. She lies partly on her side. When the little one gets hold of the nipple she contracts certain muscles and squirts the rich milk

down its throat. This is an ingenious arrangement to prevent sucking in air or salt water with the milk. No need to burp

porpoise babies!

Of late years interest in porpoises has been growing among biologists and brain researchers. A number of fascinating things have been discovered about their intelligence. They quickly solve problems set them which monkeys find difficult. They have greater initiative than the great apes. They learn more easily than dogs, often learning a trick at the first trial. Their built-in echo-sounding device is more accurate than any mechanical instrument yet invented by man. Kathy, another clever porpoise, so trusts her trainer that she allows him to put rubber cups over her eyes. Thus blindfolded she will swim any underwater course set for her between poles, never touching one of them although the positions of the poles may be changed before each try. Without seeing she can find the bell-pull at one end of the tank and ring for her reward. If two pieces of fish are thrown to her she unerringly chooses the mackeral which she prefers to any other delicacy. All trained porpoises love to have their heads patted and to be talked to by humans. They are genuinely fond of us. One can put a hand into a porpoise's mouth and not be bitten by the sharp teeth. They enter with enthusiasm into the games and stunts taught them. Once I asked a trainer how in the world he could begin to establish rapport with a young porpoise. He said he just kept talking to him. They respond to the human voice like dogs, he said, and are eager to please their instructors.

They are great chatterboxes among themselves, making all manner of strange underwater sounds—high-pitched whistles, buzzes and squeaks. A school of them can sound like a women's club luncheon in full cry. They seem able to communicate their wishes and problems to each other. Biologists are not yet sure whether it may or may not be true speech. Porpoises have a throat structure different from ours but it is capable of produc-

ing thousands of human sounds.

Dr. John K. Lilly of the Communications Research Institute has been doing some experiments with porpoises in the Virgin Islands. He worked with two bright young things called Baby and Lizzy. He found them good mimics. One of them was heard to repeat in a Donald Duck voice a series of numbers called out by a laboratory investigator. Dr. Lilly had high hopes of teach-

ing them to speak English. Unfortunately his two students died recently. Dr. Lilly, I hear, who had temporarily moved to Florida to continue his research, has now found two new promising porpoises. He is taking them back to the Virgin Islands with him.

At Marineland in Florida a porpoise imitated a brain researcher's voice so well that his wife laughed. Then the porpoise imitated her laughter. Along a coastal area a group of young people were playing with a football on the beach. The ball accidentally fell into the sea. A porpoise intercepted it and when last seen the ball was being batted back and forth across the waves by him and a team of sportsloving companions. I read that on a South African beach some porpoises are so friendly and fearless that they allow swimmers to hold onto their dorsal fins and be towed through the water for a marine ride.

We should get better acquainted with porpoises and no longer think of them as mere fish. Why shouldn't we establish a warmer relationship with our warm-blooded brothers and sisters of the Seven Seas? We might learn a lot from them.

THIEF OUTWITTED

A farmer in West Wales had sold a flock of sheep to a drover on whose character he set no great value. Somewhat reluctantly he lent his collie to help drive the sheep to a farm on the other side of the hill, a distance of about fifteen miles by road, giving strict instructions that the dog was to have a good meal at the journey's end and then be commanded clearly to 'Go home.' But the drover found the dog so useful that, instead of sending it back, he locked it up, planning to keep it. Eventually it managed to escape, went into the field, sorted out all the sheep that had belonged to its master and drove them home again.

-Mary Jones

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OUR MAIL BAG

From an Instructor of Nursing at the University of Kentucky Medical Center: I found the information about your midwifery school most interesting and valuable. You truly are preparing nurse-midwives for mothers and infants around the world.

From a Friend in New Jersey: I can't tell you how much I enjoy reading the Bulletin... and I feel as though I knew the Kentucky Mountains—the inhabitants as well as the members of the Nursing Service. What a wonderful work . . . its influence literally touching all the world.

From a Friend in California: I follow with such eagerness and interest many people both known and unknown in that wonderful publication. It is as inspiring and spirit-lifting a source as could possibly be imagined. It alone, if read everywhere, should put this country on the map in a way that could hardly be otherwise achievable. With all the showering the people of other countries with propaganda, I can think of nothing that could be more perfect than the story of Jean Hollins and the tributes to her, in the last Bulletin. But starting first with this country—just to raise our sights a bit, as human beings. Not that the FNS isn't world known—that's one of the delights of each issue of the Bulletin. It enables one to get around.

From an old Friend in Scotland: In your Spring Bulletin of this year I have been deeply touched by the unique and marvellous story of the dear Courier of beautiful character whom you have lost—I mean Jean Hollins. It is men and women like her who are the salt of the earth. It is their memory alone which is ever green while their own good and gracious influence lasts for ever.

From a Trustee: How can we fail to believe in a loving Heavenly Father, when each day He sends us some personal message! Such was this last Bulletin. It had on the cover the "Pasture" which... has gone straight to my heart. And then the beautiful tribute to Jean. The little verse under "Hope, Faith and Love" is a song I have had all these years. And "My Ain Countree" from that dear book the "Birds Christmas Carol" is another of the heart stirring verses.

DO YOU REMEMBER THIS?

The campaign is all over for at least another year, and we have all heard enough of suffrage arguments pro and con; yet it were a shame to let vanish the amusing parody that has been going the rounds of the press from the pen of Alice Duer Miller—a jibe at the chief "anti" reasons why women should not vote. It gives us four excellent reasons why women should not pray. Is it too much to suppose that, if women never had prayed, but had always let men do it for them, some such reasons against any attempt on their part to perform that office for themselves would be seriously proposed? Miss Miller's reasons are:

1. Because a wife's prayers would either nullify or duplicate

her husband's.

2. Because praying would distract a mother from her

natural duty of teaching her children to pray.

3. Because the conditions of a woman's life are such that she can not know what it is wise to pray for. She might pray for rain when fair weather was needed or for fair weather when the crops required rain.

4. Because women already pray indirectly through their

sons, husbands, and brothers.

-Old newspaper clipping

There once was a man who said, "How Shall I manage to carry my cow?

For if I should ask it

To get in my basket,
"T would make such a terrible row."

—Anonymous,—old limerick

AT THE WENDOVER SWIMMING HOLE

First small boy: "Can't."

Second small boy: "Can't never did nothin'."

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Mrs. Richard B. Earle, Jr. (Nancy Cadawalader), Center Conway, New Hampshire—May 8, 1961

We lead a busy and active life here in New Hampshire. We have four boys so, unfortunately, no future couriers.

Our winters revolve around snow as skiing is not only recreation, but our business in this part of the world. This last winter, strangely enough, was not a good one for us. All the East coast, to within sixty miles of us, collected storm after storm while we would get only a couple of inches and the discouraging tail end of the blizzard. Then in April the pattern reversed and we had what we should have gotten all winter! It made fine skiing for us, but by that time city dwellers are getting out golf clubs and scraping paint on boats. All this snow has made for a long cold spring, and we wonder whether the grass will ever really be green again. I know the horses are beginning to wonder too. They are awful sick of their fare of hay and wish for something green and juicy. Besides the horses, or more specifically a horse and a pony, we have a golden retriever. I have often thought of Jean and the big golden she used to have, as he was the first of the breed I had ever known and this one of ours is very like him.

I went down to the Christmas Preview that the Boston Committee puts on, two years ago. It was certainly well done and it was fun to meet some of the committee and find that some of my old friends from camp days were on it.

From Mrs. William A. Small, Jr. (Susan Spencer), Tuscon, Arizona—May 15, 1961

We are just starting on an addition to our new house. This entails endless mess and confusion (Bill and I are at the moment sleeping in the dining room). The boys are, naturally, intrigued. They must be watched with an eagle eye or they'd be right in there with the workmen digging. What a pair of wild men we brought into the world!

From Lucy Conant, Hamden, Connecticut—May 29, 1961

I was so glad that Mrs. Breckinridge received the Adelaide Nutting Award but was sorry that she could not be there to

receive it in person.

I have been a full time student this year studying Sociology here at Yale. Last week I took my comprehensive exams. I will be back on the faculty of the Yale School of Nursing and also working on my dissertation.

From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson), Lansdowne, Pennsylvania—June 9, 1961

This is just a brief note as our family is even more than usually hectic. On Monday David and his wife graduate from Swarthmore College and the next week we expect our first grandchild! Also on Monday, Bill Jr. flies to Ghana for two months' study on the literacy programs and then a month to travel. Stephen will be near home at the Y.M.C.A. camp as a counsellor, and in the fall back to Maryville as a junior.

From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch), Mill Valley, California—June 17, 1961

We've had a busy spring as we moved our shop about a mile further away to a busier section of town and have done some remodeling here at the old barn. We are very pleased with the new shop and Sam's design for its layout is working very well. Although the carpenters are done with remodeling, there is lots of painting to be done still. But I'm hoping to finish it before I take the kids to New Hampshire next week for a family wedding. My cousin's daughter is to be married at Chocorua, with the reception at Aunt Katy Codman's old house that my grandfather built. I'm hoping Timmy Balch will be there. We'll stay with Mother through July anyway and if Sam finds he can come on, we may stay longer.

From Gertrude Lanman, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

-June 21, 1961

Not until I received the Spring Bulletin did the full realization of Jean's death hit home. As soon as I saw the lovely and so appropriate poem by Robert Frost on the cover, I remembered. I shall not try to express my own fondness for Jean—others have already done so—but some night in the laboratory I'll remember Jean, and the others I've known, with one type of cancer or another, and work just a little harder in the sure knowledge that some day the little pieces of information from cancer research laboratories all over the world will fit together and a solution will be found.

From Mrs. Frank R. Little (Sally Foreman), Mill Valley, California—June 30, 1961

Karen will be 5 in two weeks and will make a fine little courier someday. She loves to ride—in fact, up at the ranch in Napa she rides a pony as Mommy rides the lead horse and pulls her along with a lead rein. Ricky, age 2, is a different story. He is not too fond of horses, but loves to watch.

From Diana Wilson, Auckland, New Zealand-July 3, 1961

After my winter in Kentucky in 1959, I transferred from Bennington to the Nursing School at Children's Hospital in Boston. Then I began to investigate university possibilities overseas. I left home in February and flew out here via Los Angeles, Hawaii and Fiji. The fall term began during the first week of March. It has been a fascinating five months and I really have enjoyed every minute of it. I expect to be out here for another year at least.

From Mrs. Gibson F. Dailey (Barbara White), Princeton, New Jersey—July 6, 1961

It seems as if time is standing still: I can smell the morning sun on the wet pastures, hear Kermit's drawling dry wit, and marvel again at the rustic elegance of Wendover the first time I saw it, like a Shangri-la in the Kentucky mountains.

From Ruth Helmich, Sandy Cove Girls' Camp, North East, Maryland—July 19, 1961

Taking complete care of eight horses, instructing both staff and campers to ride, and setting up a program of progressive awards is quite a challenge, but loads of fun. Our beautiful strawberry roan Tennessee walking horse, "Saul Ben Shalom," got caught in a mowing machine the other day. On catching him, we saw two gapping holes from the prongs of the mower and a deep gash into the coronary band above the hoof. The latter was most alarming for an artery had been cut. It was several hours before the vet came. In the meantime though, I remembered something Katie had told me about a pain killer. So, with some crimped oats, we gave it to Saul and it worked. He quieted down like a baby. The vet put in some twenty stitches and it's been tremendous to be nurse, even giving his shots, rubbing down his wound and preventing stiffness. Tonight he came charging across the field at full gallop and nuzzled just like a big baby.

Other than that, life has been peaceful. So often little tidbits received from Jinny and Katie, and all, have come in handy in feeding and grooming the horses and in managing the barn.

I'll be off for two years at Columbia Presbyterian in New York City. The extra year, which has been eliminated due to my B.A., I want to use to get my midwifery—either from the FNS or Mothers' and Babies Lying-in in England.

From Marian Craig Potter, M.D., Rochester, New York

—July 28, 1961

When I left medical school, I contemplated returning to Kentucky to work in your hospital but decided at that time, after talking with Dr. Barney, that it would be best to complete my specialty training. I am now in practice with my father, limiting my work to obstetrics and gynecology.

Ever since leaving you and Wendover I have been anxious to return, and hope that someday the trip will fall into our schedule.

From Mrs. Edward Arpee (Catherine Trowbridge), Lake Forest, Illinois—August 1, 1961

We are so happy about Harriet's marriage to Neil Sherman of Bengal, India. They had a beautiful wedding in the Anglican Cathedral of St. Paul in Calcutta, and are now settled in an apartment of St. James College, where Neil teaches. Our son, Stephen, and his English bride visited them and have now returned to Teheran for one more year at the Community School (under the Presbyterian Board, U.S.A.). Harriet plans to do some private nursing, and Steve's wife, Janet, will be the school nurse. We are looking forward to a family reunion in the not-too-distant future!

And now I hear that Mathilde Hunting from Rochester is a courier. Her mother and I were roommates at Smith!

From Nancy Dammann, Djakarta, Indonesia—August 3, 1961

We have problems in Indonesia. But who doesn't have them? I often find myself thinking of Wendover and wishing that the Health staff here had some of the dedication found in the FNS, so well typified by Jean.

One thing has interested me during my second tour to Indonesia. As you know I am working on the malaria program and know many of the other health officers well. I have found that it is the women who are doing the outstanding job. Two of the best people in the Department of Health are women doctors. The midwives in Bali are doing a tremendous job, although you might be shocked at some of the equipment they are forced to use. This is understandable. Pay scales are low and the economic situation is very bad. I pay my servants more than my counterpart, a graduate of the University of Indiana, receives. The men have families and unpaid bills to worry about so it is harder to devote their full minds to the job.

Right now Indonesia is suffering minor smallpox and cholera epidemics. But we are beginning to get the malaria problem licked, and it looks like we will have eradicated it from Java by 1963. That means we will have protected over 60 million people—no small job. It's been fun and there have been some weird problems.

Now, I'm awaiting government orders to go home, and should leave within a month or two.

From Mrs. Arthur Perry (Mardi Bemis), Concord, Massachusetts—August 15, 1961

(Editor's Note: We have had the privilege of having a number of daughters of couriers following in their footsteps; however Mardi's visit at the end of Sue's junior term is one of the rare times we have had the fun of a mother-daughter courier team at Wendover.)

Many thanks to you for providing me with a very happy visit to beloved Wendover. I am so deeply grateful and am so glad to have renewed memories and acquaintances and to have learned something of today's set-up. I better understand what Sue has done and what you all are coping with from day to day.

I've been talking about little else ever since we arrived home. On the way to the Lexington airport, we went to Calumet Farms and arrived just as TimTam, Citation and Tom Fool were being led to pasture. Never have I seen such gorgeous horses!! A thunderstorm hit us as we were admiring the mares with foals (an uneasy bunch) and we withdrew.

Sue and I have just driven to the fabulous Sugar Bush Ski country. I have never seen more beautiful scenery! It is gorgeous. I have two nieces who, with their husbands, are in various types of ski and summer resort business: both families own and operate Inns. One, an old fashioned homey farmhouse type and horsey, is owned by niece, courier Ann Bemis and husband. She is a hard working "gal" and was so keen to talk with Sue about the FNS. The other Inn is modeled after a Swiss Alpine Lodge—new and terrific. They all work for a living, believe you me!

We send our tenderest sympathy to Gertrude Lanman in the loss of her father in March; and to Louise Devine Bucknell whose husband was drowned in the Mediterranean Sea about two months ago.

Our hearts go out in full measure to the family of Karen Bligh Pagon who died early in the summer, after fighting a good fight against a fatal illness for eleven years.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Sandra Gray is working in San Francisco, California.

Hought Barber is entering Western Reserve University School of Library Science this fall.

WEDDINGS

Miss Linda Branch of Providence, Rhode Island and Mr. Harry P. Schriver, Jr. of Pinedale, Wyoming, in Pinedale on March 21, 1961.

Miss Virginia Lois Powell of Glen Cove, Long Island and Mr. Charles Steele Cheston, Jr. of Blue Bell, Pennsylvania, on June 10, 1961. They will live in West Suffield, Connecticut. Mr. Cheston is with the Monsanto Chemical Company in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Miss Jane Washington Haldeman of Louisville, Kentucky and Mr. Gerald Gettys Tyrrell, Jr. on June 24, 1961. The young couple are living in Louisville where Mr. Tyrrell is with the First National Bank.

Miss Amy Lewis Chapin of Washington, D. C. and Mr. Francis Albert Lewis III of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on September 9, 1961, in Ridgefield, Connecticut. Mr. Lewis is with the North American Insurance Company, Philadelphia. They will make their home in Haverford, Pennsylvania. This wedding is of special interest to us because the bride is the great-niece of Mrs. Harry Drinker, Chairman of the FNS Philadelphia Committee.

For the first time, we have the pleasure of announcing a marriage of a sister of a courier to the brother of a courier: Miss Ann Livingood McGuire, sister of Treon McGuire Christian of Cincinnati, and Mr. John Cabell Breckinridge, brother of Isabella Breckinridge of New York City, were married on July 15, 1961, in Pointe Au Pic, Province of Quebec, Canada. These young people will live in Charlottesville, Virginia.

Miss Elizabeth Anne Archbold of Upperville, Virginia, and Mr. Farnham Fisher Collins of Newport, Rhode Island, on July 22, 1961.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert O. Trostel III (Parker Grundy) of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a girl, Kendrick Ann, their first daughter and second child, on February 21, 1961.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Augustus Sparrow (Anne Reynolds) of New York City, a son, Christopher Reynolds Sparrow, on February 27, 1961. His mother writes:

Christopher Reynolds Sparrow arrived at 7:42 A.M. He is simply lovely and we think he looks exactly like his brother William—blond hair, blue eyes. He weighed an even eight pounds.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge Franklin Walton (Theresa Nantz) of Bowling Green, Kentucky, a daughter, Sarah Halley, on May 1, 1961.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Leo G. Bayer (Betsy Brown) of Cleveland, Ohio, a girl, Jerry Walker, on May 6, 1961.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Breed Atkeson (Paula Granger) of Alexandria, Virginia, a son, Andrew—their third child, on July 1, 1961. His mother writes:

No courier yet, but he is very nice and doing well. We have a real "bevy" of boys now and they enjoy each other.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will take place at Wendover, Kentucky, on Wednesday, November 1, 1961. Members of the Association will be honored this year with an address by Dr. Duncan Reid, the William Lambert Richardson Professor and Head of the Department of Obstetrics at Harvard University Medical School, and Chief of Staff at Boston-Lying-in-Hospital. Official notices of the meeting have been sent to the members.

HELEN E. BROWNE Secretary

DEAR KENTUCKY

by ELAINE DOUGLAS, R.N., C.M.

FOREWORD: Elaine Douglas will be remembered always as the author of the story of the new born baby, called *Baby's Own Story*, printed in our Winter, 1961 Bulletin. On the first of June she completed her course at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and passed the examinations set by the State Board of Health. At about the time this Bulletin reaches you she will have left for her work as a missionary nurse-midwife in Eritrea, Africa.

May 1961

Dear Kentucky,

It's time to send my greetings and best wishes to you as I begin to pack my things and leave for another abode.

Deep in your mountains lies a little town nestled in the valley, called Hyden. She has become such a real part of my life, that to depart from her is like pulling up the roots of a stable elm tree. They tell me I shouldn't be so sentimental but, were there no sentiment in our lives, what a cold bunch of people we would be.

Overlooking your town is the Hyden Hospital where I worked, slept, ate, played and studied. When I first came to you, the view of Hyden was hidden by the jungle of green covering the mountain side. Hot summer was upon us and so "in summer a young person's heart turns to the ole swimmin' hole." Bowling Bend with its sturdy rocks became a great place of refreshment and fun. There Jinny "learned your young-uns" (and a few of us old-uns) to enjoy swimming more than ever. Racing to the favorite rock became the passion and desire of us all but, because I wasn't as fast as others, I've since been called "the contest loser" by some of your offspring.

Autumn came with the quietness and swiftness of all your beautiful seasons. We now could see the town lying below us and watch the trucks and cars passing through carrying people hither and yon. Even in November, the sun still shone warmly over all your array of animation and vigor of activity.

Then the stillness and solemnity of Christmas came upon us all, bringing to us the joy of our Savior's birth. Your stars shone brighter than ever before for the continual freshness of this season. A new year came with your alternating snows, freezings and rains.

Then your burst of spring came to life in the small town. Dogwood bloomed overnight and the hillsides were a mass of white with patches of pink interspersed between. The redbud and japonica came, the cardinal, catbird, and wood thrush began to mate. Your ancient legend of the dogwood once again came to my attention at Easter and, whether it was dogwood or any other tree, we know it was on that Cross the Savior died for your sins and mine. The dogwood is an emblem of something vital in our lives—our salvation. And with the budding of this tree, we know He no longer is dead, but has "become the first-fruits of them that slept" and of all new life—for He is Life.

Joy and tragedy, sorrow and happiness have all come to you this year, but you have kept right on. Your life is not just one or the other, but a combination of both, making us all appreciate the sunshine after the shadows leave, and thanking God for the rain, because then we are more grateful for the sun.

Summer is coming again, but I won't be here. The old swimming hole will again be filled with laughter and pleasure but I shall be missing you. I feel I know and love you now, but most of all I know and love your people. I won't forget you, someday I shall return. Will you remember me?

Your friend, E.... D.....

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HORSE POST CARD

I think the postal is much more effective than an elaborate printed piece which no one will read anyway. Being in the printing business myself, I can say this with impunity. Anything more expensive would indicate that you might be wasting valuable funds that could be put to better use. Besides, one can read this without having to open an envelope. Most envelopeenclosed appeals go directly into the circular file (waste basket) anyway.

My regards to the horse. Good Luck!

THE FEARSOME DEPTH

HOPE MUNCY
Secretary to the Medical Director

"Marthie, you shouldn't let the young'uns go so often to Aunt Cressy's. She puts such notions in their heads. I sure will be glad when we don't have to send up there for milk and butter."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Our two don't put any stock in what Aunt Cressy says, and I think I know my own sister's child well enough to be sure she won't either. Sam Wilby, we ain't that featherbrained on my side of the house."

So, laughing, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilby turned and went into the house while the three children started off in the direction of Aunt Cressy Dunn's house. The two cousins, Myrtle Wilby and Sally Keyes, walked hand in hand, and Puddin', otherwise known as John Henry Wilby, skipped on ahead as fast as his chubby little legs would carry him.

How good it was to visit her favorite cousins, Sally thought, and how good that it was summer and she was walking along the road with Myrtle with the fragrance of wild roses everywhere and the dust of the road as soft as velvet between her bare toes. Sally listened with pleasure while her cousin prattled on about the eccentric old woman they were going to visit.

"Uncle Andy, that was Aunt Cressy's man, he's dead now, he locked their money up in the trunk to keep Aunt Cressy from spending it when the pack peddler came by, even though part of it was her egg money. He was terrible stingy. Once when Aunt Cressy wanted some lace and couldn't get in the trunk, well, she called the spirits to help her. Well, I want you to know, and it's the truth too, 'cause Aunt Cressy told me, there came a knockin' all around that old trunk, and, all at once the lid flew off. Well, Aunt Cressy helped herself and bought the lace and some ribbon too. Just you wait, you'll see that old trunk, for she still has it. And don't mind Josh, that's her boy, he's just foolish and won't harm a livin' soul. Oh! I almost forgot. Aunt Cressy can charm off warts, too. Why'nt you let her charm that'en off your little finger?"

Sally withdrew the offending hand from her cousin's and

plunged it into her apron pocket. This was too dreadful a thing even to contemplate. They soon arrived at their destination, a small, three-roomed cottage with peeling, dirty-white paint and a wooden shingle roof blotched with lichens and moss and shaded by apple trees. Although the little house was shabby, it presented a lovely picture with its profusion of blooming flowers around it, the result of Aunt Cressy's green thumb and whatever other powers she had at her beck and call. The old woman met them at the door with fond pats and chuckles.

"Bless you, young'uns. Why this is Bessie's little girl. She favors her ma. Come in, come in."

Aunt Cressy was a thin, wiry old woman, very neat and clean. Over her gray calico dress she wore a snowy-white apron with huge pockets which bulged with an unknown variety of things. Her face was leathery-brown and her eyes were close-set and beady of a jet-black hue. Whether she had white hair or any hair at all it was impossible to tell, for tightly bound around her head was a red bandanna. She ushered them into the halflight of the little room. It took some time for their eyes to become adjusted to the semidarkness, and when Sally could finally make out objects in the room, she was startled to see a young boy of about seventeen sitting and rocking aimlessly in a rocking chair in the middle of the room. This must be Josh, she thought. He had pale blue eyes and wispy blond hair, and from time to time he cast a frightened look over his shoulder toward the darkened corners of the room at something that just wasn't there. At the foot of an old iron bed was an ancient battered trunk from the depths of which one could almost believe there came a faint scratching noise, or was it coming from beneath the floor? A mouse perhaps. Yes, surely a mouse. Yet Sally felt a creepy chill up and down her spine.

Sally was very glad when Aunt Cressy led them on into a well-lit kitchen. This was sunny and cheerful with many strings of things hanging from the ceiling—red peppers, onions, shucky beans and various herbs and roots. In one corner of the kitchen were a number of white sacks with knobby, interesting, mysterious things in them.

"I got to keep the witches outen the next churning."

And with this disquieting statement, Aunt Cressy reached into her apron pocket and brought forth a thin silver coin,

effaced and worn with its many buttermilk baths, and dropped it into a brown, earthenware churn by the kitchen stove.

"Now, I got your milk and butter hung down in the well to

keep it cool. Come on, let's go."

So, the children trailed Aunt Cressy to the well beside the kitchen door. Myrtle and Puddin' always went in order to see their reflections in the water and admire the moss covered stones with ferns growing from the crevices that lined the well. The people at the bottom of the well didn't look like anybody Sally knew, so she clutched tightly at her cousin. It would be a dreadful place to fall.

The thoughtful mood of Sally seemed infectious, and it was

a quiet trio who carried home the milk.

The lamplight made a golden circle around the supper table, bathing the people in a mellow glow. Puddin' was having his second helping of hot cornbread with butter and honey, and Myrtle was helping herself to a great lump of golden butter. Sally couldn't understand how they could bring themselves to eat it. It was made through enchantment and was brighter than the buttercups one picked in the meadows. She kept her hands in her lap and gently rubbed the little lump on her finger; the familiar little wart was comforting and seemed to be the only connection with reality she had left. Without it she would surely plunge into the abyss opening into the dark corner of the room beyond Uncle Sam's shoulder.

"Sally ain't eating a thing tonight, Marthie," said Sam. "Did these young'uns go down to Charlie's store again and fill up on trash? Here, Sally, have some of this hot cornbread and put a good lump of butter on it."

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realise," he said,
"The bitterness of Life."

[—]Sylvie and Bruno by Lewis Carroll

BORN FREE

by JOY ADAMSON

Published by Pantheon Books, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Illustrated Price \$4.95

This is the story of Elsa, a lioness reared from a tiny cub by Mrs. Adamson and her husband George, a Game Warden in Kenya. It is no ordinary description of a wild animal kept as a pet, but a detailed account, covering a period of four years, of a unique relationship between man and beast. From the beginning Elsa was free to develop in her own way. She was treated as an equal by her human friends and repaid them with absolute trust and devotion. Elsa's life with the Adamsons and her many journeys with them make fascinating reading, but even more remarkable is the story of the way in which Elsa was trained to kill and fend for herself, so that she could return to the wild. This process must have been heartbreaking at times for her foster parents and required endless patience, but in spite of Elsa's bewilderment she accepted her lot and bore no resentment. Finally, after a long period of living alone, she found a mate, thus becoming completely re-absorbed into the world from which she had been rescued as a cub, while still retaining her deep affection for her human 'parents.'

This is a thrilling book and one of great scientific interest, which is illustrated by a wealth of outstanding photographs.

Reviewed by Alison Bray

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by HELEN E. BROWNE

From Audrey Williams in Cornwall, England—May, 1961

I was very grieved to read your news of Jean, who, no matter what happened, was always the same. It is hard to imagine Wendover without Jean pottering around.

I have now been on this district just over a year—it is much more rural than Penzance. Last week I spent part of my holiday taking a sailing course on the Kyles of Bute. It was good fun, but I don't think I will ever make a yachtsman! Last year I took my mother to the Scilly Isles for a holiday; hardly a suitable spot for my mother who had just come out of hospital following emergency surgery. However, she managed very well, getting in and out of small motor boats.

We have just started having radios in our district cars in this area. It is to be an experiment for the rest of the country. Air travel seems to get a little cheaper every year, so I hope to be able to come for a visit before I am too much older.

From Gwendolyn Buchanan in Rochester, New York-May, 1961

This past year I have had a very interesting position working with students. Our science instructor is a fine person with whom to work. I relieved her in April and taught anatomy, physiology and microbiology. At the same time I am still working for my master's degree—and I am hoping for a scholarship next year, so I can go to school full time and finish the work.

From Helen Marie Fedde in Irwin, Pennsylvania—May, 1961

Pittsburgh continues to be challenging, and my position as consultant in maternal and child health calls on everything I know and don't know. I think you will be interested to learn that a new addition to our Health Department is Dr. Oma Fiske who was Oma Creech when the FNS knew her. She used to help with the examinations for the student nurse-midwives when she was with the Department of Health of the Commonwealth of

Kentucky. She is now our Chief in the Division of Maternal and Health and we are delighted to have her. Please give my love and best wishes to all.

From Madeline Cook Sykes in New Bedford, Massachusetts

—May, 1961

We are still making our home in Alaska. I am visiting my folks this winter and expect to return to Alaska when my daughter's school term finishes next month. I wish I could visit with you all, but it seems to be impossible this time. Best wishes to all.

From Angie Hoolsema in Northern Nigeria-May, 1961

Last year was a busy one at the dispensary and maternity unit. I had the privilege of adding fifty more deliveries to my list, and supervised many more. All the African midwives with whom I work have had many more deliveries than I, but they call on me for the complicated cases. After this year of experience, I feel more confident and enjoy midwifery very much.

It is very hot here at this time of year—we are looking forward to the rain and green which comes with our fall, as you are looking forward to spring.

From Eileen Rayson Ramsden in Leeds, England—June, 1961

Very many thanks for sending the Bulletins. Helen and John (her daughter and husband) are sadly neglected until they are completely read. Anna May really ought to write a book. She has such a wonderful style.

I was shattered to read about Jean. She was always so very kind—I felt it most when she invited me to ride dear old Camp in the horse show. I suppose she really knew even an indifferent rider like me could not spoil his superb gaits, but she let me receive his honors for him. I was indeed honored.

It was lovely to see such a wonderful picture of the completed Chapel—a truly great achievement. I know it will be very much appreciated on the "hill." Please give my best wishes to all who remember me, and special love and congratulations to Mrs. Breckinridge on her 80th birthday.

From Marian Adams Frederick in Reading, Pennsylvania

—June, 1961

The first objective of this letter is to let you know that my husband and I are still breathless over our magnificent purchase of property; and secondly, to tell you that I have not forgotten the FNS, Wendover and all of its wonderful people. Our land overlooks the beginning of the Oley Valley which is a beautiful strip of land, noted for its excellent crops and thrifty farmers a fertile oasis between the rugged unproductive hills of Berks County. At present our livestock consists of one dog and one cat which we inherited with the farm. Sherry (her dog) will live out her years with my sister where she is so happy and content. By next spring we hope to have ten ewes and a purebred Hampshire ram, plus a small flock of chickens. What a lovely thought it was to dedicate the last Bulletin in memory of Jean. Her kind spirit will live on for ever in the hearts of all who knew her. I miss you all very much. When I find myself performing a selfish act, I suddenly remember-"Now what would the Wendover people think of me now?"

From Margaret Hobson in New York—June, 1961

I am head nurse on the labor and delivery floor at Metropolitan Hospital, which is quite new—five years old. The wards are bright and light and the patients have a good view of the river which must encourage them to get well. We have been so busy here that I feel there cannot be too many more babies due to be born! There are times when I long for a simple, quiet, normal spontaneous delivery. I am hoping to pay a visit to my friends in Lexington soon, and I plan to go home for Christmas this year. Best wishes to everyone.

From Helen Faye Callon in Madison, Wisconsin—July, 1961

I was so pleased that Mrs. Breckinridge got the Nutting Award. I cannot think of any nurse that has contributed more.

From Edith Mickle in Eastbourne, England—July, 1961

When we returned from holiday the Bulletin was awaiting us. Oh, what sad, sad reading it made, Mickle Major and I were

shocked. We talked for hours of the FNS and of the old days as well as the present ones, and Jean was threaded through them all. It did one good just to be with her for she radiated goodness and generosity of mind in her particular quiet way. She was just Jean who had learned the art of living. Alas, it does not come naturally to so many of us. I wish it did. My love and best wishes to you all.

From Peggy Brown Elrington in Cornwall, England—July, 1961

We have been having a wonderful holiday and have seen many friends and relatives who have given us such a warm welcome. We have been very lucky with warm and good weather. We are now having a few lazy days on the north coast of Cornwall. We spent the week-end with Jo (her sister) and her little Peter is a beautiful boy, so big and strong, and getting into everything.

From Toni Lambert in Anderson, California—July, 1961

I really miss Kentucky and often think of my patients and all the wonderful friends I made while at FNS. I want you to know how much I enjoyed my time in Kentucky. The midwifery course was so fascinating, and Red Bird was wonderful! I hope I can return on one of my summer vacations.

From Joann LeVahn in Minneapolis, Minnesota—July, 1961

With packing, speaking and being at camp, I have not had much free time since leaving Kentucky. I have just returned from a trip to Alabama, Texas and Michigan and next week I go to Canada. I fly back to the Congo at the end of August, and will be with my cousins for the trip. Greetings to everyone. I may have some exciting things to write you after I get back to the Congo.

From Polly Comingore in Alfred, New York—July, 1961

I am now at the same camp as Barbara Walsh. We have given up nursing for a couple of weeks and are counselors. I will be moving to Virginia to go to school full time in the District of Columbia next year. Please give my best to everyone.

From Elizabeth J. Macdonald in Yorkshire, England—July, 1961

Through your ideas and efforts the work of the Frontier Nursing Service was started so that never again will the women and children (and fathers too) need to suffer for lack of medical care and advice. Not only in the Kentucky mountains have people benefited by your work, because of the people from remote areas who have come in to study your techniques, and gain knowledge which enables them to return to their own people and do the same for them.

My heart is sad for you all, as I have just read about Jean Hollins in the Bulletin—one of the kindliest girls I ever met. She was always running around trying to help other people, but never expected anyone to help or wait on her. If she ever saw anyone "down in the dumps," she was there in no time to help them out. Please give my kind regards to all members of the FNS.

Newsy Bits

We send our congratulations to Miss Nora K. Kelly, Matron of Watford Maternity Hospital in England. In May of this year Miss Kelly was honored at the annual dinner meeting of the Hertfordshire Branch of the Royal College of Midwives, for her services as Chairman of the Branch for six years.

Weddings

Miss Marion Hickson and Mr. Lusworth S. Small, in London, England, on June 24, 1961. Marion writes: "Lyn is in England, reading law and studying psychology. We have no great plans for the future other than that we shall probably live in Jamaica within a few years time."

Miss Roberta Rawson and Mr. John H. Stidham, in Hingham, Massachusetts, on August 26, 1961. This young couple plan to live in Lexington where Johnny will attend the University of Kentucky.

Miss Eunice Katherine Macdonald and Mr. Albert T. Ernst, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on September 9, 1961.

Our good wishes go to all of them, and we wish for them many happy years together.

IMPRESSIONS OF A NURSE VISITOR

by

EMILY B. CAMPBELL, R.N., M.S.N. Assistant Professor of Nursing, Duke University

It was my first home visit. As a matter of fact, it was my first day as a visitor to the Frontier Nursing Service. As we bumped up the road toward the patient's home, the situation was described to me by the nurse student midwife and her instructor. The young woman whom we were to visit had had a little girl the previous morning, and this was to be the first of her daily post partum visits. There were two other children in the immediate family. The Grandmother and four of her children were staying to look after the young mother for a few days since the father was away working in another community.

We parked our jeep, "Colonel Bibb," at the foot of a hill, hauled out the saddle bags, and began the walk up a relatively steep and narrow foot path. As we approached the top of the incline, the clothes line full of washing came into view, and then the little house became visible. Above the house was the garden planted with corn, beans, and potatoes. Chickens were scratching about in the yard, on and off the porch, and in and out of the house; two hound dogs sounded a bark of warning as we approached. All six children were watching as we neared, and they greeted us with a friendly "Howdy."

When we entered the little dwelling, we found the Grandmother who gave us a report on the young mother. After chatting briefly with her, we went through the curtains that separated the living room from the bed room to meet the mother of the baby that had been born the previous morning. She was a very pretty young woman whose large blue eyes gazed down upon the little one sleeping beside her.

The routine of caring for the mother was done by the nurse student midwife while the instructor took the baby into the other room for its bath. It would have been a bit too crowded to have cared for both mother and child in the same room. I don't want to include the details of care given at this time, but I do want to describe the circumstances surrounding the infant's bath. The Grandmother was sitting on a chair in the corner of the room

and leaning on her were two of her own children. Across the threshold of the front door were three other children lying on their stomachs, their heads supported in their hands, intently observing the new little baby. Another child, the oldest one, was sitting on the bed, also watching. All eyes were upon the newborn child and one couldn't help but wonder what thoughts were passing through the minds of those present. Curiosity?-perhaps, and possibly bewilderment at the miracle of life so plainly visible in the wiggling youngster. As the bath progressed, I was aware of a gradual, and almost imperceptible movement of the children toward the nurse-midwife and the baby despite Grandmother's attempt to have the children "keep out of the way." It almost seemed as if they were drawn by magnetism toward the center of activity. Before long, the two youngest ones were sitting as close as they could get to the nurse-midwife and to the new little baby, intensely watching. As we descended down the foot path toward the road, I couldn't help but feel that this little baby was welcomed with the kind of love that nurtures and supports.

The first and only home delivery that I was privileged to observe was another completely unforgettable experience. As a matter of fact, nearly every experience I had was so full of meaning that I am having some difficulty in deciding what to write about in this description of a nurse visitor's impressions. One Saturday morning I was awakened in what seemed to be the middle of the night and advised to get ready to go out for a home delivery. The phones were not working and the father had driven into Hyden with the news that his wife needed the nurses. Shortly before the break of day we were following him up a creek. This baby was to be the third child for this couple although both mother and father had been married before and had other children. They had just moved back into the district after having been in an urban area. Their house was in an exceedingly poor state of repair, as the people to whom it had been rented in their absence were very careless tenants. There were no screens, windows were broken, plaster and wall paper were falling down, and large cracks in the walls helped connect the inside of the house and the outside world. Thank goodness it was summer. Despite the lack of facilities, things were quickly organized and made ready for receiving the new baby even

though it was apparent that the mother was not in labor. We wanted to be prepared because this young woman had a history of extremely short labors. The hours passed but the situation remained unchanged. Although this period of waiting was terribly tedious for the mother, it gave us an excellent opportunity to get to know the whole family. By early evening, there was still no change in the mother's condition so it was decided to leave after giving the family instructions to send for us at Hyden at the first sign of labor.

By Monday evening the phones were working and a call came in from the mother telling us that she was beginning to have fairly regular pains. We hurriedly drove back out to the creek. When we arrived, we found the Grandmother had come to help out. Not only had the house been cleaned, but the furniture had been rearranged to give us more working room. Our young mother was truly in labor so, once again, things were made ready for the arrival of the baby. By eleven o'clock that night, a little girl was born into this world. Shortly after the wail that announced her arrival, this little baby was placed in my arms—and I parted the curtains to take her into the next room to meet her father. I cannot find words to express the magnitude of this experience. As the baby cried, tears of joy welled up in the father's eyes—and in mine. Another infant, safely born, and lovingly received. Later, we drove home through the mist that accumulates in the valleys during the hours of darkness.

There is one other experience which I would like to share with you. So far I have only described the beginnings of life. This experience concerns both the beginning and the end. A young man was shot. There were conflicting stories about the circumstances, but they really have little bearing. The fact remains that a life was taken. This young man's wife was expecting their first child. On the day of the funeral, a call came into Hyden from a neighbor asking that the young woman be seen by a nurse-midwife because she had fainted several times. It is gratifying to know that when such a need is expressed, it is never denied by the Service. Before long, we were in "Colonel Bibb" heading toward the home where the funeral was to take place. Upon arrival, it seemed that the whole mountainside community was present. We found the

young mother-to-be sitting on the side of a bed surrounded by many other women. Across from her and sitting on an old chair was the mother of the young man who had been killed. One could not enter the room without feeling the tragedy expressed in the situation. We were immediately received with open arms. There was no need for speech; our silent presence seemed to communicate strength and support to the member of the family. By the time the preacher arrived, the weeping and wailing had subsided into that dignified quietness which expresses grief and sorrow so much more completely. It was only after the funeral service had ended, and after we had watched the men carry the pine coffin up the hill through the corn field, that the young widow consented to take a sedative. Such was the strength and endurance of that young woman. But the real tower of strength of the whole family was the Grandmother of the young man, who up until this moment had said nothing. She, crippled and in a wheel chair, suddenly propelled herself across the room to the side of the bed where the young woman was lying. Placing her hand on the arm of her grandson's widow she said, "A woman has to take what comes." We drove back to Hyden without talking. There was much to be said, but such things are best communicated in silence.

That my visit was a living experience for me is evident by the situations I have attempted to describe. There is without a doubt a quality which permeates the Frontier Nursing Service—an intangible spirit, perhaps, which defies the written word. It is something which cannot be described, it can only be experienced. The simple fact remains that one cannot remain aloof learning about life at the FNS, one must be involved and learn through living—and life is "for real."

PLANETARY POMPOSITY

With all this space talk, don't get puffed up about your planet. It is possible that planets around the giant star called Betelgeuse are bigger and better than yours.

-Contributed



Lady Hermione Blackwood, S.R.N., S.C.M.

This picture was taken away back in the last century, when Lady Hermione was a young Queen's nurse working in one of the villages on her father's estate. The old woman in the picture had on her wedding dress, which didn't quite meet, but she

wanted to be photographed that way.

In our Autumn 1960 Bulletin, under In Memoriam, we wrote of Lady Hermione and of our long association with her, going back to the days of the American Committee for Devastated France, after the First World War. Her friend Miss du Sautoy has told us about a fund being raised by the Friends of New End Hospital in Lady Hermione's memory because of her work for this hospital as an official visitor during the 1930's. It is my thought that perhaps a few of the old volunteers of Miss Morgan's group, who knew Lady Hermione when she was with the Comité Britannique and at Reims, might want to subscribe to this fund, as I have done. It has been decided to buy a tape recorder, to be suitably inscribed, for the use of the Nursing and Medical Staff at the hospital. Checks should be sent to The Treasurer, The Friends of New End Hospital, New End, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

M.B.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

It gives us much happiness to announce that the Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, of which Mrs. Theodore Chase (courier Dorothea Newman) is Chairman, is going forward again this year with its famous Christmas Preview Benefit. Mrs. Vcevold Strekalovsky is again acting as Benefit Chairman and all the Boston Committee members are readying themselves for service. The Benefit will be held in the Charter Room of the New England Mutual Hall on October 24 and 25. The stores signed up for space long ago. Boston is one place where Christmas shopping can not only be done early but easily. We send a representative of the FNS to Boston for this great occasion. Two years ago I had the pleasure of cutting the ribbon. Last year Agnes Lewis represented us. This year Helen E. Browne (Brownie) will attend.

We are happy to announce that our Chicago Committee, of which Mrs. Paul Church Harper (courier Marianne Stevenson) is Chairman and Mrs. Edward Arpee (courier Katherine Trowbridge) is Secretary, will hold a meeting for our Chicago friends and supporters on the morning of Wednesday, November 15, at 11:00. This meeting will again be at the Fortnightly Club. My Associate Director, Helen E. Browne, who went with me two years ago to the Chicago meeting, will show fascinating colored slides of the work in here. All of you who live in the Chicago area will receive invitations well in advance.

Mrs. Walter White, Chairman of our Washington Committee for the past two years, has found it necessary to resign this post because she has to be absent from Washington much more frequently than in former days. We are grateful to her for all of the work she carried during her chairmanship. We take pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Gordon Loud has consented to take the chairmanship of this very important Committee, and we look forward to close coöperation with her.

It gives us immense pride and pleasure to announce that

the Chairman of our Philadelphia Committee, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, has been made President of the Society of the Colonial Dames in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. All of our readers know how much we enjoy the use of the Hall of the Colonial Dames on Lattimer Street when we hold our big Philadelphia meetings. As a Kentucky Dame, I send my congratulations to Pennsylvania as well as to Mrs. Drinker.

In our Spring Bulletin we mentioned the fact that Dr. R. Glen Spurling, our Trustee and member of our National Medical Council, would receive special honors in Louisville on May 20. We now have a program of the occasion of his retirement as chief of the section on neurosurgery of the University of Louisville. The presentations detailed in the program are "dedicated to recognition of his many years of devoted service to the University of Louisville, to Neurosurgery, to the Armed Forces of our nation, and to the community of which he has made himself so much a part." It was a gala occasion. There were about forty-two visiting neurosurgeons from all over America who came, and at least two hundred doctors from Louisville and vicinity swelled the crowd at the meeting and at the banquet to big proportions.

The telegrams and letters that poured in for my 80th birthday in February were followed by more letters through the spring and even into this summer. To my amazement checks too poured in for the Frontier Nursing Service to a total of \$5,323.15. This huge lot of money was not only unsolicited but unexpected! I have written my thanks to all of these dear well-wishers. How kind people are!

With my own best of all good wishes to everyone who reads and likes this Bulletin, I am

Yours ever gratefully,

many Breaking

EARLY FNS TRACHOMA CLINICS

Foreword: Dr. Robert Sory, distinguished for his marvelous work with the U. S. Public Health Service in the eradication of trachoma, is collaborating now on a book that is being written by Dr. Arthur H. Keeney, of Louisville, and his wife Dr. Virginia Keeney. We quote with pride and pleasure from letters he has written us of his first trachoma clinics in our territory, and his 30-mile mule-back ride from the railroad to Wendover. We were in constant touch with him while he remained in charge of the U. S. Trachoma Hospital at Richmond, Kentucky. What a godsend he and that hospital were to us and to our patients.

April 3, 1961

I recall so clearly your kind and gracious invitation in 1927 to be your guest for a week and hold trachoma clinics at each of your Stations. Your instructions were for me and my nurse to take the train at Lexington on Sunday night and arrive at Hazard Monday morning at seven o'clock. Joe Carter met us at the train with two horses, but one of your workers who had been away on vacation arrived unexpectedly on the same train so I invited her to ride the horse intended for me and Joe Carter and I rode a little blue mule from Hazard to Wendover over the mountain trail which I am sure I need not describe to you. Will you please give me the distance? This was on a hot day in summer and I recall we arrived at Wendover in or about the middle of the afternoon and what a refreshing rest I had. But the remainder of the week I had a good horse which I enjoyed so much. We spent one or two nights at Wendover and the other nights at each of your Stations, having large trachoma clinics each day and closed the week with a clinic at Confluence on Saturday and took the train that night at Krypton for Richmond. I recall we had splendid success in getting the cases of trachoma to the Hospital and I regard the week as one of the high points in my trachoma clinic work. With your permission we would like to use this material as part of our published record and I hope you will refresh my memory on some points. . . .

Of course I had trachoma clinics at Hyden Hospital in later years when I could drive there over a good road but I do hope I can get a full account of the week I spent on horseback and was so delightfully entertained. Thanking you for any information you can supply and with all good wishes,

Iam

Sincerely,

Signed: ROBERT SORY, M.D.

April 15, 1961

I shall always remember my work with you as one of the high points of my long trachoma service and shall always be grateful for your friendship and splendid coöperation.

A LITTLE LAMB AND THE COLLIE

One April day a few years ago I was walking with friends high up in the Pennines in North Yorkshire. Suddenly we saw, a little distance away, a farmer with his black and white collie and part of his flock of sheep which had been moved near to the farm. It was lambing time and there were several lambs with this group. One little one was crying pitifully and kept running here and there looking unsuccessfully for its mother. The farmer and the dog were sorting the sheep, dividing those who had already had their lambs from those who had not.

All at once, to our surprise, the collie set off toward the rest of the flock which was in a field surrounded by a stone wall. He turned at intervals for a sign from his master to see what he had to do, and presently, having jumped the wall he disappeared among the sheep. From our vantage point we could not tell what the dog was doing, but after a few minutes he reappeared through a hole in the wall driving a single ewe. Meantime the little lamb kept on crying, but as soon as the collie and his charge reached the farm all was quiet again—for he had brought Mum!

-Alison Bray

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

GROWING OLDER

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will some day be old. Keep me from getting talkative and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to try to straighten out every-body's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all—but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details—give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips on my many aches and pains—they are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of others' pains. Help me to endure with patience.

Teach me the glorious lesson that it is possible that I am mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet: I do not want to be a saint—some of them are hard to live with, but a sour old woman is one of the crowning works of the Devil.

Help me to extract all possible fun out of life. There are so many funny things around us and I don't want to miss any of them. Amen.

—Contributed by a reader of a church magazine Anonymous

FIELD NOTES

Edited by PEGGY ELMORE

It has been one of the wettest summers in the Kentucky mountains in years, but, paradoxically, Hyden Hospital is again without water. As our readers know, the well drilled two years ago had a salt stream slip into it which was corroding all the pipes and equipment and wasn't particularly good for human consumption. Following the advice of various kind experts whom we consulted, we attempted to seal off the salt stream. It worked admirably; unfortunately, the bulk of our water was sealed off too. So we began looking for a site for a new well. It was suggested that we look for water at the level of the storage tanks above the Hospital, as this is outside the slide area. Mr. John H. Lewis, Sr., of Hyden, was so kind as to take the elevation of the Hospital Hill, which was essential in locating the new site. Our old friend and water diviner, Mr. Oakley Spurlock, came over and showed us where water could be found.

As this is written, we have found water but still must drill deeper to find sufficient for our needs. This latest well may have to be deeper than the previous ones but the advantage of this site is that it will eliminate the booster pump and the hundreds of feet of pipe from the well to the tanks—all of which were very costly to maintain.

It seems quite natural to drive up to the R. B. Campbell's in Hyden with a jeep load of garbage cans (previously unused!) and other containers, and fill up with water to supply the most urgent needs of Hospital Hill; and to call on our other Hyden friends to let us wash the baby clothes in their machines. All of Hyden has rallied around to help us in every possible way. However, we do hope this "water crisis" is less prolonged than the twenty-eight-day seige we underwent two and a half years ago.

A warm and thankful welcome awaited Dr. Francis Brewer, and his wife and daughter, when they arrived at Hyden on August 15. It is an inexpressible relief to have again a Medical Director at Hyden Hospital and to know that our patients will

no longer have to be sent elsewhere for the attention that could not be given them by the nurses and nurse-midwives.

As always we are deeply indebted, and profoundly grateful, to the nearby physicians and surgeons who have added FNS patients to their busy schedules since Dr. Beasley left us in May.

Dial telephones have been installed in Leslie County this summer and we are connected by direct dialing with the outside world via Hazard, Kentucky. The new Wendover number is 672-2317 and Hyden Hospital is 672-2314. We miss the old and very convenient system at Hyden and Wendover when each person knew who was wanted on the phone by the number and type of ring. We are still in the throes and confusion of getting the new system working properly, and of getting the requisite number of phones installed, but we hope these difficulties will soon be solved. Our three Red Bird River outpost nursing centers in Clay County are on other telephone lines, two different ones.

In June we had another of the wonderful pediatric clinics here in the mountains. In two days Dr. J. N. Lukens, Dr. Charles Hershberg, Dr. M. Saidleman, and Dr. J. O. Colquhoun, all of the Cincinnati Children's Hospital, examined 160 patients at Hyden Hospital and three of the outpost nursing centers. Dr. Colquhoun, of Cambridge, England, is doing special work in radiology at Children's Hospital. His wife accompanied him to Hyden.

The last class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery had a graduation service in St. Christopher's Chapel at the end of May. The Rev. Robert Veley and the Rev. Benjamin Newell conducted the service and Miss Helen Browne spoke briefly to the graduates.

Betty Lester, the FNS Social Service Secretary, and Mary Woodmansey, of Highwood, Montana, the AOPi Scholarship student for 1961, attended the National Convention of Alpha Omicron Pi in Atlanta in the early summer. Mary remained with

the FNS until the end of August and we hope to have her back with us again next year.

Two new heavy-duty jeeps, Evalina and Dorothy, have been added to the FNS fleet this summer, the gift of Mrs. Edward W. Freeman from the estate of her mother, the late Mrs. George W. Perkins.

The regular monthly meeting of District 12 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses was held at Wendover on August 10. Nurses from Hazard and Whitesburg joined member nurses on the FNS staff at dinner followed by a brief meeting at which Mrs. Breckinridge spoke.

The Red Cross Blood Mobile was in Hyden on August 11 and 96 pints of blood were donated—forty by the Frontier Nursing Service staff and employees. Participation in the blood program is extremely important to the Hyden Hospital as it enables us always to have two pints of blood on hand to tide us over in an emergency until we can draw additional blood from the donors who respond to our needs.

We extend our deep sympathy to Alice Herman and her family in the recent death of her father. We hope to have Alice back with us as a nurse-midwife later in the year.

A meeting of the Beech Fork Committee at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center was held on Tuesday, August 22, preceded by a luncheon. Mr. John Asher, former chairman of this Committee, is now its honorary chairman. Its new chairman is Mr. Paul Cook, who presided. Mrs. Breckinridge asked his permission to speak first. This she did, telling in glowing terms of the splendid record his late father, Mr. Sherman Cook, had made as the first chairman of this Committee back in the 1920's. She introduced Mr. Cook as a young man who was following in his father's footsteps in public service on the county level as well as on the community level. In advance of the meeting Mr. Cook had lined up boys from the youth

group of his church to cut the weeds around the Center, and four girls from the same group came to serve the luncheon and to wash up. All these young people were volunteers. Mr. Cook spoke eloquently of the fact that a charitable committee must seek to serve in every possible way the needs of the charity. In spite of its being a busy time of the year, eleven members of the committee attended the meeting. In addition to Mrs. Breckinridge, there were present the two Beech Fork nurses, Miss Joan Antcliff and Miss Cary Len Gabbert, the Field Supervisor, Miss Margaret Willson, and Miss Alison Bray.

We do not believe that this Bulletin would be going to press on schedule if it had not been for old courier Alison Bray of Leeds, England. Alison came back to Kentucky in early August for six weeks to help Mrs. Breckinridge with a number of important projects, including the Summer 1961 Bulletin. It has been such fun having her here again.

Kate Ireland of Cleveland, Ohio, was in charge of the Courier Service during June and July. She had the help of Susan Perry, Concord, Massachusetts; Brownwen Jenney, Lincoln, Massachusetts, and Martha Woodworth, Dover, Massachusetts, during the first period. Amy Chapin of Washington, D. C., came back in August to break in junior couriers Camilla Riggs, Wilton, Connecticut; Sara Lacey, Columbus, Ohio, and Mathilda Hunting, Rochester, New York. We are especially grateful to Amy whose wedding will take place just two weeks after she left Wendover! (See Old Courier News.)

Jinny Branham has been back again this summer to give swimming lessons near Wendover. In the past two years she has "waterproofed" a large number of youngsters.

Mary Ann Quarles, who was social service secretary for several years, and who is now working on her Ph.D. degree at Boston University, has spent the summer at Wendover. She is conducting a research project under the auspices of the American Cancer Society.

We are most grateful to Luree Wotton for spending the summer assisting Carolyn Banghart with the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery during Molly Lee's long absence in England; and to Linda Young of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has been of great help to Agnes Lewis in her office. Both Linda and Luree must return to college in September.

We are terribly sorry to have lost four members of the FNS staff during the summer. Nurse-midwives Rosemary Radcliffe and Muriel Joslin left for their homes in Great Britain in July. Alberta Halpin and her son, Frankie, left Brutus in August to return to Georgia. Cecile Watters had to leave us in early September. We are fortunate in having Grace Frauens of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to take over the record department from Cecile.

We are very glad to welcome to the FNS the following registered nurses: Barbara French, Springfield, Illinois; Susan Hershberger, Newton, Kansas; Helen Passwater, Princeton, Indiana; Dora Howard, Owensboro, Kentucky; Sheena Pickard, Buckinghamshire, England; Lorraine Jerry, Manchester, New Hampshire; and Katherine Vandergriff, Knoxville, Tennessee.

If it is possible to put a guest to work (and it usually is possible if they stay more than a day!) we do so. Miss Emily Campbell, Associate Professor of Nursing at Duke University, came for several weeks to observe the work of the School of Midwifery and was a great help to Carol Banghart with whom she had trained at Johns Hopkins.

Mrs. Jana Jones, Assistant Director of the Division of Nutrition of the State Department of Health, and Mrs. Johnson also of the Nutrition Division, spent two days at Hyden Hospital to give the nutrition lectures to the Graduate School.

Miss Cornelia Leffler, National President of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, stopped by Wendover for a brief visit just before the Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the FNS in early June. Miss Leffler, of Miami, Florida, was accompanied by Mrs. Frye, Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. McMillan, all members of the Ohio Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars.

A group of nurses from the new College of Nursing at the University of Kentucky came up for a day in late May and several members of the administrative staff of the Cincinnati Children's Hospital were with us in July. Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker Wood (old courier Edie Verbeck) and their three daughters, Sally, Phoebe, and Wendy, of Tampa, Florida; Mrs. Vashti Duval of the ex-staff; Mrs. Parker Poe (Kate Ireland's aunt and one of our Trustees); Mrs. Roger K. Rogan and the Rev. and Mrs. James E. Clarke, all of Glendale, Ohio; and Ruth May, a December graduate of the School of Midwifery;—all of these old friends were welcome guests of the early summer. We were most interested when Ruth, who is with the Grenfell Mission in Labrador, told us that she had spoken via shortwave radio with Harriet Jordan on the ship HOPE in Indonesia.

Major and Mrs. James T. Breckinridge, Julie, Breck, and John spent a night at Wendover in July. Julie remained for a visit with us and was picked up by her mother and brothers after her father had left for overseas duty with the United States Marines. Agnes Lewis' young nephew, Hunter Lewis of Lebanon, Ohio, spent a week with us; Ruthie Helmich, a courier of last spring flew by with three friends for one night; and Mary Jo Clark, a former staff member, and Betty Boyd, both of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, were with us for a week in August.

We have had the pleasure of seeing the parents of several of our couriers this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Lester A. Browne brought Martha Woodward to Wendover; old courier Mardi Bemis Perry (Mrs. Arthur Perry) finally got back to see us when she came to pick up Susan; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jenney came for Bron at the end of her courier period. Mrs. Henry B. Lacey drove down with our old friend, Mrs. Jack Caldwell, the end of August for a glimpse of Sara and the FNS.

As we go to press we are looking forward with great happiness to a visit from three distinguished members of our National Nursing Council. Miss Ruth Spurrier, of the Kentucky State Board of Health, will bring Miss Ruth Taylor and Miss Lalla Mary Goggans to Wendover on September 2. Miss Taylor, of Washington, D. C., is the head of the Nursing Section of the Children's Bureau, and Miss Goggans is the Regional Nursing Consultant of the Children's Bureau with headquarters in Charlottesville, Virginia.

Our Associate Director, Helen E. Browne, flew to England on August 25 for a holiday with her family. She will return to the United States in time for the Boston Christmas Preview Benefit in late October and will be back at Wendover around the first of November.

THE GOOD AMERICAN - DR. THOMAS A. DOOLEY

Have you read "The Night They Burned the Mountain"? If you haven't, do try to read it for your own soul's good. Dr. Dooley also wrote "Deliver Us From Evil" and "The Edge of Tomorrow." Then you will know what inspired this great young man and why thousands of Southeast Asians called him "the good American." You will also understand why I have introduced a bill (H.R. 4706) that, in the name of the people of the United States, a gold medal will be awarded posthumously to Dr. Dooley, and presented to his mother, Mrs. Agnes Dooley.

—Reporting from Washington, Frances P. Bolton, Congressman, 22nd District, Ohio

Footnote by the Editor: "The Edge of Tomorrow" will give the reader a lot of information about the little Kingdom of Laos, now so much in the news. Some years ago the U. S. State Department sent us Dr. Koukeo Saycocie, Health Minister of Laos. With him came an interpreter, Mr. Hubert L. Grigaut. We in the FNS learned a lot about this little country. But we learned a lot more from "The Edge of Tomorrow."

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Miss Joan Antcliff, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Caryl Len Gabbert, R.N., C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Evacuated April 1, 1960

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Judith E. Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Evelyn Hey, R.N., S.C.M.

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Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anne Curry, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

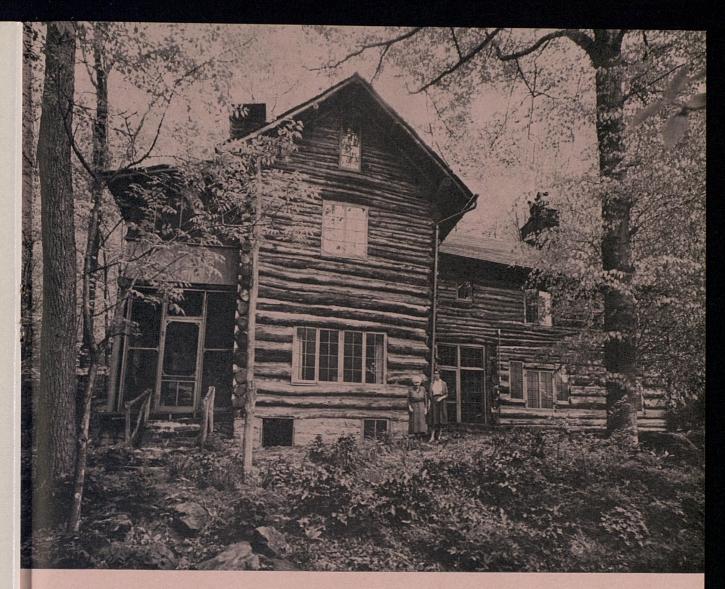
Articles of Incorporation of the Frontier Nursing Service, Article III.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY, Security Trust Company Lexington, Kentucky



WENDOVER BIG HOUSE

Dedicated to the Glory of God
Christmas, 1925 in memory of Breckie and Polly
and
Electric lights December 10, 1948 in memory of Roger K. Rogan

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