THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
Incorporated.

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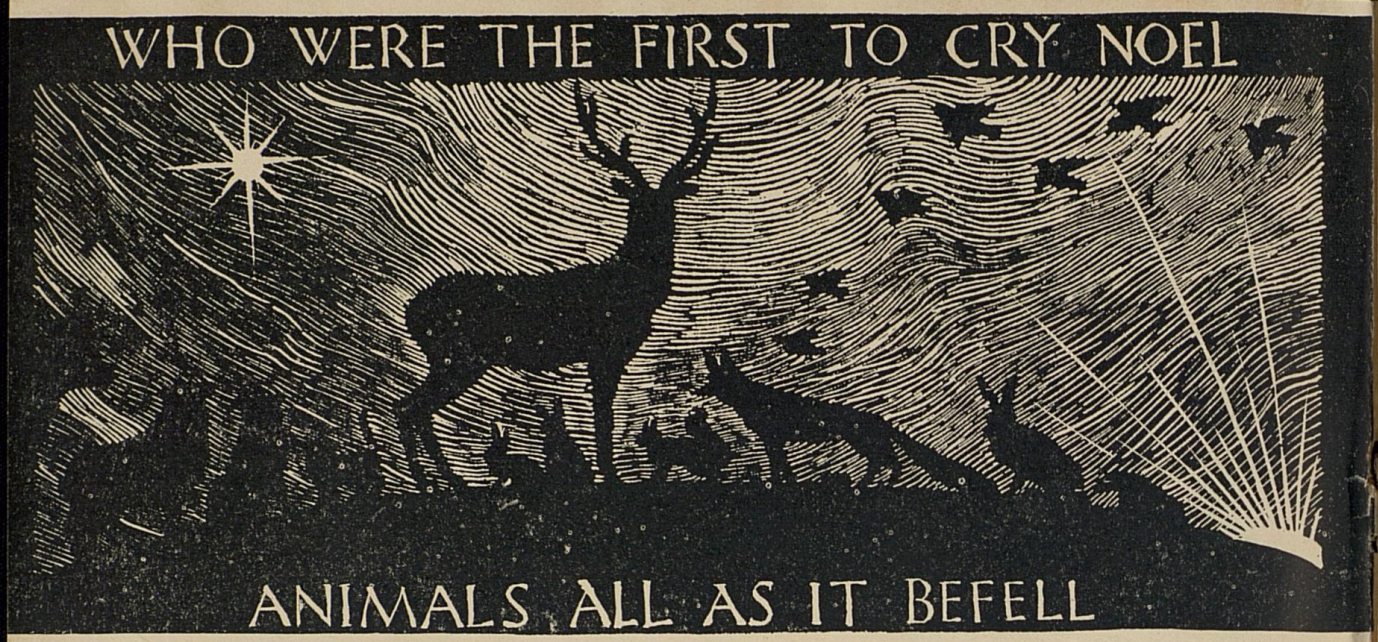

". . . to His Feet
The timid, sweet
Four-footed ones of earth shall come and lay,
Forever by, the sadness of their day. . . ."

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN *of* THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2

A Christmas Card

GOD BLESS
the little things
this Christmastide
All the little
wild things
that live outside

Little cold robins and
rabbits in the snow
Give them good faring
and a warm place to go

All little young things
for His sake who died
Who was a Little Thing
at Christmastide.

Margaret Murray

INDEX

BRIEF BITS

The Visit of Mary to Elizabeth in the Hill Country

When the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in Southeast London was bombed on September 14, 1940 and two of its wards were utterly demolished and the other two wrecked, no harm came to the sixty patients and the numbers of other people sheltering in the basement. Not one mother or baby was hurt. Left unharmed also was this statue in the antenatal clinic portraying the meeting of the Mother of the Little Lord Jesus and the Mother of John the Baptist before the births of their sons.

CHILDBIRTH AND WAR

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

"Look at me! Here sit I, after a dozen battles and some of the worst climates in the world, and by yonder lych-gate lies your mother,—dead in her teens."

The General to *Jackanapes*—Ewing

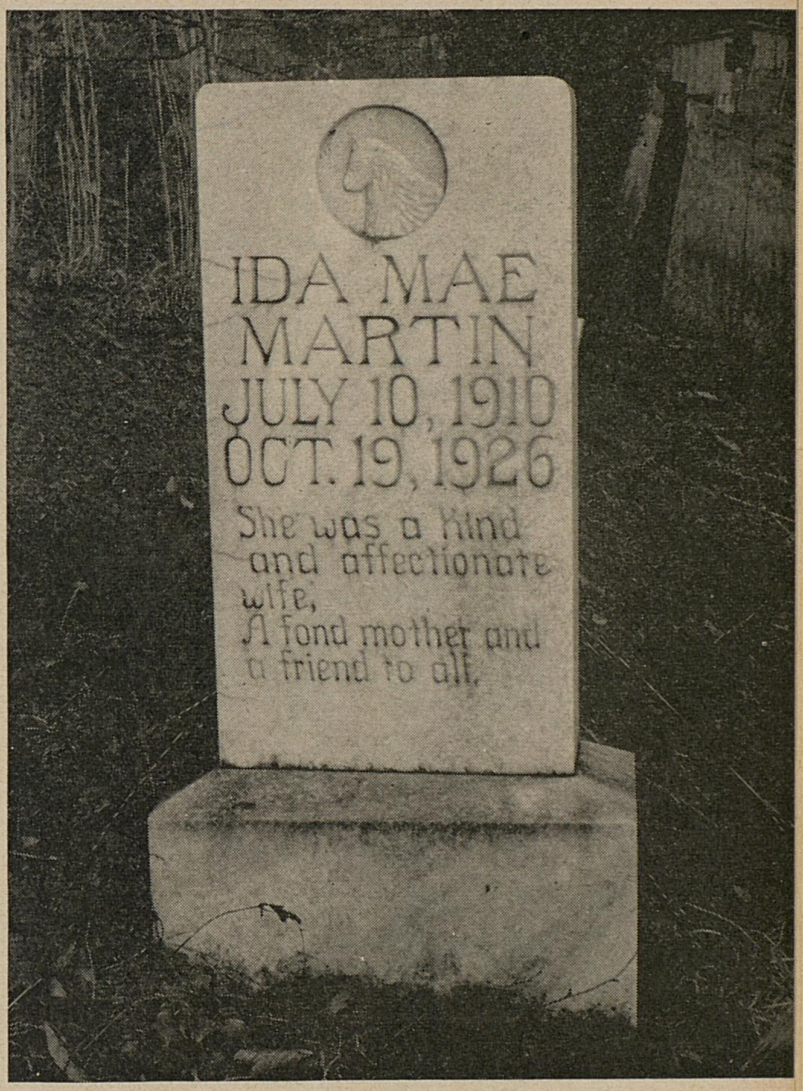
We are in the throes of the mightiest war that ever shook this planet. Whether we consider it, as General Smuts of South Africa does, as Part II of one World War with a long armistice dividing it from Part I, or whether we think of it as a separate convulsion it is still the gravest crisis the world has ever known. We have called on the flower of our manhood, as we always do in war, to face the shock for the rest of us and push on to victory. Our young men have responded as the young men of a virile people always have and always will. This is not the place in which to discuss the issues that result in war. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: "War is the surgery of crime. Bad as it is in itself, it always implies that something worse has gone before." The enlightened peoples of the world could have cooperated in time to prevent this war, or to nip it in the bud. Until they are willing to cooperate, cataclysm will succeed cataclysm at ever closer intervals and in an ever yet more terrible form. In the words of Saleeby, "We are still in the rude foreshadowings of a civilization that is to come." Each generation of young men is born into a world that may blow up under their feet.

What of the generations of young women? It is still the custom to measure their heroism by a secondary scale. They will take the place of men in the factories and on the farms. They will free their brothers for the posts of danger. They are an asset in war but to them comes no danger. They aren't called upon to fight.

There is also another role assigned to women in time of war, to young and old alike, and that is vicarious suffering. Young girls will lose their lovers and husbands; mothers will lose their sons. As the war deepens, to many a woman will come the cry

"My heart in me is a molten ember
And over my head the waves have met."[1]

Yes, women are called to vicarious suffering and to the factories and farms of a warring country. But, except for a handful of nurses and others who accompany the troops, they will not be called in our nation to the physical dangers of war. In other countries they have shared such dangers. Our safety has been assured by the agony of those faraway sisters of ours. It has given our men time to arm, to fight overseas, and so to protect us here at home.



A CASUALTY

Thus the lot of American women in this war is a protected one. That is why it has become the custom to think of the role of women as one of competence in factories and on farms; as one of vicarious suffering.

But the young woman has a battlefield of her own and that is childbirth. Here the hazards for Americans throughout our years as a nation have been greater than the hazards of war, and with higher casualties. Death and mutilation—mutilation and death, that is the lot of thousands of women every year throughout the generations.

Here again let me repeat, "We are still in the rude foreshadowings of a civilization that is to come." We do at least follow

those darling boys of ours up to the very edge of the battle. We tend their wounds. We save every life that can be salvaged. But, and need I ask the question, do we tend our girls like that?

Over the years I have wondered why Americans were more blind to the dangers of childbirth than they are to the dangers of war. I have decided that it is for two reasons chiefly. First, war is recurrent and spectacular. We do not take its dangers for granted as part of our expectations and they come with a jolt. The second reason is because few Americans know the relative dangers of childbirth. And indeed the mortality figures both for war and childbirth are hard to get hold of. Insofar as I can dig them up—here they are.

DEATHS OF AMERICAN MEN IN WAR*

Colonial Wars:			No complete record
Revolutionary War:			No complete record
War of 1812:			No complete record
War with Mexico:			
killed in action	1,044		
died of wounds	505	1,549	
ordinary deaths		10,986	
accidental or other causes		411	
Total		12,946	
War Between the States:			
Confederate			No complete record
Federal			
killed in action	67,058		
died of wounds	43,012	110,070	
died of disease		224,586	
accidental or other causes		24,872	
Total		359,528	
Spanish American War:			
killed in action	498		
died of wounds	202	700	
died of disease		5,423	
accidental or other causes		349	
Total		6,472	
World War I:			
killed in action	37,568		
died of wounds	12,942	50,510	
died of disease		62,670	
accidental or other causes		6,776	
Total		119,956	

* Figures are from the War Department.

Now if we add the war deaths of all our men from the Mexican War in 1846-1848 through World War I (and include deaths from disease and accident as well as from wounds) and if we double the number of Federal dead as a rough way of estimating the unknown Confederate dead, we get a total of 858,430 men who have died in war in the past 96 years. True, this is not an exact figure. The Confederate dead may have been more or less than the Federal and they were certainly not exactly the same. Then too, we have included in the figure all the deaths from disease and accident, and thousands of these men would have died from disease and accident had there been no war, although the mortality rate from disease was far higher in World War I in the armies than in a comparable group in civil life.

Another reason why this figure is inexact is that it does not include the soldiers who died in the frontier wars with Indians, or the marines who have died in fighting between wars in skirmishes all over the globe. However, after we have made all allowances that might raise or lower the number of deaths of men in war, we still face the fact that in the past 96 years war has cost our nation the lives of some eight hundred thousand men in the flower of their youth and in their prime. And because of the quality of these men, inestimable to a nation is the loss of their unborn children. A mountaineer expresses it like this, "I don't see how the generations of the earth have held up as well as they have after losing their choicest."

DEATHS OF AMERICAN WOMEN IN CHILDBIRTH

It is far more difficult to arrive at an estimate of the number of deaths of women in childbirth than at a comparable estimate of the number of deaths of men in war. All civilian deaths in the last century are shrouded in a mist of inexactitude. The maternal death rate is now estimated on the basis of the number of maternal deaths per thousand live births. But it was not until 1915 that the first Birth Registration Area was started in the Continental United States and it consisted of reports of births from only nine States and the District of Columbia. It was not until 1933 that the Birth Registration Area included all of the States.

Statistics on the number of live births and the number of

maternal deaths were collected in the censuses of 1870, 1880, 1890, and 1900. Although these figures are not as reliable as those obtained from registration, they do indicate that the maternal mortality rate as far back as 1870 was probably no higher than in 1915, namely, 6 maternal deaths (and a fraction over) per thousand live births. On this assumption, Mr. Philip M. Hauser, Acting Chief Statistician for Population of the Bureau of the Census, prepared the table for us on Estimated Maternal Mortality for the United States, 1871 to 1940 inclusive, which is given in full in an appendix. He used the published registered number of maternal deaths from 1933 through 1940. From 1915 through 1932 he assumed that the maternal death rate for the expanding Birth Registration Area was the same as for the United States as a whole. The birth figures in his table are registered births, uncorrected for underregistration or comparable estimates.

For the period prior to 1915 the maternal death rate is assumed as six deaths of mothers per thousand live births of infants. A glance at the table in the appendix will show that this estimate is conservative. From the time that we began to register births in 1915 until 1934, the death rate of women from causes due to childbirth was never as low as six and in 1918, the period of the influenza epidemic and the period also of a shortage of nurses and doctors for the civil population because of the War, the death rate of women in childbirth rose to 9.2 mothers per thousand live births of infants. It is only in the last seven recorded years that we have brought the rate down to below 6.

From 1871 through 1940 we have a period of three score years and ten. A long life span. During these seventy years, over 900,000 mothers have died on their field of battle.

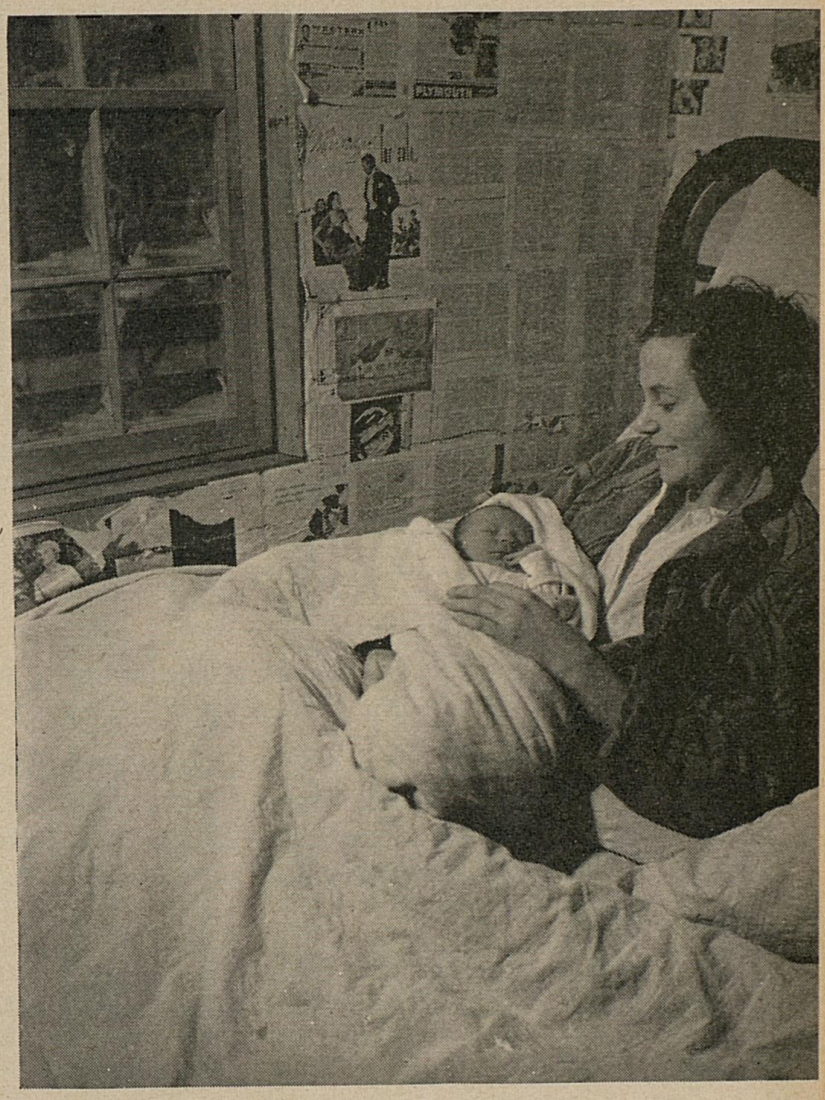
In giving the figures of deaths of men in war, we included the deaths through the Mexican War in 1846-1848. It is impossible to go as far back as that in figuring the deaths of women in childbirth. We get into a region statistically so nebulous that the estimated number of births for even the decade between 1861-1870 is very rough. However, by estimating the births and using the same figure of six maternal deaths per thousand live births, the Bureau of the Census figures there were

around 79,000 maternal deaths in that decade. This would bring our maternal deaths to 992,000 in the past eighty years. But if we go as far back as the Mexican War, we can, on any assumption, figure that over a million women have laid down their lives in giving birth to American citizens.

Although these figures are "highly approximate," as Mr. Leon E. Truesdale, Chief Statistician for Population of the Bureau of the Census, cautioned us in giving them, the approximations err on the side of understatement.

. . . .

We have considered a panorama covering ninety-six years of our national history with its hazards of war for men and its hazards of childbirth for women. I have given such evidence as I could dig up and pointed out its limitations. Over a period of several generations, all the girl babies who were born stood a greater chance of dying in childbirth than the boy babies stood of dying in war. The hazards of war are greater while a war is on and if we had fought every year we would have lost more men than women, but even in war, judging by the only evidence we have which is for World War I, the deaths of



A BATTLE WON

women in childbirth increased markedly because of the influenza and pneumonia which also killed more men than died in battle, and because of a shortage of doctors and nurses to take care of them. Many years ago, a famous French General now dead, said to me, "When men refuse to bear arms and women refuse to bear children, then is a nation decadent." His words express not only where the hazards lie for men and for women, but also the heroism expected of each sex in the field peculiar to each.

When we are all of us more civilized, when we have achieved a higher measure of intelligence and good will, we can overcome the causes that lead to war and we can reduce to a negligible figure the causes that lead to death in childbirth.

The world in which we are living is the world in which our forefathers lived. We walk today on the same piteous trail that men and women have traveled throughout the pages of history. We recognize the quality of heroism in men and women. We find this quality in nature and we believe it to lie at the heart of God. As for nature,

"To sacrifice she prompts her best."[2]

As for God,

". . . for all things perishing, He saith,
'*My* grief, *My* pain, *My* death.' "[3]

For women there is always that added role of vicarious suffering. Young mothers are bearing sons to men overseas who may never see them. Older mothers went to the very gates of death to bring sons into the world whose lives may be taken from them now.

"Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in nought accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose."[4]

1/ Algernon Swinburne, "Itylus."
2/ George Meredith, "A Reading of Earth."
3/ Laurence Housman, "A Prayer for the Healing of the Wounds of ~
4/ Jean Ingelow, "Songs of Seven."

APPENDIX

Estimated Maternal Mortality for the United States: 1871 to 1940 inclusive

Year	Registered births and comparable estimates/1	Maternal death rate per thousand live births/2	No. of maternal deaths/3	Year	Registered births and comparable estimates/1	Maternal death rate per thousand live births/2	No. of maternal deaths/3
1940	2360.4	3.8	8,876	1904	2223.0	6.0	13,338
1939	2287.8	4.0	9,151	1903	2203.7	6.0	13,222
1938	2287.0	4.4	9,953	1902	2184.4	6.0	13,106
1937	2203.3	4.9	10,769	1901	2165.1	6.0	12,991
1936	2144.8	5.7	12,182	1900	2145.8	6.0	12,875
1935	2155.1	5.8	12,544	1899	2116.9	6.0	12,701
1934	2167.6	5.9	12,859	1898	2088.0	6.0	12,528
1933	2081.2	6.2	12,885	1897	2059.1	6.0	12,355
1932	2208.4	6.3	13,913	1896	2030.3	6.0	12,182
1931	2263.1	6.6	14,936	1895	2001.4	6.0	12,008
1930	2360.0	6.7	15,812	1894	1972.4	6.0	11,834
1929	2323.4	7.0	16,264	1893	1943.5	6.0	11,661
1928	2402.9	6.9	16,580	1892	1914.6	6.0	11,488
1927	2514.2	6.5	16,342	1891	1885.7	6.0	11,314
1926	2545.6	6.6	16,801	1890	1856.8	6.0	11,141
1925	2603.0	6.5	16,920	1889	1839.6	6.0	11,038
1924	2661.8	6.6	17,568	1888	1822.3	6.0	10,934
1923	2597.8	6.7	17,405	1887	1805.1	6.0	10,831
1922	2568.6	6.6	16,953	1886	1787.9	6.0	10,727
1921	2719.7	6.8	18,494	1885	1770.7	6.0	10,624
1920	2622.7	8.0	20,982	1884	1753.4	6.0	10,520
1919	2425.2	7.4	17,946	1883	1736.2	6.0	10,417
1918	2607.2	9.2	23,986	1882	1719.0	6.0	10,314
1917	2595.0	6.6	17,127	1881	1701.7	6.0	10,210
1916	2591.1	6.2	16,065	1880	1684.5	6.0	10,107
1915	2575.5	6.1	15,711	1879	1655.2	6.0	9,931
1914	2452.4	6.0	14,714	1878	1625.8	6.0	9,755
1913	2423.9	6.0	14,543	1877	1596.5	6.0	9,579
1912	2395.5	6.0	14,373	1876	1567.1	6.0	9,403
1911	2367.2	6.0	14,203	1875	1537.8	6.0	9,227
1910	2338.7	6.0	14,032	1874	1508.4	6.0	9,050
1909	2319.4	6.0	13,916	1873	1479.1	6.0	8,875
1908	2300.2	6.0	13,801	1872	1449.7	6.0	8,698
1907	2280.9	6.0	13,685	1871	1420.4	6.0	8,522
1906	2261.5	6.0	13,569				
1905	2242.3	6.0	13,454		Total		912,820

1/ Figures from 1933 through 1940 are registered births uncorrected for underregistration. Figures for earlier years are estimates assuming same extent of underregistration as from 1933 to 1940.

2/ Figures from 1933 through 1940 represent registered maternal deaths per 1,000 registered live births. Those from 1915 to 1933 are corresponding rates for the expanding Birth Registration Area. Those prior to 1915 are estimates.

3/ Figures from 1933 through 1940 are registered maternal deaths. Figures for earlier years estimated from first two columns.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Bureau of the Census
Washington

May 20, 1942

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The cover picture for this issue of the Bulletin of St. Christopher bearing the infant Christ across a turbulent stream is a gift to us from Mr. Bernard Sleigh, R.B.S.A., of England, whose wood engravings are things of rare beauty. This is the second design Mr. Sleigh has made for the Frontier Nursing Service. He was so kind as to choose for his subject the legendary character of St. Christopher who is peculiarly dear to the Service. Safely stored, we have the glorious Fifteenth Century window given us by Dr. Preston P. Satterwhite of Great Neck, Long Island. When the war is won, we shall have our St. Christopher's Chapel. Meanwhile, we read together each Christmas Eve at Wendover and each Christmas Day at Hyden Hospital from *The Golden Legend* St. Christopher's story, and then we read Laurence Housman's poem called *The Death of St. Christopher*. Those of you who would like to read them again and who keep your files of the Bulletin have only to turn back to the Autumn number of 1939.

The exquisite wood cut on the inside of the Bulletin cover was made by that loyal friend of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. Peter Hill of Coventry in England. It came to us once as a Christmas card and we asked her permission to reproduce it.

We reproduce the cartoon by O. Soglow, which we have entitled Knitting, through the courtesy of King Features Syndicate, Inc. and the Knoxville Journal, where the cartoon was printed in an issue of July 16th under the title Laff-A-Day.

The horse cartoons under the heading "Make Another Selection" were drawn for us by our courier Barbara Whipple of Rochester, New York and Swarthmore College.

The two photographs used in Childbirth and War were taken by our courier Mrs. Jefferson Patterson when she was with us as Mary Marvin Breckinridge.

The photograph of Santa Claus and the mountain child was taken by our courier Mrs. Robert S. Rowe who, as Barbara Jack, last year filled the post of volunteer Christmas Secretary.

The photographs of the Garden House on the inside back cover were taken by Dorothy F. Buck and Alice Ford of our staff.

The other photographs used were taken by other members of the Frontier Nursing Service staff.

THE GARDEN HOUSE

(Illustrated on the Inside of the Back Cover)

HOUSE PROTECTING
(Abridged)

Found in a Highland Cottage

God, protect the house and the household,
Bless my rising in the morning early,
And my lying down in bed
What time the flocks ascend hill and wold. . .
Carmina Gadelica by Carmichaels

The new Garden House is finished and occupied and the hum of its activities spins out from the very site where the old Garden House burned on the eighth of last January.

The pictures, just our own amateur pictures, can't begin to show even the external beauty of this house. As for its internal arrangements, they are beyond praise. We toyed with the idea of reproducing the blueprints and then decided to substitute a verbal description.

First comes a huge basement of solid stone which was the gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong. In it is a room practically fireproof for records and important data; a storage room for canned goods and supplies; a sunny, ample laundry; furnace room; coal bins; a shower and toilet; and a long recreation hall for folk dances, when the boys come home, for carol practice and all social activities.

The office floor is the first one above the basement and that is the gift of the E. O. Robinson Mountain Fund of which Judge Edward C. O'Rear is Chairman. Airy, light offices for Statisticians, Bookkeeper, Social Service Secretary, Executive Secretary and the rest make a day's work a delight for the staff who have been overcrowded like a slum since that dark day in January when the old Garden House burned.

On this same office floor is the clinic for the Wendover patients, with a bathroom and a large waiting room with books and magazines and toys for the children. The cost of this clinic was met by a gift of $963.00 presented to the Director by members of the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, secre-

taries, nurses, couriers, current and old, in memory of her brother, Lieutenant General James Carson Breckinridge.

The third floor, except for a small staff living room and two baths, is all bedrooms for couriers and some of the secretaries, with the resident courier's room immediately overlooking the barn so that she can dash out at any hour of the night on any horsey emergency. This floor is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. George Clapp. It has verandas at both ends with ladders for fire escapes and a little bridge at the back on to the mountain for the same purpose.

Lastly, there is a huge attic running the entire length of the house with ample storage space for household, barn, office and other supplies and for the clothing sent us until it has been distributed. This attic is the gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy. The heating and plumbing above the basement floor were given by Mrs. Herman F. Stone. The cable electric wiring for the electricity we hope to have when the war is over, and its installation, were given by Mr. and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan. The fireproof office safe was given by Mrs. Morris B. Belknap. The fireproof roof was given by Mrs. E. O. Robinson, the widow of the donor of the original Garden House. The furnishings for the Garden House, including all of the office equipment except the safe, have been given by a host of friends from almost every section of the United States.

The total cost of the new Garden House, its excavation, retaining walls, its household furnishings and office equipment, as of November first was $19,142.95. The total gifts as of the same date were $20,916.25. A few bills were yet to be rendered, nor are the furnishings quite complete as a good many of them are being made locally. On the other hand, a few pledges are yet to come in before the close of the year. Gifts have met costs, with a margin over for final needs, and there is not one penny of debt. Furthermore, the Executive Committee estimated that it would cost $25,000 to build and equip a place of this size with first-class materials and workmanship and such costly pieces of office furnishings as a safe, a calculating machine, steel files, typewriters. So far from exceeding the estimates of the cost, we have saved $5,000 on the estimates.

Two people are primarily responsible for this record. The

first is our Executive Secretary, **Agnes Lewis,** upon whose shoulders has fallen the brunt not only of planning and directing the rebuilding of the house, but also of all the endless Government forms to fill in and the ceaseless need of shifting and readapting plans in a world where the orderly processes of building had ceased to exist. The second person is our Builder, **Oscar Bowling,** who has for years acted as our Maintenance Man for the upkeep of properties during the periods intervening between new construction. His intelligence, industry and good will are beyond all praise. He has a happy faculty not only of working hard and fast himself, but of inspiring the will to do likewise in others. He has coordinated all the specialized work, such as stone masonry, plumbing, electric wiring, painting, and kept it all going in such a way that no time was ever lost. We moved into the new building one week ahead of the date Mr. Bowling said the work would be finished. Everybody, including our local men and the skilled mechanics on the heating and plumbing from the outside, took an interest in what they were doing. The atmosphere of all the workers was a kind of disciplined jollity.

We tender special thanks also to the following people and firms. To the **Combs Lumber Company,** Lexington, Kentucky, for drawing up the plans and making the blueprints free of charge; for furnishing all inside finish materials at little more, if any, than cost to them; for obtaining for us any items ordered which could not be furnished out of their own stock. And to their architect, **Mr. Clarence E. Smith,** and his secretary for making out the complicated application form necessary in obtaining our Building Permit No. 9999. It required an enormous amount of work to list every item of material and equipment that was ordered for the building. In spite of the fact that already stocks were getting low and priorities were going into effect, every item on our bill of material was not only obtained but delivered by the time it was needed.

To our local stone mason, **Bill Turner,** of Hyden, who had the contract for all of the stone work. He and his crew of men worked steadily and rapidly from the time they began to quarry the stone until all the stone work was completed and never kept the carpenters waiting while they reared the huge chimney.

To the **Home Lumber Company,** in Hazard, from whom we obtained all of the rough lumber for the building. **Mr. Morton** and **Mr. Brashear** of this company went to no end of trouble to furnish the kind of lumber we needed. Our original order for rough lumber (studs, joists, sub-flooring, weather boarding, etc.) had been placed with a local mill. Three days before the carpenters were ready to begin work we had a telephone message that all stock in this mill had been frozen for Government use and our bill of material could not be furnished. We explained our situation to Mr. Morton of the Home Lumber Company and he immediately took inventory of his stock and told us what he could furnish and what substitutions he could make; and the first load of lumber was delivered the next day. As additional materials were needed, not listed on the original bill of material, Mr. Morton obtained them for us when they were no longer available out of his own stock.

To the **Ruth Plumbing Company,** in Hazard, and their suppliers, the **Plumbers Supply Company,** of Lexington. Because of post Pearl Harbor pressure, there was not time to wait for the blueprints to be finished before placing an order for the heating and plumbing supplies and equipment. We sent only a pencil drawing of the floor plans of the new building, and on this limited information **Mr. T. D. Draughn** of the Ruth Plumbing Company placed the order for the heating system, the plumbing supplies and fixtures. When the blueprints were completed and the order checked, not one item fell short. Although this firm had given up all of its men to war industries, except **Mr. Montgomery,** the master plumber, and his assistant, our work went forward without interruption and was excellent in every detail.

To **Beaven Brothers** of Hazard who not only did an A-1 job of the inside painting of the house, but completed the work in record time.

To **Mr. Irwin Draughn** of Hazard who wired the house; and to **The Western Auto Associate Store,** Hazard, for securing through the War Production Board a high priority rating to cover our order for BX cable and other materials needed.

To **Walter Begley** of Hyden who gave our hauling priority and never failed to bring supplies from Lexington and Hazard

when they were needed regardless of how slick the road was and even though the tires on his truck were in poor condition and he could not get re-treads.

It just isn't possible to list the names of all the friends who have taken a glad delight in sending money to equip the Garden House, who have sent gifts in kind, or who have shopped for us. Among the latter, we do want to mention especially the hours of drudgery given by Miss Dorothy Henderson who looked at practically all the secondhand office desks in Cincinnati to choose the best for us. We had one office desk and chair given us by Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker and all the rest had to be bought as advantageously as possible out of the gifts in money from our friends. We want to mention also the services of our old courier Mrs. Carl F. Shelton who personally secured through the **J. L. Hudson Company** of Detroit and **Horner Brothers Mills** of Eaton Rapids, Michigan, blankets for the Garden House at less than actual cost. As for the gifts in kind, they have been numerous, lovely and serviceable. One friend sent us a pair of blankets made from the wool of her own sheep; another sent six comforts she made herself; other friends sent material for curtains; a mountain friend gave us a buckeye mantel piece which he hewed by hand out of the forest himself; yet another friend gave an armchair; still another friend sent andirons, candlesticks and candle snuffer, brass dish and knocker for the staff living room; no less than fifteen people responded to our request for candlesticks. To all of the dear people who have given an eager and generous response to our need we have written some little part of the gratitude of which our hearts are full. Those of you who are not able to come in and see the new Garden House now will come when the war is won,—that glad day when "the mountains skip like rams . . . when the floods clap their hands and the hills are joyful together."

JUST JOKES
FROM PUNCH

An ornithologist speaks of a South American bird that flies upside-down and cannot see below. It's not missing much, with the world in its present state.

Vitamin B has been found in hash. What hasn't?

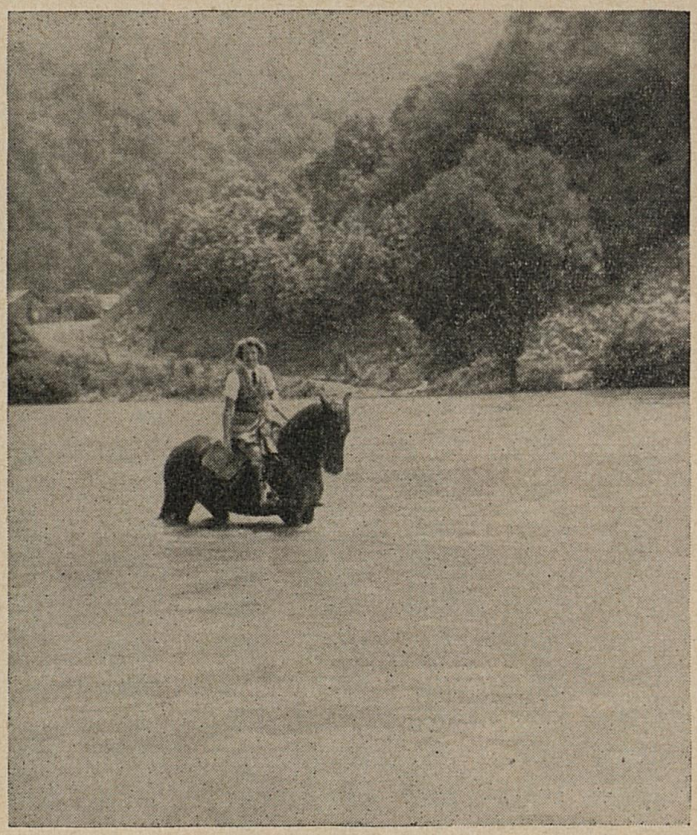
September 2, 1942

CHRISTMAS BABY AND THE CHIMNEY

by

ROSE EVANS, R.N., S.C.M.
Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Possum Bend

It was Christmas Eve, and the night was dark. A heavy mist hung over the river. All was quiet. The whole world seemed to be sleeping, except in one small cabin, a mile down the river where a new little life was waiting to be born to add her carol to the coming Christmas morning.



THE AUTHOR AND HER MARE FAITH

Earl called me —Wanda's time had come and she was "bad off." We started, Earl shouldered my bags and we stepped out. A shortwalk brought us to the river where a boat was waiting for our crossing. We had flashlights, but the mist was so thick they were of little use. We could just see the bank on the other side, so we steered for it.

The boat was leaking badly, but under Earl's powerful strokes we made progress, though off our course. Well did we know this when we hit a rock in midstream with a terrific impact which nearly deposited me head over heels into the river. If it hadn't been for the weight of my precious saddle-bags in my

lap, I should have joined the fishes in a very undignified manner.

We made a landing in the bushes somewhere on the other side. Earl seized my bags and away he went, leaving me to follow as best I could, slipping and sliding in the mud. However, we both reached the cabin safely. The one room, heated by a stove, was warm and cheerful and there was Prudy, mother of ten, to give me a hand. Earl, thinking his duty performed, vanished into the night.

All went well, and very soon little Carol added her lusty chant to the rest of the world, for it was Christmas morning. So far so good. But not so good. For Wanda, in an agonized voice called out, "Miss Evans, the roof is afire." To my horror there were flames lapping round the stove pipe where it penetrated the roof, setting fire to the newspapers with which the ceiling was papered. With a word to Wanda to stay in bed, Prudy and I dashed for water, climbed up on beds and chairs and heaved the water above our heads, tearing the paper down where we could reach it. The next few moments we worked frantically, realizing the seriousness of the situation unless we got the flames under control quickly. By tearing, stamping, and dousing we put the flames out.

With sighs of relief we viewed the scene, "Hit was a sight," as Prudy put it, to say nothing of ourselves. We looked like a couple of drowned rats, as throwing water above one's head induces wetness. But what matter, the cabin was saved as well as Wanda and her Christmas baby.

JUST JOKES

At Sea

Steward—A little rough this morning, sir. Have you breakfasted?

Unhappy Voyager—Thank you, no. On the contrary.

"Did the voyage cure you of your insomnia?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, that must be a relief."

"It certainly is. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."

In Memoriam

WHEN THE CURTAINS FALL
(A Villanelle)

When, at the end, the curtains fall
Across the world of death and night,
Sweet love shall blossom all in all.

The patient, long-unheeded call
Shall faint no more in hope's despite,
When, at the end, the curtains fall.

As Angel fingers draw the pall
From faces cold and still and white,
Sweet love shall blossom all in all.

No word shall bind, no fetter gall,
Dark passion shall be put to flight,
When, at the end, the curtains fall.

Old Time, the fierce despoiler, shall
No longer build that he may blight,
Sweet love shall blossom all in all.

And none shall weary of the thrall
Who pined and struggled for the light,
When, at the end, the curtains fall,
Sweet love shall blossom all in all.

F. E. K. From *Sonnets and Lyrics.*
Quoted in *Light,* London
September 14, 1929.

MRS. J. LYLE BAYLESS, Anchorage, Kentucky
MRS. W. B. BROCK, Lexington, Kentucky
MISS MARY ROBERT COLES, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
MR. WILLIAM DAY, Rockledge, Florida
DR. JOSEPH BOLWAR DeLEE, Chicago, Illinois
MRS. JAMES B. EISAMAN, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
MRS. V. H. ENGELHARD, Louisville, Kentucky
MISS IDA GRASSELLI, Cleveland, Ohio
MR. BIGE HOSKINS, Creekville, Kentucky
MRS. FRANK B. KELLOGG, St. Paul, Minnesota
MR. J. FISHER LEAKE, Louisville, Kentucky
MISS DELLA LIVELY, Lexington, Kentucky
MRS. WILLIAM L. MELLON, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
MISS SUSAN MILWARD, Lexington Kentucky
MRS. CARY F. MOORE, Lexington, Kentucky
MRS. WASH MOSLEY, Asher, Kentucky
MR. HENRY PARISH, New York, New York
MISS LUCY H. SAVAGE, Cromwell, Connecticut
MRS. FRANK D. VAN WINKLE, Covington, Kentucky

During the year that is closing, the Frontier Nursing Service has lost many old friends. They came from different

parts of the United States; they were in almost every walk of life. They cared for us and we cared for them and we shall miss them greatly. To go over their names is almost to read a roll call of those who loved their fellow men. Two of these friends were members of our mountain committees, **Mr. Bige Hoskins** of the Flat Creek District Committee and **Mrs. Wash Mosley** ("Aunt Becky") of the Beech Fork District Committee. They were both old in years and young in heart. Aunt Becky's tired old body was buried on a mountaintop under a dogwood and her loving spirit has blossomed before the dogwood is in bloom again. **Mr. Day** was known as Uncle William in the Frontier Nursing Service because he and his wife were the uncle and aunt of our nurse now in Africa, Margaret Watson. Their special interest was the parties for the children at Christmas for which they sent large shipments of oranges, cookies and a quite immense good will. **Mr. Leake** was the Louisville representative of the Bemis Brothers Bag Company from whom we got our bags for the Christmas candy. He paid the freight on these bags himself as a Christmas present to us and saw that we got early the thousands that we need for our children. **Miss Della Lively,** until her last illness, was "room service" at the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington and for years we knew her only as a voice,—such a kind, cheerful, ready voice. She began sending us her clothing and she left directions with her sister to send it all to us after her death. **Miss Susan Milward** was one of the Lexington post office staff who handled the shipments of our Quarterly Bulletins with courtesy and dispatch. **Mrs. Bayless, Mrs. Brock, Miss Coles, Mrs. Eisaman, Mrs. Engelhard, Miss Grasselli, Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Parish, Miss Savage** and **Mrs. Van Winkle** were well known in the cities where they lived,—but their memory will be kept green also with us. They were in themselves or in their families supporters of the Frontier Nursing Service over a period of time almost as long as there has been a Service. **Dr. DeLee** honored us by becoming a member of our Chicago Committee and with his ready advice whenever we called upon him. His service to mothers and babies gladly included in its compass all mothers and babies everywhere. These are dark times in which to give up old friends but for them "beyond the solemn night they have found the morning dream."

THE AUTHOR AND HER HORSE PAL
At the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
At Brutus, Clay County, Kentucky
September, 1942

AN APPEAL TO AGNES

by

ELSIE N. KELLY, R.N., S.C.M.

We've got a leak in the plumbing
The water runs into the grate
To have water and ashes all over the floor
Is truly a terrible state.

We've invited the Board for dinner
Twenty-six of them counting their wives
Without a fire we can't fix dinner
And the twenty-six guests will go away thinner
And the shame will last all our lives.

We've cookies to bake for the Rally
For three hundred people or more
And how can we do it without a stove
And a puddle of water all over the floor?

Mrs. Breckinridge coming and no hot water
Everything in a mess
Enough to make the strongest falter
And upset every mother's daughter
A tragedy, we confess.

Agnes dear, please send at once
For we are tired of mopping
The water is spoiling our new lino
And even the cellar is sopping.

Unless Kermit can come and mend our grate
Or stop the leak with solder
Truly lamentable is our fate
We really are in a terrible state
Everything's out of order.

THIRTY-SIX MILES TO A TELEPHONE

by

ELSIE N. KELLY, R.N., S.C.M.

The telephone line which connects us with the rest of the world is down again. Hardly to be wondered at if you could see the line. It was put up for us by some of the mountain men, to connect Brutus with Bowlingtown, a single strand of uncovered wire strung from tree to tree, up Panco Creek, and down the other side of the mountain ridge, which is Leatherwood Creek, and across the Middle Fork River to Bowlingtown. We had insulators at first, but they were too tempting to use as targets and they have mostly been shot off. When the wind blows the trees sway and snap the line. When the wind blows hard there is bound to be a tree fall down onto the line. It is more often down than up lately, especially since they began logging up Panco Creek.

Well, down it is, and last Wednesday during clinic we found we had to get a message through to Wendover right away. There was nothing else to do but to ride the ten miles to Bowlingtown and telephone from there, and Pal and I started out after clinic.

The weather has been pretty cold lately, so I took my sheepskin lined coat, and glad I was of it before I got home again, although I had to take it off soon after starting, and tie it to my saddle.

The journey up Panco and down Leatherwood was good fun. Pal was fresh, and it was perfect riding weather. I watched the telephone line, and noticed it down in several places—in fact I had to duck under it once.

It was about 2:30 p. m. when Pal and I got to Bowlingtown and Ethel, who was relieving for Foxie's vacation. To my consternation the telephone there was out of order too, and although we tried for twenty minutes or so we couldn't get a peep out of it.

Ethel wasn't feeling so good. She had ridden Foxie's horse Robin up Leatherwood, and he shyed and took her under a par-

ticularly low loop of the telephone wire, catching her head and nearly breaking her neck. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good and Ethel's accident meant that she had not ridden her mare Pinafore, and had her fresh, so she suggested that I borrow Pinafore to ride a further eight miles to Confluence and use that telephone.

I had never ridden this trail, but with the assistance of a little map Ethel drew for me I found the way quite easily, and thought it the most beautiful trail of any I know in the mountains. I rode for half an hour up the river bank, then crossed the Middle Fork River in a long diagonal at Shoal, to turn up a stony creek called Elk for about a mile. Then the trail leads up the mountain. I met an old mountain man riding a little mare and he showed me the best paths to take up this rough trail, and gave me an account of a burying he had been attending. I enjoyed his company to the top of the mountain.

Here the path leads along the ridge with a wonderful view of a deep, deep valley, thickly wooded to the very bottom. The trees are turning now, and I have never seen anything so beautiful as that view.

Down the other side of the mountain it is very rough and the creek I eventually reached seemed endless. I asked several people whom I met how far I was from the Center and was told first "a right smart piece," then "about a mile," and then at last "just a little piece." I am sure Wilder Creek is a good three miles long. Pinafore's unaccustomed gait made me so weary that it seemed a very long creek indeed.

I was glad to get to the center and to see Pat and Gonnie, to relax by the fire and drink tea. Possum Bend is a homey, cozy house. I would have liked to stay longer, but I had the eighteen miles home to accomplish and it was getting late.

The telephone was in order and I was able to deliver my message, and also to give two messages for Ethel, and I was much relieved in mind when I started back towards home. Pinafore is a good climber and she was hungry, so we were over the mountain and onto the river road before it was quite dark, and to Bowlingtown by 7:30 p. m.

Ethel had saved me some delicious fried chicken, creamed celery and peas, and it was the most appreciated meal I have had for a long time. By the time I had eaten my fill, and got started again with Pal, the moon was up and shining right up Leatherwood. Pal wanted to get home, and scrambled up the hills, and slithered down the slopes at record speed. We got on fine until we passed the ridge and started down Panco, and there the moon didn't shine and it was pitch dark. I had a torch, but the path is difficult to follow even in the daytime as the loggers have made numerous subsidiary paths ending in piles of bolts; and Pal and I kept finding ourselves hemmed in by logs and having to find the way out onto the path again.

How glad we were to get onto the new W. P. A. road, which is such a change from the creekbed—all the road we had before —that Minnie calls it the "Boulevard." Two miles of this road and then home, thirty-six miles in all, just to use the telephone!

JUST JOKES

Speaking of Food

Diner: "Two eggs, please. Don't fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don't turn them over. Not too much fat. Just a pinch of salt on each. No pepper. Well, what are you waiting for?"

Waiter: "The hen's name is Betty. Is that all right, sir?"

Waitress to Customer: "I've got deviled kidneys, calves brains, pigs feet, chicken livers and . . ."

"Forget it, sister," growled the cantankerous diner. "I've a headache, eczema, fallen arches, corns, bunions, three warts and an empty stomach. Tell your troubles to someone else, and bring me some ham and eggs."

A recent advertisement states: "It took twelve thousand workers to put that bottle of milk at your door."

Yes, it sounded as though it did.

"Call the manager," he said. "I never saw anything as tough as this steak."

"You will, sir," said the waiter, "if I call the manager."

"COME IN AND WARM"

by

EDITH ANDERSON, Chi
Social Service Secretary*
1940-1942

THE AUTHOR

"Go up to Red Bird fer a piece 'till you git to Sugar creek — you'll know hit by the low water bridge. Foller the creek 'till you git to a school and take the way behind hit. When you git to Ned Hoskins ask him to put you right 'cause the creek forks thar.

"Keep going 'till you git to Boon Gay's and ask agin. That's the last house for six miles. After you git on the mountain you come to an eddy. Go by hit. Then you see a field. Go by hit. Then thar is another field with rocks on the side. Go down sharp the other way 'till you git to Rockhouse. Go up the fire-road to the main road.

* Through the courtesy of To Dragma of Alpha Omicron Pi, May, 1942.

When you come to the sawmill, turn and you'll git to Muncy's Creek. Jest foller hit into Wendover.

"But, Ma'm, I wouldn't go that way. Hit's too easy to git off. You better come in and warm."

Such were the directions given me on the last lap of over a 75-mile horseback trip while visiting some of the nursing centers. The young mountaineer stood at his gate with gun under his arm and dog at his heels, as he again repeated, "You better come in and warm. Come and git you some dinner. Hit's cold."

But with 20 miles ahead of me there was no time. I hacked the ice-balls from Babette's feet, tucked the rain-coat around my knees to keep the sleeting snow out and started once again.

For an hour we walked, Babette and I. Babette is Mrs. Breckinridge's flea-bitten gray mare. She is a sure-footed and willing beast with a pleasant way of snorting snow flakes out of her nostrils. The two of us talked back and forth until we were overtaken by a mailman with white canvas bags thrown over his saddle.

The mailman joined in the conversation as far as Sugar Creek, where he stopped to help push out a logging truck that had become stuck between the ice glazed rocks of the creek.

A bit farther a man riding bareback on a mule assured us that we were still on the right trail. His mule was "barefoot" because he was too "ornery to have shoes." He was on his way to help haul logs down to the truck.

Babette could not be bothered to slow down her pace, so with a toss of her mane on we went. It was snowing harder making it necessary to chop snow and ice from her feet every ten minutes. Ah, a cozy little log cabin—half hidden by a huge pile of logs.

In answer to my halloo a woman came to the door with the familiar, "Come in and warm." It was a great temptation as my feet had frozen to the stirrups and my homespun mittens were soaked through.

"Howdy." The woman's husband had come to the door. "Come in and warm. Why Ma'm, I reckon hit's not possible to

git through to Rockhouse this time of year. This is the last house fer six miles!"

But Babette was not to be turned back. With a disdainful snort, she wheeled around—wheeled towards Rockhouse, the impregnable.

We had to ford eight times in a quarter of a mile before we came to a trail going up the mountain. Up and up it went—almost perpendicular. There were ledges a foot wide with walls of rock on one side and a ravine on the other. Babette did not seem to notice. I shut my eyes. Two foot logs had been felled across our path. Babette gave a sniff and clambered over.

Occasionally there were logs that would have been difficult for a jumper. There did not seem to be a way around them without risking skidding into the creek 200 feet below. Babette nosed around a bit and turned to me as if to say, "Well, now it's your turn. Do something!"

I did. With a hunting knife and stick I scraped icy rocks, trampled down a path, and laid fir branches over it. As it still did not look too good, I slung the heavy saddle bags over my shoulder and practically crawled across. On a second trip I managed the saddle. Then back for Babette.

During that hazardous crossing the snow had stopped as if the better to see what was going on. Once across, the snow redoubled its efforts to block our way. Ahead of us a huge rock jutted out over the road forming a perfect roof. We paused —Babette to have an apple and I to have a bit of cocoa kept warm in a pair of baby diapers.

The next two hours' journey was not as difficult, so when I was not busy chopping ice from Babette's feet, a number of current social service cases ran through my mind.

For example, Paris, a little boy who lives on Leatherwood, was in a Louisville hospital off and on for three years with a tubercular hip. For well over a year he wore a heavy plaster cast that went from his waist to his knees. The time seemed twice as long to Paris, for he was not able to run about and play with his friends. But finally the cast was removed and today Paris is a normal boy, who plays with as much energy as any of his friends.

Another boy is John, who went to Cincinnati expecting to have his leg amputated. John was bed-ridden for four years, but he still has his leg!

Sibyl fell into the fireplace and burned her back, stomach, and neck so badly that she was not expected to live. Dr. Kooser was able to save her and now she is in the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati for plastic surgery.

There are infantile paralysis patients, heart cases, spinal bifidas, deviated septums, and uncountable others who go out under F. N. S. auspices to see specialists.

Occasionally straight relief must be given, but every effort is made to avoid "charity," for the mountain people are proud people. They will not be "beholden." The father in the X family was tubercular; the mother was having a bad time with influenza; there were three children with another on the way. No one in the family was able to work. There was no income. Their canned goods had been eaten and their garden had not "come in." A diet was made out for the family to follow and the necessary food bought for them. This was to go on until spring, when a crop could be planted. However, when spring arrived, there was still no money for seed and fertilizer. As Social Service could not spare enough money to reestablish the family properly, the local County Agent was appealed to. He and the Social Worker called on the family and discussed what should be planted where, how much seed and fertilizer would be needed, how to prune properly the peach and apple trees, and even how to tell when a chicken is laying eggs. After the interview we saw the Farm Security Agent, who, upon our recommendations and after a personal interview, will lend the family enough money to get an entirely new hold on life.

Some of the people need an indirect financial loan, such as Molly, who has nine children. Her husband was working on WPA, but they could not seem to save enough to buy a very badly needed cow. Social Service bought the family a cow and every week Molly brings in a dollar towards paying off the bill.

Many folks need glasses or dental work and have no way of paying for it. They get their glasses, for example, and work out the bill around one of the eight nursing centers or pay part of it by selling chickens or vegetables to a center.

Since mountain folk are accustomed to helping themselves and like to do so, one must be wary in the way one offers help. The opportunity for repayment must and always is offered.

Occasionally children are left orphans with no one to care for them. Sometimes home conditions are deplorable enough to warrant placing the children in a mountain boarding school. Social Service is helping one girl through college and is keeping seven other children in school.

Mountaineers have taken the war as a personal problem! They are farmers and know that food is an all-important factor. Men who can barely keep their families going through the winter are discussing ways of raising more, in order that more produce from big farms may be released for soldiers and defense workers.

Many old couples have but one son left at home to do all of the ploughing and planting. They could protest his "joining up," but they say, "We'll make out somehow. Hit hain't fittin' thet he stay at home."

Very recently, a great deal of time and effort was spent in attempting to obtain compensation for three children who were left homeless and penniless when their father, a World War I veteran, died. In the course of time, to everyone's surprise, a grandmother appeared in the picture. She wanted the children to come and share her and her son's frugal living.

When she was told about the efforts to get veteran's compensation, the 71-year-old lady placidly spat into the fireplace and quietly, but with great positiveness, remarked, "We'uns be poorly, and hain't got much, but I reckon as how the government needs thet money more'n we do!"

But we were nearing home. Four miles from Wendover we sighted our nurse out making pre-natal calls. Babette hardly managed to stand still long enough to have the snow knocked from her hoofs. Her tummy and legs were as icy as the road. Nothing would do but to hurry home to a warm stall and bran mash. She could practically smell the hay.

Gallant Babette! Today, when I passed her stall, she winked at me and said, "Come in and warm!"

THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

By DOROTHY F. BUCK, M.A., R.N., S.C.M.
Dean of the School

History

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was opened in November, 1939, by the Frontier Nursing Service in order to supply the trained nurse-midwives necessary for its own staff. Ever since Mrs. Mary Breckinridge started the Frontier Nursing Service in 1925, she planned to establish a school for the training of American graduate, registered nurses in midwifery and frontier technique. After the declaration of war in Europe, many of the British nurse-midwives on our staff left to help their own country. The supply of new nurse-midwives from Great Britain was cut off, and it was no longer possible for American nurses to go overseas for midwifery training. This made it essential that the School be started at once.

STUDENT MIDWIVES' QUARTERS

Backed by the Kentucky State Board of Health, the Medical Advisory and Executive Committees of the Frontier Nursing Service, and with much encouragement and help from various members of the medical and nursing professions, our first class opened in Hyden on November 1, 1939, with two of our own Hospital nurses as the first students. Our first two classes were for four months each and followed the outline laid down for the early British courses. The members of the School were squeezed into every available space in the Hyden Hospital. The cost of teaching them was met by scholarships given for that purpose by various trustees of the Fron-

tier Nursing Service. With our third class, begun December 1, 1940, we extended the period of instruction to six months.

Beginning with our fourth class in 1941, we were asked by the U. S. Children's Bureau to take in more graduate nurses and train them for the work of nurse-midwives in their own states. To do this, we built Midwives' Quarters near the Hospital, with money given us for that purpose, as a home for the Training School. We included all the territory around Hyden as a practice field (only about two-thirds of this had been previously used by the School), and we added an assistant instructor to our teaching staff. With these changes, our fourth class began on September 15, 1941 with four students—its present size.

Purpose

As with all graduate schools of midwifery, the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery teaches graduate nurses the principles of midwifery—how to manage the normal obstetrical patient in such a way as to prevent the abnormal wherever possible, to recognize the abnormal when it does occur, and to apply the proper emergency measures if such are necessary before the physician arrives.

The special aim of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery is to train nurse-midwives for remotely rural areas. The School is situated in one of the roughest of mountain areas. Except for a part time county public health unit, there are no medical, nursing, or social service workers other than those of the Frontier Nursing Service. Over only a part of the territory is it possible to use a car; the rest must be traveled by horseback with nursing supplies in saddlebags. The nurse-midwives must learn to work with what they have, to observe problems which might influence the patient's obstetrical course, to look ahead and get medical advice when possible before complications really set in, and to develop their judgment so they will recognize that fine point at which it becomes dangerous to wait longer for medical help before going ahead with emergency procedures.

In the School the students learn, too, what can be done in a small country hospital—how cases here differ in routines and

techniques from those on the districts, what can be done to make mothers more contented away from home, and how the nurse-midwives can assist the physician with abnormal cases.

The Teaching Staff

Miss Eva Gilbert is in charge of the School's instruction. She is a graduate of Cornell College and of Syracuse University Hospital of the Good Shepherd with a master's degree in public health from Teacher's College, Columbia University. She taught nursing practice in her own training school. After coming to the Frontier Nursing Service, she went to Scotland and took her midwifery course with the Queen's Nurses' Institute with affiliation at the Elsie Englis Hospital in Edinburgh. Following this course she passed the examinations given by the Scottish Central Midwives' Board.

Miss Helen Browne, in charge of the teaching in the Hospital, is a graduate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, England, and of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London. She holds the certificate for midwifery given by the Central Midwives' Board of England. After graduation Miss Browne spent eighteen months at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies supervising the work of the pupil midwives, both in the Hospital and on the district.

Miss Hannah Mitchell is the assistant instructor. She has had about three years college work at the John Brown University and several years teaching experience. Miss Mitchell graduated from St. Luke's Hospital, Kansas City, and was in the first class to graduate from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. She stood highest in the first examination given by the State Board of Health to six nurse-midwives.

Dr. John H. Kooser, the Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, gives the medical lectures and demonstrations. He has had graduate work in obstetrics and pediatrics and helps keep the School up-to-date in practice and teaching.

Midwives' Quarters

The Midwifery Training School has its own building near the Hospital. All rooms are completely furnished. There are six bedrooms—for the instructor, assistant instructor, and four pupils. The house has a hot air furnace, modern plumbing, elec-

tric lights, and an open fire in the living room. A maid lives on the place who does the cleaning and the cooking under the supervision of the School instructor. The School has its own cow to insure plenty of milk, butter, and cream, while a garden patch helps with fresh vegetables.

Instruction

The theory of midwifery is given in thirty lectures by the Medical Director and thirty classes by the instructor—lectures and classes each coming twice a week. We try to keep the last month free from class work except for a few review lessons. A life-size manikin is used in demonstrations and for practice, and forty-seven preserved specimens are used to demonstrate fetal development and abnormalities. A good reference library, with both British and American text books, is available for the students. Tests and class discussions are frequent.

Actual prenatal and postpartum work is done under supervision in the patients' mountain cabins, in outpost clinics, and those held at our Hospital in Hyden, and—though to a less extent—in the Hospital itself. The nurse-midwives learn how to supervise the diet of the low income rural group. They learn the harm wrought by intestinal parasites with the methods for their eradication. They learn to make detailed prenatal examinations including abdominal examinations with external pelvimetry, the heat-acid test for albuminuria, and blood pressure readings both systolic and diastolic. They learn to take vaginal smears and blood for Kahns, to determine the amount of hemoglobin by the Sahli and Tallqvist methods, and to make Mantoux tests and the capillary-tube test for blood coagulation time. During the puerperium they give actual bedside care to both mother and baby and are taught the importance of the final examination by the doctor and given an opportunity to observe his findings.

The students, under supervision, manage both district and Hospital deliveries. Each student delivers at least twenty women under the supervision of an instructor. In addition to these twenty deliveries, the student has the opportunity of assisting the Medical Director in handling such of her cases as are abnormal. Although she is taught to use rectal examinations for usual intrapartum diagnostic purposes, she is also taught how

to make vaginal examinations, so that she will be skilled in both methods.

The final examination is given by the Kentucky State Board of Health and includes written, oral, and practical work. Upon passing this, the nurse-midwife receives the diploma of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and a certificate to practice midwifery in Kentucky. The Kentucky State Board of Health has authorized the use of the letters C. M. (Certified Midwife) after the names of those who receive this certificate.

Optional Opportunities

Students are encouraged to come to the Frontier Nursing Service a few days before the beginning of the regular six months' course so that they may receive instruction in riding and in the care of their horses and riding equipment. They may also stay on for a few weeks after finishing the course if they desire experience in one of our outpost centers where they will see how midwifery fits into the program of a generalized rural district nurse-midwifery service.

Requirements for Students

Applicants for the six-month course must be high school graduates, graduates of approved schools of nursing, and registered in one of the states or a foreign country. They must be in excellent health; they must signify their intention of practicing nurse-midwifery after graduation either directly or in a supervisory capacity.

Scholarships

There are full scholarships for a limited number of nurses filling the above qualifications, provided they promise to practice midwifery in the United States. These scholarships are covered partly by Federal funds given for that purpose, partly by private contributions from friends interested in the work of the School. They cover tuition, board, laundry, the use of riding uniforms and text books, and all expenses connected with the car and the five horses used in the district work of the School. The only things the scholarship student must provide for herself are riding boots, white shirts, a warm sweater, and a raincoat that can be worn on horseback.

The Departments of Health in many of the States avail

themselves of these scholarships for their nurses and supplement them with stipends covering travel to Hyden and personal expenses. These nurses are under contract to return to their own States to work after graduation. State Health Departments should apply to the Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery for Federal scholarships.

To nurses who promise to remain with the Frontier Nursing Service on its regular salary basis for two years after graduation, we give ten dollars a month to cover their personal expenses during the six months that they are scholarship students of the School.

CHRISTMAS ON THE OFF-TRAIL

We thought we had forgotten all the years that lie behind us,
And though the vision beckons through the years that wait ahead,
The white and scarlet berries of the season still remind us
That dreams were merely sleeping which we thought forever dead.

For, vagabonds, it's Christmas,
And the clans are congregating;
O vagabonds, it's Christmas,
And we've come so far away;
And in the lonesome shadows
They are waiting, waiting, waiting
For those who've lost the road that leads
To Home on Christmas Day.

We met our mate, the tramping wind, and so we let it lead us
From one with rose-blood in her veins and sunshine in her hair;
It called us from a mother who we thought would never need us
Until the gray December winds brought in her silent prayer.

For Christmas on the Off-Trail
Isn't what we used to think it;
The little horns are calling
With the roll-beat of the drum;
And as we lift our mocking toast
And sullenly we drink it,
A kid calls "Mother! Mother!"—
And we know how far we've come.

Gray ghosts across the drifting years, they come upon our dreaming,
The kids we used to know before we knew the rover's fate,
The little stockings by the hearth, the mother love a-streaming
From weary eyes that look in vain beyond an old-time gate.

O vagabonds, to-morrow
We will start with rag and pack again;
And leave a merry song behind
Without a parting word;
But now we'd give our souls to know
The Christmas highway back again,
To whisper "Mother, mother"—
And to know that she had heard.

Contributed—authorship unknown.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

For the past few months, "Pebble" Stone has been busy with "stiff ground courses" and getting in the additional hours required in order to qualify for a C. A. P. license. We have just learned that she has her "Wings" and all of us are tremendously happy over her success. Pebble doesn't know just what she will be doing next but of one thing we are confident and that is that she will get into some active service for the duration. She is now commuting to a flying field at Walden, New York, in order to "build up hours" as she is thinking of offering her services to Jacqueline Cochran who, at Fort Worth, Texas, is training "a pool of women flyers" for any noncombatant job in which the Army Air Forces can use them to replace men. We are following Pebble every step of the way. She has chosen a most hazardous service and we are deeply proud of her.

. . . .

Mrs. John B. Morse (Margaret McLennan) wrote us from San Mateo, California:

> "Like most families nowadays we are widely scattered. I have one brother in Australia, and another is out there—probably in the Solomons—flying for the Marines. My sister and brother-in-law are in Costa Rica and my husband's brother is in Africa."

Since the above letter was received we have learned that one of her brothers in the Pacific has been reported missing in action. Margaret is now back in Chicago and our love and deepest sympathy goes out to her and her family.

. . . .

Mrs. John Pugh (Louise Myers), of Washington, D. C., whose husband is Major Pugh of Bataan, writes:

> "I have a job in the European Division of the State Department and I love it, but of course I have very little time to myself. It is just the thing for me, however, because I am happiest when I am busy."

. . . .

Mary Cowles, widow of Captain Willard Reed, U.S.M.C.

Flying Corps, who was killed in Java, writes from Washington as follows:

"I am working very hard in Admiral Land's War Shipping Administration. . . . One by one I am seeing and hearing from our Dutch flying friends as they arrive in this country."

. . . .

From Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey (Louise Ireland) of Arlington, Virginia:

"Bud (her husband) is working in the Navy Department and is extremely disappointed to be fighting with a fountain pen. I must admit that I am awfully happy that we can be together and do not share his feelings! However, they will be using color-blind people for active duty pretty soon, I guess, so Bud will have his chance for a crack at the Japs and Adolf before this is over!"

. . . .

Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Mary Wilson) of Alexandria, Virginia, writes:

"My husband almost got sent out to Pearl Harbor, but is to be here a while longer, which is a great relief as you can imagine. He has been flying all over the country on interesting trips but can't tell me very much about what's doing."

. . . .

From Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack) of Oakley, Illinois:

"We are combining soy beans, shucking corn, and gravelling the lane so are in the midst of fall work. Food is so important for the people we feel we are in war work, too. Thirty-two new babies last month—but not your kind—these are baby pigs and are they cute!"

. . . .

Joanna ("Jo") Neilson writes:

"I am not 'WAACing or WAVEing' yet. I've decided I can always be useful as a civilian—am about to start a U. S. O. job—Soldiers and Sailors Committee."

. . . .

Ellen Bruce, of Eccleston, Maryland, writes us as follows:

"Everything on the place here is in an uproar. We don't have enough oil to keep the house open so we are moving into the farmer's cottage. It is really very cute. Everyone here has taken up driving buggies in a big way. The only mishap was that as I was going past the country store one day my horse took things in hand and rushed straight into the back store room where feed is kept. It was a slightly embarrassing situation. . . . I am starting a job with American Airlines on November first."

Cornelia Rowland of Virginia Beach, Virginia, who was signed up for the senior courier period in November and December writes as follows:

"I am working in a hospital as a laboratory technician and due to the shortage of people because of the war I just can't leave at present. I am really sunk as I keep thinking about you all the time, and am yearning to get back to 'them thar hills'. . . . There is nothing I want to do more as I loved it so down there but you know how these times are."

. . . .

From Fanny McIlvain in Downingtown, Pennsylvania:

"We are having our Community Chest Drive now and, as I have a large country district, I have been doing some of it on horseback. It is much more fun that way and, of course, does save tires and gasoline."

. . . .

Mrs. Vladimir Littauer (Mary Graver) writes as follows:

"The war has probably made less difference in our lives than in most people's. I spent the winter taking the various motor mechanics and first aid courses requisite for joining the Red Cross Motor Corps. Since then I have followed the Motor Corps in its various activities, from drilling evenings in the local public school to sitting in the local civilian defense office waiting for an air raid, to taking over the driving and stretcher-bearing of the local hospital ambulance.

"We've stayed pretty close to home and done quite a bit of work, which included the harvesting of apples from fifty trees this fall, and scything off the fields ourselves, because for weeks we could not get hold of a team and Sheila (her horse), even in her late middle-age, shows no disposition for such things. We have a cellar with about 700 quarts of our own fruits and vegetables put up."

"The high point of this year was when I checked my bicycle on a train to Maine and met Betsy, (Betsy Parsons Warner) up there for a ten-day jaunt along the coast. I don't think I've had such a good time of that particular senseless, silly variety since we did the same thing in Devonshire 'way back in the good old days of '33. The shortage of motorists made the roads very pleasant and the 'Tourist Homes' very cordial."

. . . .

ENGAGEMENTS

Marion Edwards Shouse to Lieutenant Reeve Lewis, U. S. N. R., both of Washington, D. C. We are particularly interested in this wedding because both of these young people and their mothers have been warm friends of the Service for many years. Marion is one of the key people in the Frontier Nursing Service. She holds a special place of her own in our affections and we hope that she will have a large measure of the happiness she

has so generously given to others. We wish for Marion and Lieutenant Lewis the best that this world can afford.

Mary Jameson of New York City to Ensign Samuel Felton Posey, U. S. N. R., of Radnor, Pennsylvania. Mary is remembered with affection in the Frontier Nursing Service and we hear delightful things of her fiancé. Congratulations and best wishes for their happiness.

WEDDINGS

On October tenth, Mary (Molly) Hays to Mr. Samuel Willock Off, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

On October twenty-third, Catherine Ginna Mellick of Far Hills, New Jersey, to Lieutenant McGhee Tyson Gilpin, A. U. S., of Scalby, Virginia. This marriage coming just a few days after the engagement was announced, is of the greatest interest to us. Catherine has been one of our "stand-bys" in recent years and we were looking forward to her coming down for a courier term this winter when the news of her marriage reached us. We are hoping that she may be able to return later in the year.

On November fourteenth, Eleanor Katherine Stineman of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Mr. Donald Moore Skinner, A. U. S., in Pittsburgh.

We send our love and all good wishes to Molly, Catherine and Eleanor.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Allen Locke, Jr. (Dot Clark) of Washington, D. C., a son, in July. His mother writes:

> "Benjie, 3¼ months, a two-ton elephant, keeps us all busy and is 'oozing' us out of the house. I feel like Old Mother Hubbard and love it."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ford William Thompson, Jr. (Katherine Randolph) of St. Louis, a daughter, Katherine Randolph, on September twenty-third, 1942. We are looking forward to her being a courier in 1961.

We have just learned that a daughter, Alison, was born last February to Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dotty Newman) of Dover, Massachusetts. We are entering Alison in the courier service for 1961 and if she takes after her mother, she will be a splendid horsewoman.

I WANTED TO LIVE, AMERICA

Blue-covered booklet with thirteen original pen and ink sketches

Story by Gladys Marcia Peacock

Illustrations by Vanda Summers

Published by the Frontier Nursing Service

Price, 25c postpaid
(Stamps accepted instead of cash or checks if convenient)

Order from: Frontier Nursing Service, Wendover, Kentucky

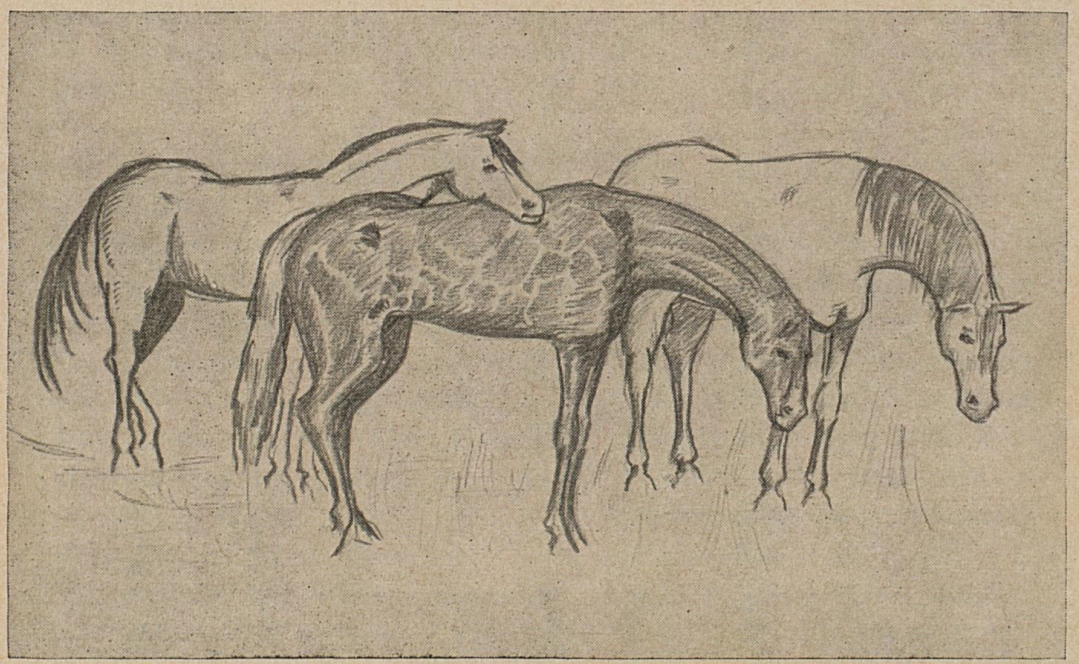
This charming story, in its delightful format, was printed years ago under another title in an old issue of the Quarterly Bulletin. By special request it is reproduced in a form in which it can be given away for Christmas. One of the men on our Board of Trustees, when he first read it, sat down and wrote that he thought it was one of the very loveliest tales he had ever been privileged to see. Although there is pathos in the story, it does have a happy ending. It is unique so far as we know in that the principal *dramatis personae* are two unborn children.

CHRISTMAS BULLETIN SUBSCRIPTIONS

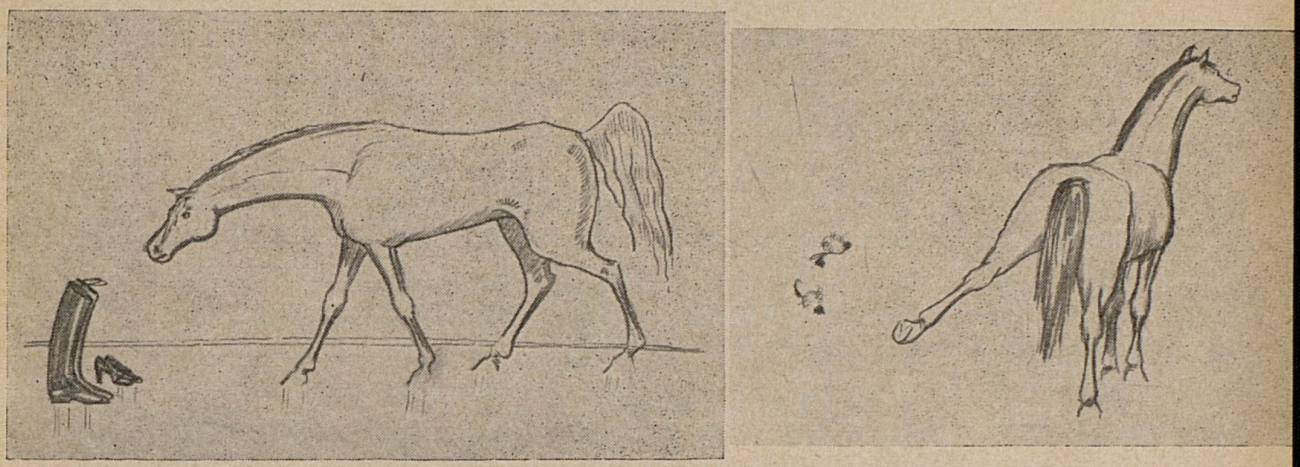
It delights us to announce that various and sundry friends are sending the Quarterly Bulletin for one year to their friends as a Christmas gift. There is still time for others to enter their subscription gifts. If you will send us $1.00 and the name and address of the friend to whom you want the Bulletin sent, we will start your subscription with this copy of the Bulletin and, at the same time, send a lovely Christmas greeting card to your friend in your name.

"MAKE ANOTHER SELECTION"

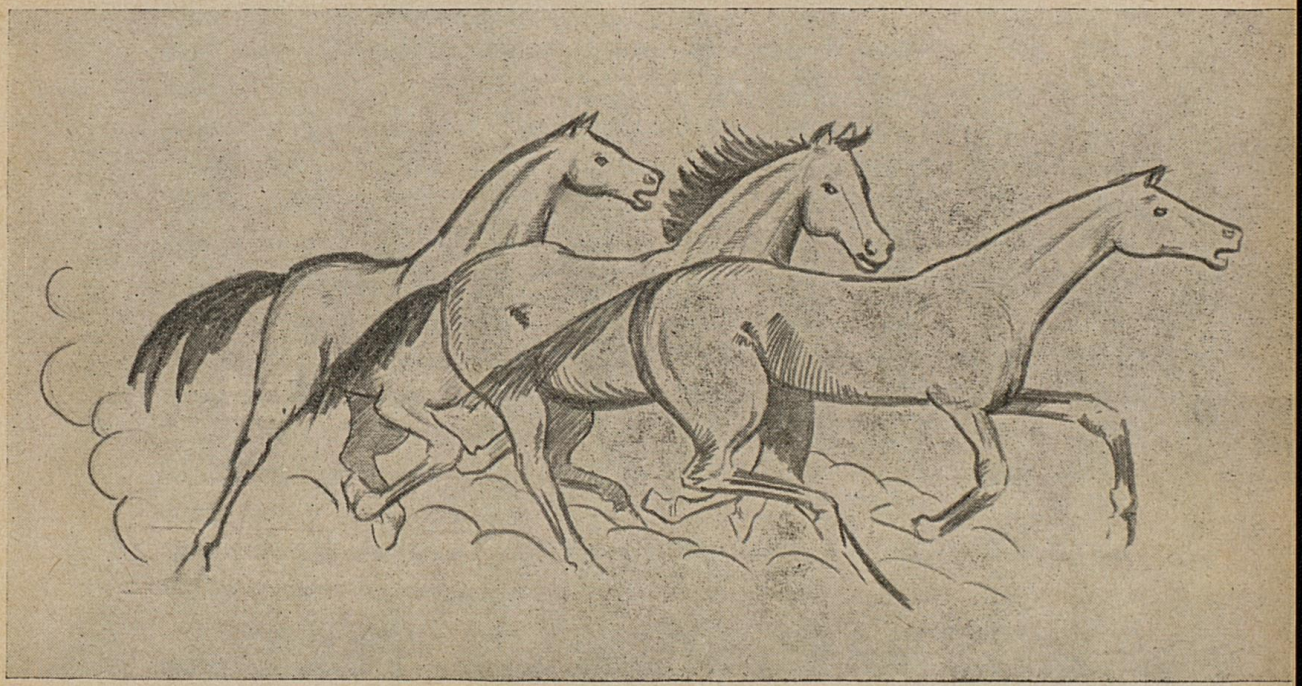
WHEN WE PASSED ON TO THE THIRTY TO FORTY HORSES SHOD EVERY THREE OR FOUR WEEKS BY THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE THE STARTLING INFORMATION THAT THE SUPPLY OF HORSESHOES FROM OUR REGULAR DEALERS WAS EXHAUSTED AND NO MORE COULD BE OBTAINED, THEY GATHERED TOGETHER IN LITTLE GROUPS IN A STATE OF EXTREME DEJECTION.



THEY RECEIVED WITH INDIGNATION THE SUGGESTION FROM THE DEALERS THAT THEY "MAKE ANOTHER SELECTION." AFTER LOOKING OVER OUR RIDING BOOTS AND CITY PUMPS WITH TURBULENT EYES, THEY KICKED OFF THE BEDROOM SLIPPERS AND MULES WHICH WE OFFERED THEM.



SUDDENLY THEY ARE GLAD BECAUSE WE GOT LOVELY APPLICATION FORMS IN TRIPLICATE, AND HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HORSEY BREAST.



EGG CONTROL

Upon the wireless day by day
I hear demented singers say
"O, little hen, when will you lay
An egg for this my tea?"
They urge it, "Get into your nest
At once and do your very best;
And I"—forsooth!—"will do the rest."
How barmy they must be!

The singers of that silly song
Have got the whole egg business wrong;
The Food Controller comes along
As soon as eggs are laid;
He grabs the hen and wrings its neck,
He takes the egg, poor helpless speck,
And leaves behind a chit or cheque:
"One egg. Official. Paid."

Obedient to his Master Plan
He then puts all the eggs he can
Into a large, official van
And drives them round for days.
And if you very rashly said
"I'd like an egg for tea," instead
I'm sure that he would strike you dead
By his official gaze.

He gathers all the eggs, when found;
For days he drives them round and round
Until they're anything but sound,
Though "good in parts" below;
Then dumps them on the dealers. Well,
They instantly begin to yell,
"Is this the sort of egg to sell?
Lummy, we want to know!"

Such is the way egg dealers shout
To show that they are much put out
(Alas! they are, beyond all doubt,
A lowish form of life).
But would not you be somewhat narked
If all your precious eggs were parked,
And counted, labelled, scheduled, marked,
Till rottenness was rife?

But there you are. So any way,
Why ask the helpless hen to lay?
Its only job is to obey
And do what it is told.
There are, there are no eggs for tea;
For hens, like dealers, you, and me,
Are all and equally at sea,
All kyboshed and controlled.

Lucio.

The Manchester Guardian, Friday, August 1, 1941.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Ann Martin with The American Red Cross somewhere in India—June 3, 1942.

For some little time I have been wanting to write about my new "home" and life in the tropics, but there is so much that is new and different and so much that won't be passed by the censor. However, I'll have a try at it.

Mr. Layne (Field Director) and I are the only ones of the Red Cross unit staying here in the city. We have our office in one of the office buildings and our living quarters in "the hotel" annex. The other four Red Cross girls have been moved from the hotel to quarters some eighteen or twenty miles from here, near the Hospital where they are working. Billy and Jeannette (medical social workers) went out last week, and Bee and Mickie (hospital recreation workers) went out yesterday. They do not have all the conveniences that we have here in the city and the dust is blown about so by the strong winds during the day that everything, including them, is covered with dust inside and out. However, their nights are much cooler (they sleep under blankets)—the sun goes to bed, the wind subsides into a gentle breeze, and the sand settles down for the next day's blow. Even during the day, they say it is relatively cool in the shade, although it is terrifically hot out in the sun. It's mainly the constant dust storms that are obnoxious, and the pesky flies, and the crickets that eat their clothing. I've been out there several times, but only for short visits.

Tim Kirk (Assistant Field Director) is quartered in another area in the same camp in which the Hospital is located, and is in charge of the recreation program for able-bodied men. Dick Eldridge (another Assistant Field Director) is stationed at the air base, which is in the same general direction as the camp but not quite so far out. He has charge of the Red Cross activities there.

A handicap in the setting up of our program is the lack of supplies—office, hospital, recreation, etc. Cases and cases of

supplies came over on the ship with us, but these are mixed in with other cargo and we have been able to dig out only a small portion. Everybody is very helpful, though, and we should be in full swing before very long. The American Consulate is in the same building as our office, and today I was presented to the Consul and the Vice Consul—had a very nice chat with them and was invited by the Vice Consul to come for a swim at the boat club Sunday morning.

For years I have wanted to come to this country, and now that I am here I find it tremendously interesting. It fits in pretty well with what I had anticipated. It is enchanting because it is so very different from anything I ever have encountered. There is much that is fine and lovely and much that is unattractive and undesirable.

Except for some of the more prosperous men who have adopted westernized modes of dress and manner, the native costumes and customs prevail. The men wear fezes or turbans of different colors, long loose shirts or tunics (some topped by a vest or coat) and long loose full trousers or long loose shirts that are draped up between the legs and fastened in the belt (occasionally they just let the shirts hang down). Men, women and children all go bare-footed or else they wear leather sandals. The sandals usually are a flat leather sole with straps across the ball of the foot and a strap, between the big toe and the next toe, from the sole to the cross straps. The coolie (working) women—and there are many—wear long, very full skirts, and a scanty blouse or partial covering over the top of the body. Then over this skirt and top piece is draped a garment called a sari (sor-ree). This is a piece of material about three yards wide and five or six yards long. It is draped in various ways, usually around the hips once or twice, often the full length of the skirt, up over the front of the body, over one shoulder, then over the head, or across the back to the other shoulder, with the free end hanging loose. The materials are very colorful and many color combinations are used, some pastels and some vivid hues—red and black is used frequently. Baskets, bundles, jugs, bundles of wood—almost anything they have to tote—are carried balanced on the head. Babies or young children are carried astride one hip or one shoulder.

Many of the well-to-do men dress in the native style—better tailored and more elaborate, sometimes very ornate—but very frequently they wear made-to-order suits and shoes fashioned along the western style. The ladies of better means wear costumes similar to the working women's but much more elaborate. Their dresses are made of lovely silks with embroidery, brocade or metallic cloth trim or be-jewelled, and their shoes usually are made similar to our dress or evening sandals.

Most of the working women wear heavy silver necklaces and anklets and bracelets and jewels in the sides of their noses or hanging from a pierced hole between the nostrils. The earrings are fastened through holes pierced in the ear lobes. The jewelry of the ladies-in-silk is modified somewhat. Theirs is not so heavy and is made of gold set with precious stones. The nose ornament usually is a single stone set in a small gold mounting and fastened in the side of the nose, and the anklets, if they wear them, are not noticeable. Some of the women here do not appear in public at all and some appear only when veiled from head to toe.

Much of the manual labor is done by women—road construction, building construction, railroad track laying, street sweeping, etc. The families live in true gipsy fashion—roving from place to place and living wherever they work. The women carry the children on their backs while they work or hang them up in little hammocks or papoose affairs. They sleep on the ground or wherever is convenient. It is quite usual to walk or ride along and see men, women or children sleeping on the sidewalk, weaving baskets, sewing, re-winding turbans, eating—in fact, doing any one of the various things that we think of as being done in a little more privacy. The barber will set up shop in the street. He sits there cross-legged with his customer facing him and also sitting cross-legged. The majority of the native people are very poor, dirty, raggedy, unkempt and under-nourished looking. Most of them are small in stature, lean, dark-skinned, with coal black hair, and many of the men are bearded.

Some parts of the city are out-of-bounds for us so I can't describe them since I haven't been there—yet. Most of the public buildings in this part of town are made of stone, usually sandstone. The houses are of stone block, cobblestone or stucco—

very little frame construction. The stucco is painted white or shades of pink, blue, green, lavender, yellow, etc. Often the building will be one color up to the second floor, then another color from there on up, and perhaps another color for trim. There will be a salmon and blue building next to a lavender and yellow one and nearby a blue-green one. The prevailing style of architecture is square or box-type design — two or three stories high—porches and balconies—outside stairways—and often there are gardens with both familiar and unfamiliar flowers and trees.

Our shopping district is concentrated on one street, Elphinstons Street, and most of the shops are little holes-in-the-wall that carry an amazing variety of articles considering their size. There are quite a number of larger, more specialized stores—tailoring, leather goods, drugs, foods, groceries, shoes, jewelry, liquors, rugs, etc. There are very few stores that carry ready-made clothing, and that in limited quantities only. Most of the garments—other than socks, hankies, undies, etc.—are made to order—shoes, dresses, blouses, jackets, skirts, trousers, hats, suits—and they do beautiful work.

There are many modes of transportation, both native and "brought-on." "Shank's mare" is the most popular with the Indians, but there are many bicycles, ridden by Indians, Europeans and Americans. The horse-driven carriages, called gharries, are plentiful. The driver (sometimes there are two) sits up front on a high seat and the body of the carriage has two seats so that two passengers ride forward and two backward. There is a collapsible top that is put up for protection from the sun during the day and let down at night when it is cooler. These gharries can be hired by the hour—approximately twenty-eight cents for the first hour and twenty-four cents for each additional hour. We use gharries most frequently for off-duty transportation, but there also are a number of standard automobiles of various American makes (right-hand drive) that are used as taxi cabs. And how those fellows do drive! Apparently they are convinced that there is but one life, the here-after, and they are anxious to get there. There are a few buses, similar to our rural school buses, and a few street car lines. The street cars are gasoline driven (I think), are made of wood and are open half

way down the sides. Cows and goats wander at large through the streets. Camel or donkey driven carts and wagons are used for hauling many things. The donkeys are perky little fellows, trotting briskly along—one, two, or three to a cart—with their many little head or knee bells tinkling cheerily. The camels lumber along in a foolish looking fashion, one to a wagon. They pull enormous loads and some of them are bedecked with beaded necklaces or knee bells. (They have oxen or bullocks pulling some of the carts and wagons). Then, of course, there are all sorts of trucks, little cars and motorcycles. Driving through the country, you can see the quaint little trains chugging along. Most of the coaches are wooden and are open half way down the sides. Travel by train is quite slow and one must take along one's own bedding and food. Numerous camel caravans are encountered along the roads, especially at night. There will be any number of camels strung together with ropes and loaded down with vegetables, fruits, bales, crates, boxes, wood—in fact, any of the many different kinds of cargo or freight that need to be hauled. Sometimes the camel driver sits between the two humps of the first camel, and another chap rides on the last camel, and sometimes he and his helpers walk beside the caravan. Any night now, we're going to end up with a camel or two wrapped around the car—they have no tail or head lights so they blend right in with the darkness and you are up on them before you can see them.

The bank in which we have our accounts is quite unique. It is a large, pinkish-lavender stone building of simple and good design. There are two Englishmen who seem to be in charge of the bank and all the clerks, tellers, bookkeepers, messengers, etc., are Indians. All the bookkeeping and other work is done by hand—no bookkeeping machines, no check-writing machines, and just a couple of typewriters. The messenger boys wear tan trousers and tunics, leather sandals and bright red turbans. The messengers are so short and the desks so wide, they have little wooden "mounting blocks" on which to stand so they can reach across the desk. When we wish to have a check cashed or make a deposit, we go back behind the counter, give our checks or what have you to Mr. English and sit down to wait while they make all the various bookkeeping entries before receiving the

money or deposit slip. It takes at least fifteen minutes to get a check cashed.

There are about four moving pictures theaters that show American-made movies — pictures that were showing in the States some four or five months ago. In the evenings there are two shows, one starting around six or seven and the other around nine-fifteen or nine-thirty, and reservations are made in advance. The seats are lounge chairs and sofas in boxes on the mezzanine. The screen and sound equipment are very good and you can just relax while enjoying the movie. One of the most unusual features is that just in the middle of the feature, usually at the high point in the action, the film is stopped, the lights are turned up and waiters pass around with cigarettes, candy and cool drinks. After about ten minutes, the lights go down, they show some advertisements or prevues, and then the film is started again at the place where it was stopped.

There are a number of clubs which offer dancing, tennis, squash, badminton, swimming, sailing, etc. I have been to a number of dances—good music, good floor, big crowd—but haven't participated in any of the club sports, although I am going swimming at the boat club. Monday evening after work I went sailing with Dick and one of the chaplains, but we did not leave from one of the clubs. We went down to the dock and when we got out of the gharry, a throng of sail boat owners swarmed over us, each wanting us to take his boat and crew. Finally we took the one nearest us, which turned out to be most satisfactory. It was a good-sized boat, made of teak wood by the owner, and had one large sail. The owner steered and his two little sons and another Indian man assisted him. Those little fellows ran up and down the mast like little monkeys, reefing the sail, changing the ropes and ballast about—quick and nimble and strong. There was a bench built around the sides in the stern. This was covered with tufted, red cloth covered cushions and this is where we sat. The breeze was good and we had a delightful sail.

Some of the situations are most amusing—speaking different languages we frequently misunderstand each other. One evening we were out for a gharry ride and were trying to get the gharry-salla (driver) to go slowly. Finally after much

meaningless conversation, he nodded his head vigorously, stopped the gharry, got down and started feeding the horse.

They have horse races every other Saturday during the season (I think the season is about over) and a group of us attended them last Saturday. The race track is very lovely, similar to ours in some ways but quite different in others. The buildings and stands are made of white stone and stucco and the seats in the stands are comfortable wicker chairs shaped somewhat like an hourglass. Instead of having the refreshment stands behind the club house and grand stand (or inside) as we do, it is between the stands and the track—an open-sided pavilion with chairs and tables for four and some umbrella covered tables just outside the pavilion. They serve various kinds of cold drinks (both hard and soft), ice cream, hot tea and sandwiches and cookies. Refreshments also are served in the stands. The paddock where the horses are paraded and the jockeys mount also is between the stands and the track. There is no automatic starting gate and the handicap for the jockey's weight is controlled by placing the horses varying distances from the starting line rather than by weighting the saddles. And, the horses run clockwise instead of counter-clockwise—just as traffic moves on the left side of the street instead of on the right. The horses are beautiful, the jockeys are most colorful—riding boots, white breeches and very brilliantly colored silk shirts and caps (quite familiar looking). There were six very good races. Bets are made in two or ten rupee tickets (a rupee is worth slightly over thirty cents) and there is a double tote on the fourth and fifth races. They do not post the odds as in the States, but they post the number of single tickets that have been purchased on each horse to win and place. After the race is over, they figure up the odds and post the amount of winnings for each 2-rupee ticket.

The people attending the races were just as interesting and colorful as the races—Indian women in bright, lovely colored native dress; Europeans and Americans looking as we usually look; Indian men in a variety of colors and styles—all mingling together weaving themselves into a variegated, kaleidoscopic pattern. We were introduced to two Indian gentlemen, friends of friends. Both of the men are members of one of the higher

castes and both speak fairly good English. They were extremely hospitable and gracious and have invited us to attend an Indian talkie (made, acted and spoken, etc.—all-Indian) which they will interpret for us, and to have dinner in their home. They had tea served to us in the stands—steaming hot tea in lovely white blue-trimmed china tea pots with little cups and sauces to match, assorted little sandwiches, fancy cookies and cake. Being the only woman in the group, I poured, and I do get such a kick out of that sort of thing.

The country is very dry and barren, supporting only scrub cactus and the like. However, around the hotel, the clubs and the large homes, there are lovely gardens which are watered carefully and constantly. Some of their fruits and vegetables are new to us and many of those bearing the same names as those at home do not taste or look the same. Their meats range from pigeon to camel and include various kinds of beef, veal, mutton, chicken, bacon, etc. There are various kinds of fish—so far, all delicious.

In the dining room I sit at the same table and have the same excellent waiter each day. We manage to understand each other quite well most of the time, but occasionally something goes amiss. The other evening four of us were having dinner at my table and my waiter asked me whether or not the other "mom sahib" was a guest (or if she lived in the hotel) as the permanent residents pay for their meals at the end of the month. At least that's what I thought he said, so I said yes. But, he went off and brought back a glass of port wine for her!

. . . .

From Margaret Watson with the Middle East Force—

July 5, 1942.

The sea journey is over for a time and I'm not very sorry. It was a most uneventful trip; no moments of anxiety or worry as far as the passengers were concerned although I've no doubt the poor master and crew had plenty of worry.

When we landed we piled into trucks complete with respirator, tin hat, and hand luggage. Gosh, you'd have enjoyed seeing us—we looked like a bunch of packmen selling buttons. After quite a short drive through one of the worst smelling places I have ever visited, we arrived at a transit camp. The camp was

cool and pleasant. We slept in tents and were provided with very nice blankets and sheets for the beds which were just straw filled bags. Eight of us slept in a tent and very comfortable we were till old Jerry started a bit of fun in the wee sma' hours. Mind you, I'll have to be honest and admit that it wasn't enough to bother me. . . . It was a huge camp and the women's part was railed off and was known as the "Aviary" on account of us birds. We weren't at the camp long.

Our next part of the journey was very exciting in a mild sort of way. Not on account of the war, you know, but the country through which we were passing. It's pretty flat and very sandy as you might guess and the natives lend just the right touch of atmosphere. . . . How I wish I could write so you could get a fair idea of the place but as you know from long experience I'm not really handy with pen and ink so you'll just have to give your imagination a lot of extra work. Do you remember reading any of Mickle's letters in the F. N. S. Bulletin? They will tell you a whole lot more than I can. One of these days, war and weather permitting, I am hoping to be seeing Mick. Of course she has no idea of the treat in store for her but won't she be surprised and won't the tongues go when and if we do happen to meet! . . .

There are quite a crowd of us living in the one room at the moment. Of course it is a large room you understand so we aren't really crowded. The accents are very varied, but the Scots in this room seem to be winning the day. However, we have English, Welsh, and Skye.

Regards to the folks I know.

. . . .

From Margery Tait (Madge) with the Middle East Force—
July 10, 1942 (Received Sept. 5, 1942).

We left the ship several days ago and were sent to a female transit camp on the edge of the desert for two days. We slept on paillasses in tents, and, believe me, the sand of the desert isn't soft to lie upon! We were waited upon by prisoners of war and a bright, cheery lot they looked.

The third day we were brought a four hours' railway journey to this place also on the fringe of the desert. We are lodged

with the sisters of another hospital in two wards until our own place is ready, whenever that may be.

The journey was most interesting. Camel trains plodded snootily alongside the railroad track, buffalo were yoked to wooden ploughs, date palms clustered around the various oases, veiled women in black robes carried water pots on their heads, children cluttered the platforms crying for "baksheesh." You'd have loved it.

How's everyone? Give them all my love please, not forgetting my lovely Cameron (*her horse*). Do write soon. I am dying for news.

. . . .

From Violet Clark (Vi) in Devon—September 9, 1942.

Ellie (*Annie Ellison*) and I are constantly thinking of you even though we don't write and wondering however you will continue to raise enough money. The vast sums voted by this country alone make one's head reel. Thousands of millions of pounds for the war. It seems that there cannot be that much money anywhere and that it must be mythical. But then, I do not understand finance. . . .

As you probably heard, Bath had a blitz in April and although the city is battered there is a good deal still standing. The oldest thing in the city is the ruin of the Roman Baths—actually 18 to 19 centuries old, we are told—and it was not damaged, nor was the Norman Abbey to any extent.

I am sure you must be pleased that Beech Fork is becoming more self supporting as regards its engine. I have to undertake minor plumbing and odd jobs in our cottage! Labour, especially skilled labour, is nearly as scarce as in the mountains! All available men are placed on repairing damaged houses.

I heard from Jean in June and she gave me news of Heather (*her horse*). I wonder if she is still as temperamental? Bobby, I dread to mention, poor old boy. Jean said his legs were shaky, but that he was making himself responsible for Sunny's foal.

I am at present staying at the seaside town on the Devon coast—just for a week. We both felt we needed a change of scene. With the best will in the world, one gets stale if one never goes away especially when the ordinary social activities are so limited.

Travelling is difficult to put it mildly and is a subject for radio comedians to make the most of! There is a notice up at railway stations: "Is your journey really necessary?" Generally there are pencilled remarks below. It is too good a chance for the small boys to miss!

. . . .

From Josephine Green (Jo) at Camp Livingston, La.—
September 26, 1942.

I was sorry to have left so hurriedly at the time I did, but orders are orders. I also want to say that I was sorry to leave the Service and will look forward to the time when I may go back. I enjoyed so much the people, the work, and the country. To me, it seemed the ideal situation for nursing.

Life in the army is quite routine. Of course, I know this is only the beginning and after we leave this country things will be quite different. No one of us can tell what the next year holds in store for us, but I hope that we all may be able to do our duty as we see it. We have been on the "alert" for a week now, so we may be leaving in the very near future. (*Jo is still at the camp as this goes to press.*)

I hope that the future will be smooth for the Service and that this war may not take too many of your people there. I shall never forget my time with you and will look forward to a return soon.

. . . .

From Mickle Minor (Edith) with the Middle East Force—
October 9, 1942.

We have not heard from you since your January letter, which took a very long time to arrive, and are wondering how you all are, and what you may be doing.

October — autumn — the trees all changing, warm sunny days and cold evenings, and a fire, toasted cheese, and popcorn, and our own folks around. The longer I stay in the army, the more these commonplace things of life seem like a delightful idyll. How war weary we all are! Night duty again—officers' ward this time. Days still red hot—hopeless for sleeping, but nights pleasant and cool. The few scrawny trees looking no dif-

ferent, but the oranges ripening. There is a prospect of leave in Alexandria in five weeks time.

Robbie (*Catherine Robertson*) is very fit again and I hope she'll manage to get through the winter without any chest trouble. Ethel (*Ethel Mickle—her sister Mickle Major*) is at No. 12 General Hospital now, about three miles from here, so we still see a great deal of each other.

We have had quite a few American patients—Virginia being the nearest to you yet. They call us ma'am instead of Sister, which tickles everybody very much, but they consider "Sister" pert and disrespectful. I still await the day for one of the Kentucky mountaineers to turn up.

The three of us are hoping to meet Margaret Watson and Madge Tait in about two weeks time just for one night. It will be some night! Their letters do not sound hilarious these days and you may be sure there will be some terrific tongue wagging. I have not seen Tait since the day I left from Hyden. Oh, how many years ago!

How is the work? I suppose babies will continue to come screaming gaily into this topsy turvy world.

I was in an interesting ward before coming on night duty—chests, surgical. The chest specialists have only recently joined us so I expect we shall have a good deal of this type of work.

We shall not forget on Christmas day to drink to all our friends at the appointed hour. By now, I am confused as to what time I worked it out in American time, but it's 7 p. m. for us.

. . . .

From Annie P. MacKinnon (Mac) in Essex—

October 11, 1942.

I have just got back from Scotland after a two weeks' holiday and that was really the first since I've come home as I don't count the time I was off with my accident. Nobody is getting more than two weeks' and we are thankful for that.

We have your boys here and I am really feeling like the mother of America. They come to see me and the cups of coffee I make on the quiet would fill a good tank! So far, I have not come across any from My Old Kentucky Home, but I have them

from Virginia and what dear boys they are. One, from Pennsylvania, has his girl friend training in Wilmington, Delaware, and after reading "Nurses on Horseback", he wrote and asked her to send for one so you may be getting a note from her some day. I have not seen any of the F. N. S. people for a long time. The last I saw was Green and we paid Dunnie (*Doris Dunstan*) a visit in her flat at Chelsea. I am hoping to meet Kelly and Betty next week in London. You have no idea how difficult it is to get together, although we are so near. Parkie (*Doris Park*) sent me the Geographical magazine with the article about the Service. I drank in every word and passed it around to the rest.

I think of you all so often and if I could only run in to see you and tell you a lot of things—you would smile.

There is a boy here from Fanny's home town, Whitworth, and he is a grand boy. If any of the boys I know are coming over here, give them my address and I may be able to do something for them.

You will soon be having Thanksgiving and I shall be thinking of you. Give my love to Mrs. Breckinridge and I do hope she is keeping all right and not too busy.

With my love to everyone I know.

A Report on Mac from Nora Kelly—October, 1942.

I saw Mac last week, the first time since she left Hyden. I thought she looked very well; a little fuller in the face and a good colour. Except that she cannot sit in an easy chair, she is no worse for her accident. She is most remarkably cheerful, just simply overflowing! She is in charge of the men's dining and recreation rooms and has huge vases of autumn leaves and flowers all over the place. Someone has given her some oils in large gilt frames which look well on the walls.

There are British and American troops there and Mac says she feels personally responsible for the good behavior of the Americans and the understanding of the British. She says she tells them to be on the lookout for anyone from Leslie, Clay or Perry Counties and to send him along. The men come and tell her their troubles and difficulties. If they get a little tight she makes them strong coffee and mothers them generally. It is wonderful to me how very happy she herself is!

From Nora K. Kelly (Kelly) in London—October 18, 1942.

Kelly writes of her sister Violet's trip from Rangoon General Hospital where she was Assistant Matron. Miss Masfield was the matron of that Hospital.

From Rangoon, Miss Masfield and Violet went to Mandalay where they started emergency hospitals. When Mandalay was bombed, the large civil hospital where Miss Masfield was was burnt to the ground. For days, Miss Masfield wore a pair of men's grey slacks, until one of the army officers in Mandalay gave her some twill material which she had made up into an overall, then Vi made her some knickers out of an old curtain and so they went on. Violet's place was the last to be evacuated. Then she and Miss Masfield travelled to Calcutta by train, plane and boat, sleeping anywhere they could. Their luggage consisted of a blanket and they each had a Red Cross emergency dressing case which proved useful as the troops on their train had not had their wounds dressed for days. They were also able to organize some way of getting all the men a drink which they badly needed.

From the train they got a steamer and all piled on it, men and women sleeping all mixed up—for food, only bananas and peanuts for nearly 48 hours. It must have been awful—nowhere to wash or anything—just indescribable! Eventually they came to Calcutta where they were able to get hotel accommodations after much difficulty.

Violet is in Assam now at a casualty clearing station of 500 beds. However, she is not expecting to stay there as she has joined up with an Indian military nursing service of some kind. Miss Masfield has just landed in England.

. . . .

NEWSY BITS

I

Clara Dale Echols is secretary to the Publicity Director for the Presbyterian General Assembly Office in Philadelphia.

II

Catherine Pond Minear writes that her husband is now assistant in the Treasurer's Office at Maryville College. She

herself is teaching three classes in physical education at the college.

III

Jennie Burton Lawson (*Burt*) is a nurse in the Wabash River Ordnance Works near Clinton, Indiana.

IV

Friends of Edith Marsh (*Marshie*) will be glad to know that her nephew, Lt. William M. Bower, was one of the American Eagles who were with Jimmy Doolittle when he bombed Japan. The October issue of Reader's Digest quotes The Boston Herald's report of a speech of his in Cleveland.

Before calling on Lieutenant Bower, the luncheon club proceeded to an order of business: a profound discussion concerning a suitable location and date for the annual picnic. When it came time to speak, Bower dumped his set address and said exactly what was welling up in his heart.

"A matter of major importance to you right now," he said, "is a picnic. You wonder where you should go and what you should do in order to have a good time. Well, it's no picnic out where I've been and where your sons are. This is no time for good times. I'm ashamed of you. I'm ashamed of myself for being here instead of out there where I belong and where I wish to God I were. I can't understand my country. I can't understand you. Don't you realize we're in a war—a war we can lose?"

When he finished every man was on his feet cheering. Would to God that somebody could do that sort of job nationally.

REMEDY FOR WORRY

A business man, who had had the habit of worrying a great deal about his business was told by a friend that he should get over the habit, but apparently with no results.

One day the friend met him and he seemed not to have a care in the world.

"How come, old man?" inquired the friend. "Why the optimism?"

"Well, it's this way. I've hired a psychoanalyst at $100 a week and he is to do my worrying for me."

"But, can you afford to pay $100 a week for such service?"

"No," replied the man, "I can't. That is the first thing he has got to worry about."

SCHOOLS IN LENINGRAD

National News-Letter, London, 10th September, 1942

Some indication of the toughness with which the Russians conduct total war is afforded by a description, given by the Chairman of the Leningrad Soviet, who stated recently, that on July the 1st the school year for 1942 came to an end. It had been: "one of the most remarkable in the educational history of Leningrad." The words would seem to be an understatement, in view of the Chairman's description of what took place. "In November 1941, many of the 90,000 pupils of our primary schools had to carry on their lessons in air-raid shelters, private homes and other improvised meeting places. The school system was maintained even in Kronstadt. Frequent air-raids, shelling, shortage of fuel and lack of electricity put a great strain on both teachers and pupils. The ink froze, and all lessons were done in pencil. Shells often exploded close to the schools, shattering the windows. The older school children would help the teachers to clear away the debris, then the lesson would be resumed. Headmasters worked side-by-side with the staff and the pupils to get in stocks of fuel. They collected timber for firewood from the ruins of blitzed wooden houses."

DIG IT OUT AGAIN

The big reason that Major-General Goethals succeeded in his tremendous task of completing the Panama Canal was because he was an inspiring leader of men. He succeeded where others failed because he could look despair in the eye without blinking.

One day in January, 1913, Goethals stood at the top of the cut at Cucaracha and looked upon a scene of disaster. Another big slide had ruined the work of many months . . . the huge ditch was choked. Frantic with despair Goethals' chief aid asked in a shaking voice, "What will we do now?" Lighting a cigarette with a steady hand and tossing the match away Goethals replied, "Hell, dig it out again!"

JUST JOKES

FROM PUNCH

"Man can devise nothing more complicated than the human form," claims an eminent surgeon. Is it wise thus to provoke the income-tax authorities?

September 2, 1942

We see it stated that the ant is still the most industrious of insects. Yet they always seem to be attending picnics.

August 26, 1942

Girls are now doing office-boys' work in many business houses. Well, it's time somebody did it. November 19, 1941

"My wife's just had quinsy."
"Good gracious, Jarge! 'Ow many's that?" 1942

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The news from beyond the mountains all over the planet is so heartening as we go to press that we feel with Mr. Churchill it is at least "the end of the beginning" of the war. Whether we look at Guadalcanal and the naval battles offshore, or at Russia in the Caucasus and at Stalingrad, or the British Eighth Army and the battle of Egypt, or our own troops landing in Morocco and Algiers,—wherever we look we are reminded of something Charles Reade said in answer to a critic of one of his statements in *It's Never Too Late to Mend,* "The impossibility in question disguised itself as a fact and went through the hollow form of taking place."

. . . .

Here are a few lines from Richard II, spoken by Bolingbroke in Act I, Scene iii, which are strangely suggestive of the geography of the war and of the hunger this Christmastide brings to our friends in conquered countries:

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

. . . .

We recently had the joy of visiting the "Stop Over Station" at Lexington, Kentucky, the lovely building equipped and furnished like the nicest form of private club by a handful of efficient and devoted women under the auspices of the United Veterans Service Mens Organization. The building has a lovely lounge, a writing room, a billiard room and beds for fifty men,—with an annex for a hundred more. The soldiers, sailors and marines who come there are the guests of the "Stop Over Station" and are not allowed to pay for the hospitality of food and lodging. Each new arrival writes down the name of his next of kin, and that night a letter is written to this person giving him, or more often her, news of the boy. Almost all the work at

the "Stop Over Station" is done by volunteers and its maintenance depends on the gifts of money and supplies from a wide variety of people.

We begged for the privilege of printing just one of the hundreds of letters that the Station receives each month. Here it is:

Columbus, Ohio
July 12, 1942.

To ALL whom it may concern:

I wish to express my deepest appreciation to the United Veterans Service Men's Organization and the citizens of Lexington. Your warm reception and splendid lodging of "our boys" has done wonders for one of them. He was received so warmly and cordially just when he was most bitter and discouraged that it gave him renewed courage and faith. It made him feel like a civilized and human being again.

I'm writing to thank you because I doubt if even he knows what it did to his soul but I saw it.

Thank you. A bit of my heart will always remain in the "bluegrass country" and particularly in Lexington because of it.

A Soldier's Sweetheart.

. . . .

We have been deeply impressed by a letter from Mr. W. Russell Brown of Otterton Village, Devon, England, to his daughter, our Peggy Brown at the Possum Bend Nursing Center. Since it helps all of us to know what others are doing, we have asked Peggy's permission to print a passage from this letter about Otterton Village:

"Otterton really does quite well in the way of war savings, for in spite of having only about 500 people, men women and children, they raised about £7,000 in their war weapons and ships weeks, and also contribute a steady weekly amount in numerous savings groups. For example, the woman who collects from us has an average of £5 a week or £250 a year, and there are about 12 or 15 other collectors who probably get as much.

"It is only a village community without any wealthy folk. Such savings is typical and goes on all over England, Wales and Scotland."

. . . .

The first babies brought into the world by the Frontier Nursing Service are now seventeen years old. This brings them near the time when the boys will be soldiers and some of the girls will be mothers. We will let all of you know in the pages of the Bulletin as soon as the Frontier Nursing Service becomes a grandmother. One of our very first boys, Maurice Morgan, is counting the days until his people will let him join the armed

forces. Meanwhile, he has gone up to Dayton, where his Aunt Grayce Morgan is working in a big airplane plant, and is doing war work in the daytime and attending high school at night.

. . . .

Dr. R. Glen Spurling, now Major Spurling, writes from Washington:

> "We are developing neurosurgical services in all of the General Hospitals of the Army for the first time in its history. I believe sincerely that the American soldier is receiving and will continue to receive the best medical care available."

He is also kind enough to write about the letters from our overseas staff as follows:

> "I have just finished reading the last copy of the Bulletin which I enjoyed from 'civver to civver.'
>
> "Reading the girls' letters from all over the globe gives me the feeling of having struck the 'jackpot' in my mail box. Many of the girls had already gone before I first came to the Frontier Nursing Service, but reading their letters in the Bulletin makes me feel as if I really knew them."

. . . .

The Quarterly Bulletin now has a huge mail of its own and we find that the sections called Old Staff News and Old Courier News are more referred to in this mail than any other features. In a recent letter from Mrs. Standish Backus she wrote:

> "I am always interested in the Frontier Nursing booklet and especially in the letters written by former nurses who are now overseas."

. . . .

A new suggestion for possible use of the Bulletin has come to us through Mrs. Karl M. Wilson of Rochester, New York, who writes as follows:

> "I want to quote to you from a note I got from Mr. Waldon, Principal of George School.
>
> " 'It occurs to me that the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, which you have had sent us from Wendover, Kentucky, may be useful to teachers in our new American Relations sequence. I am turning it over to them, and thank you for it.' Would this be a new service for the F. N. S., do you think?"

. . . .

Not only are the letters which come to us from far and near deeply interesting to us, but we are always moved by the little notes people write on their subscription reminder cards

when they return them with their checks. Here are a few of the most recent:

From Minneapolis.
"God bless your work. Wish that I could do more."

From Kansas City.
"Blessings for the Frontier Nursing Service."

From New York.
"I can't resist telling you how much we **love** your Waiting Horses. I tell Mother she is late sending her little contribution in just because she wants the whole collection!"

. . . .

Edith Anderson, for two years Social Service Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, who is now taking the graduate course at Western Reserve University, spoke on the Service on October thirtieth at a staff meeting of the County Relief Bureau of Cleveland. She was given twenty minutes and kept nearly two hours answering questions. An article by "Andy" is printed elsewhere is this issue of the Bulletin.

. . . .

We were happy to read in the New York Herald Tribune of October twenty-ninth an interesting letter by Mrs. Arthur Terry of Short Hills, New Jersey on Eyes for the Needy. All of our readers are familiar with this privately maintained charity for which Mrs. Terry asks nothing from anybody but their old spectacle frames.

. . . .

Mrs. Chester W. Nimitz, wife of Admiral Nimitz, wrote us that she enjoyed noting in our last Bulletin that at least two of the old Frontier Nursing Service crowd were joining the WAVES. She says:

"As I gave a nation-wide broadcast in behalf of the Waves a short time ago I like to see young ladies joining. My particular broadcast was for the enlisted section."

. . . .

Our beloved Trustee, Mrs. James T. Shaw, formerly of Detroit and now of Knoxville, Tennessee, has built a section on to the home of her niece in Knoxville where she is living with her nurse. The recovery from her broken hip is slow but she writes, "I am allowed to stand up and take a step or two with my nurse and my nephew on either side of me." She gives us

the glad news that this niece, who has been like a daughter to her all her life, has twin babies, a boy and a girl, weighing six pounds nine ounces and six pounds five ounces each and that the girl has been given Mrs. Shaw's maiden name of Virginia Venable.

. . . .

We were horribly concerned to learn of the serious illness and operation of our Chicago Chairman, Miss Naomi Donnelley. Fortunately, we are able to announce as we go to press that Miss Donnelley is not only out of danger but progressing toward recovery. Since she is deeply beloved in Chicago, she is surrounded by every attention from her family and hosts of friends.

. . . .

The Annual Meeting of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will be held at the Cosmopolitan Club on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock, January 20, 1943. Invitations will be sent out about two weeks in advance to all of the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service in and around New York. If anyone who reads this Bulletin fails to get an invitation he or she has only to telephone the Chairman of the New York Committee, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Locust Valley, Long Island, Telephone: Glen Cove 1481.

. . . .

Our dear Trustee, Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, is going through lonely days in that her only son, Corrin, is now somewhere in the Orient. We print two verses she has written about him for her friends because hers is a spirit that is shown by so many thousands of mothers today:

He's off on a secret mission
traveling many a weary mile,
And it's the job for those he leaves behind
to send him off with a smile.
For above the love for a woman
is a man's love for his land
So it's the duty of those who love him best
to be brave and lend a hand.

For mothers, wives and sweethearts
war is ever a cruel thing,
But our men must fight with courage
feeling that **Right** will win.

And that someday such conflicts will be over
and this world be ruled by peace
When all men shall live as brothers
and everything warlike shall cease.

. . . .

We are continually carrying in our hearts our Trustee Mrs. Donald McLennan of Lake Forest, Illinois whose son Noyes, an airman, is missing in the Pacific. God send that the anxious hours of waiting will not be prolonged and that glad good news is yet to come.

. . . .

Our Trustee Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton of Louisville, has sustained the saddest loss of which the human heart can conceive. Her only son Lieutenant John M. Atherton, who enlisted in the Navy four days after his graduation from Harvard in June, 1940, was killed in action in the Pacific area "in the performance of his duties and in the service of his country."

. . . .

As Editor of this Bulletin and as Director of a huge field of work, I cannot find the time this Christmas to send cards or letters to anyone. I shall do again something that has become my custom throughout the blessed Christmas Season. I shall carry in my prayer the people to whom I used to send messages. I shall give a special place to each one. This little verse from the pen of an English parson could well be the burden of our Christmas prayer:

Yet still we kneel before Thy straw
In penitence and puzzled awe—
Show us our system's vital flaw,
And that strong truth the Wise Men saw.

OLD BIDDING PRAYER

"Beloved in Christ, be it this Christmas Eve our care and delight to prepare ourselves to hear again the message of the Angels. . . . And because this of all things would rejoice Christ's heart, let us at this time remember the poor and the helpless, the cold, the hungry, and the oppressed; the sick and those that mourn; the lonely and the unloved; the aged and the little children. . . ."

FIELD NOTES

Give joy unto the children,
Thus we bring
Our loveliest gift to lay before
The baby King.
As children's joy is jewelled gold,
For His most precious hands to hold.

This Bulletin goes down to the printers a few days before Thanksgiving and will be in the mails early in December. It is too early to tell you about your Christmas shipments, although already they have started coming in. Yet again, in this warring year, you from beyond the mountains and we here in this beloved rough country are striving all of us together to see that Christmas conveys its own meaning of sacred joy to children.

We are fortunate in having for this year's Christmas Secretary our courier, Patricia Ferneding. ("Pat") of Milwaukee. Already she has begun opening and listing the packages of all sizes that have started in a trickle and will be a torrent before you read this. Many of you will get her notes of thanks. "Pat" is helped in her duties of unpacking and listing the shipments

and in the later arduous work of packing the trucks and wagons for the outpost stations by two other couriers, Eleanor Monohan of Louisville, Kentucky, who has addressed all of our Christmas appeal cards, and Susan French Potter of Pittsburgh, who is the current junior courier.

Meanwhile, the courier service is running smoothly with Doris Sinclair of Williamstown, Massachusetts as senior, and Jean Hollins of New York as resident.

All of our five thousand children get a toy each, a bag of candy, an orange or an apple, and those that need it most get warm clothing as well.

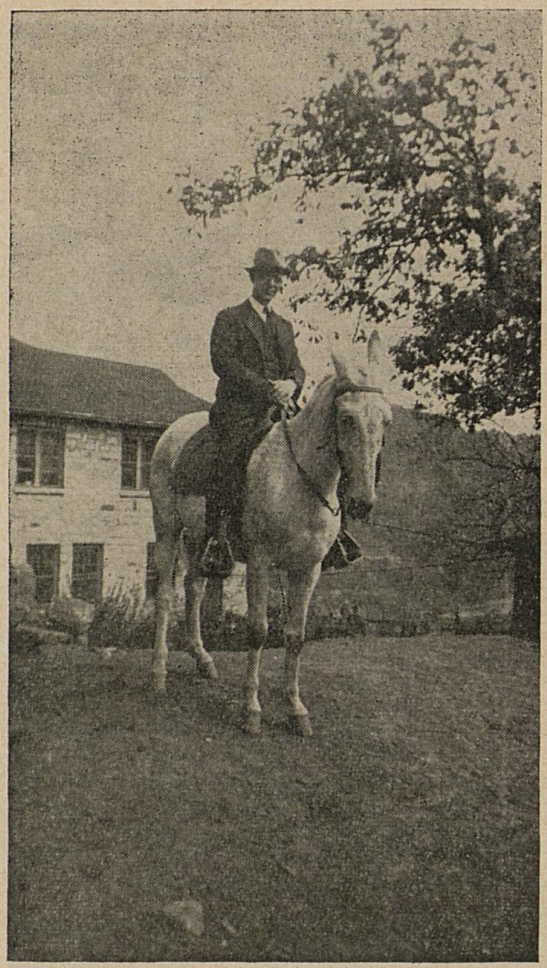
We buy the thousands of oranges and apples, the extra candy and toys needed with the special Christmas gifts of money. Many of you will receive letters of acknowledgment for your money gifts from our Trustee, Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, who has again come up to help us through this busiest time of the whole year. Although there will be a special letter of thanks to each individual donor of toys, of clothing, of money, we want you to know that no words from any of us can tell you adequately how deeply we appreciate the everlasting generosity of each one of you.

. . . .

We always get the tonsillectomy clinic at Hyden finished before Christmas so that the children can eat their candy comfortably. This year our Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville came up again and in two days took the tonsils out of fifty-eight patients of whom fifty-six were children operated on under general anaesthesia. The two adults were operated on under local anaesthesia and one was our own nurse Helen Edith Browne ("Brownie") the head of the Hospital midwifery. Our eighteen-bed Hospital is a pretty busy place when it has fifty-eight extra patients. Everybody pitches in and helps and we really could not carry these clinics without the couriers to admit the patients and wait on them in the first hours after the operations.

Our Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, the famous anaesthetist who gives his services when Dr. Urton gives his, was unable to come up for the first time in years. He is recovering from an attack of pneumonia. He didn't forget the children and provided, as

always, for ice cream for all of them as a grand finale to their operations. We greatly appreciated the services of two young anaesthetists, Dr. Samuel S. Clark of Louisville and Dr. James Hunter of California, who came up with Dr. Urton and did splendid work.



DR. F. W. URTON AT HYDEN HOSPITAL

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We have had too many charming guests from far and near to be able to mention them all although we enjoyed every one. We are particularly grateful for a visit from our Trustee, Judge Edward C. O'Rear, and Mrs. O'Rear who spent a night with us at Wendover following the dedication of the Hospital at Oneida about ninety miles away. Judge O'Rear, who was one of the little group of hard working friends who launched the Frontier Nursing Service, was full of reminiscences of earlier trips into our section including one when some of us had a picnic lunch on the forest site where Wendover stands now. Our horses were tethered at almost the exact spot where stands the chimney of the Old Log House.

We had a delightful visit from Dr. Edwin F. Dailey of the Children's Bureau of Washington and Dr. Alice D. Chenoweth and her husband, Dr. John R. Pate of the State Board of Health of Kentucky. They spent a night with us preceding the dedication of the Oneida Hospital and we were profoundly appreciative of their making this long detour to share their time with us.

Four particularly thrilling guests were our Trustee, Mrs. W. C. Goodloe of Lexington, who has often come up, and Mrs. Waller Bullock, Mrs. Anderson Gratz and Mrs. William E. Simms of Lexington. They were on their way to the Pine Mountain Settlement School and honored us by staying overnight with us.

We had an overnight visit also from the Rev. Benjamin C. DeCamp from Harlan who came in to give us early morning holy communion. Some of the nurses from Hyden and outpost centers were able to get in. It was a few days before All Saints, that "feast of every heroic soul, every heroic act inspired by God since man began on earth." At our request, Mr. DeCamp read the lessons for All Saints and the great festival had never meant more to us than now in this terrible year.

Guests who were more deeply welcome than they can ever know were our dear Trustees, Mr. and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Cincinnati who spent several days at Wendover early in November.

It was a special pleasure to have two of the Pine Mountain Settlement School workers overnight with us, Miss Martha Anne Keen and Miss Janet Grant, and the Pine Mountain Irish Setter Laddie. This wasn't Laddie's first visit to us and he seemed quite at home.

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Speaking of dogs, there are seven at Wendover this autumn. "Scoopie" Will of Rochester has brought her Great Dane Diane; "Pat" has her English male Setter Visa; and in addition there are the regular Wendover dogs: namely, the two Golden Retrievers Penny and Lizzie, the two Dalmatians Tallyho and Rufus, and the little Terrier Rowdy who is the best rat hunter ever. When Fanny McIlvain comes back we will have her German Shepherd Jan as well.

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Marion Shouse has sent down to us her automobile as her "wedding gift to the Frontier Nursing Service." For the first time in many years, Marion is not making her regular pre-Christmas visit to the mountains, but then weddings do interfere with other plans. She writes that, with Reeve's concurrence, she will come down sometime early in the New Year.

We extend our grateful thanks to Mrs. Sarah Asher of Red Bird who has donated twenty-two locust posts for new props to be used in the repair of the bridge at the Red Bird River Nursing Center.

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In another part of this Bulletin we reproduce Barbara Whipple's cartoons of horses and horseshoes to illustrate a situation sprung upon us by the war. We had a horrid shock when our wholesale houses told us their supply of horseshoes was exhausted and they could get no more. Now without horseshoes we are sunk as eighty per cent of our work is still on horseback. Fortunately, we have always kept several kegs of horseshoes on hand, a supply for a number of months. Our Trustee, Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, the great veterinary surgeon of Lexington, Kentucky, succeeded in getting us two more kegs. The Louisville District Office of the War Production Board has given us the proper forms of application to the War Department which we have no doubt will bring us the horseshoes when we send them in. We don't feel it is quite fair to start ordering any yet because of our reserve, but it is essential for us to know that we can get a steady supply for from thirty to forty horses, which must be re-shod every three or four weeks, before we have quite used up all our reserve.

A second worrisome thing is the departure for war industries and the armed forces of nearly all blacksmiths. Horseshoes must be turned by blacksmiths to fit the individual horses and the horses' hooves must be trimmed carefully when the shoes are fitted on. This takes a skill of a high order and not one that can be picked up overnight by an amateur. At the present time, the farrier at Wendover, Kermit Morgan, has to go every three weeks to all of the outpost nursing centers but one to shoe the horses,—a work which was formerly done by local farriers.

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Our "Inty", Della Int-Hout, who has been with us ten and a half years has left us on a furlough of indefinite duration and we shall miss her more than we can begin to express. She is "saddle tired" and is taking a long rest with her sister.

We give up also with regret, and we hope only temporarily, the Norwegian nurse, Aase Johanesen, who has done such good and faithful work with us during the past two years.

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We welcome back to us Audrey Dyer who left last spring and has missed us almost as much as we missed her. She is one of the ablest of our younger nurse-midwives.

. . . .

The head barn man at the Hyden Hospital, Glen Radcliff, volunteered for the Army and was inducted October thirteenth. The Army has gained a man who will be a top soldier and the Frontier Nursing Service has given one of its ablest people.

. . . .

Our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, our Hospital Superintendent, Vanda Summers, and all of the rest of us are thrilled that Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington, Kentucky is coming up again in late November to hold his annual courtesy clinic in gynecological surgery. We cannot begin to say what his skill and kindness does for some of our neediest women each year.

. . . .

We have received from a friend in Virginia a gift of five hundred dollars to be known as the Griffith Fund to be used entirely for the costs of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. An article on this School by the Dean, Miss Dorothy F. Buck, is printed elsewhere in this Bulletin. Scholarships granted us do not cover the total costs of running this School, and it is a huge relief to our minds to get such a generous contribution to supplement the scholarships in the training of graduate nurses as midwives. After this training the nurses are prepared to serve in remotely rural areas in many parts of the United States, which are almost denuded of physicians and nurses.

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We can't describe Thanksgiving in this issue of the Bulletin because the copy goes to the printers just in advance of Thanksgiving Day. As everyone knows, this is the yearly festi-

val of the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service when everyone from every outpost nursing center, and from the Hospital, that can get off without detriment to the patients comes to Wendover for Thanksgiving dinner.

For years it has been the time also for the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Association of Midwives. Since last year, we have had the annual meetings of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives which is the grown-up form of the earlier organization. When the earlier organization was started in 1929, there were no nurse-midwives in America except the little group on the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service. Now there is a membership of seventy-six in the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. We have invited all of this membership who can attend to be our guests at Wendover for the Thanksgiving Day week-end. Several members from regions as far away as Alabama and South Carolina have accepted the invitation. It will be a joy to have them.

At Thanksgiving dinner we always remember our absent friends, whether in the body or out of the body. Letters from the old staff from all over the world tell us they are with us in spirit on Thanksgiving Day.

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Our loving sympathy goes out to our Agnes Lewis in the recent death of her father to whom she was profoundly attached.

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Our nurse, Ethel Broughall, who is Mrs. Andrew S. Freund, has received word from the Navy Department that her husband is missing. Although they have been married for one year and two months they have only had a few days together. From the depths of our hearts all of us are sharing with Ethel the strain of waiting for news. We wanted to relieve her at her outpost nursing center and bring her in to Wendover where she would be surrounded by friends, but she says she feels it is better for her to keep busy. She says:

> "I shall go on hoping there has been a mistake, or that he will show up soon. It is just going to make it more difficult for everyone if I lose control of myself and have to be off duty, so I am trying to be sensible and 'take it' as I promised myself and Andy I would do if it did happen."

ROUNDS AND RALLIES

We had our autumn rallies again this Fall at all of the six outpost nursing centers when I made my September-October rounds. These rallies are the big events of my life and somehow this year they were particularly entrancing. The old friends I met again everywhere mattered more than ever in the stresses and strains of these terrible times. Our Bowlingtown Chairman Will Gay has a son across the Atlantic and one across the Pacific. Our Committee member Mr. Matthew Langdon of Moseley Bend, who introduced me at the Confluence rally, has seven sons in the war scattered all over the planet. He and his wife raised all of their twelve children and one boy was old enough to take part in the last war. There wasn't a man or woman among the hundreds of mountaineers to whom I spoke at the rallies with whom the war was not a family affair. A noticeable difference between these rallies and those of last year was an almost total absence of young men.

ROUNDS IN THE RAIN
The Director, portrayed by Barbara Whipple who made the lower rounds with her in 1941 in foul weather. B. W. writes, "This is the picture I have carried in my mind of you . . . sort of symbolic I think."

As always each year, there were the delightful differences in the setups of the rallies due to the initiative of our local Committees and outpost center nurses. All of these people have their own ideas and this means that no one rally is conducted quite the same as any other.

At **Beech Fork** the members of the Committee decided to serve a hot lunch to the one hundred and seventy-five people who came. Members of the Committee brought enough fried chicken for everybody to have a piece. The Frontier Nursing Service provided beans and cornbread, coffee for adults and cocoa for children. We also sent up enough apples from the

Wendover orchard for everybody and paper cups, paper plates and paper spoons. The women of the Beech Fork Committee spent the morning cooking cornbread and heating beans and the older boys and girls served the crowd. Our Chairman, Sherman Cook, was unavoidably absent and dear old Uncle Wash Moseley introduced me. I was deeply touched because it has been such a short while since our beloved Aunt Becky, his wife, has died. After this rally we had a meeting of the Committee to elect new members and decide on certain policies.

At the **Flat Creek** Center the food was sandwiches made with potted meat and mayonnaise, with apples to go around. The drink was made of concentrated orange juice and proved very popular. Our local Chairman, Mr. Bascombe Bowling, introduced me. Mrs. Bowling, with a bevy of young girls, came to the nursing center the evening before to make all the sandwiches.

At the **Red Bird River** Center the local Committee took entire charge of all the arrangements as they have done for years and served sandwiches, the orange drink, the apples, and cookies which they made themselves, to over three hundred people. Our local Chairman, Mr. Leonard Adams, introduced me and we had a gala day.

At **Brutus,** the local Committee all wore badges of tiny American flags fastened on with a bit of red ribbon. They worked out a wonderful system for handling the crowd of more than three hundred people. Everybody, as they came through the gate, was given a slip of paper with a number on it. A temporary wooden barricade was built around the clinic porch by the men of the Committee and behind this the refreshments were served. As everybody came up to the barricade, they surrendered one of their numbered slips. Then they took their refreshments and sat down under the trees, for it was a glorious day in early October. Members of the committee, with their badges, circulated among the guests to see that no one was overlooked. The refreshments here, by special request, consisted of hot dogs with onions, with cocoa for the drink and gingerbread made by Mrs. Pearl Martin for the dessert. Our Chairman, Mr. Jasper Peters, introduced me. After the rally we had a meeting of the Brutus Committee to discuss the complete breakdown of the telephone line which local friends had built for us with wire

we bought to connect Brutus with Bowlingtown ten miles away. The difficulties occasioned by this breakdown are covered in Miss Elsie N. Kelly's article in another part of this Bulletin. I said that the Frontier Nursing Service would again furnish wire to replace the rusted strands if the local men would again furnish the labor to re-rig the telephone. Mr. Ambrose Rice volunteered to undertake the job of putting this program through. I want to add that, within a week after the rally, the telephone was in working order. We have succeeded in getting a couple of miles of new wire ordered and when that is strung we shall have a really good connection again with the Bowlingtown nursing center, from which messages can be relayed on to Hyden and Wendover.

At the **Bowlingtown** nursing center, the refreshments were the same as at Brutus with ginger cookies instead of gingerbread, and the orange drink instead of the cocoa. Our Chairman, Mr. Will Gay, introduced me and again we had a glorious day. After the rally we had our usual Committee meeting to elect new members, to discuss the telephone situation, to look at the new retaining wall built behind the barn and to take into consideration our local problems in relation to the war as a whole.

The rally at the **Possum Bend** Nursing Center at Confluence came on October ninth and was the last of the six. Nearly three hundred people gathered for this rally and the refreshments were sandwiches and apples and the orange drink. Due to the unavoidable absence, for the first time in many years, of our Chairman, Mr. Elmer Huff, I was introduced by Mr. Matthew Langdon who also presided over the Committee meeting that followed the rally.

At all of these rallies I not only gave the report of the past year's work of the Frontier Nursing Service, but I acted as an impromptu salesman of war stamps. I urged everyone who had not already done so to start buying the twenty-five-cent stamps and saving them in the book provided for that purpose until they had enough to buy a bond. I explained how each such stamp was a weapon in the hands of one who bought it to fight the war and that when we learned of the bombing of a submarine nest in Europe, or a war factory among the Japs, it was something to be able to say, "My two bits went into that bomb load."

At all of the rallies I told the children a story when we had finished with the grown-up speaking. I asked them to choose this year between a wizard story and a giant story and at five out of the six rallies giants were preferred. I make up these stories as I go along and find they get smoother as I re-tell them. I started, for instance, with nine giants and discovered that nine were too many. By the time I got to Possum Bend I had cut my nine giants down to two named Howl and Growl. Howl had one big eye in the middle of his forehead and Growl had three little eyes, two on the sides of his head. They were utterly demolished by a boy named Fred and a girl named Lucy mounted on a talking pony called Bobbo.

THE FRIENDLY MAN AND THE LITTLE MOTHER

She was an elfish figure—a child of six perhaps, with rich auburn hair and dreamy eyes and an earnest face.

I paused to look twice at her as she sat on a stool at a cottage door, the sunshine on her face. She was singing softly to herself—or perhaps to the doll in her arms. In a small pram close by was another doll, somewhat the worse for wear and with no nose to speak of.

As I stood by the gate a moment the little mother looked up, smiled, and then sighed as she said: "Oh dear, there *is* a lot to do with babies, isn't there?"

I nodded. "Yes," I said.

"Mabel's good," she announced, nodding to the doll in the pram. "But this child," she bit her lip in exasperation, "is the limit!"

I did not smile. We were both face to face with stern reality.

"You seem to have your hands full with two babies," I remarked.

She looked up quickly.

"Oh, this isn't *my* baby," she said. "That's my baby, the one in the pram. She's no bother at all. This is Pauline, and she just won't go to sleep, and I've such a lot to do. I don't think she's been well-trained. She belongs next door."

"Oh?"

"Yes, her mother is Audrey who sometimes plays with me. But she has had to go into hospital, so I promised to look after her baby for her, and it *is* a business!"

The serious, elfish face lit up suddenly. "But I like doing it," she confessed, "and it will help Audry to get better knowing her baby is happy!"

From a British Paper, sent by Mac.

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Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Catherine Uhl, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)
Miss Louise Mowbray, R.N., S.C.M.
Miss Ruth Peninger, R.N., C.M.; Mrs. Ethel Freund, R.N., C.M. (alternates)

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Minnie Meeke, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Nelly Kelly, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)
Miss Anne Fox, 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' examinations 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 Board of Health examination and is authorized by this Board to put these initials after her name. Dr. McCormack does not want these nurses to use the S. before the Certified Midwife because Kentucky is a Commonwealth and not a State. The only other Commonwealths in America are Virginia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center or to be used for a special purpose and will send a letter to that effect his wishes will be complied with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by truck or wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

Everything is needed and will be most gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

Gifts of money should be made payable to
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.
and sent to the treasurer,
MR. C. N. MANNING,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1922, and March 3, 1933, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1942.

State of Kentucky } ss.
County of Leslie }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., publishers of the Quarterly Bulletin and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1922, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.
Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.
Managing Editor: None.
Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owners are: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mr. E. S. Jouett, Chairman, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Mattie A. Norton, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Mr. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, O., vice-chairmen; Mr. C. N. Manning, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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

(4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the corporation or person for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.,
By Mary Breckinridge, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1942.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires December 16, 1942.

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 devise 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 these 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:

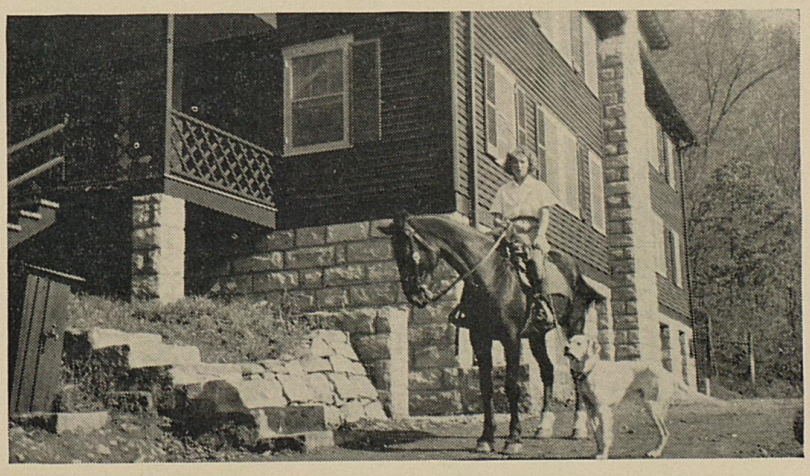
> "He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

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 co-operate 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.

GARDEN HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN

GARDEN HOUSE FROM THE RIVER



GARDEN HOUSE FROM THE BARN