

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 19

SPRING, 1944

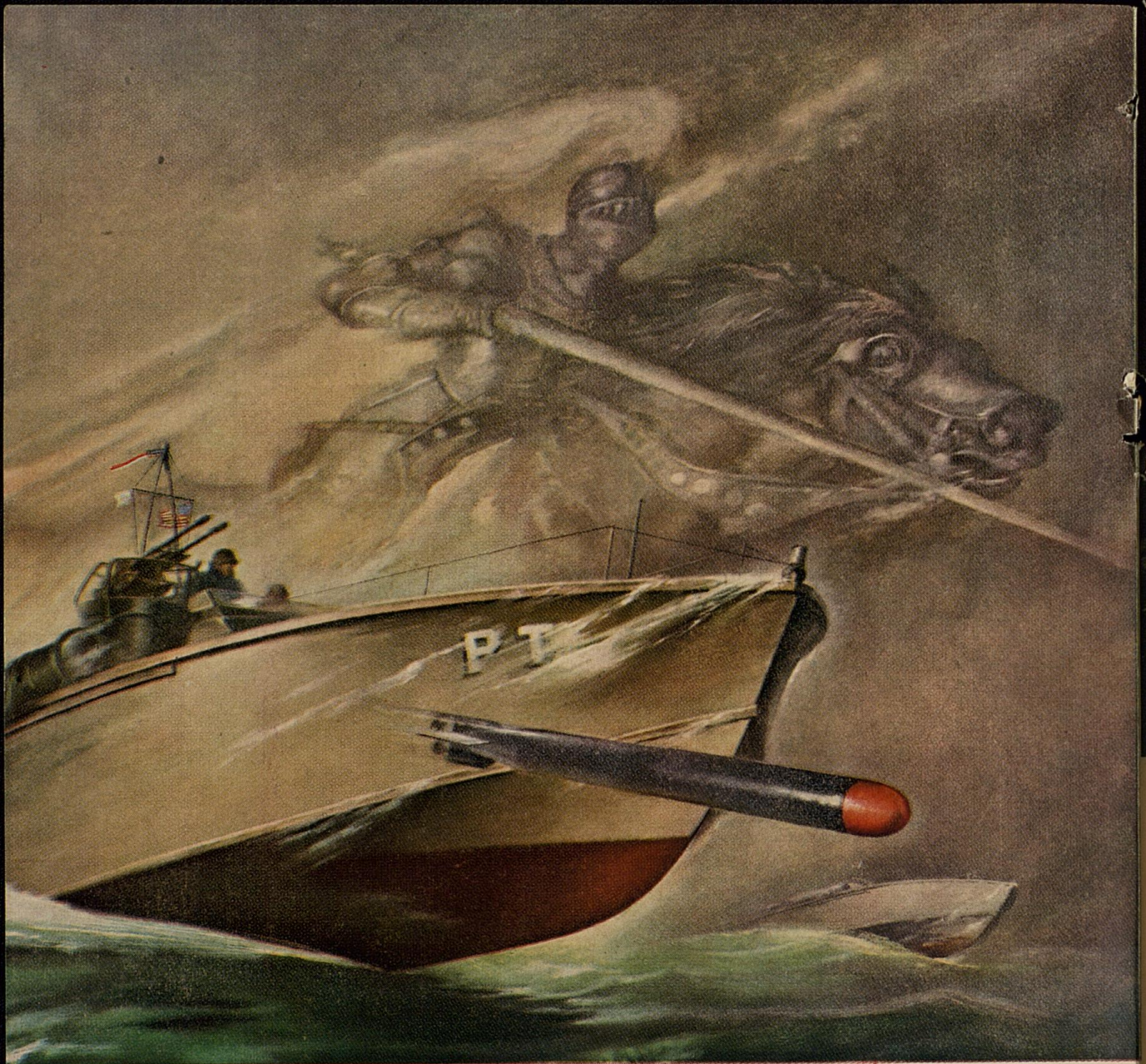
NUMBER 4



"Life Is the Gift of God"

AUDUBON'S CARDINAL GROSBEAK

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KNIGHTS OF THE SEA

For the story, see page 16

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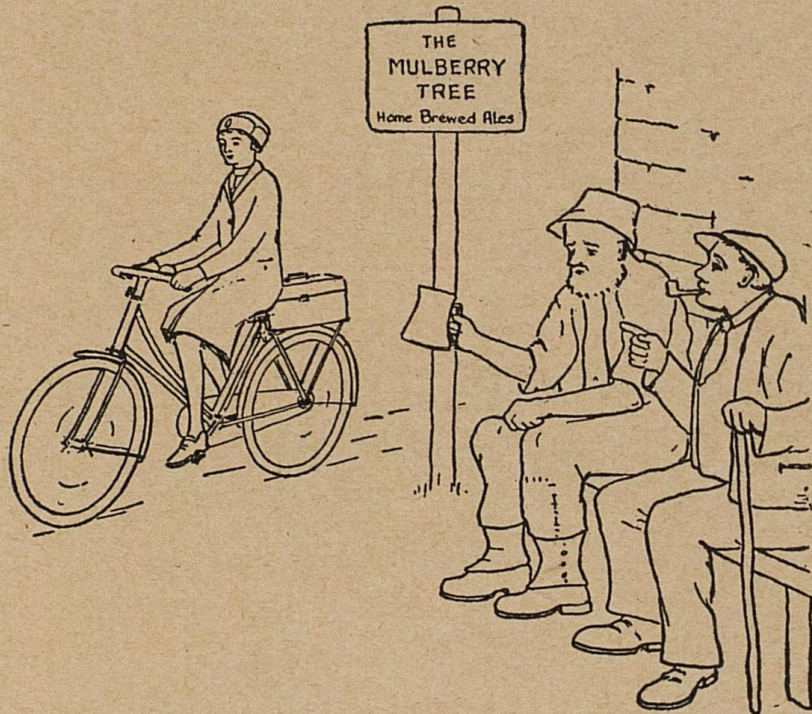
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At the "Mulberry Tree"

"Agricultural," sez Sam to me,
As we drinks our ale at the "Mulberry Tree,"
Is a durn long word, but then why not?
It's a durn long job as we'a got.

"What wi' the yard an' the sty an' the stall,
Ploughin' an' reapin' an' stickin' an' all,
There's only one job as bad—or worse—
An' that's the job of the District Nurse.

"Whether the snow be ten inch thick
Or bombs be fallin' she does her trick,
Helpin' here an' thereabout
The babies in an' the old folks out."

"Yes, that be right," sez I, "an' true;
She does as much as me an' you,
An' maybe more take smooth with rough,
An' that be speakin' fair enough."

A. W. B.

This sketch and verse about the British nurse-midwife are reprinted
by kind permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.

THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL
OF MIDWIFERY
1944



HISTORY

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, a school giving a six months' course in midwifery to registered nurses, is owned and operated by the Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated, as a part of its demonstration in the care of the remotely rural mother and child.

When the Frontier Nursing Service began the use of nurse-midwives in America in 1925, the Service could secure a qualified staff in only two ways: by sending American nurses to Great Britain to take graduate training in midwifery and to qualify under the English or Scotch Central Midwives' Boards' examinations, or by enlisting the services of British nurses who had already qualified as midwives under one of these Boards.

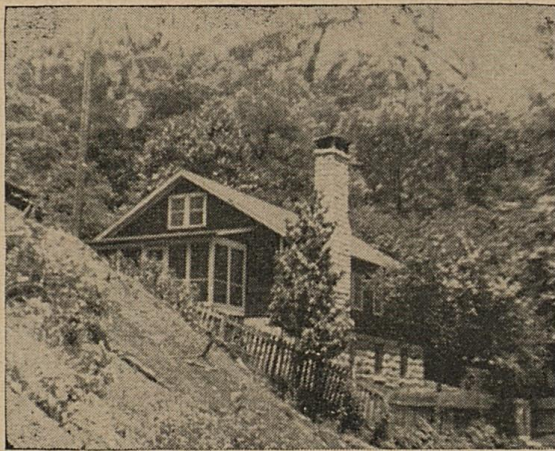
For years the Frontier Nursing Service offered scholarships to American nurses to go to Great Britain, and secured for its staff British nurses many of whom had used their midwifery in colonial areas not dissimilar to the region covered by the Frontier Nursing Service. The debt of gratitude we owe to Britain is thus a dual one. Without the hospitality of the great midwifery schools in England and Scotland extended to American nurses, and without the cooperation of British-trained nurse-midwives, the work of the Frontier Nursing Service would have been balked at its inception.

The Service has in its Articles of Incorporation authorization to establish training schools to prepare graduate nurses in midwifery and, from the beginning, planned this as a part of its program. A tentative step in that direction was the training of two Indian nurses for the Indian Bureau both in midwifery and in

rural district nursing in 1934-35. These young Indians had been trained as nurses through the Colonial Dames of Pennsylvania at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia.

When the Second World War started in 1939 a number of the British members of the Frontier Nursing Service staff wished to return to their homes as soon as the Frontier Nursing Service could release them. Under war conditions it was not possible to continue to send American nurses to Great Britain for midwifery training. The Service had to put into immediate operation its long-deferred plans for a graduate school.* With the support of the Board of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky and of the Medical Advisory and the Executive Committees of the Frontier Nursing Service, and with the cooperation of our Mountain Committees, the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery opened on November 1, 1939 with its first class.

The costs of the School at that time were met by scholarships given for that purpose by several Trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service, and the graduate students were housed in the annex for nurses of the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden. Early in 1941 the Service was asked by the United States Children's Bureau to enlarge its School in order to train graduate nurses as midwives for the State Boards



MIDWIVES' QUARTERS

of Health of the Southern and Western States, and Federal scholarships were provided for this purpose. In order to accommodate larger classes the Service built the Midwives' Quarters in the Hospital grounds, with money given for that purpose, as a home for the Graduate School.

* For a discussion of these plans, see Chapter 5, **Income and Health in Remote Rural Areas** by Mary B. Willeford, Ph.D., Copyright 1932 by Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated, Price \$1.50.

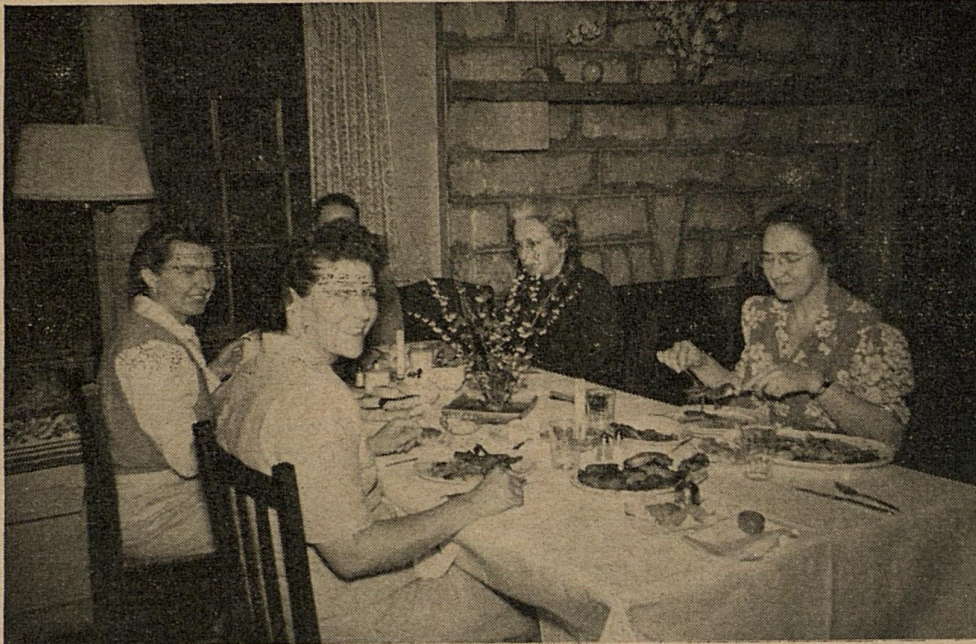


Photograph by St. Louis Post Dispatch

PATIENT ADMITTED TO FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE HOSPITAL AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

PURPOSE

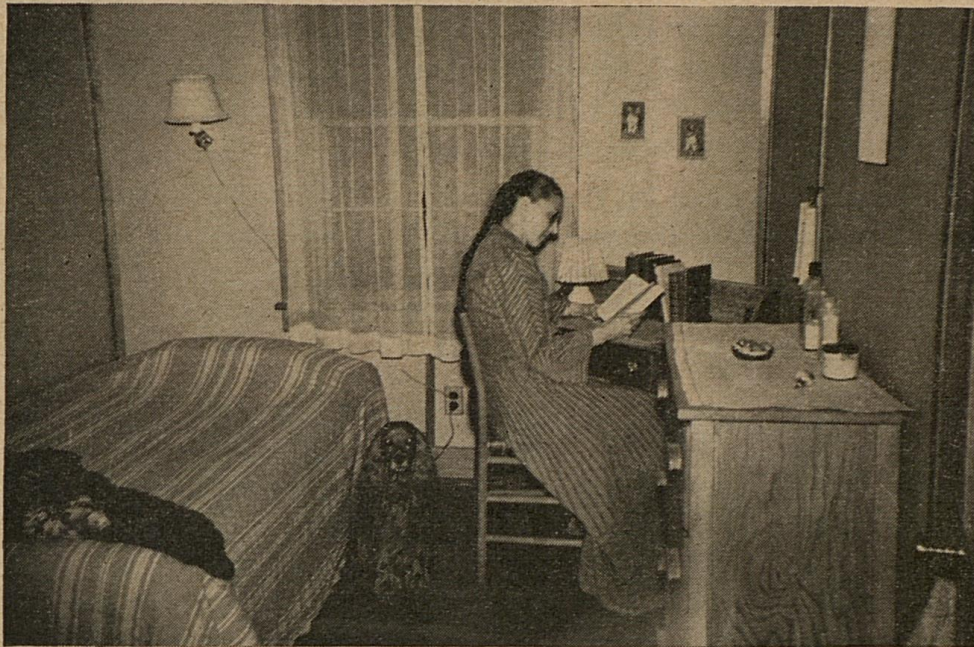
The aim of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery is to train nurses in midwifery. The school is situated in one of the roughest of mountain countries. Except for a part time county public health unit, and a mission station with which we cooperate, there are no medical or nursing services other than those of the Frontier Nursing Service in a thousand square miles. Over only part of the territory is it possible to use a car; the rest must be traveled by horseback with nursing supplies carried 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.



DINNER AT MIDWIVES' QUARTERS

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.

Since the teaching area of the School includes both hospital and district patients (which is a requirement of the Central Midwives' Boards of Great Britain) the graduate students are able to follow their abnormal cases from the districts into the Hospital even when the physician takes over and they work as his assistants. They learn, too, how cases differ in routines and techniques in a small country hospital from cases on the districts and what can be done to keep mothers contented when they are away from their homes. The six months' course is designed to prepare nurse-midwives to take charge of rural hospitals, or the maternity sections of rural hospitals, as well as to work in rural districts.



STUDENT'S BEDROOM

LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS

The Frontier Graduate School has its own building near the Hospital. Each student has her own bedroom, which is completely furnished. The house has a hot air furnace, modern plumbing, electric 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.

FACULTY

Mary Breckinridge, R. N., S. C. M., LL.D., Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, acts as general consultant. She is a graduate of St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing in New York and took her midwifery training at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London. She holds the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board of England.

Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S. C. M., M. A., Dean, is a graduate of Wellesley College and holds a master's degree in public health

nursing from Teachers College, Columbia University. She is a graduate of the Hartford Hospital Training School for Nurses in Connecticut and took her midwifery training at the General Lying-In Hospital of London. She holds the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board of England.

Ella Woodyard, Ph.D., Provost, came to the Frontier Nursing Service from the Institute of Educational Research, Division of Psychology, Teachers College, Columbia University. Besides her duties as provost, she gives a short course of lectures on the psychology of the expectant mother.

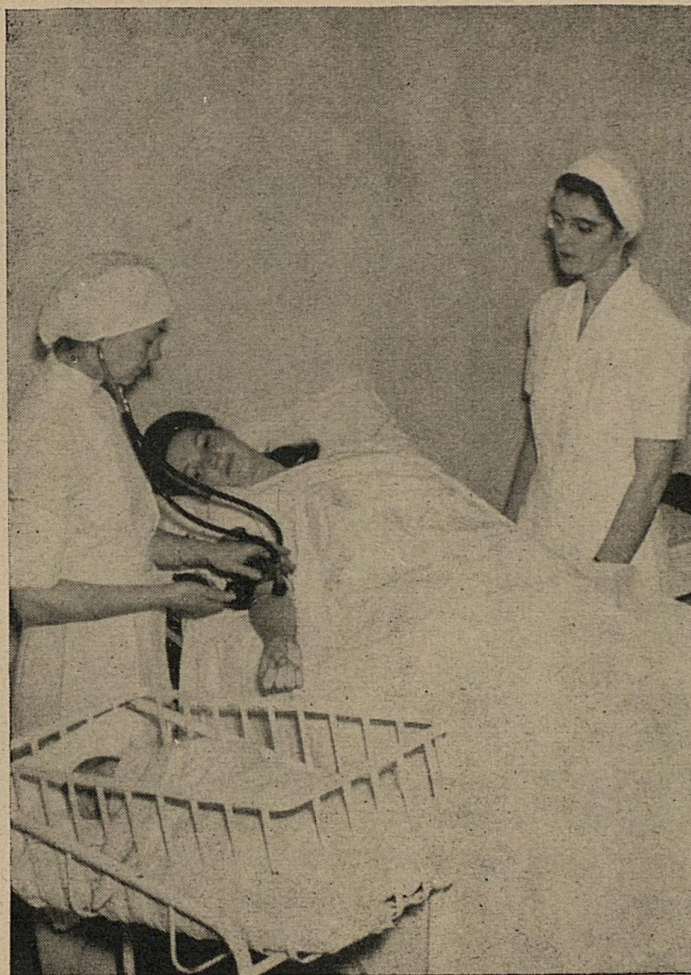
James M. Fraser, M. D., Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, gives the medical lectures and demonstrations in the School. He was graduated from the George Washington University Medical School and has had graduate work at the Chicago Lying-In Hospital and a straight internship in obstetrics at the Vanderbilt University Hospital, Nashville, Tennessee. Before coming to the Frontier Nursing Service he was in charge of the obstetrical division of the Kiowa Indian Hospital, Lawton, Oklahoma. He has since taken a graduate course in caudal anaesthesia at the Philadelphia Lying-In Hospital.

Eva Gilbert, R. N., S. C. M., M. A., Instructor, is a graduate of Cornell College and of Syracuse University Hospital of the Good Shepherd with a master's degree in public health nursing from Teachers 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 training with the Queen's Nurses' Institute, with affiliation at the Elsie Englis Hospital, in Edinburgh. She holds the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board of Scotland.

Helen Browne, R. N., S. C. M., Teacher of midwifery cases in the Hospital, and of the Truby King methods of breast feeding, is a graduate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, England, and took her midwifery training at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London. She holds the certificate of 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 districts.

Ruth Peninger, R. N., C. M., and Rose Avery, R. N., C. M., district supervisors, are graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. The nurse-midwives at some of the outpost centers of the Frontier Nursing Service also act as district supervisors when students are sent them for a week's outpost experience in the last month of the course.

Visiting specialists give lectures on special subjects to the School. These include a graduate nutritionist who lectures on the diet of the expectant mother.



**STUDENT GIVING AFTER-DELIVERY CARE HYDEN
HOSPITAL**
(Teacher at right)

INSTRUCTION

The theory of midwifery is given in thirty-two lectures by the Medical Director and thirty-six classes by the instructor—lectures and classes each coming twice a week. The last month is kept free from class work except for a few review lessons. A life-size manikin is used in demonstrations and for practice, and fifty-six 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. The school subscribes to the leading nursing magazines. Tests and class discussions are frequent.



LECTURE BY MEDICAL DIRECTOR AT MIDWIVES' QUARTERS

Medical Lectures

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Anatomy: Pelvic | 19. Syphilis in Pregnancy |
| 2. Genitalia: External, Internal | 20. Cystitis and Pyelitis. Puerperal Psychosis. |
| 3. Physiology: Menstruation, Pregnancy | 21. Puerperal Sepsis, Other Puerperal Infections |
| 4. Diagnosis of Pregnancy | 22. Normal Puerperal Involution |
| 5. Multiple Pregnancy | 23. Breasts: Anatomy, Physiology, Diagnostic signs, Infections |
| 6. Prenatal Examination | 24. Anemia of Pregnancy |
| 7. Pelvimetry | 25. Prolapsed Cord |
| 8. Toxemias of Pregnancy | 26. Rupture of Uterus, Inversion of Uterus |
| 9. Bleeding in First Trimester | 27. Anesthesia and Analgesia in Labor |
| 10. Bleeding in Last Trimester | 28. Prematurity: Definition, Treatment |
| 11. Intrapartum Hemorrhage | 29. Asphyxias of the Newborn |
| 12. Postpartum Hemorrhage | 30. Hemorrhagic Diseases of Newborn, Including Erythroblastosis Fetalis |
| 13. Dystocias | 31. Nutrition and Diet in Pregnancy |
| 14. Tuberculosis in Pregnancy | General Review |
| 15. Heart Disease in Pregnancy | |
| 16. Diabetes in Pregnancy
Influenza and Pneumonia in Pregnancy | |
| 17. Leucorrhoea in Pregnancy | |
| 18. Gonorrhoea in Pregnancy | |

Classes by Midwifery Instructor

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The delivery bags—contents, cleaning, and packing | 21. Face presentations—management and mechanism |
| 2. Setup for a home delivery | 22. Brow presentation. Median vertex presentation. Shoulder presentation. Management and mechanism of each. |
| 3. Mechanism and management of the second state of labor | 23. Breech presentation. Management and mechanism. |
| 4. Routine for home prenatal and postpartum visits | 24. Cord presentation and cord prolapse. |
| 5. Prenatal care | 25. The fetus—full term and premature |
| 6. The puerperium | 26. Delicate and premature infants—their care and management |
| 7. Bacterial infection | 27. Obstructed labor |
| 8. Management of a normal labor—first and second stages | 28. Rupture of uterus |
| 9. Management of a normal third stage | 29. Retained placenta. Manual removal of placenta. Inversion of uterus. |
| 10. The bony pelvis | 30. Review of bleeding: antepartum, intrapartum, and postpartum. |
| 11. The fetal skull | 31. Multiple pregnancy |
| 12. Female organs of generation | 32. Asphyxia neonatorum |
| 13. Pelvic floor. Mammary glands. | 33. Birth injuries |
| 14. Placenta formation. Functions of placenta. Nourishment of fetus. | 34. Ophthalmia neonatorum. Sore buttocks. Umbilical hemorrhage. |
| 15. Fetal circulation | 35. The Breasts and Breast Feeding. |
| 16-18. Physiology of labor | 36. History of Midwifery |
| 19. Mechanism of normal labor—anterior vertex positions | |
| 20. Abnormal labor due to abnormal presentations
Mechanism of posterior vertex positions | |

Practical Training

Prenatal and postpartum work is done under supervision in the patients' mountain cabins, in outpost clinics, and in those held at our Hospital at 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 to take both systolic and diastolic blood pressure readings. 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



**INSTRUCTOR
DEMONSTRATES
PACKING OF
SADDLEBAGS**

tests, and the capillary-tube test for blood coagulation time. During the puerperium they give bedside care to both mother and baby and are taught the importance of the final examination by the physician and are 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 her 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 examinations are given at Hyden by physicians of the Board of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky and include written, oral, and practical work. Upon passing these, the nurse-midwife receives the diploma of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and a certificate to practice midwifery in Kentucky. The Board of Health has authorized the use of the letters C. M. (Certified Midwife) after the names of those who receive this certificate. This certificate and the School diploma have been accepted by the Boards of Health of several Southern and Western states as evidence of qualifications to practice and to teach midwifery.

REQUIREMENTS FOR STUDENTS

Applicants for the six months' course must be high school graduates, graduates of approved schools of nursing, and registered in one of the states or a foreign country with equivalent standards. They must be in excellent health, and present good references of character and professional ability.

FEEES

The entire cost of the six months' course is eight hundred dollars. This includes \$560.00 tuition payable in advance and \$40.00 a month to cover room, board, and laundry payable in advance each month. There are no other fees.

SCHOLARSHIPS

There are full scholarships for a limited number of nurses filling the above qualifications, provided they promise to use their graduate training in the United States for the duration of the war. 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 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.

There are also partial scholarships for nurses who plan to do missionary work in a foreign country after graduation and who do not wish to bind themselves to stay in the United States for the duration of the war. These partial scholarships cut



SPRING CLASS, 1942
(Instructors, upper left)
Summer uniform

the cost of the course in half so that the charge is only \$400.00 for the full six months.

There are small loan scholarships to help students who must meet special personal obligations while taking the course.



STUDENT AND INSTRUCTOR FORDING MIDDLE FORK OF KENTUCKY RIVER
(Winter Uniform)

PLACEMENTS

Students who come to the Frontier Graduate School from State Departments of Health, Nursing Organizations, or Mission Boards are under contract to return to the agency that sent them, and usually receive a stipend from this agency covering travel to Hyden and personal expenses.

Students who wish to join the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service as nurse-midwives must first work for a brief period in the Hyden Hospital before being accepted in the School and, if on scholarship, must sign a contract to remain with the Service for two years after graduation. The preliminary period in the Hospital gives these nurses an opportunity to discover whether or not they wish to bind themselves for two years and it gives the Service a chance to see if they are suited to its work. These nurses are on a regular salary both while in the Hospital and after graduation. During the time they are taking the course they receive a full scholarship and a stipend of ten dollars a month.

The Frontier Nursing Service receives many more requests for nurse-midwives for district and institutional positions than it can meet so that there is no difficulty in placing nurse-midwives advantageously after graduation.

For Application forms or further information address:

Miss Dorothy F. Buck, Dean
Wendover, Leslie County
Kentucky

KNIGHTS OF THE SEA PT PARADOX

by
GEORGINA CAMPBELL

"Like little body with mighty heart."
King Henry V, Act 2

Take a sliver of wood up in your hand; a breath of air stirs it. Yet it is of such "shavings" that PTs are made! In the Elco Naval Division plant at Bayonne, N. J., where a majority of the PT boats are built, you can see vast buildings piled ceiling-high with the finest woods in the world—finely-grained African mahogany, resilient Alaskan spruce, sturdy American oak. Elco-PTs are not made of plywood, as people often think. True, long strips of plywood form the decks. Plywood is also used in the building of the bridge, deck housing, gun turrets, interior fittings, and so on. But the PT's hull which must carry her through rough waters at high speed under the nose of the enemy's guns—contains no plywood. The planking is double, laid diagonally to impart greater strength. Between the layers of stout wood is watertight airplane cloth. Mahogany and oak form the PT's frame, while the spruce is turned into keels.

When it is finally ready for builders' trials, the new PT looks as eager for action as a young hawk which has sighted its quarry. Despite its dainty appearance, it is one of the most superb fighting machines of this war. Eighty feet in length, and not more than twenty feet wide, the PT's lines are as graceful, streamlined and meaningful as those of a thoroughbred greyhound. Why, you may ask, this paradox? A boat of wood—little bigger than a rowing boat, compared to our gigantic warships—whose fighting record in this war has amazed the doubting Thomas and the enthusiast alike.

There are several reasons for the PT's prideful accomplishments:

(1) Its painstaking, expert craftsmanship. Boat builders of many years' loving experience contribute their toil and knowledge to make a PT seaworthy to a truly astonishing extent. Recently John Bulkeley, the tough young PT hero said to have earned himself more decorations than any other fighter in our

Navy, stated that he has never yet seen a PT crack up in the water! Even when they are grounded on one of the treacherous reefs which dot the Pacific waters like peas in a pod, the Elco-PTs resist the combined efforts of sea and rock and have to be destroyed by their own crew to prevent the Japanese from getting a close view of a PT.

(2) In addition to being the fastest warship afloat, the PT is also the most heavily armed for her size. Firepower includes four torpedoes, depth charges, and rapid-fire guns powerful enough to sink steel-plated barges and even Nippon's planes.

(3) The PT's easy maneuverability. Due to its almost perfect construction, it literally can do anything its pilot wants. To illustrate this point, we quote from an article titled "The Skimming Dish From Hell." It appears in the May 13th issue of *Liberty Magazine* and is written by A. D. Rathbone. Mr. Rathbone says:

"In the days of PT infancy few people recognized the potentialities of a high-speed motor torpedo boat, and some who did cried aloud at the folly of making them of wood. But the Electric Boat Company knew what it was doing, and one day, long before Pearl Harbor, it had the satisfaction of making a believer out of a doubting Thomas naval officer.

"The officer was an old sea dog who had a reputation for demanding more than maximum performances from every ship he skippered. He was frankly quizzical about the PT, and he wanted to try one out for himself. Once aboard, he got right down to business. He doffed his cap and sailed it through the companionway to below decks. His coat, heavy with gold braid, went next; then his tie. Rolling up his sleeves, he grasped the wheel and said brusquely, 'All right—let's go!'

"And they did! The men who witnessed that trial run said afterward that what was done to that PT boat shouldn't happen to any ship. She tore through the sea at top speed, spun around almost in her own wake and reversed her course, heeling far over but always righting herself. When she was braked by having all three of her motors thrown suddenly into reverse while moving forward at high speed, she slowed instantly, bucked like a wild horse, stuck her nose deep into the water—and quiveringly obeyed the tremendous backward pull of her engines. And when

it was over and she nosed gently up to the dock, there wasn't an open seam in her hull or a strained member in her entire construction, and her motors were purring as smoothly as ever.

"The naval officer wiped the spray from his eyes. In a voice filled with amazement, he said, 'There just isn't any such boat! No man could build a boat that could stand such drastic handling!'

"Well, the men and women of Elco, from Henry R. Sutphen, executive vice-president, and Irwin Chase, managing constructor, on down, are proud of that story. They don't boast. But they are justly pleased that Americans—and the Japs!—understand what our PTs have done since they started fighting immediately after Pearl Harbor.

"You'll recall that John Bulkeley in his Elco PT rescued General MacArthur, his wife and child from the Philippines. A few days later, Manuel Quezon was rescued in the same manner. 'You've taken me out of the jaws of death, Buck, and I won't forget it,' the general said.

"Back into the jaws of death flew the intrepid PTs. Originally intended primarily for scouting, messenger duties, and 'taxi boats,' the PTs soon showed their teeth and became an agile and effective offensive weapon. In addition to prowling around the dark shores of the Solomons and New Guinea, spotting enemy shipping and cutting off his supply lines, they sank gunboats, destroyers, submarines. They shot down airplanes. They rescued fallen flyers from the sea—Eddie Rickenbacker, for one. They attacked shore installations. They carried Commandos ashore in raiding parties. They deliberately drew the fire of the enemy's shore batteries, then 'silenced' them. They sank hundreds of enemy barges.

"These barges are far removed from the old scows you may imagine them to be. Some of them are steel-plated; many are over a hundred feet long; all are jammed either with soldiers, or with ammunition and supplies. *The Chicago Sun* wrote of the PTs: '. . . with the speed of an express train and the wallop of Superman, the PTs are the most destructive weapons for their size in the Navy's whole bag of tricks. The four torpedo tubes carry enough ammunition to destroy almost anything afloat. The rapid-fire deck cannon can punch holes through a merchantman's

sides like a hot knife going through butter. The twin machine gun turrets with their tandem .50 caliber guns can pepper decks and superstructures with a hail of lead that makes even the most suicide-minded Japs run for cover.' "

In conclusion, here is an eloquent tribute to the builders of these mighty midgets of our fleet—a telegram recently addressed to "The Men and Women of Electric Boat Company (Elco Naval Division), Bayonne, N. J.":

"Electric Boat built PT-61 hit by large calibre shell and sustained approximately 75 shrapnel holes in her hull as result of Jap destroyer gunfire in naval engagement off Guadalcanal. Integrity of construction enabled her to return to base where repairs were accomplished in ten days. Her ability to survive such damage is attributed to your high standard of workmanship which we are confident you will maintain.

Signed

*Rear Admiral E. L. Cochrane
Chief of the Bureau of Ships USN"*

THE RETURN OF ARTHUR

Ballad written under the threat of invasion.

by

CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

There is a legend in the West
That Arthur shall return
What time along the Cornish coast
The beacon-fires shall burn;

That should a foeman gain the shore
A Wonder shall arise:
The King will leave the Isle of Rest
Where the seas meet the skies.

And with him from Avilion
His Knights will ride again
Launcelot, and Bors, and Bedivere,
And golden-tongued Cawain;

And glorious, guilty Lamorak,
And guiltless Percival,
And Galahad of the Holy Grail,
And Kay the Seneschal.

Their hearts shall hear the trumpet,
Their souls leap to the spell:
Tristram will leave his harp and hounds,
And leave Yseult la Belle.

From his dread sleep in Broceliande
Merlin the Mage shall wake,
And Pelleas forsake his love
Beneath the faery lake.

Upon the wind from Westward
Their giant forms shall ride;
We shall hear their ghostly harness
Clash where the ghostly tide

Rolls in with clamorous breakers
Upon the Celtic shore;
Their pale steeds will be whiter
Than the wild waves are hoar;

Their plumes on the wind whiter
Than the pale moon in the rift
Of cloud that cleaves asunder,
Setting the stars adrift.

They will not come in earthly shape,
But Spirits on the storm;
Their coursers of no mortal breed,
But of a phantom form.

Nay! Ride they not beside us now,
Comrades-in-arms to-day?
Our souls, are they not mindful
Of the old heroic way?

Flows not the wine of Camelot
Red through the British lands?
Feel we not Arthur in our hearts,
And Launcelot in our hands?

First printed in the *Bideford Weekly Gazette* of March 4th, 1941;
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and in the *Journal of the 1st London Irish Rifles*, April, 1941;
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TUBERCULOSIS AND ITS TREATMENT 130 YEARS AGO
from
LETTERS
of a
VILLAGE GOVERNESS;
Descriptive of
RURAL SCENERY AND MANNERS;
With
ANECDOTES OF HIGHLAND CHILDREN;
Displaying the Dawnings of Youthful Genius, and
The Methods Taken to Improve It.
The Whole Embellished With
MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS
INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING.
by
ELIZABETH BOND,
Fortrose.
1814

DEDICATED TO
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.
SHERIFF OF ETTRICK FOREST,
and
MINSTREL
of the
SCOTTISH BORDER

"What sort of a disorder is a consumption?" asked Cecilia (*a five-year-old child*).

"You are so young," replied her aunt, "that I don't know if I can make you understand the answer I would make you if you were older. That grate was full of coals three hours ago, but the fire has consumed them, and we must ring for more. Do you understand that?"

"Yes."

"Very well. When people, like poor Oliver, get bad colds, their lungs become inflamed, which causes pain, violent coughs, and their lives are consumed away, and they die."

"Oh, dreadful! Can nothing be done to save them?"

"Yes: people are often recovered by going to a mild climate, where they avoid damp, and the cold east winds; and when they live chiefly on fruit and bread."

IN PART PAYMENT

Prepared in the interests of Schools, Colleges and Charitable Institutions by Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane, and reprinted with their kind permission.

(Abridged)

Charities Fill an Essential Place

If it were not for the gifts, endowments and financial support of thoughtful Americans, this country would be poor indeed in colleges, charities and similar institutions.

Rare indeed is the college that can support itself on tuition fees alone. Charities and religious organizations have always depended almost entirely upon private donations.

War Problems

Under war conditions, the colleges of America face a crisis. Charities also face difficulties, and for similar reasons. Their operating costs are up and the rate of income from their endowments and gifts has gone down.

And during these difficult war days, the need is greater than ever. Fortunately, it is less expensive to give now than in any peace-time year. Reason: the present set-up of tax laws. In fact, if arranged correctly and with a full understanding of tax provisions, tax-free gifts to educational or charitable institutions present realistic tax-saving possibilities to the giver.

How to Be Generous but Thrifty

While the need for taxes is greater than at any time in U. S. history, Congress, in the Revenue Act of 1942, wisely continued to give full recognition to the importance of supporting educational and charitable institutions. According to the tax law and regulations, such a gift which does not exceed 15% of the donor's net income (computed prior to contributions) may be deducted at **market value** from income before figuring taxes.

Estates Can Also Give Thriftily

The tax law also gives preferential treatment to the estate of an individual who bequeaths property to an educational or charitable institution. In this case, there is no limit to the amount of gifts that can be made—all free of the Federal Estate Tax—and such bequests are deducted from the value of the gross estate before figuring taxes.

URGENT NEEDS

The Spring Bulletin marks the close of our fiscal year. It has long been our custom at this time to list the needs of the Frontier Nursing Service for repair and upkeep of its many and widely-scattered properties, and for replacements of essential things that have worn out. Our properties, equipment, and livestock are conservatively valued by our auditors at over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In our annual budget, we can only prorate \$2,500.00 for the upkeep of these properties and that is at the rate of less than one per cent on their valuation. Now, real estate men figure a minimum of five per cent on the valuation of property for its upkeep. That would come to \$12,500.00 for our properties, but we manage at a lower figure than that, in spite of our appalling winters and springs with their endless landslides, erosions, and raging torrents, which always leave us with everything more or less at loose ends.

You all will wonder where we can get the labor for the repairs we have listed. Our Maintenance Man, Mr. Oscar Bowling, is over-age for military service. His two sons are in the Army but he himself cannot go. He is really a builder but, like all truly able people, he gladly does the little jobs as well as the big ones and works side by side with his men. To help him, we employ other over-age men who have gotten their crops in and want to make a little "cash money" for the support of their families.

In presenting the following long list and asking for your help, we recognize that the sum total of what we need is enormous, over seven thousand dollars, but it is made up in the main of items most of which are not overly large. The biggest single item is the steam boiler for the Hospital and it is too ghastly that it should choose war times in which to crack after sixteen years of service. It was patched up by experts this spring and has carried the heating of the Hospital a couple of months longer than was really wise. The experts have said it is dangerous to attempt to use it next fall. We assure you that when it gave out on us in this invasion year, we felt like exclaiming, "*Et tu, Brute!*" We feel somewhat the same way about the need for new roofs on certain houses and barns. This is an awful year for

things to wear out and when they do, we feel as though we ought to apologize to the war!

HORSES AND EQUIPMENT FOR NURSES, MIDWIFERY STUDENTS, CADETS, AND COURIERS

3 New Horses	
"Georgie Porgie" (Elderly—Local).....	75.00
"Cadet" (Young—Including transportation from Lexington).....	215.00
"Ranger" (Young—Including transportation from Lexington)....	190.00
3 New Buena Vista Saddles.....	65.76
Saddle Repairs.....	20.00
1 doz. Felt Horse Blankets.....	52.45
Bridles	33.50
Reins	22.50
Bits	22.00
Girths	55.00
Stirrup Leathers.....	9.51
Harness for Working "Convoy".....	7.65
6 New Saddle Bags.....	109.40

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Indoor:

New Parts for Kitchen Range.....	47.60
New Steam Boiler—Completely installed.....	1,025.00
Repairs to Sterilizer.....	10.87
Repairs to X-Ray Machine.....	25.50
X-Ray Cloth-covered-lead Rubber Apron.....	12.00
2-Ply Liberty Chamois Protective Gloves (for use while taking X-rays)	19.00
Helical Springs for tightening hospital cots.....	7.80
2 Stethoscopes @ \$2.50.....	5.00
6 Glass Hypo Syringes—50-cc size.....	36.30
6 Rubber Bulb Syringes.....	6.12
14 Forceps Repaired.....	11.25
4 Crile Hemostat Forceps.....	11.80
1 Hemometer Complete.....	16.27
4 Rankin Stainless Steel Hemostat Forceps.....	20.20
1 Doz. White Smocks for Dr. Fraser.....	30.85
8 Nurse's Uniforms for Hospital @ \$3.00.....	24.00
8 Seersucker Wrappers for Prenatals @ \$3.98.....	31.84
Making 73 patients' gowns (material on hand).....	18.25
12 White Enamel Chairs for visitors in wards.....	69.00
Plated Silver (second-hand) knives, forks, spoons.....	8.50
2 Stone Water Coolers for Clinic and Hospital Wards.....	9.30
1 Pressure Cooker.....	12.50
1 Table Butchering Chopper.....	4.55
6 Doz. Pillow Cases.....	17.70
12 Gallons Paint for Hospital, First Floor only (Put on by nurses)....	35.40

Outdoor:

1 Cistern of stone and cement, to be connected with main for reserve supply (including pipe, connections with main water line, digging the ditch), estimated total cost.....	1,000.00
1 Set of new hoops on old tank.....	74.43
Repairs to Hyden Pump (new parts and labor).....	104.29
New Double Action Cylinder for Well.....	65.65
Repairs to Fire Hydrant (new parts and labor).....	14.97

Repairs to Surface Drains (cement and labor).....	75.00
Repairs to Lights in Hyden Horse Barn.....	41.01
A new Cow Barn for Medical Director.....	329.03

MIDWIVES QUARTERS

4 Beds and Mattresses.....	127.40
1 Writing Table.....	10.00
7 Pin-up Lamps for Bedrooms.....	14.56
Furnace Repairs.....	8.66

WENDOVER**Indoor:**

New Parts for Wendover Range.....	76.37
1 Back for Basket Grate.....	3.27
3 Grate Guards.....	10.87
Furnace in Old House Reset.....	28.68
1 Set Sad Irons for Laundry.....	7.00
1 10-gal. Iron Kettle for Boiling Clothes (second-hand).....	5.00
1 Step Ladder.....	3.25
2 Galvanized Garbage Cans.....	4.00
3 10-gal. Stone Jars for Preserving Eggs.....	6.75
4 Doz. Bath Towels.....	21.00
1 Bolt of Terry Cloth for Kitchen Towels.....	6.86
8 Gals. Paint for two upstairs rooms and hallway in Old House, including labor.....	31.10
800 ft. White Walnut (rough lumber) for Making Furniture.....	65.00
Overhauling Typewriters.....	17.13

Outdoor:

Repairing and Water-proofing Lower Cistern.....	128.98
New Parts for Wendover Pump.....	24.91
Replacing Worn-out Eaves Troughs.....	17.76
Re-roofing Upper Shelf (Including New Sheathing), estimated.....	125.00
Manure Bent for Horse Hospital Barn (Built out of Old Lumber)....	52.57
1 Stock & Die for Cutting and Threading Pipes.....	17.50
Farm Tools (Picks, Mattocks, Coal and Dirt Shovels, Log Carriers, etc.).....	41.45
Poultry Netting.....	6.48
55 Gals. Creosote Substitute, General Upkeep.....	22.50
100 ft. of New Fire Hose (Replacement).....	62.25

BEECH FORK

(Jessie Preston Draper)

Indoor:

New Furnace and installation.....	271.60
Renewing Screen Porch (Material and Labor)—estimated.....	70.00
Paint for all downstairs rooms (Material and Labor).....	45.00
1 Set of dishes.....	6.93

Outdoor:

New Metal Roof for Barn—estimated.....	220.00
Repairing Feed Room—estimated.....	25.00
New Engine and Pump.....	90.00
One-room Cabin for Crippled Caretaker (Materials only).....	73.00

BOWLINGTOWN

(Margaret Durbin Harper)

Indoor:

Paint for Kitchen and Living Room—estimated.....	15.00
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Material for covering two chairs and window seat—estimated.....	20.00
1 Chest of Drawers—estimated.....	20.00

Outdoor:

Re-roofing Barn (using Roll Roofing).....	133.60
Re-roofing Manure Bent (Material and Labor)—estimated.....	10.00
Re-flooring Feed Room (Material and Labor)—estimated.....	25.00
New Wheelbarrow	8.35
Paling Fence from Barn to House—estimated.....	25.00
Repairs to Water Tank—estimated.....	25.00
1 50-ft. Section Fire Hose (Replacement).....	36.50

BRUTUS

(Belle Barrett Hughitt)

Indoor:

Renewing Screen Wire on Porch; Repairing Window Screens.....	30.00
Furnace Repairs.....	12.96
Paint for Kitchen, Bathroom, Clinic and Porch Floors (Put on by Nurses)	34.00
1 3-drawer Cabinet for Holding Records—estimated.....	10.00
1 Knee-hole Desk for Office Work—estimated.....	20.00
½ Doz. Delivery Gowns.....	9.00
1 Doz. Clinic Aprons.....	6.00
1 Doz. Towels	3.00
1 Doz. Sheets	14.56

Outdoor:

New Top and other Repairs to Water Tank.....	45.81
Fencing in Garden Plot (Locust Posts, Wire and Labor).....	23.90
Hay Fork	1.50
New Wheelbarrow	8.90
Stone Drain Back of House.....	50.00

CONFLUENCE

(Possum Bend: Frances Bolton)

Indoor:

Renewing Screen Porch.....	30.00
Furnace Repairs.....	14.16
Repair Parts for Cooking Stove.....	4.08

Outdoor:

Re-roofing Barn (Using Roll Roofing).....	133.60
Re-roofing House (Using Asbestos Shingles).....	300.00
Painting House (Material and Labor)—estimated.....	150.00
Renewing Front Paling Fence	7.50
Repairing Pasture Fence (Posts, Wire and Labor).....	150.00
Surface Drain Back of Barn.....	24.20
Repairs to Pump.....	4.44

FLAT CREEK

(Caroline Butler Atwood)

Indoor:

Renewing Screen Wire on Sleeping Porch—estimated.....	20.00
Furnace Repairs	12.36
Paint for Kitchen, Bathroom and Porches (Put on by Nurses).....	14.65
Second-hand Olson Rug (Bought at Auction).....	15.00
1 Set of Dishes.....	6.92

Outdoor:

Repair of Fences (Posts, Rails, Labor).....	50.00
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Re-roofing Sawdust Bent.....	7.50
Renewing Screen Wire on Manure Bent.....	10.00
Building up Stalls and Renewing Sills in Barn.....	47.61
Kerosene Storage Tank.....	15.00
Metal Water Tank to Be Repaired, Painted and Connected for Use— estimated	50.00
Chicken House—estimated.....	100.00
1 50-ft. Section Fire Hose (Replacement).....	36.50

RED BIRD

(Clara Ford)

The repairs and replacements at this center have been met by the donor.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERS AT WOOTON

1 New Electric Refrigerator for Keeping Vaccines.....	184.44
1 Small Kerosene Cook Stove.....	8.50
1 Heater for Combination Waiting Room and Living Room.....	34.54
2 Wardrobes (Material and Labor).....	50.00
1 Drug Cupboard (Material and Labor).....	25.00
1 Walnut Writing Table.....	6.00
Curtains and Rod for Clinic Bed.....	10.64
Clinic Supplies (Basins, syringes, thermometers, etc.).....	20.43
2 Bedside Rugs.....	4.50
Kitchen Cutlery and Utensils.....	9.19
Dishes	5.00
2 Saddle Bags @ \$18.50 ea.....	37.00

POSTSCRIPT

There is one other thing we will have to get this summer and that is a half-ton truck with a stake bed which costs \$1,052.28. We have a priority for it and have located the truck. A Trustee in Winston-Salem, North Carolina has given us \$500.00 on this truck and we need, in addition, \$552.28. The reason we need a truck is as follows:

Walter Begley, with his huge truck, has done all of our hauling for years including the car-load lots of hay brought in at many shipping points for our horses. His father, Jonah Begley, did our hauling in the early days with his mule teams. Walter was called up by the Army this spring and although he has been deferred, it is only until July thirteenth. It isn't possible for a woman to drive a great big truck like Walter's but our couriers can drive a half-ton truck and we can do our own hauling for the duration.

We have not listed the slide behind the Garden House at Wendover, which is so awful, because we don't know when it will be under control and how much it will cost, and we are too discouraged.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS
or
WHO PUT THE COW IN THE BARN?

by
JAMES M. FRASER, M. D.

A nickel in a coin-machine automatically brings forth a pretty tune—not so a request for an article for this lovely little Bulletin. To write an article worth reading is to have the proper inspiration. I envisioned a serious, dignified article, worthy of the introduction of the Medical Director to these columns, but alas, the most my Muse allows is that I recount the adventures of a city-bred doctor when he meets that crisis in his life—a cow to be milked; the city-unfortunate being myself, and the cow Buttercup of Wendover.

For some months we had expected this four-footed bovine to be turned loose in our pasture, and we had bought a shiny, new milk-pail, and were psychologically prepared for the event. So blithely and naively I asked Walter Begley to turn the cow loose in the pasture when he brought her over at noon, while I whistled at my work all afternoon, thinking of the fun that was to be mine, a rugged pioneer in the Kentucky hills milking my own cow.

Come five o'clock. By page 11 of my Department of Agriculture Bulletin "How to keep a cow" I read that it is time to milk my family cow. With shiny, new pail a-swinging I go down the trail to my new barn, all set to bring home two gallons of fresh, creamy, butter-filled milk. But what's this, no cow in the barn? That can't be right, for the book says very plainly and definitely, "the cow will come to the feed-box." What sort of a cow has Miss Lewis sent me, anyway? Doesn't this cow know enough to come to dinner? Somewhat sadly, and disappointed at the unruly cow I have been given, I look around the field and spy Buttercup grazing contentedly afar. Now what do I call her? Anyone knows that I just can't stand here and say, "Come Buttercup." I do remember that once a long time ago I heard a farmer call his cows, "Come Bossy." But this Wendover cow doesn't seem to understand that, for they speak a different language at Wendover. My book doesn't seem to offer any help at all in the mat-

ter, so I make a lightning decision and start to corral this stupid animal. Haven't I lived in Oklahoma for the past year, right next door to the greatest Texas cattle ropers in the world?

Buttercup and I slowly work our way to the corner of the field, she ahead of course. I'm going to corner her, grab her ear or tail or something, and lead her quietly back to the barn to my nice new milking-pail, which has been waiting patiently for our return from the chase. The crucial moment is at hand. The cow is in the corner. I am between her and freedom. Now to get a good hold on her ear, and lead her back to the barn, showing her who is master. Zing, what was that? It couldn't be my slow, lethargic cow? But yes, there she goes across the field, showing me for the first time who actually is master of the situation. Somehow I had let her get past me.

This time I shall surely trap her, for I'll be smart and carry some feed in one hand and a halter in the other. But I'm afraid Buttercup must have had that trick played on her by Jean Hollins or Aggie Lewis or some of the other Sunday milkers at Wendover, for she outsmarts me all the way around the field at least twice, and doesn't even go into a corner this time. After I have chased her around the field for about twenty minutes, I begin to wonder if all this excitement is good for her milk supply, so I figure I'd better end this farce soon, call to my wife to help me to corner this rebel cow, and get some milk into my unused pail. Together we shall have no difficulty at all in rounding up this clever animal. Buttercup may be smarter than I am, but I know that Doris is smarter than any cow in Kentucky. We get her in the corner again without too much chasing, although it is getting somewhat dark by now and supper is way past due. As we close in on Buttercup, so close that I can feel her hot breath on my head, I grab her ear suddenly and that's that. Now we have her! But no, she seems to leave her ear in my hand, or something, for there she is across the field again.

This scene of cornering her and grabbing some portion of her anatomy is repeated four times, with me holding her tail once, having my arms around her neck once and trying to trip her up by holding her front leg once. All to no avail. The cow is excited, the supper is burning, the sun is down, the pail is clean. My spouse is smarter than I, and she quits the unequal struggle.

While the cow grins malevolently at me and I am sure snickers once, I go to the phone to enlist the aid of the experts at Wendoover, where they had this wild beast tamed before I was inflicted with her. Aggie Lewis hopefully suggests that I carry some feed to offer the cow, and thus I learned who spoiled that trick for me. Buck doesn't know anything about cows. Fanny McIlvain suggests that I wait until the nice beastie is in the mood to come in. With all this helpful advice being no good to me, I sit down to a cold supper, watch the moon come up, and later try to sneak up to Bossy in the light of the moon. But once more the cow is smarter than I, and after one futile chase around the field I call for real expert help—Walter Begley. This nice man has a kindly face, and I know he will help me and will get my cow for me to milk. Help me he does, brings a friend extra, and the three of us finally manage to corner the cow in a small pocket in front of the door of the nice new barn we have for her. The battle is brief but awful. Walter grabs Buttercup by the neck, the friend twists her tail and pulls on it, I push from behind, and we tumble the poor frightened cow into the barn headfirst.

I emerged from the barn that night at 9 P. M. with only two quarts of nice creamy, butter-filled milk for my first milking, and closed the door tight behind me so that Bossy will never, no never, get out again—until she returns to pasture next day!

JUST JOKES—THE ARMY

A private was walking down the street with his girl when they approached a naval officer. The soldier saluted smartly and the gesture was returned.

"Why do Army men salute Navy men?" the girl inquired.

"After all, my dear," replied the soldier. "they are our allies."

. . .

Colonel: "Your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant: "Yes, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?"

. . .

Mrs. H.: "How's George doing in the Army?"

Mrs. J.: "Oh, fine, he's reached the grade of AWOL and next they're going to make him a court marshal."

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

**From Margaret Tinline McQueen (Peggy) in Kent—
January 28, 1944.**

It does seem a long time since I heard from any of you; but oh the Bulletin—what a joy it is to get it and have all the news of everybody!

You probably heard of my dear husband's death in November. He had been ailing practically all the year. At first the doctor thought it must be T.B. brought about by the war conditions, but it proved to be bronchiectasis, a condition brought about by his lungs having been injured by mustard gas during the last war. He was a marvellous patient—just as considerate during his illness as he had been while he was well. It was dreadful to watch him getting thinner and weaker and coughing, oh so much.

I am back at work at my old job and Mary is at school. We both keep well and have lots of good friends. Dinnie came and spent the night on Tuesday and is coming to help me put in the garden. We are making a rag rug during the evenings.

In the last Bulletin on the back page is a little poem beginning: "Here is a quiet room." It used to hang in the waiting room at Flat Creek and I remember Mrs. Breckinridge copying it one day while she was there. I got it from the Toc H church here in London.

May Green has now gone down into Devonshire to a matron's job. She seems very happy in it. I see Betty Lester's sister more often than I see Betty. The sister is a very happy woman and has a lovely daughter about twenty. My daughter, by the way, is now fourteen. She says she wants to be a nurse. She is a real help to me.

.

From Betty Lester in London—January 31, 1944.

We have had two bad raids lately. Just over a week ago we had one and I was alone in the house. I was on vacation and for some unknown reason refused to go to the movies with Nan, my sister. The alert sounded and the gunfire was terrific. This house

literally shook, and there were planes zooming overhead. The dog wandered all over the house and I crawled under the indoor shelter. Three houses on the hill had their upper floors burned out and a shell fell near us. It had exploded fortunately—or rather the stuff inside it had and the empty case was in our garden. Then a couple of nights ago we had another raid, but I was on duty with patients to look after and that made me feel all right. It is inactivity that gets me down.

March 15, 1944.

The bombing of London has started up again. The hospital suffered very severely in the 1940-41 blitz but so far this time we have been encircled but not hit! We have had casualties brought in from bombed areas very close to us. I have been on duty during some of these raids and our mothers are splendid. They always have their babies in their arms and, if they want to, they lie under their beds.

My sister Lysbeth is on her way from Africa to India and we are anxiously waiting a cable to know that she has arrived safely.

We are getting oranges and lemons at long last though no bananas. They don't bother me very much although sometimes I feel I'd like to chop one up and pour cream all over it—My, oh my! The things we didn't appreciate!

My love to everybody

From Edith Mickle (Mickle Minor) in England—

February 2, 1944.

I arrived back ten days ago and really can't believe I've left the Middle East. I feel quite strange in this delightfully civilized country again. Needless to say I found London very much changed and quite unrecognizable in places—but the people, not one jot. Rather more organized, I thought. Food and conditions generally I find very good. It's years since I enjoyed food so much.

Mickle Major preceded me here by four weeks, but still had ten days of her leave to go, so we've had a good time together.

I have four weeks' leave, but it seems to be going like the wind. There is so much to do and attend to and so many people

to see after three and a half years. I don't know what our fate is going to be after this.

I do miss the sunshine, and the cold is pretty grim, but other things compensate for all that. I hope to be able to meet some of the old Kentucky people while I am home. It will be nice to talk about old times—though they now seem so remote I sometimes wonder if they ever happened.

Robbie is spending part of her leave in Edinburgh and then I think she may come down here. The sea trip seemed to do her a lot of good and she was really looking very well when last I saw her.

February 10, 1944.

We've had three air raids since I returned, and they really do choose unfortunate times—like 4 a. m. Shivering out of one's warm bed in this country is pretty grim, but my mother doesn't like us being so near the roof so we descend to the next floor to allay her fears. I'm afraid I have a rather fatalistic idea about these things these days. As the Tommies say, if your number is on it, there's nought you can do about it.

.

From Flora Bennallack ("Ben") with the Middle East Force

—February 2, 1944.

I wonder if you could possibly guess what my nickname was in Egypt and also in Palestine where I have been one month. I guess if you knew you would understand that I hadn't and never will forget that state and that wonderful country where everyone was so terribly good to me. My name is "Kentucky."

Of course, wherever I go I manage to procure a horse. I have ridden everything from a Scot's Grey to an Arab stallion. People get frightfully tired of me because I always talk "Kentucky." If you ever hear of any squabbles between your folks and mine it is all because your boys and sisters [*British nurses*] are paid by your government just about six times as much as our boys are—this is bound to cause ill feeling. What the answer is I don't know.

Please give my love to all the old gang.

**From Sybil Holmes with the Middle East Force—
February 6, 1944.**

I'd better tell you about myself. I left West Africa in April; home by June—no incidents. I had a month home and spent a week-end with my sister who is in the Navy. It was lovely there. She's theatre sister. Her husband is a prisoner of war in Malaya, poor girl.

After my month's vacation I was posted to Cheshire Military Hospital. After that I wanted to get out to West Africa again, but the powers sent me here. Again no incidents en route—I am jolly lucky. I spent Christmas and New Years on board—the last place on earth I ever wish to spend Christmas, especially now the bally ships are dry! I spent a week in Cairo and enjoyed the Sphinx by moonlight and going to see the "Vergius tree," but the town itself—ugh!

I was posted here on the 8th of January and who do you think I found? Ben! We did have a chin wag! Of all the bad luck, she was posted to Palestine the next day! She looks much the same old Ben. She'd been here over two years. She hoped to catch up with the Mickles, but they may just have gone home. I've heard of Robbie and hear that Madge and Margaret are together. How I wish I could see those old war horses! Can't you just hear us at it?

I'm on night duty at present. Don't mind it much, especially as it's cold and one can sleep fairly well. I like this unit, but I wish I were in West Africa again. I miss the riding so much! The old desert is relieved by a canal, thank goodness. How I loathe flatness! I pine for the hills. There is something friendly and cosy about hills.

The Hospital is quiet now. It did its job during the Alamein campaign. We are comfortably quartered here; not in tents—glory be, says I. I'm afraid I'm getting soft. How I wish the bally war would end!

Edinburgh was looking lovely even in winter when I went for my embarkation leave. Cold and clear. I imagine I'm not the only British female who's had bobby pins, thanks to you folks. My old procurler goes in by "panic bag" when I'm at sea.

Love to you all.

**From Ethel Mickle (Mickle, Major) in London—
February 12, 1944.**

We three are now home again. I arrived in England about five weeks ago. Edith and Robbie followed three weeks later. It came as a surprise when we discovered we were bound for home. You can imagine the excitement. First we thought we would be coming together. Then things happened that delayed Edith's unit and we came on ahead. I knew when I arrived here that Edith and Robbie were either on the way or just about to start. Now after 3½ years we are home again.

The trip was quite uneventful—in spots very interesting but rather slow and tedious as we were so many on board. With four and six in a smallish cabin travelling is not the joy it can be under ordinary circumstances. However, considering it's war time, we really did very well—had excellent food and were well looked after. We even had cinema shows.

It was lovely to see England again and we were billeted in a lovely old country home with large grounds down in Wiltshire for nearly a week while our leave was arranged. Our heavy baggage arrived and our various "coupons" and then off home we went. Edith arrived home about nine days before I was due to leave so we had quite a nice time together. Robbie went straight to Edinburgh so I have not seen her yet.

I started work a few days ago, temporarily in a Ministry of Pensions Hospital—but heard today that I am being posted to a military hospital next week. Where, I do not know yet. I would rather have liked to have stayed here for a while. It is very pleasant and warm, with central heating. However, it is a case of moving now or very shortly so one might as well get settled straight away—as settled as a war permits. I have been on the move now since November 10th—never more than a week or so in one place—always surrounded by stacks of luggage. It has been a long series of packing and unpacking and repacking. I should be an expert by now, but I'm not.

Wishing you all the very, very best of wishes and with love to all my friends.

**From Annie P. MacKinnon (Mac) in Essex—
February 13, 1944.**

I was in London for one week-end and met Parkie on Saturday afternoon when we had a real nice time and talked plenty!

This is Sunday and I am off at 2 p. m., trying to get in some letters as there is little time on week days to do anything but dash around doing all sorts of things! We are so short of manpower and what we do get—well, 'nuff said! Thank goodness, I can get around like new—no backaches.

We had a busy time at Christmas, and everything went according to plan. On New Year's eve we had our Christmas dinner and had as our guests the matron, three sisters, and the medical staff of the American hospital. I was thrilled. I sat beside a Major Fowler who is a great friend of Dr. Spurling from Louisville. You can imagine we travelled far—to Kentucky. The matron [*British name for superintendent*] was charming, a Miss Howard from Pennsylvania.

We have very noisy nights here and I don't like it at all. Wish to goodness it was all over so we could relax and be happy. I got the Bulletin and enjoyed it so much—every page. As a matter of fact I was so engrossed that I forgot the blackout and got into trouble.

**From Marjorie Jackson ("Jacko") with the British
North African Force—February 14, 1944.**

We have had no word at all of my young brother for two years; it is too terrible to think about. My brother Alan is still with me out here. We are very, very fortunate to be stationed within fifteen miles of each other, just one of the lucky things that do occasionally happen in this queer world.

We are still under canvas and had an unbearably hot summer and now are having very cold and blustery weather. I never thought to live in a tent with one morning frost on the ground and the next snow! We had a tremendous gale a few days ago. The tents were taking off like parachutes and we had to be quick at pulling out camp beds and clothing from the collapsed canvas before it got soaked through. Everyone takes these calamities

in a most lighthearted way and that, of course, makes it far easier to cope with.

Please remember me to anyone who remembers me.

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From Thelma Hood in a Naval Hospital in California—

February 16, 1944.

Navy life is O. K. especially out here. I love this section of the country. It's very beautiful and, except for a little rain at this time of year, the weather is just about perfect. It is quite warm now—like May at home.

I was at Great Lakes eight months and have been here three months. Come March 9th I'll have one year chalked up. I saw Eleanor Jenne a couple of times when I was at the Lakes. Her little girl is sweet and is very like Eleanor.

We only work nights for a month at a time, about once a year. At this station we work one week mornings 7:30 to 3:30 and then a week in the afternoons, 3:30 to 11:30. We usually have every third Sunday off but it isn't a sure thing so we can't make any plans.

My sister Sally, who visited me in Hyden, just got word that her husband is a prisoner of war. At first she was notified that he was missing in Burma. We are glad he's alive but feel sick to think of him being a Jap prisoner. He had to bail out of his plane over Jap territory. They have a little girl a year and a half old. She's a great comfort to Sally.

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From Doris Park (Parkie) in Surrey—February 16, 1944.

I have been working in a hospital for three months and it's been a very busy three months, babies daily and at all hours. I am going to a smaller place of sixteen beds and help to run it March sixth. I am looking forward to it very much.

I had a lovely time with Mac a fortnight ago. We were planning an after-war reunion. Let's hope it is soon.

Oh, the "nappy" problem is somewhat solved over here. I thought of you when I read "Fewer points for them." It really strikes one as comical to have to give coupons for babies' panties and to have them more or less rationed. They are so essential.

We had one pound of oranges this week, a whole pound each,

mind. It's the first allotted to grown-ups since the war. Now I see 3,300,000 lemons for next Tuesday, Pancake Day, are due to arrive, from London chiefly. We are in luck. They come from Sicily.

This from a small boy the other day: "Does God really live up there?" "Yes," said his mother. "Mrs. God doesn't black out very well, Mummy, all the stars are showing through." This is especially good, I think:

The Lord gave us two ends,
 One to sit with
 One to think with
 This war depends on which end we use.
 Heads we win;
 Tails we lose.

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**From Violet Isabel Milne (Scottie) with the
 Central Mediterranean Force—February 20, 1944.**

After weeks of wandering your letter has at last arrived. It brought back very vividly Wendover with all its quiet and beauty.

We've met many Americans and nursed not a few and this has made me talk and think of the mountains more than is altogether good for it brings back a big ache, more so at the moment for we are all feeling decidedly war weary.

It's a long day since I've felt and smelt a horse or watched the magnolia, dogwood, and redbud bursting into bloom, but I've still memories and they're very precious.

Here's to peace in the near future! Give my love and thoughts to you all.

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**From Ann Martin with the American Red Cross in India
 —March 3, 1944.**

I was so glad to get first-hand news of the FNS and the recent marriages. Me, I believe in the old-fashioned custom and the only thing holding me back is the ruling in this Theatre. The Army says you can't get married and the Red Cross says if you do you're sent home or transferred to an area "remote from the spouse."

The Christmas Bulletin arrived last week and I enjoyed reading it from kiver to kiver. Carmen Mumford is with the ARC in this Theatre now, but she's at APO 465 and I haven't yet had an opportunity to see her. I notice from the Bulletin that Mary Lib Rogan will be at APO 465 too. I'll try to see her also.

We've been working days, nights and Sundays trying to get all the work done and establish a smoothly running office, which is just about accomplished now so I'm to be assigned to work in the field again. This still will be my headquarters, but I'll be going around to the various stations trying to help them with their various problems in establishing and running their offices and pinch-hitting in the Clubs for girls who need and want to take a bit of leave. Should be very interesting and lots of fun.

Please give my finest greetings to all my old friends, especially Mrs. Breckinridge. A friend of hers, Betty Dumaine, is working with us here. She's great. Am enclosing a wee gift for my friends in the mountains.

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From Catherine Uhl in Alaska—March 15, 1944.

On Thanksgiving night I started on the first trip of my itinerant service by the mail boat to the first village assigned to me. It is slow travelling and not very comfortable, but the trips are interesting as the people are fine and the scenery beautiful beyond description. This means of travel is similar to someone going along on the mule mail routes in the mountains. They are the only regularly scheduled trips, new to many southeastern villages.

The work is entirely in one village at a time. The territory covered by the village is not as extensive as that covered by an F. N. S. district, so we do not have the long enjoyable horseback trips. My first delivery in Alaska was a breech. Not by choice, you can be assured. Betty Lou is her name. She is a beautiful baby and is well cared for. Expectant mothers here are good about making their visits to my clinic. I am always surprised, but very glad too, to find that their hemoglobins are much higher on the average than those of the mountain mothers-to-be.

Along with this comes my best wishes for health and happiness to each of you.

From Nellie Davis Grube (Davy) in Baltimore—
March 20, 1944.



GUY AND GAIL—THEIR FIRST BIRTHDAY

Yes, the shoes I sent were Gail's and Guy's, a little too big too, but at the time we needed them, baby shoes were scarce and large ones were better than none. They did look funny with their big feet. They are now proud possessors of real hard sole shoes and are beginning to walk about. Guy walks well, but Gail still is the slower. They certainly keep all of us busy for what they can't get into walking, they get into creeping. Guy's latest accomplishment is going upstairs. What next?

I see Miss Sullenger every few weeks or so. We pool our mountain news so we manage to keep pretty much up-to-date. Miss Sullenger writes to Hannah (*Mrs. Kooser*) so we can keep up with their activities.

Herbert and I saw Mrs. Breckinridge when she spoke here at Hopkins. It was good to see her. I thought she looked well, but tired. Remembrances to all interested.

From Edith Batten (Batsy) in Wales—March 21, 1944.

I am sure you will understand why I haven't written before when I tell you I have only had one maid since last September. Today a cook arrived and I am celebrating by writing you. How I hope she can and will stay!

Three weeks ago I gave a talk on the Frontier Nursing Service at the monthly meeting of the "Inner Wheel." They are tremendously interested in the local district nurses and it was thought it might stimulate their interest further if they knew of the work of other nurses in not quite so easy working surroundings. I think to become a member of the "Inner Wheel," the ladies must be wives of Rotarians. The Hon. Secretary asked me one day if I knew Sybil Johnson. I could only say I knew of her.

At the annual meeting of our local branch of the College of Nursing last week, I was asked to give a talk on the Frontier Nursing Service some day in the near future.

This last week I had a lovely consignment of gifts sent to me from our General Superintendent. It had been sent over to England by the British War Relief Society in Boston to be given to our convalescent nurses. They have proved a great joy to our war-weary nurses.

. . . .

**From Lt. Comdr. John H. Kooser at
Cabaniss Field, Texas—March 27, 1944.**

Hannah has been drafted into teaching; at any rate she is trying it for a time. The science teacher in the high school was called up, and there was literally no other person to take the position. Johnny stays with her mother while she is away. Nancy is doing very well in her city school.

The family clinic seems to be quite a success—the people come and seem to enjoy it. I was supposed to be in it for an hour yesterday and was in it for three.

Spring seems to be in full bloom here. I have been introduced to the blue bonnets, lovely little blue lupins. Everything is so lush here, and there are so many flowers, that it really is not so much fun as there is so little work entailed in getting many different types.

From Mary Cummings Lloyd in Montreal, Canada—

April 2, 1944.

I really have a piece of news for you. We have a lovely baby boy born March 31st at 8:24 a. m., so I am writing this in the hospital. It almost seems too good to be true! He weighed 6 pounds 12 ounces and is perfectly healthy and normal. We are so grateful for such a healthy, lovely baby. I lie here and think of the mothers in Kentucky. They have their babies so bravely—with so little fuss and with few complications. I can think of several deliveries I had in Kentucky where the mother delivered her baby in the same room, even in the same bed, where the other "young uns" were sleeping—and never a word from her.

Last June I started working again—for the Child Welfare Association here in Montreal. All health teaching and clinic and home visiting work. I thoroughly enjoyed it. The organization really has a fine set-up. I continued full time until January 1st, then for only two days a week in February. It's very difficult to obtain nurses and I felt I should remain until one of their staff, taking some postgraduate work at McGill University, returned. I just about had time to get my layette ready—and that, with all the shortages, is easier said than done! The diaper situation has improved but we waited nearly three months for a baby's bed and Dudley says it's made like an orange crate although it is one of the best available.

Please give my best to my old F. N. S. friends.

From Ada Worcester Tubman in Sussex—April 7, 1944.

I wish you could see England just now, April in her full glory! Wild daffodils and primroses everywhere, with fruit blossoms just coming along and birds all singing until one wonders why they don't burst. The cuckoo arrived nearly a week ago.

At present, since the double summer time came into force, the mornings are dark, but by the time I cycle to the hospital the birds are all awake and it's fine.

We haven't had any raids for a few nights, but I've got my air raid outfit all ready. A short time ago we had one. I was tired as we had been up for a short time for each of several nights previously, and I vowed that nothing would make me get up on this particular night. A fairly loud thump made me

change my mind just as David [*her husband*] called out that it was high time I got up. I leapt out of bed and grabbed my woolly pants. David called me to the front porch to see what looked like a plane dropping some distance away. After that a peculiar noise made me flop down and David did likewise. When we came up again there were the most beautiful fountains of fire everywhere, so we grabbed our stirrup pump and bucket and sallied forth. We only put out fires on hedges and trees because most of the incendiaries had spent themselves harmlessly in fields and gardens, and those folk who did get them in their houses were able to cope with them immediately. One woman was in the ditch in front of her house when the people next door to her had a bomb drop in their bedroom. She went to her own house to get extra water only to find a dear little bomb dancing on her own scullery floor. It had dropped through the roof and the kitchen table and landed on the old stone floor, so the damage was negligible. When the fire service appeared with headlights so that we could see one another we all had a good laugh. We were in dressing gowns, and our next door neighbour had a tin hat, her husband's old plus fours, and Wellington boots. After the excitement had subsided, we came in, had some coffee (not tea, you'll note!) and retired to bed.

Next month I hope to have holidays, but Matron will not commit herself as she feels that the second front may be upon us and, if there are casualties, holidays will not be possible. We all expect happenings—no one knows, or wants to know, just what, but no doubt life will be upset in new ways. But we do feel that this last hard step is absolutely necessary.

The workmen are still busy carrying earth from one place to another, and they even laid a few bricks so we may have our maternity home in time, but it's all very slow and disappointing. I'm still hoping to go over there, but I am sad at the delay as I do like midwifery. However, perhaps before long I can look after fowls instead, and I'd like that even better.

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From Anne Nims at Bowman Field, Ky.—April 20, 1944.

How I wish I could get to Hyden or Wendover and I was planning on it. However, the American Air Force School of Air Evacuation has other plans for me, and I am leaving for foreign

duty very shortly. Where or exactly when I have no idea, but I love my work and shall be happy anywhere.

Please give my best regards to all. I'm sorry not to see you all before leaving.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Ruth Davis in a Naval Hospital—February 6, 1944.

I just had to write you that I caught a baby last night at 10:02! The doctor asked me when I got on duty at 9:45 if I would like to deliver the primagravida who was already ready to deliver. I was thrilled! I could hardly believe he meant it! All went well and she had a girl—weight 5 pounds 6 ounces—without laceration or complication. He told me it was a very nice delivery.

We have had about twenty deliveries since I've been working on Dependents Ward, and I'm so happy to be working with obstetrical patients and newborn babies again. To think I had to get in the Navy to do it!

I'm on night duty now—go on at 9:45 and get off at 7:45 a. m. There are only two of us on at night and we keep pretty busy.

I enjoyed the Bulletin so much—especially the letter from Betty Holmes. It surely did tickle me!

Love to all.

From Alberta Morgan in West Virginia—March 9, 1944.

It seems everywhere I go everyone wants to hear about the "nurses on horseback." I have already given one talk to the student nurses at Kanawha Valley Hospital. Tomorrow I am to address the Ansted Health Club in Fayette County, a club we organized while I was in Fayette County. On the twentieth I am to address the District Nurses' Association on the Frontier Nursing Service and on my program in West Virginia. The student nurses of all the hospitals are being invited to attend; attendance expected over two hundred.

My work up until now has been mostly desk work: planning

the program, revising forms—application blanks, etc.—writing a booklet of instruction for midwives. I have ordered my equipment. The department is purchasing a manikin as we have in the F. N. S. I am wondering if it will fit in my car. I hope so, but I shall find some way of getting it around. I wish I had measured the one at Hyden.

Our Emergency Maternal and Infant Care program is keeping our division quite busy. I have accompanied Dr. Chapman on several tours of inspection of hospitals throughout the state. Later, I understand, I shall be given this responsibility. I have already been asked by two hospitals to discuss with them their infant care and to give demonstrations. I have had quite a few conferences with the heads of the different departments doing research work among the midwifery files and birth certificates and finding out a lot of interesting things.

I have a nice apartment—three large rooms, a reception hall and a bath—modernistic, but comfortable.

Give my kindest regards to all.

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From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—April 23, 1944.

I enjoyed Fergie's visit so much last week-end, but I couldn't do much for her as I had a baby the afternoon before she came and another Sunday morning while she was here. I guess she has written you all about it.

I have one patient with measles, one with mumps, one in the hospital with toxemia, one expecting twins, and one with a blood pressure of 200/120, so you see I have plenty to keep me busy. A woman came in just before supper last night to register. She is due in June or July. I only have about fifteen due in July, so I'd be glad if you'd take your vacation then and spend it with me.

I finished a Navy sweater last week and am well on the way with another. They had both been started by others and left for me to finish. I have about four more to make, but can't seem to make any headway with them.

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From Catherine Lory in Indiana—April 4, 1944.

Last week I received the beautiful diploma from the F. N. S.

I was thrilled! I have my Kentucky State Board certificate framed and it hangs on my office wall.

Yesterday I took the midwifery examination at Indianapolis. All the graduate medical students were there, some of them already in uniform. There were just five or six women in the group—and I the only nurse-midwife!

My service still hangs fire—everything is waiting on this examination. When the results are known, then policies, etc., must be worked out with the State Medical Association. Did you become so impatient in the early days, or didn't you have so much red tape to slash? Meanwhile I feel that I am getting rusty, and I hope I can spend some of my vacation down there and at least get back the feel of midwifery.

My son, Bill, is still in Hawaii; and Martha has been capped. The whole class at her hospital is so interested in the Frontier Nursing Service that you may some day draw recruits from there.

I was so glad to have Doris Reid and Ethel Gonzalez with me for a few days—they just didn't stay long enough. I hope they will repeat, and that none of the others will pass me by.

Please give my best regards to everybody.

AS WE GO TO PRESS

Just as we go to press we have a letter from Bessie Waller (Wallie) dated April ninth with the following thrilling bit of news:

"I had a card from Peggy Tinline (*Mrs. James McQueen*) a few days ago telling she had just had Ed Bowling, Shelby's boy, for the week-end, and giving me his address."

So far as we know, this is the first meeting that has come about between one of our very own boys in the Old Country and one of our very own nurses. Since Peggy lived for years at the Flat Creek Center and knew Ed when he was a wee thing, we can imagine the joy of that week-end.

USEFUL LIGHTNING

Lightning is said to free a hundred million tons of nitrogen a year from the world's atmosphere. Rain absorbs this and plants can use it.

—*The Countryman*,
Idbury, Kingham, Oxford, England.

FROM THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

April 9, 1944

Dear Miss Summers and Browne:

I imagine you think I am very forgetful to neglect writing to you for so long. I want you to know that I am in the best of health and hope you are the same.

Many times since I have left your services to serve our country, to the best of my ability, I have thought of you folks. I still wonder about the flower garden and hope everything is going along O. K. and will remain that way until I come home again. I hear from Mattie [*his wife*] real often and miss her more and more each day. I know Dr. Kooser is in the Navy, but don't know just where. Could you tell me where he is and send his address?

We have about five nurses on this island but I don't know them. I am not acquainted with them. It is too bad it isn't some of the nurses from the service.

How is your dog? I can't remember how to spell his name. Is Lonzo still there, and if so how is he coming along with his work?

Since I have left there I sure have traveled. I have been in Ft. Thomas, Kentucky, Camps Bowie and Houge in Texas, Ft. Lewis, Washington, and then to the Aleutian Islands. I wish I could tell you all about the Aleutian Islands but it is impossible until I return home. I can tell you this though, I wouldn't trade it all for good old Kentucky.

I've found out in the past year that a fellow doesn't appreciate the good old U. S. A. until he is away from it. He really misses the little things in life, birds, trees, children, etc. It brings home the things we are really fighting to preserve, freedom and democracy and the right to live our lives like we wish.

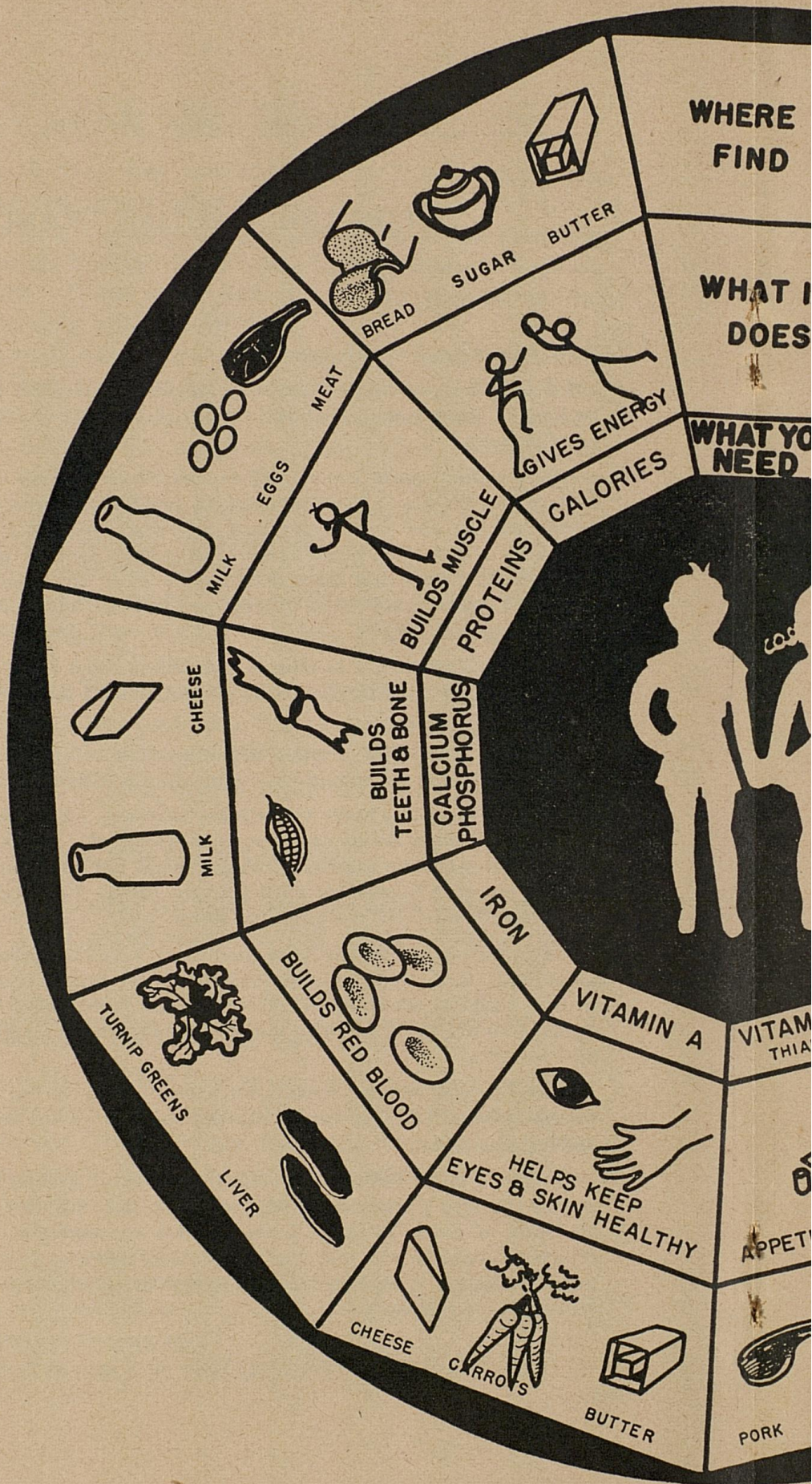
Maybe you wonder what I have been doing in the Army. I did nine weeks of basic training then I started cooking. I am now officers' orderly in the mess hall.

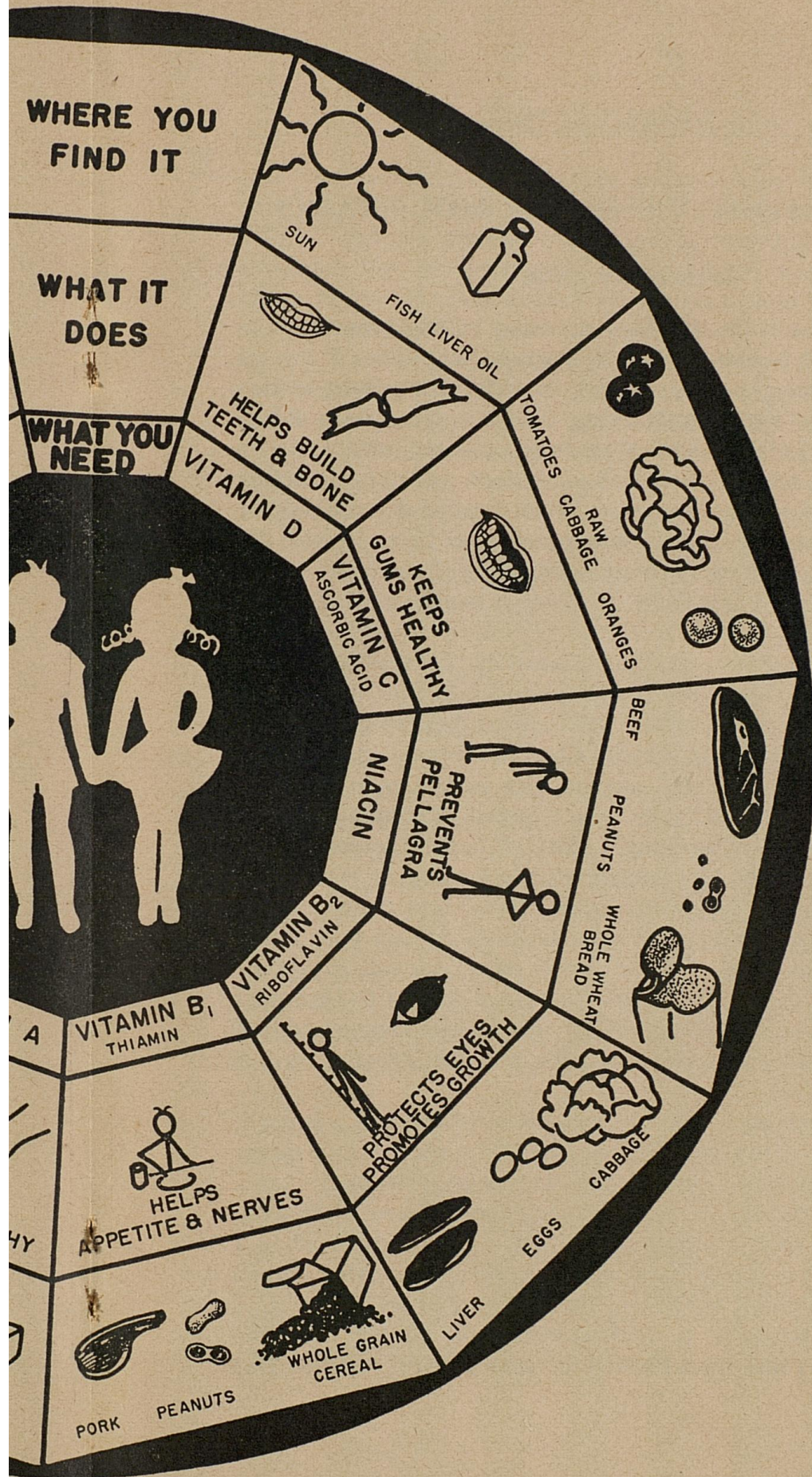
When I come back I won't hesitate to come around and see you. I received the nice Christmas cards from you, but, due to conditions here and the lack of cards or gifts I was unable to send you anything, but my thoughts were of you just the same. Well friends, I hope you enjoy this letter, although it isn't much. Tell everybody in the service "hello" for me. Sincerely your Friend,

GLENN RATLIFF

(Formerly head barn man at Hyden Hospital)

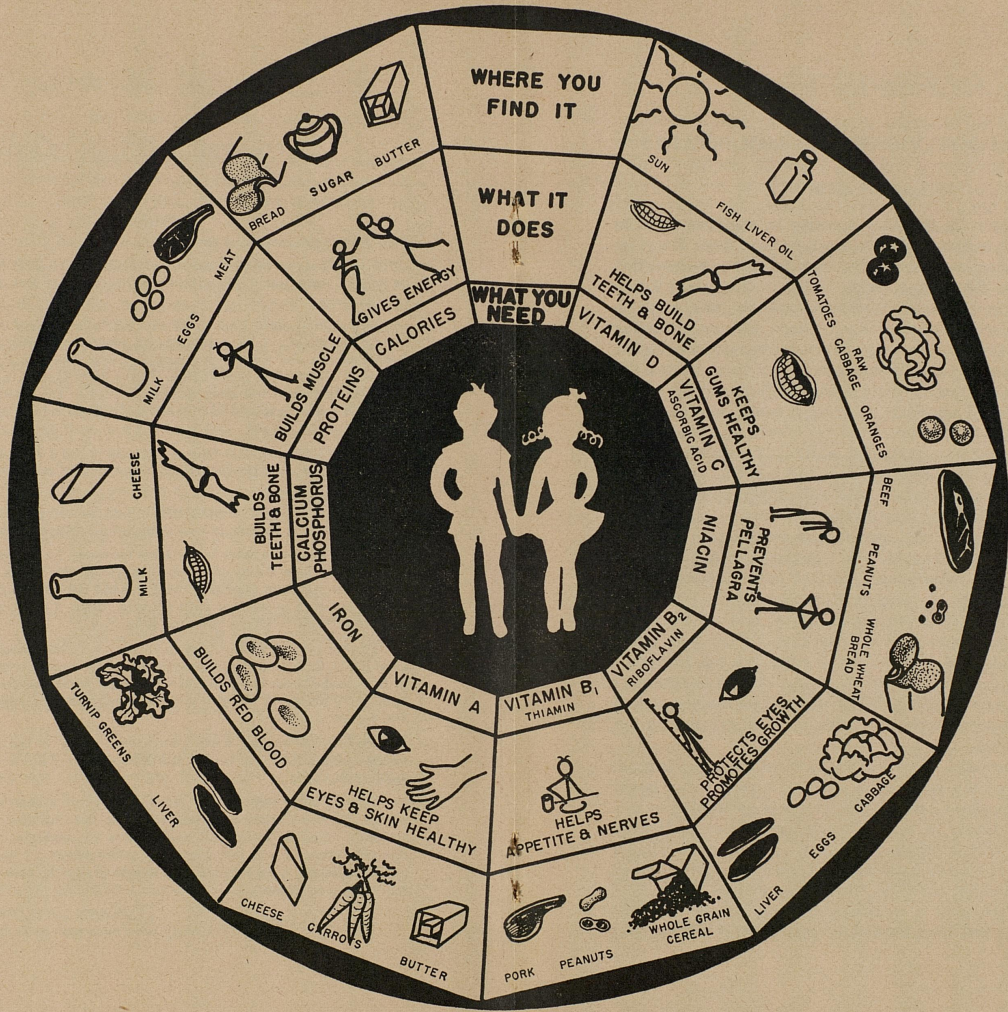
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A TENDERFOOT VISITS THE MOUNTAINS

by
MARGARET GAGE

As I sit in the train this May morning rolling from west to east, I can hardly believe that it is a whole year since I was on another train taking me from north to south for a long anticipated visit to the Frontier Nursing Service. For years I had longed to go to the Kentucky Mountains and see with my own eyes the work in which I had had such keen and long-standing interest. At last I was on my way. When I arrived in Lexington early the next morning I felt I was practically there. Little did I realize the day ahead of me—the hottest day of the year to one from northern New York State wearing a heavy wool suit and city shoes. That was a long lunchless day spent on various forms of swaying, bumping transportation, until at the Mouth of Muncie I was set down on my own two feet and told that we were to walk the last stretch. So armed with a flashlight in the gathering darkness I stumbled my way up the trail over roots and rocks and swaying bridges. "Pete" said it was only a mile but that night I swear the trail extended itself to ten. (Things like that really happen in the mountains!) But at last, I found myself struggling up the series of stepping stones leading to Wendover, urged on by encouraging words from "Pete" and drawn up by Mary Breckinridge's warm mellow voice saying "You poor lamb, you must be exhausted. We've saved some supper for you." Humming inwardly, "They Climbed the Steep Ascent to Heaven," I reached porch-level at 8:21 p. m. It was indeed Heaven to find myself at journey's end welcomed with a loving greeting, a hot supper, and then *bed*.

The next morning I rose to glorious sunshine and a breathtaking view out of my window—a mountain view I had never even suspected the night before. Yes, this was veritable Heaven. But here I must detour to make a confession. Even to Heaven I had brought a silly unreasonable dread. I knew that when I came I should have to ride horseback if I were to see all I longed to see. I was prepared to do so. But I was uneasy about it. I never had been much of a horsewoman, and on my last ride twelve years ago I had been bucked off with painful results. But

this first morning I had barely unpacked my bags before a ride was suggested to get me "in trim." I swallowed hard and said "Fine," quickly adding a plea for a very quiet mount. I was promised the quietest mare in the stable, one Gloria, twenty-three years old, placid-eyed, who in her time had often carried six youngsters at once on her broad back. This sounded encouraging. As I donned my borrowed riding breeches I cheered myself with the thought of her venerable age and that bucking would seem childish to one of her mature dignity. Mounting with some trepidation and difficulty, I soon found that Gloria lived up to her reputation. She showed no desire to hurry or to hump her back. I decided that Gloria was just the mount for me, and at the end of the ride I collected my aching bones from her hospitable back and staggered happily into a hot tub. My first ride had been successful and my foolish fear allayed. All gratitude to Gloria!

Next day a ride was not suggested which, considering the creaky state of my anatomy, was a relief. Instead, it was suggested that I accompany "Buck" and "Pete" on a day's trip to Flat Creek and Red Bird River Centers. That sounded delightful and also restful for I heard we were to motor. Little did I know what motoring in the Ford with Kermit at the wheel could mean. I soon learned. When we headed off the highway into the back country the Ford was no longer a machine but a living being more high-strung and unpredictable than any horse, and Kermit was a positive genius at the controls. Never have I experienced such driving! Several times as we bounded up impossible hills, bounced across ruts as deep as canyons, swooshed through swift flowing rivers or rounded rocky mountain curves much too narrow (I was sure) for our wheels, I looked around aghast at my companions. They were calmly enjoying the scenery. So I decided it was only "the furriner" from the uneventful north who found anything extraordinary in this kind of motoring. I gradually relaxed and began to enjoy the day with ever increasing enthusiasm. To visit two of the Centers I had read about, to meet the nurses and to talk with them first-hand about their work was thrilling. What a Service, in which nurses raise their own vegetables and chickens and care for their horses and dogs (and sometimes geese, pigeons, or a squirrel) as side-lines to

their main job of riding miles a day over steep mountain trails in all weathers to deliver babies out of one pair of saddlebags! And where a Ford can imitate a mountain goat! On our return to Wendover for supper I was full of admiration and fresh sore spots. The Ford had sought out all those areas Gloria had neglected to find the day before. But I felt truly initiated into the F. N. S. I felt proudly part of its life.

After that, during three happy weeks the adventures came thick and fast. I entered more and more fully into the spirit of the Service and what it means to the lives of the folk in the mountains. I graduated from Gloria's generous back to the slimmer back of Patsy, a young thing of eighteen summers, who carried me up and down the steepest trails without either of us batting an eyelash. I inspected the splendidly equipped Hospital at Hyden from top to toe. I accompanied a stretcher case from the Flatwoods and rode in the station-wagon with her "the long way round" from Brutus to that same Hyden Hospital. I rode on their rounds with Wendover and Possum Bend nurses, and was welcomed royally into the small mountain cabins of their patients, just because I had been brought by one of those dearly loved nurses who are so much more than just nurses to these people. And what interesting people they are—reserved yet hospitable, with great inner strength and simplicity, able to wear their hardships with an unconscious easy gallantry. I enjoyed talking to the family and friends while the nurse arranged her kit with skillful despatch on an old trunk or bench and then attended her patient. Twice I was allowed to hold a three-day-old baby proudly on my knee until the nurse was ready to bathe him. It was amazing to watch with what quiet conversational ease a nurse could wash that wriggling eight pounds on her lap while a toddler tugged at one riding boot and a hound snuffed at her saddle-bags and a sister-in-law asked questions about her little girl at home with "the sniffles!" No matter how much irrelevant activity was going on in the cabin, each visit proceeded with perfect calm and order in an atmosphere of cheery confidence. No wonder when a mountain girl marries outside the districts she wants to come back to her mother's cabin to have her baby. A great many do. That in itself is a tribute to the nurses that needs no further comment.

There is much, much more one who has been to Kentucky could say in praise of the work of the Service in all its branches—and everyone who is interested in it should go and see it in action; for no amount of reading about it can give its real inner quality, its living, breathing spirit of loving kindness. I know I came reluctantly back to so-called “civilization” with two firm convictions about the Frontier Nursing Service. First, it is one of those deeply rooted, slow growing manifestations of good will which carry and protect and pass on the seeds of life. Quietly and constantly it brings forth the fruits of the spirit even in a war-torn era like our own. Secondly, it has achieved in its organization and direction “the threefold peace,” that rare and wonderful peace which we are told consists of peace with ourselves, peace with our neighbors, and peace with God. Surely I have never lived with a more harmoniously working staff than the one at Wendover. It was the same at the Hospital and at every Center I visited. And the relationship between the workers and the mountain folk demonstrates active neighborly peace at its most fruitful. And all the Service continually does for “the least of these” in the Kentucky hills is assuredly doing God’s will and sharing in His creative peace.

THE MAN AND THE GENTLEMAN

(From the Persian)

The man makes mock of those who rouse his spleen;
The gentleman is gracious and serene.

The man to rage by others’ faults is stirred;
The gentleman observes, but says no word.

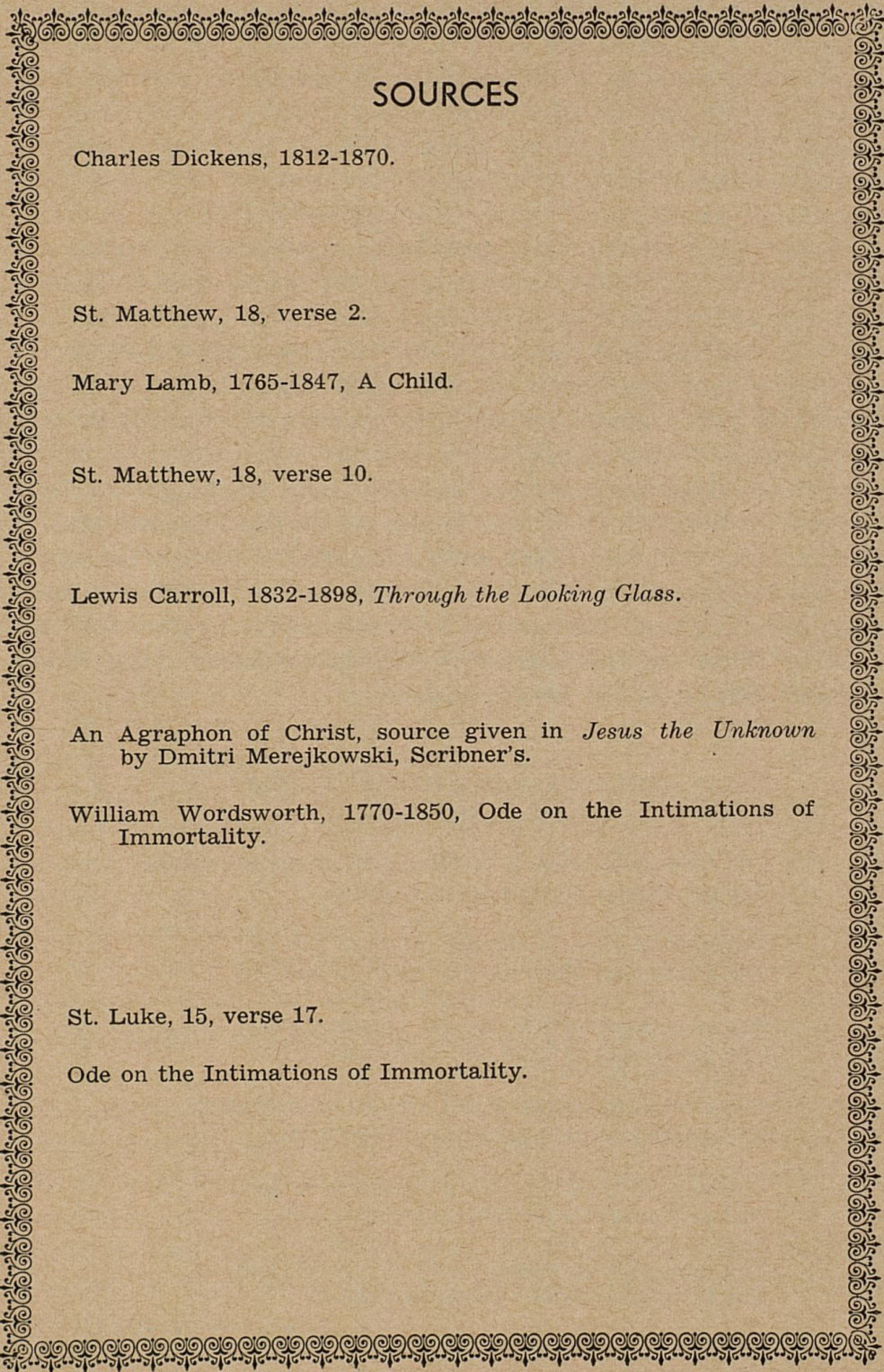
The man another’s weakness would display;
The gentleman is kind and looks away.

The man in thoughts of self is much immersed;
The gentleman will think of others first.

The man in brawls and arguments finds zest;
The gentleman is peaceful, self-possessed.

The man, vain-glorious, courts the public eye—
The gentleman would pass unnoticed by.

—David Gow, *Light*, London.



SOURCES

Charles Dickens, 1812-1870.

St. Matthew, 18, verse 2.

Mary Lamb, 1765-1847, *A Child*.

St. Matthew, 18, verse 10.

Lewis Carroll, 1832-1898, *Through the Looking Glass*.

An Agraphon of Christ, source given in *Jesus the Unknown*
by Dmitri Merejkowski, Scribner's.

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850, *Ode on the Intimations of
Immortality*.

St. Luke, 15, verse 17.

Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

A SEQUENCE ON CHILDREN

They are idols of hearts and of households:
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.

... and Jesus called a little child unto Him

Thou straggler into loving arms
Young climber up of knees.

*... and Jesus said
Their angels do always behold the face
of my Father in heaven.*

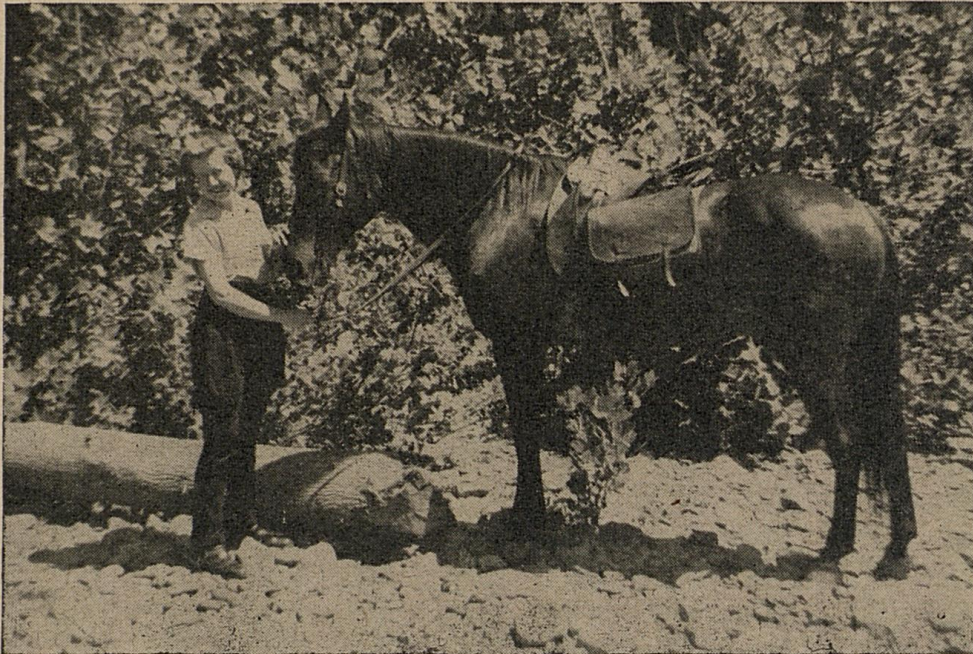
In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die.

*I was among you with the children and ye knew me
not.*

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, ...
Thou little Child,

... of such is the kingdom of God

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.



THE AUTHOR BEFORE SHE HAD APPENDICITIS
STARTING FOR A RIDE ON "PUCK"

I WAS A PATIENT

by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

Last summer when I joined the secretarial staff of F. N. S., a healthy, robust person, I never dreamed that before a year I would have had the opportunity of observing first-hand the operations of the F. N. S. emergency Hospital in Hyden.

It was just before Christmas when I awoke one cold, snowy morning, with chills and aches and decided to stay in bed until noontime. One of the girls next door to me on the Upper Shelf, kindly came in, fixed my fire and supplied me with a hot water bottle. Shortly after breakfast time, there was a knock at my door and in stepped Blair, the Wendover district nurse. (I wouldn't want to play hooky on the pretense of being sick, with these eagle-eyed nurses hovering around!) However, Blair quickly decided I wasn't pretending, and that the ache in my stomach probably wasn't from a cold.

"Take that hot water bottle off your tummy," said she, "and stay in bed. I'll see you when I come in from district calls this afternoon."

"Hm-m-m," thought I, "she thinks I have appendicitis—why that's impossible!" But evening came and the pain was no better. When Blair came back, Dr. Fraser was with her, and a few "professional punches" here and there soon convinced me that Blair had not taken unnecessary precaution. I had chronic appendicitis.

Dr. Fraser, and the nurse-doctors as I call them, advised me to get rid of the thing. The choice was mine, whether I should return to my home or be admitted to the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden. I chose the latter, and shortly after Christmas was admitted to the F. N. S. Hospital.

How glad I am that I made this decision. Thanks to the expert, kindly, personal attention of all the nurses, Dr. Collins the surgeon from Hazard, and our medical director, Dr. Fraser, I made a complete and rapid recovery. And, after this experience, I have a much fuller appreciation of the Frontier Nursing Service and the work that is being done for the mountain people.

Because of the limited space and the shortage of nurses here as elsewhere, I was assigned to a bed in the midwifery ward. There I had an opportunity to observe the efficient, kindly care given the mothers and babies, and the mothers-to-be. Living, as it were, in the ward with these mountain women gave me a better chance than I ever could have had otherwise to become acquainted. They did not resent my being there—I was, as they term it, an "outsider." When they found I wanted to be friendly, they included me in their conversations. I heard all about the husbands and brothers in the Army, and the wee ones at home. Most interesting of all were their stories of the comfort and healing which the nurses had brought, sometime or other, to each of them.

The one thing that impressed me most of all was the personal interest the nurses and nurse-midwives have in their patients; one incident in particular.

The hospital cook had gone and Brownie, a pretty English nurse who is Hospital Midwife, was pinch-hitting with the little

maids in the kitchen. One very young mother who had been in the midwifery ward for some weeks under the doctor's care, was in difficult labor.

"It was almost lunch time when they told me," said Brownie, "but I dropped everything in the kitchen and went to hold Rhoda's hand."

Later when I visited with Rhoda, she said, "You know, Miss Browne came in and held my hand and that sure helped more than anything!"

What a glorious career these nurse-midwives have. While so many people the world over must be occupied in destroying lives, these women go happily about the business of helping to bring lives into the world.

Yes, I am very glad I had the opportunity of being a patient in the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital.

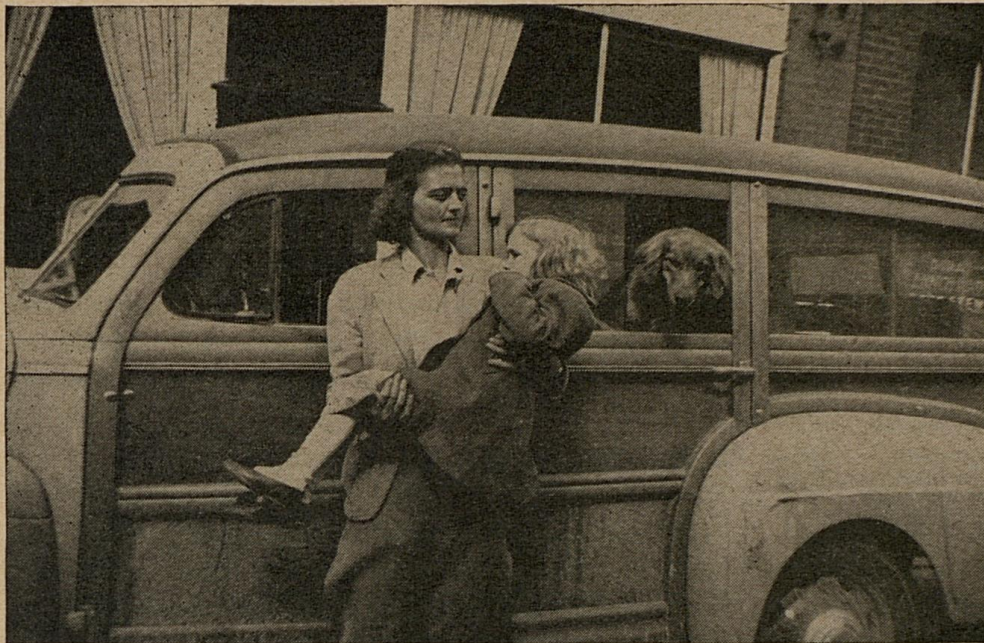
TRANS-ATLANTIC FORUM

QUESTION: HOW MANY PAIRS OF SHOES CAN YOU GET PER YEAR IN BRITAIN?

Answer: Shoes come under the ordinary clothes ration, which gives each person 48 points per year to spend on clothes, shoes, towel and curtain materials. Few people can buy more than one pair per year. A typical example of the use of a year's coupons by a young woman:

1 tailored suit.....	18
1 blouse	5
1 pair shoes.....	7
3 pairs full-fashioned chiffon lisle stockings....	9
1 silk dress	7
1 pair gloves	2
	—
	48

—*The Outpost*, published by Americans in Britain (Founded June 18, 1940), Aldwych House, London, W.C.2



ELIZABETH AT THE CORBIN STATION
WITH JEAN HOLLINS, "LIZZIE" THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER,
AND THE STATION-WAGON OF THE F. N. S.

SAYINGS OF ELIZABETH

Elizabeth is the burned child who had her fifth birthday during the many months she spent in our Hospital at Hyden. The nurses call her "Queen Victoria"—not only because she looks like the late Queen, but because she has such a firm way of settling situations for herself and for others. However, although determined, she is also kind and friendly. When Edith, another little burned case, lay in the bed next to Elizabeth crying, the nurses asked her to help them make Edith feel at home. Elizabeth immediately began singing and talking to her until she had succeeded in her task.

1. To another child in the ward: "Youngun', if I was askin' for that water, I'd say please!"
2. To a boy in a bed near her who was crying with a headache: "Well, son, don't cry—that won't help hit."
3. To a nurse: "You all are like angels."
"Why?"
"Because you wear white!"

4. To the night nurse: "If I set my mind to hit, I can sleep the night."
5. To Esther Thompson, the Charge Nurse, washing her face and hands in the bathroom, after Tommy had pulled the plug and the water had run out: "Hit knowed I was finished!"

. . . .

The time came for Elizabeth to be sent to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati for skin grafting. She was driven by Jean Hollins in our station-wagon about seventy miles to catch a through train at Corbin. Shortly after she started, she looked up at her escort, Lucille Knechtly, and said delightedly, "The trees are goin' too." A few moments later she added, "I didn't know the trees could go too." When Lucille explained to her that she was moving, and not the trees, she said a few moments later, "The mountains hain't goin' neither." Suddenly she began singing:

"Goodby, goodby, goodby,
Goodby, goodby, goodby."

"To whom are you singing?"

"To the trees," was her reply.

A little later, she began another chant:

"I'm goin' to see Patsy,
I'm goin' to see Patsy."

Now Patsy is another little burned girl that Elizabeth knows and who had been sent ahead of her to the Children's Hospital.

After riding along in silence for awhile, Elizabeth began to sing again, and this is what she sang:

"Oh Lordy see me through,
I'll do what you want to do.
Oh Lordy see me through,
I'll do what you want to do."

On the train from Corbin to Cincinnati, the conductor asked her where she was going. "I'm goin' to see that little girl."

"Will the little girl know you?"

"I'll tell her my name's Elizabeth—then she'll know!"

Not once during the nine hours by car and train did she complain. When she left our Hospital at Hyden, she said, "Hit will be a long trip," and when she reached Cincinnati, and the Traveler's Aid met her with a wheel chair, she said with a beaming smile, "Hit warn't such a long trip. I loved this train ride."

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship, Sewickley,
Pennsylvania—February 6, 1944.**

The urge to come down and see you all has been awfully great lately, also the desire to leave my office chair is quite overwhelming—how I have endured sitting in it eight hours a day for over a year now, I honestly don't know. It is interesting to watch the ships being built, and satisfying to think that my "nuts and bolts" are holding them together.

**From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Paris, Tennessee—February 9, 1944.**

The town is packed with T. V. A. people and the Army. Bill was lucky to find us a moderately comfortable house after three months' search. Of course we have no idea how long we'll be here—perhaps for the duration. We are enjoying our life and feel so fortunate still to have our family all together.

I enclose a snapshot of our three stair steps (David, four; Billy, three; Stephen, two)—they are well and happy and full of beans—keep us from getting old and stiff?! We just added a six-week-old puppy to the family and I don't know whether the occasion is more momentous for us or for the puppy!

I wrote to Alison Bray recently, giving her my sister's address in London. I gathered from the Bulletin that Alison is stationed in London and I know John would enjoy seeing someone who knew America. My sister went to England with her English husband in July and is expecting her first baby in March. As a pregnant woman she luxuriates in lend-lease orange juice, and milk, and extra eggs, etc.

—March 11, 1944.

I am teaching the Red Cross Home Nursing Course to seniors in High School. Bill is supervising the U. S. O. at McKenzie now too, so I'm afraid I'll never get him to dig me a garden—the boys are begging for seeds.

I notice in the Bulletin that another courier is going to Yale

School of Nursing. I hope she likes it as much as I did. As always, I devour the Bulletin from cover to cover—last time it arrived on washday, so I just propped the Bulletin on the wringer and washed away, much to my boys' annoyance.

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**From Mary Elizabeth Rogan, American Red Cross,
A.P.O. 689, c/o Post Master, New York, N. Y.**

(To her Father and Mother)

FIRST LETTER—February 10, 1944, Burma.

We are at last at our final destination after the most thrilling trip I've ever had the privilege of making. It breaks my heart completely that I'm unable to describe both the trip and where I am, but there doesn't seem to be one thing about this place that isn't a deep dark secret so I shall have to control myself for awhile.

We haven't gotten really started yet as none of our supplies have arrived so we're spending our time getting oriented, making fudge for our C. O. who is a peach, and taking conducted tours around the area in which we'll be making our home until the next move—which may be two weeks from now or a year from now. In the meantime, the four of us are blissfully happy—we consider ourselves the luckiest women in the world and are altogether pretty pleased with us and our surroundings. We're still living in *bahas*, the only difference being that this one is bigger, has a woven bamboo floor instead of a cement one and a tarpaulin roof instead of a thatched one. None of our furniture has arrived as yet so we're making do with boxes for dressers and clothes lines for closets, but we don't care particularly since we know it will come soon, and since this is going to be more or less permanent.

We have been—and are to a greater extent—operating in the jungles, so we've had a chance to see and hear a bit of wild life. The jackals and the monkeys are the noisiest of our jungle friends so far. The elephants of course, I love, and though we've seen neither leopards nor tigers we've heard them and seen their tracks. Personally I think the rats, leeches and mosquitoes are going to be much more harrowing than anything really wild.

We're a perfectly beautiful looking quartette at this point, having had to start on our regime of wearing G. I. trousers,

shirts and shoes. The shoes are so heavy I sometimes think I'm carrying ten-pound weights on my feet, but they're the only thing for this country and not uncomfortable at all, once you get used to them.

We had a movie here last night, before which the C. O. introduced us to the howling, whistling mob. It would be a masterpiece of understatement to say that we were well received. The "theatre" is perfect—open-air of course—made of woven bamboos (as is everything in the place) with a stage, two dressing rooms in the wings and a place for make-up tables, lights and most anything you can think of for impromptu and traveling shows. It isn't finished yet, but has been used a lot nevertheless. The seats are arranged up the side of a hill in a semi-circle like a Roman Amphitheatre—most effective.

Tonight a Chaplain arrived out of the blue, so we're going to services (Protestant) held in the theatre. It doesn't make any difference whether it's Sunday or not—in fact it's not—services are held when the Chaplain can get here, which is quite irregularly.

SECOND LETTER—February 20, 1944.

At long last our supplies arrived, day before yesterday, so we've been extremely busy uncrating, placing furniture, and matting rugs; and last night the four of us sat around Judy's and my fire and made curtains all evening. I wish I could draw you a complete picture of our life and the way we look, but a sketch will have to suffice. We still have as our only furniture, two cots plus a wood box which we've converted into a dressing table (much to our C. O.'s amusement). Upon entering the room it would be extremely difficult to determine whether males or females were residing therein. We have nothing but shirt waists and trousers hanging up, plus regular army issue such as musette bags, pistol belts, helmets, gas masks and canteens. Consequently with our bedding rolls and foot lockers, the general color scheme is predominantly khaki—as are we. We've taken to wearing fatigues which, in case you don't know, are without exception the most unbecoming, unfeminine, unattractive little garments ever invented by a hard-pressed army. We're using our G. I. trousers and shirts to dress up in, believe it or not.

When we get things organized and in place the "Club" will be open all day with canteen service from 6:00 to 9:00 at night only, to begin with. Naturally this may change if the demand is more for daytime or middle of the night service. We're also working on programs to be given by the men themselves on the nights there are no movies. They've had three movies since we've been here—some of them quite new—others old. So far I've seen "The Life of Pasteur," "Behind the Rising Sun," and "Princess O'Rourke"—the latter I believe is very new.

Melvyn Douglas is in this theatre, traveling around with a combination band and show, trying his best to reach the men in the outposts and I think doing a very good job. I've seen parts of his show and met him a couple of times and think he's an extremely fine person. So far he's the only one out of Hollywood (with the exception of Joe E. Brown) who's been able to take the tough part of this theatre, and he's gone even farther than Brown. My hat's off to both of them.

THIRD LETTER—March 7, 1944.

The most exciting thing I have to offer is that I can now tell you where I am instead of holding my thumbs and counting on thought transference. Believe it or not I am in BURMA. I don't know whether you'd figured it out or not—in some way I hope not, since you might have worried and there's nothing to worry about—but the four of us are the *first white women* (including nurses and everyone else) to *ever* have come this far, and we're quite pleased with ourselves. I believe I told you how beautiful it was, but I didn't mention the gorgeous snow-capped mountains we can see in the distance, because we were told only a night or so ago that we could talk about them. We've had nothing but talks on censorship since we've been here and this was just another one giving us a little new information on what and what not to say. At least it's a relief to have you know where I am exactly (more or less) and to be able to brag a bit about our pioneering.

You might be interested to know what we get once a month for rations—it varies somewhat but the general idea is as follows: nine cans of beer, three cartons of cigarettes, two packs of life savers, razor blades, six boxes of *American* matches (the

Indian ones just don't strike), a bar of soap, two peanut candy bars, three or four packages of gum, shaving cream, pipes, pipe tobacco, and, believe it or not, three bottles of Drene for eight or nine of us to draw for. Naturally some of these things we don't want to buy and some we have to draw for.

(To Wendover)

FOURTH LETTER—April 1, 1944.

As far as I'm concerned things couldn't be more wonderful. In fact, I'm so enthusiastic about everything and everybody, I find myself running out of adjectives constantly. The surrounding countryside is undescribably beautiful—the jungles are quite appalling and our snow-capped mountains (which can be seen on a clear day) are magnificent. The weather, until recently, has been perfect—now, however, it's beginning to rain a bit more than is pleasant and with the sun not out, remains quite chilly but since we are quite adequately supplied with clothing for any extreme in temperature we don't mind it very much. So far we have been living in G. I. skirts, trousers and shoes which are not only the most comfortable, but the most practical things one could possibly ask for. Of course, they are also the least glamorous but then we don't seem to have much time for that in the first place, and in the second place we'd look extremely silly in feminine attire in terrain such as this.

The natives here are a continual source of amusement to us—and we to them. They are a cheerful, happy, lazy, childlike bunch to whom everything is a game and who think all white men crazy. They'd never seen a white woman either until we arrived and so of course we are even funnier than the men. Though it's been a matter of months since we first arrived, they still howl every time we go by and chatter amongst themselves like a colony of monkeys—makes one feel a bit self-conscious.

From Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dotty Newman),
Washington, D. C.—February 11, 1944.

I am living in Washington now, as my husband, who is in the Legal Procurement Section of the Navy and who is a Lieutenant (j. g.) has been stationed here since last May.

**From Mrs. Graham Taylor Webster (Mardie Bole)
Cleveland Heights, Ohio—February 19, 1944.**

I do volunteer work five days a week in a hospital for crippled children, and just love it. I will be there through the month of February, then next month I go back to my farm job, and I certainly am anxious to get started again. We hope to raise more food than ever this year with less help!

**From Mrs. Edgar B. Butler (Sally Taylor),
West Hartford, Conn.—February 22, 1944.**

We're in the midst of ordering our baby chicks and building a brooder. Also, we're about to plan our garden and order our seeds. In spite of 5° weather spring must be a-comin'. Fortunately we're still going strong in all our canned and frozen vegetables and fruits so I don't mind if it takes its time. We have a large pond right below the house and certainly have enjoyed the skating this winter. Judy, who is three, nearly four, is really pretty good—on single runners too.

**From Mrs. Leonard Bughman (Kitty Lou Taylor),
Ligonier, Pennsylvania—February 28, 1944.**

A letter came from Lennie (*her husband who is a German prisoner*) this morning, my seventh, which made the day perfect. He is well, and cheerful, and received a letter from me at Christmas, his first, with pictures of Pam.

I had a wonderful surprise Friday night—Dr. Kooser was in Ligonier, seeing his brother, and called me. We chatted long about the hills and everyone and both felt homesick. He is home on leave and then returns to Corpus Christi.

**From T/S Nancy Damman, Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia—
March 6, 1944.**

I'm now chief interviewer. I re-interview the girl after her initial interview to check the card for accuracy, and then on the basis of test scores, hobbies and job histories, recommend what job she will do in the army. It's fun.

I have just gotten back from a seven weeks' course in classification up in Washington, Pa. It was loads of fun to live in a

semi-civilized atmosphere again. There were twenty-seven of us. We all lived together in a small house, six in a room, in double bunks. It was plenty crowded but we had two genuine bathtubs (the first I have seen in my army career) and a kitchenette. Result, none of us went to the mess hall for breakfasts or week-end meals. The course was very interesting, mostly military, and we certainly did learn a lot about classification and the Army. There were 150 men in our class, so you can imagine that we had a good time. They took us out a lot and fed and wined us but they always spent the whole time talking about their families and showing us pictures. I really am becoming quite a connoisseur of family pictures.

At the moment I am trying my best to get transferred from Oglethorpe into an overseas company. Maybe in time I will get there. I certainly have pestered enough people about it. The pathetic part of it is that I have lost three bunk mates in the last few months to overseas companies but here I sit.

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From Phyllis Mather, Boston, Massachusetts—

March 12, 1944.

You know I would love to come to Wendover again this summer, but it seems now that it will be impossible to come at all. Since all of my family are busy with permanent jobs but me, Mother feels that I should spend the summer working in our garden and canning our fruit and vegetables. Otherwise they will all go to waste. I do hope you will be able to find someone to take my place.

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From Mrs. L. R. Page (Sheila Clark), Narragansett, R. I.—

March 23, 1944.

Once again I've been lucky and I'm with Roddy. We've got a darling house here on Narragansett while his ship is stationed at Quonset. He is skipper and has 100 men under him which is a pretty big job. Of course he is not home all the time but it is so perfect having him and Pam together, really for the first time. They are crazy mad about each other. She really is divine if I do say so. I'll send you a snap-shot soon, so you can see for yourself! She had her first birthday on St. Patrick's Day and

had a fine time until she threw her cake on the floor, much to my disgust and the dog's delight!

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**From Mrs. John Frederick Kraft (Mary Gordon),
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—April 1, 1944.**

Am back in the kitchen again so am fairly busy. Jack is still waiting for the invasion [overseas] and now weighs 146. Not too good for a six-footer, formerly 176. But I certainly can't complain. Every time I think of Weezy Pugh and Bobby and Kitty Lou I thank God for being so kind to me.

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**From Nancy Hillis, Ralston Creek Ranch, Golden, Colorado
—April 5, 1944.**

I am working in the Palo Alto Clinic on a temporary basis to kill the time before I return to the Ralston Creek Ranch in May. I am going to work there 'til fall anyway. I have a swell job riding young horses and so on! They are very short-handed and I love the work and think it will do me a world of good.

My job here at the Clinic is appointment secretary, etc., to two doctors—can't seem to get away from the babies. One doctor is a pediatrician and the other is a general medical doctor. I like it lots but took it with the understanding it was temporary, as the ranch job came first.

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**From Mrs. A. B. MacCaughey, Mother of Mary MacCaughey
Schreiner, Winter Park, Florida—April 8, 1944.**

Mary is still at the Air Base here, as manager of the civilian mess. They feed 350 to 450 daily for coffee in the morning and a cafeteria dinner at noon. She is through by 2:30 or 3:00 p. m., so not long hours. She is so interested. She has just bought a small bungalow here and so is settled for awhile at least. She has served over 1,000 hours as Nurses' Aide also, so I am pretty proud of her.

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**From Mrs. John Winslow Putnam (Susan Morse),
Weston, Massachusetts—April 8, 1944.**
My husband at last got transferred out of the training com-

mand into military intelligence, and was sent to the Air Corps Intelligence School in Harrisburg, Pa., about the middle of December. We followed him there the week before Christmas, after the children had finished up with a bout of chicken pox. It was wonderful fun for us to get into a real northern winter (not that it was much but it seemed so after a year and a half in the Deep South) and we felt full of health and vigor. Johnny was a student at the School for two months and at the end, instead of being shipped off as we expected, was left on the teaching staff. We were all set for six to eight months in Harrisburg when overseas orders came through, two months after he was put on the staff! We had a few days of grace and were able to drive up here bag and baggage to my family's before he reported at his overseas Replacement Centre. Now we're here 'til the fall, when I hope to get a small house in Concord again and settle down for the duration!

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From Edith Hall, New York City—April 17, 1944.

For the last month and a half I've been working at the Eye and Ear Infirmary taking photos of eyes plus printing and developing too. The work is most interesting and a grand place for learning. My boss is trying to train me in to take movies of operations and how to work the fundus camera which takes pictures of the back of the eye. Right now he is away for a week, leaving me holding the bag but don't think my fingers aren't crossed in hopes that nothing too bad will come up.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Frances (Franny) Baker, Boston, has just completed her Nurses' Aide course. When not on duty at the hospital, she is helping her mother "do over" an old house which they have acquired. We hope to have her back for another courier term this fall.

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Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), Providence, R. I., wrote us in March that her husband had been deferred until July. After that, they don't know what will happen.

Jean Sawyer, Glendale, Ohio, is our fourth courier to start the full nurses' training course. She is now in the School of Nursing, Adelphi College, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y., and is working for her R. N. and for a B. S. degree. We hope to have first claim on her when she is graduated.

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Sgt. Elizabeth Campbell, Sewickley, Pennsylvania, is still training the different Companies as they come to a WAC Camp in the South and she loves it. She says that she now feels much at home with typewriter and office work.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Martha Cross of New York City to Mr. Barney Bradberry of Benson, Arizona. Martha was a junior courier here last spring and then spent the summer and the past winter on the Bones Brothers' Ranch, Birney, Montana, where she met Mr. Bradberry.

Miss Lucy Esther Pitts of Providence, R. I., to Captain William Grosvenor, Jr., of Newport, R. I., who is now in the Army Air Forces and was decorated in the Indian theater. Lucy, one of the dearest and ablest of our couriers, is the daughter of Dr. Herman C. Pitts, of our National Medical Council, and Mrs. Pitts. They are among our warmest friends.

We wish both these young couples the best of luck.

WEDDINGS

On March the twenty-ninth, Miss Dorothy Danner of Mobile, Alabama, to Mr. Mentor Nicolo Da Ponte, Gulfport, Mississippi. We congratulate Mr. Da Ponte on having claimed one of our most charming and gracious couriers—and the only one we have had from the Deep South. We wish them a long and happy life together.

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On April twenty-second, Miss Elizabeth Dorsey (Betsy) Pagon, to Dr. Mercer Carter Blanchard, of Columbus, Georgia, in Baltimore, Md. This wedding is of the deepest interest to us, not only because of the special place Betsy holds in our affec-

tions, but because her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon, are active members of our Baltimore Committee, and Mrs. Pagon is on our National Board of Trustees. Dr. Blanchard is Assistant Resident in Pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins Hospital where Betsy has been a laboratory technician for the past two years. Betsy writes that they have been fortunate in getting a very nice apartment just two blocks from the Hospital. We send them a thousand good wishes for their happiness.

BABIES

Born to Ensign and Mrs. Samuel Willock Off (Molly Hays) in Pittsburgh, a daughter, Susan Hays Off, on April fourteenth, 1944, weight 7 pounds, 7 ounces. Ensign Off has been in the Mediterranean theater for about six weeks, but he received the good news by cable. We hear little Susan looks like her father; but we are sure that she will be an expert horsewoman like her mother and her Aunt Susan (for whom she is named), who is with us now as a junior courier.

THE MOTHER-HEART

by

ROBERT EMMET WARD

Published in Collier's Magazine, December 16, 1916

I never touch the wonder of her hair;
Her golden nimbus like a sunlit mist
That curls of other children are not there.
Wee hands, unkempt, unkissed.

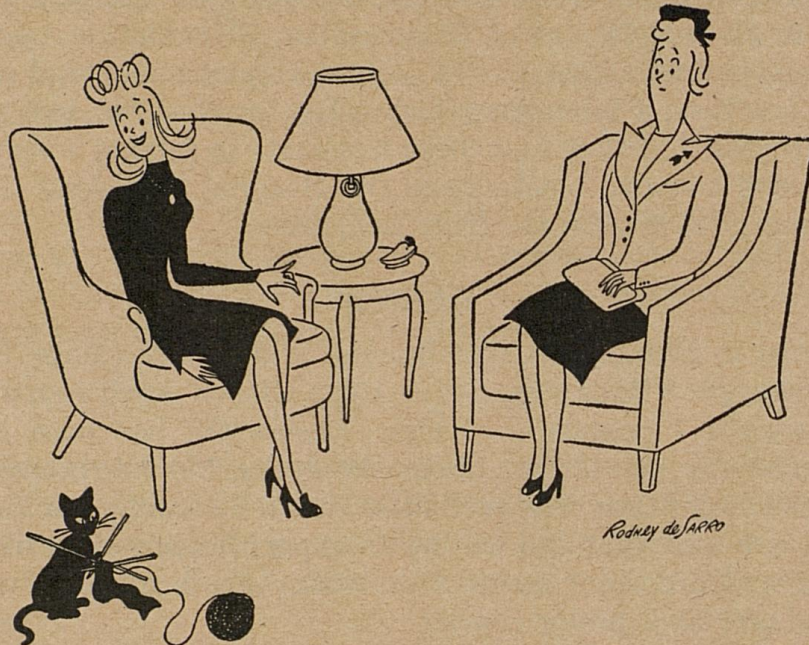
I never feel her small, confiding hand
Slipped softly, like a flower, within my own,
But other little ones beside her stand,
Unloved, untaught, unknown.

I never bend above her rosy sleep,
Or kneel in gratitude beside her bed,
But other babes in outer darkness weep,
Unwatched, uncomforted.

O little daughters whom no mother tends!
O wee lost lambs that stray in stony ways!
How shall we find you?—and how make amends
For our child's happy days?

—Courtesy of Collier's Magazine.

Catteries



"At first she was just playing with it,
and then she seemed to get interested."

Courtesy of Ladies' Home Journal

"WHISKERS"

. . . . Having decided to bear her first litter of kittens upon her mistress's bed, a cat, "Whiskers," owned by Mrs. H. N. Morse of New York City, proceeded diligently with the business at hand. However, after two kittens had been born, she seemed to lose all strength and lay panting upon the bed, apparently dying. Meanwhile, Whiskers' mother, "Old Sadie," was seen pacing back and forth outside the closed bedroom door.

When things appeared desperate, Mrs. Morse decided to admit the older cat. Old Sadie at once leaped upon the bed and began an efficient job of midwifery. First she cut the umbilical cords of the two kittens which had been born. Next, she bathed each kitten and carried it to the box which had been prepared for the expected family.

Finally, she bathed Whiskers, and enticed her to the box where the kittens lay. Purring and nuzzling close to the mother and kittens, she induced them to sleep. When all was quiet, she washed her own face, yawned, and sat blinking stoically.

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Catteries



The Explorer.

N. C. B. H. Allen.

MISS PITTYPAT AND BA-BA

Miss Pittypat (named for the lady in *Gone with the Wind*) is the Wendover cat and this picture of The Explorer is her spit and image. She has one kitten every two years. "Sesquicentennial" was born in May 1942, and "Ba-Ba" was born in April 1944.

We named this biennial kitten "Ba-Ba" for "the silly little Ba who ran away from his own Ma-ma," and for Baa Baa Black Sheep, for Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, for Saint Ba-ba-ra, and for Baba au Rhum.

KITTY AND MOUSIE

1. Once there was a little Kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn he used to frolic,
Long time ago.
2. In the barn, a little Mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the little Kitty,
Long time ago.
3. Two black eyes had little Kitty,
Black as a crow;
And they spied the little Mousie
Long time ago.
4. Four soft paws had little Kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little Mousie,
Long time ago.
5. Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little Mousie,
Long time ago.
6. When the teeth bit little Mousie,
Mousie cried out "Oh!"
But she got away from Kitty,
Long time ago.

—McGuffey's Second Reader

THE ANNUAL DOLLARS

by

FLORENCE SAMSON, R. N.

No one can look at a handful of battered bills which have been collected one by one as payments for the "annual dollar" without remembering some interesting bit which accompanied the transfer of each to the nurse.

Most districts have some families which pay the annual fee by check and scarcely miss the money, as well as some which pay in small coins and do so because they never spend a penny foolishly.

Maggie was one of the latter. She had a much used dollar bill in her hand when I called late in December to see the baby. She held it and folded it while we discussed soaps to be used in baby bathing and diaper washing. Finally the talk became serious. John was away working on "dee-fense" and had sent her an extra dollar to spend just as she pleased. She had it for over a week trying to decide where she could get the most for her money. She had thought of paying her annual dollar, but the nurse and Santa Claus came whether she did or no. She had seen some toys and "play-pretties" in town she would like for the children. The nurse had been "awful good help" when little Johnny was sick and a dollar would not begin to pay for that. Moreover, a dollar was all she owed for that as well as for other nursing visits. I let her talk herself out and finally she decided to give me the money. She seemed relieved to have at long last given the dollar that was all her own.

Annie came in to clinic to pay her annual fee. She had been married only a short time. She had been a member of one of my families for years but this was the first year she herself was a family. She was only the "sub-head" of course, as the head of the family was off to the wars. She proudly paid her first annual dollar out of the first allotment check she had received from her husband.

Margaret's husband was "fotched on." She had met him while working on the outside and they had come back to the mountains to make their home. Margaret got sick one day while her husband was home on leave from the Navy. This occasion

was his first introduction to the Frontier Nursing Service. That sailor was so pleased and grateful that he paid his annual dollar for three years in advance "so that his wife would be sure to be taken care of in case he was gone a long time." I can't decide whether to think of him as an optimist or a pessimist.

Little Joe had been so severely wounded that the Army had sent him home (at his own request) to die. He insisted on paying an annual fee "for mother so she will be taken care of."

One family paid their annual fee in produce, egg by egg and onion by onion. On one recent visit I was handed the last egg and gave a receipt to the proud woman. Since it was a cold day I was somewhat at a loss as to what to do with that egg on a long ride home. I could not go on making calls and pack one fresh egg around, so I started home. One of the children of the family held the egg while I put the saddle back on my horse and mounted. Then I had to carry that egg in an ungloved hand and hold the reins with the other. It was quite a feat of legerdemain to transfer the egg from one hand to the other. I hope it was that egg that I had for breakfast the next morning. Never have I had such a tender feeling for an egg.

One family comes en masse along about Christmas time to visit, get weighed and measured, get the necessary immunizations, some magazines to paper the house, pay their annual dollar and tell the nurse what they want for Christmas. A very efficient arrangement.

In the mountains the annual dollar is a wonderful thing. It buys a feeling of security for the whole family. To some of the people it is one of the first things one does when establishing a new home. The whole family can cooperate in collecting a dollar or its equivalent, in payment of an honorable debt. To the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service the annual dollar is a symbol of friendship and trust.

JUST JOKES—PRICE CONTROL

A family with a summer cottage in a Wisconsin wilderness habitually paid the requested price of 50 cents to an Indian for a milk pail brim full of blueberries. But one day last summer he suddenly grunted in protest and upped the price to a dollar.

"Why?" they asked in amazement.

"Hell of a big war some place." was his laconic reply.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

O Lord of air and land and sea
 Guard Thou our sons who fight for Thee;
 Give them the courage to endure
 And hearts whose aims are high and pure.
 O Lord of air and land and sea,
 Guard Thou our sons who fight for Thee.

—First stanza of a hymn sung in Westminster Abbey after the fall of Hong Kong. Tune: "For Those in Peril on the Sea."

These are days of awful tension. Whether in our strained and anxious hearts we follow our men on land, on sea, or in the air, we do it with a surety that not all of them will come back to us, and some will come back not as they were before. This is not a time for fine phrases in writing or in speech, but it is a time for good manners. As private persons, Americans tend to have good manners with friends and even in crowds. The good humor and courtesy of individuals is so accepted that we are startled when anyone is pushing or rude. The puzzling thing is that many people who are pleasant-spoken in private life change their characters with the swiftness of a fairy tale when they speak to the public. This is particularly noticeable in advertising and in politics.

Some years ago, the *New Yorker* had a take-off on advertising of which we remember only this sentence spoken by guests to their hosts, "We have come to sneer at your sheets." In *Britain*, a publication of the British Information Services, Dorothy Sayers has this to say about her thankfulness for a lull in advertising pressure:

The blare of the advertisements,
 Imploring, cajoling, stimulative, menacing, terrifying
 An apathetic public
 Into buying what it neither needs nor desires,
 Has dwindled into an apologetic murmur,
 Regretting the shortage of supplies,
 Whispering pathetically, "Forget-me-not,
 Forget me not when good times come again!"

The war has, it is true, eased advertisers into a somewhat more modest considerate approach. Substituted occasionally is "you

owe it to your country, your fighting men" for that insistent "you owe it to yourself, yourself, yourself" which is not only bad manners, but terribly bad psychology. Now "self-regard is the slum of the soul" and self-centeredness, the psychiatrists tell us, is the beginning of madness. A man coming into your drawing room singing a ditty about his perfections, and making slighting remarks about the merits of his fellow guests would know that he was just about as welcome socially as a polecat, but he comes just that way in the middle of a radio program of music or humor or news, blatantly proclaiming his virtues. The self-exalted and the self-centered approach are repugnant to us in private life. How is it that they can get anywhere in selling us anything?

Politics is another field in which bad manners would tend to disappear if they were never successful. A white man was making a political stump speech when a colored man on the edge of the crowd was approached by a newcomer who asked what the speaker was saying. The colored man replied, "I don't know what he's sayin', Boss, but he sho' do recommend hisself high." A nice old gentleman was asked once what opinion he had on a public question. He replied, "I haven't decided yet, but when I do decide I am going to be *very bitter*." People who, in private life, are conciliatory and courteous all too often become, under the strains of public life, in the press and on the platform, extremely bad-mannered. William James says somewhere, and we quote from memory and not in his exact words, that the degree of reason in an argument is in almost exact inverse ratio to the degree of emotion with which it is presented; and three hundred years ago, George Herbert wrote:

"The brags of life are but a nine-dayes wonder."

Political bad manners are awful enough in local, state, and national politics, but when it comes to international relationships and the shaping of the new world for which our men are dying today, then bad public manners are more dangerous than cyclones and earthquakes, tornados and typhoons.

To our friend and Trustee, Mrs. Francis McMath of Detroit, we owe this bit from Sir Francis Bacon:

"If a man be gracious and considerate, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other islands, but part of a vast continent. This, of all virtues, is the greatest—being of the character of God."

We were greatly interested some weeks ago in a suggestion by the columnist Samuel Grafton of free ports for refugees. He reminded us that we had free ports for goods and supplies which could lie there without customs botherations until they were transshipped to their ultimate destination. As an emergency measure, the very least we can do for refugees is to provide a safe and quiet place where they will be fed and housed and clothed, instructed and entertained and, above all, *welcomed* until they have recovered from shock and can be transshipped either back to their own countries, made safe for them, or to a country of their choosing. Here in this suggestion is an opportunity for planetary charity that can quickly be put into operation and that will meet an immediate and appalling need. Let us stop telling other countries what to do about refugees and do something ourselves.

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The British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London, between the arsenal and the dockyards, had all of its wards demolished by enemy action in 1940. We are happy to learn that a new wing has now been built on the site of the wards and opened by the Princess Royal of England. Including the new wing and 36 beds evacuated to Moatlands, Kent, the Hospital now provides 76 beds. Pupil midwives and sisters (the British term for head nurses and supervisors) move at intervals from London to the country and thus the staff keep co-ordinated and up-to-date. Maternity patients are cared for also in their homes in a large district surrounding the Hospital.

This Hospital is the one where Helen E. Browne and your editor both took their graduate training as midwives and it is particularly dear to our hearts. Mrs. Parnell was the matron (superintendent) in the days when we trained and Miss Maude Cashmore, the present matron, was the chief sister. Miss Gregory, daughter of the former Dean of St. Paul's, has been the honorary secretary for forty years.

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We have read in the March number of *Midwives' Chronicle* and *Nursing Notes* of the death of John Shields Fairbairn, M.A., B.M., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S. Dr. Fairbairn of St. Thomas's Hospital,

Magdalen College of Oxford, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Examiner in obstetrics to the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Leeds and Glasgow, was some sixteen years ago one of the men chiefly instrumental in the foundation of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists and was for three years its President. He was the Medical Representative on the Central Midwives Board for the Incorporated Midwives' Institute from 1918 to 1936 and Chairman of the Board from 1930 to 1936 and his interest in the training of midwives profoundly influenced the development of this branch of the nursing profession. His *Textbook for Midwives* has been for years authoritative and unexcelled. He was first Examiner for the Midwife Teacher Diploma and set the high standard maintained in England today.

We had the pleasure of knowing him well and of dining often with him and his wife and we echo these words of the *Midwives' Chronicle*:

"The interests of the midwives were always uppermost in the thoughts of Dr. Fairbairn and it is with gratitude and appreciation of all he did for the profession that we with many others pay tribute to a kind and loyal friend."

It is with the deep feeling of an old pupil of Miss Adelaide Nutting that we quote the following lines from the *New York Herald Tribune* of May fifth:

Miss Adelaide Nutting, professor emeritus of nursing education at Teachers College, Columbia University, received a medal, it was announced yesterday, the first to be awarded by the National League of Nursing Education for leadership in nursing education. Miss Nutting was a founder and former head of the department of nursing education at Teachers College, and one of the founders of the National League of Nursing Education.

The plaque which served as a model for the medal was designed by Malvina Hoffman and bears a profile of Miss Nutting as a young superintendent of nurses. The plaque was presented to the National League of Nursing Education on its fiftieth anniversary in June, 1943, by a group of Miss Nutting's colleagues and former students.

Miss Nutting received the medal from Miss Stella Goostray, president of the league and chairman of the National Council for War Service, in a simple ceremony held at Miss Nutting's home on the Columbia campus.

Three books have come our way shortly before we go to press that we want to commend to the attention of our read-

ers. The first book is *The Calendar for Everybody* by Elizabeth Achelis, Putnam, \$1.50, which in a lucid and courteous style gives an enthralling history of calendar development, lunar, sidereal, solar, from the days of primitive man through the advent of the Egyptian calendar in the Forty-third Century B. C., the struggles of the early Roman calendars, the Julian calendar and the Gregorian calendar under which we live today. Finally, the book presents the World Calendar in a manner that makes its readers feel how much they want to help to bring about its adoption.

The second book, *Blackbirds on the Lawn*, by Jane Morton, Coward-McCann, \$2.50, is a first novel of quite exceptional charm and of rare promise. In reading it we were enthralled by the maturity and beauty of its thought.

The third book, *Silence of the Sea*, by Vercors, Macmillan, \$1.00, is in our opinion the most beautiful thing that has come from the French Underground and one of the most beautiful things in the world.

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In a former issue, we wrote of the work of the Louisville Branch of Bundles for Britain, a charity that always lies close to our hearts. We received recently the annual report of Central Kentucky Bundles for Britain and our hearts thrilled anew over the steady work and the bountiful supplies of these sewing groups in Lexington and Richmond, Kentucky.

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In the *Survey Midmonthly*, Volume 80, Number 2, 1944, there is an article of deep interest to all members of boards of philanthropies. It is called Board Member, Keystone of Philanthropy by D. Paul Reed, Executive Director of the National Information Bureau, Inc. All board members who read this Bulletin, and thousands do, should write for a reprint of this article to the National Information Bureau, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York 17, New York.

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Friends have sent us a section of the *Detroit Times* of Sunday, February 27, 1944 with a picture of our Trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy as a Red Cross Gray Lady and with an article entitled "Growth and Efficiency of Red Cross Here Reflects Long Service

of Mrs. Henry B. Joy." In selecting bits of this article to reprint, we have purposefully chosen those outlining the work of Mrs. Joy's chapter during the years before the First World War, and the armistice years between the two World Wars, because the immense achievements of the American Red Cross in its Detroit Chapter, or anywhere else, would in wartime be impossible but for the maintenance of the chapters throughout the intervening years of peace.

Mrs. Henry B. Joy's almost 40 years of continuous volunteer service epitomizes the history, activities and growth of Detroit chapter of the American Red Cross.

On her Gray Lady uniform Mrs. Joy wears a bar awarded her 20 years ago. Next June she will receive her second bar, a distinction held by no other member.

Mrs. Joy was present at the meeting, on June 15, 1905, when the Michigan Society of the American Red Cross, the predecessor of the local chapter, was organized and was appointed a member of the executive committee.

This, also, was the year the national Red Cross Society was started. . .

This was the only Red Cross branch in the state and had on its board representatives from many cities, towns and villages. . .

The first disaster relief in which either the Michigan or national Red Cross societies participated was in 1906 when medical supplies and clothing were sent to the victims of the San Francisco earthquake. . .

From a mere 18 volunteers who, in 1909, packed clothing and food at the relief station in the Owen Building for sufferers from northern Michigan forest fires, Mrs. Joy has seen the army of volunteers increase to 125,000, with a total of 3,000,000 working hours.

When, in 1909, Detroit chapter became an independent unit, with a membership of 2,000, it began to have a national and international viewpoint.

From then to 1917 it contributed its quotas to flood relief in the United States and, through the developing International Red Cross, to the Chinese Famine Relief Fund and foreign war relief.

With the entrance of the United States into World War I it initiated the dramatic phase of its work. . .

With the return of disabled veterans occupational therapy classes, in which Mrs. Joy was keenly interested, were organized at Newberry House.

When peace came most persons were ready to relax. But, Mrs. Joy, with foresight, organized Red Cross volunteer workers, trained in home nursing, who were prepared to go into homes to assist in the event the flu epidemic of 1919 hit Detroit. It did.

America's entrance into World War II found the Detroit chapter of the Red Cross fully prepared and equipped to do the magnificent job it is doing today.

Among the friends who have spoken about the Frontier Nursing Service this spring are the following: Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, who spoke to the Woman's Club of Versailles, Kentucky early in March; Mrs. Reeves Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse) who spoke at the request of Mrs. Parker West to the Washington Corps of the American Women's Hospital Reserve Corps on March twenty-seventh; Mrs. Ruth Childs of Middlesex, New York, who spoke to the County Registered Nurses' organization on April fifth. Here we have a Trustee, an old courier, and a former nurse all keeping the Frontier Nursing Service in their hearts and responding to requests to speak about it to a variety of groups of people in three widely separated places.

This Bulletin will be in the presses when our Vanda Summers, Superintendent of the Hyden Hospital, goes to South Bend to speak on May thirteenth to the nurses of the North Central District of the Indiana State Nurses' Association and show colored slides of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service.

That the marionette show given as a benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service in the long drawing room at Miss Anne Morgan's house on Sutton place in New York was an immense success we hear on all hands. Miss Morgan herself writes:

"I can't half tell you how nice it was to have had the children's party here—I only wish you could have seen it, for they were the most enchanting lot."

Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth writes:

"The marionette show was enchanting and to me the ideal benefit for a service devoted to mothers and children, as we certainly had them coming enthusiastically from the first announcement we mailed. The children loved bringing their bundles of rummage (*for sale at the Bargain Box*) and the puppet announcer said something fairly articulate about the Kentucky mountain children."

Our New York Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, writes:

"The marionette performance was a great success! The place sold out a week ahead of time and people clamoring to get in. The children shrieked and yelled and Miss Morgan was delighted—we were all the 3 Sutton Place staff! Frennie Storrs (Mrs. Richard S. Storrs, Jr.) deserves great credit for it all . . . Mrs. MacFee, Hope Brown (Mrs. H. Curtis Brown) and Phoebe (Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth) backed her up nobly and all went off beautifully."

The marionette show in the morning was *Peter Rabbit* and the one in the afternoon was *Little Black Sambo*.

Speaking of Little Black Sambo, our British nurse Peggy Brown says that her mother wrote her recently as follows:

"A little girl from Otterton village was going up to London with her mother. Changing at S. Junction, they got into the through London train which was full of American negro soldiers. The child was delighted and in a loud voice to her mother said, 'Oh! Look at all the little black Sambos!'"

The Washington Benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service has been postponed until autumn because Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner's time is fully occupied this spring with theatrical engagements. She is giving us a performance in the autumn and we know that it will meet with its accustomed enthusiastic response from our Washington friends.

The Annual Meeting of Trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place this year on Thursday, May 25th and is preceded by luncheon at 12:30 p. m. at the Woman's Club, 1320 South Fourth Street, in Louisville, Kentucky. The Louisville OPA were so kind as to allow special ration points for this luncheon since the Woman's Club does not maintain a regular restaurant and only serves meals on order. The Chairman for the Annual Meeting is Mrs. John G. Heyburn. Several out-of-state Trustees have already indicated that they are coming to Louisville for this meeting where the annual report of the work and its annual audit are given.

A CORRECTION

Miss E. Charlotte Waddel, Superintendent of the Woman's Hospital in Detroit, wishes us to state that she was mistaken in saying in her article on the Woman's Hospital in our Winter Bulletin that the Woman's Hospital of Detroit Mother's Milk Bureau was "the first of its kind in America." She has since learned that the Directory for Mothers' Milk, Inc. in Boston, of which Miss Cornelia Macpherson is now the General Director, was the original one and founded in 1910.

MEETING PEOPLE

There is an immense deal that we can learn about persons with the aid of science; but so long as we study them medically, psychologically, sociologically, we never meet them. And it is precisely in meeting that real life consists.

By the Archbishop of Canterbury in
The Christian News-Letter, December 29th, 1943.

FIELD NOTES

I wished myself in Old England's land,
And you was in the valley so low.

—Sweet William and Fair Ellen

In London's fair city a lady did dwell:
Her name was Pretty Polly, I know full well.

—Pretty Polly

One of our leading mountaineers introduced a British nurse-midwife of the Frontier Nursing Service to a crowd in the following words, "She is the descendant of your ancestors." As more than one competent person has testified, and as all of us who live in the Kentucky mountains know, our people still sing the ballads that their forebears brought over from the British Isles some two hundred years or more ago. Now that so many men are back in the Old Country, we wonder if, in the London streets and the country lanes over there, the English hear their ballads sung by Kentucky voices. For all we know, a Kentucky "Sweet William" has found an English "Fair Ellen," and boys from our creeks and branches spend their hours of leave in London in the courtship of "Pretty Polly."

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The words we have used below the Cardinal Grosbeak picture on our cover, "Life is the gift of God," are part of the seal of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives and are printed on the Bulletin cover by special permission of the Board of Directors of the Association at its meeting on May tenth.

Our old friend, Henry R. Sutphen, Executive Vice-President of the Electric Boat Company Elco Naval Division, asked Miss Georgina Campbell to write the article on the PT boat, *Knights of the Sea*, especially for this Quarterly Bulletin, and gave us the plates from which the illustration is taken. The illustration put us in mind of the ballad by Mr. Cammell, *The Return of Arthur*, because the knightly little PT boat is companioned by the "Spirits on the storm" of the old Arthurian legends. These legends belong to the immortal past of all of us who stem from the British Isles.

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We receive mail addressed to us in a wide variety of ways,

but the other day a letter came in with a new superscription:

"Frontier Nursing Circus, Wendover, Kentucky."

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To cut down our use of grain this summer we have done rather a thrifty thing. Walter Begley was taking a truck-load of cattle to Lexington and we sent with him three young heifers to be grazed on a Blue Grass farm at only \$2.50 per month each. With all the work that we put upon our pastures at the Clearing and at the Hospital, we can never produce more grass than the milk cows and the horses need. The heifers which are spending the summer in the Blue Grass are all the daughters of the late Elmendorf Frontiersman. "Fifi" is the child of the cow "Hildegarde," "Jeanie" is "Norah's" offspring, and "Pantelleria" ("Pantie" for short) is "Madcap's" calf.

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Our senior couriers this spring were Elsie Rockefeller of Greenwich, Connecticut and Katharine Clarke of Bronxville, New York; and our junior couriers were, first, Joan Dulles of New York, and then Susan Hays and Mary Gallatly both of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Katharine Byrd of Boston. They are all under the general direction of the Resident Courier, Jean Hollins, and have done and are doing splendid work.

We have been asked by Miss Anne Morgan to recommend couriers who will be willing to go to France, when the way is opened, for her motor corps as the chauffeurs did for the old American Committee for Devastated France during and after the last World War. Several couriers to whom we have spoken about it have said they would be glad to go. Will any old couriers who read this and who would be free to volunteer, please communicate with us at Wendover?

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The biggest joy for us in a long while has been the return to the Frontier Nursing Service of our Lucile Hodges after too long an absence. When Audrey Collins leaves this summer for another furlough, Lucile Hodges takes back the post of Bookkeeper which she practically created so many years ago. Meanwhile, she has thrown all of her fine energies into helping other depart-

ments, such as the Quarterly Bulletin files and the statistics, in the terrific pressure at the close of our fiscal year.

We have been unusually handicapped this spring by staff illnesses including three cases of appendicitis and their operations at our Hospital at Hyden.* The first was Lucille Knechtly (who has written up her experiences elsewhere in this Bulletin) and the second was Doris Fraser, the Medical Director's wife, and the third was "Jerry" (Mrs. Arthur Byrne, Jr.) the Statistician. In addition to all that, Hazel Meyer, the Quarterly Bulletin Secretary, was laid up for three weeks with a streptococcus throat, and Clara-Louise Schiefer, Social Service Secretary, had the mumps. If Lucile Hodges hadn't returned just when she did, we just don't see how we could have been ready with our stuff for the Annual Meeting of Trustees on May twenty-fifth. "Jerry's" husband, Lieutenant Arthur Byrne, was able to get a week's leave and spent it with her at Wendover during her convalescence. He is a good nurses' aide!

We are deeply indebted to our Trustee, Mr. Clarence Kerr, of Lexington, Kentucky, for locating two new horses for us in the Blue Grass, "Cadet" and "Ranger," and for the gift of a new bridle which he sent up with the horses. No matter how busy he is, Mr. Kerr always finds time to help us find horses and there is nobody better fitted to select remounts.

As friends will see under Urgent Needs, we had to buy three new horses in order to mount the four Johns Hopkins cadets. This does not mean that four nurses are mounted on three horses, or even that any of these four nurses are using the three new horses. It simply means that we could not mount four more people without adding at least three to the thirty-odd horses always in use in the Frontier Nursing Service.

The four Johns Hopkins cadets who have come to us this spring are Misses Ruth Alexander, Bertha Bloomer, Louise Chapman, and Madge Cyr. Under the terms of the Bolton Act and through the affiliation with The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, these cadets will be with us until mid-September for training in rural district nursing, but not in midwifery as they do not

* Our fourth case of appendicitis and appendectomy has just come upon us as we go to press. Patient: one of our nurse-midwives, Jane Rainey.

graduate until September eighteenth. In working out with their Superintendent, Miss Anna D. Wolf, the details of their training, we have borne in mind that they are students and that everything they do must have educational value for them. This means that, except for one month each in the wards of our Hospital at Hyden and one month in the medical clinics there (arranged in order to enable them to learn the tie-up between a rural hospital and the districts) their whole time must be spent as extra nurses on some of the many districts covered by the Frontier Nursing Service. Our nurse-midwives are delighted with them, with their nursing technique and with their delightful personalities. This use of cadets is a new venture for the Frontier Nursing Service and an expensive one as the cadets must be mounted, their board paid to the outpost nurses and a stipend of thirty dollars a month given them, as required under the terms of the Bolton Act. One of our Trustees, bless her, has met the full cost of maintenance of two of the cadets, but if we had had to meet the whole maintenance, it would still have been most worthwhile in the opinion of our Executive Committee.

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We wish to extend our most grateful thanks to Mr. J. G. Green and Mr. Lanty Corley of the Mine Service Company at Hazard for making emergency repairs on parts of our pumps taken over to them in a tearing hurry, and doing it without charge. Although they had much more paid work on hand than they could meet, they have dropped everyting in more than one crisis to help the Frontier Nursing Service keep its water supplies going.

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Our dear friend at Hyden, Miss Ruth Huston, is the great-granddaughter of Rebecca Lukens, who became the nation's first woman iron-maker in 1825 when she took over the management of her father's steel company at Coatesville, Pennsylvania—a company which is still in the hands of the same family. One of the Liberty ships has been named *Rebecca Lukens* and Ruth Huston was asked to christen this ship on Saturday, March fourth at twelve noon at the Wainwright Yard of the J. A. Jones Construction Company in Panama City, Florida. Words cannot

describe how much we would have loved to send a delegation from the Frontier Nursing Service down to Florida to watch Ruth Huston christen the *Rebecca Lukens*. Our eager interest went with her all the way.

.

Earl Johnson (son of Claude Johnson) of Hyden had poliomyelitis in childhood and was turned down by the army medical examiner because one leg was shorter than the other. He wanted badly to get into the fighting, so he told the medical examiner that in the hills where he lived, everybody had one leg shorter than the other!

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We have had several shooting cases at the Hospital and in the Hospital clinic lately and it vexes us. Even if the Army turns down good marksmen, this is no time in which to shoot one's friends.

All of this reminds us that when "Tommy" returned to our Hospital after the death of her father, one of the patients, Homer, aged eight, asked her, "Did your Daddy die, I mean, did he just die or was he shot?"

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The children do say the most delectable things. Gladys Moberg reports from Bowlingtown that the other day up the path to the clinic came a very small boy with a bandaged head. He presented himself with these words, "They [his little brother and sister] hit me on the head." When Gladys asked him when did they do that, he thought a moment before he replied, "I don't just know but it must have been tomorrow."

And here is a remark made by another boy when "Foxy" (Anne Fox) had gone off leaving her dog, old "Brownie," behind for a few hours, "Seems like that dog's not much happy, don't hit?"

.

Dr. Fraser and his wife and Bonnie have just taken a much-needed holiday of approximately three weeks' duration and it was literally impossible to discover anywhere a doctor to relieve for him. As always, our dear Dr. Collins at Hazard and his as-

sistant, Dr. Jackson, stood by for medical as well as surgical emergencies and we just carried on as best we could. Among the emergencies that arose at Hyden was a new-born baby that needed immediate surgery. Vanda Summers, the Hospital Superintendent, and "Foxye" (who has been acting as clinic nurse for a change from her outpost center at Bowlingtown) took the three-hour-old baby right over to Hazard. Dr. Collins and Dr. Jackson decided it needed a specialist and called up Dr. Douglas Scott in Lexington. The ration board at Hazard gave the necessary gasoline and Vanda and "Foxye" rushed the baby down to Lexington and stayed until they could bring it back the next day. It was a terribly sick baby for a while, but it has pulled through. Its father is overseas.

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Speaking of babies reminds us to thank you all again for the diapers you have sent us and still continue sending us, thank God. May we ask for one thing more? Within the last month, we have had to buy eleven dozen baby shirts because there has been a scarcity in those too. As you go shopping, would you mind each spending about fifty cents for one *size 2* infant's shirt and mailing it up to us? Be sure to get *size 2*. At this time of the year, it can be all cotton or with not over ten per cent wool.

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We are profoundly grateful to the people who have sent us their riding clothes and we will welcome any riding clothes that anyone can spare. The mills are no longer making cloth in our uniform color of horizon blue (cadet gray) so that as our old uniforms wear out we will have to wear anything we can get hold of for the duration.

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While this Bulletin is in the presses, Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington, Kentucky, with Dr. Roy as an assistant, will be at our Hospital at Hyden for the annual gynecological clinic he is so dear as to give us and for which we are everlastingly grateful. One day is spent in examining the patients and two days in operations.

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Just as we go to press, we have a news bulletin from the

Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center at Brutus which reads as follows:

"Bridgett just brought two goslings out of a stump in the cemetery, and is Peter blowing his horn!"

Bridgett and Peter are the Brutus geese and we know that this bit of news will be read by Minnie Meeke in Northern Ireland and Elsie Norah Kelly in England with the thrill it deserves.

Leslie Countians were delighted to read Ernie Pyle's column of Monday, March 13, 1944 because it was given over to Sergeant Gilford Muncy who is one of our own men. For the sake of those of you who missed it, we now print an abridged edition.

"... Muncy is 29. He comes from Hyden, Ky., up in the hills. He talks just like the mountaineers in the cartoons.

"Everybody laughs at Muncy and with him, and everybody thinks he's great. He likes people, and is uncommonly generous and kind. It's a poor day when he doesn't survive at least one escapade that is slightly out of this world.

"THE GUNNER'S TENT which Muncy dominates is a sight to behold. It is often the scene of rioting and deviltry. It is probably the most tired-out tent in Italy.

"The top is full of holes. That's caused by their gasoline stove blowing up frequently. One wall has big adhesive patches on it. That's where a happy guest tried to carve his initials in the canvas. The back bears the marks of a nervous visitor who went right through it one night during an air raid.

"The two outstanding features of Muncy's tent are the late evening meals cooked there and the fabulous stove, which has been known to blow up seven times in one day. Once it exploded just as a guest entered, and blew him clear out into the grapevines.

"THE OTHER BOYS had told me all about Muncy's stove, so one morning just as he was starting on a mission (he's an aerial gunner) I introduced myself, and said I'd like to drop past that evening and see his stove blow up. Muncy said:

"'We'd sure like to have you, but the stove's liable to get contrary and not blow up tonight. Lots of times when we have company it don't blow up at all.'

"So I went over that night. The tent has a dirt floor which is swept out whenever they figure inspection is about due.

"They have great feasts in the Muncy tent. Fried chicken is their special dish. They buy chickens from the village at \$5 per chicken. 'I represent \$300 worth of chickens cooked on that old stove there,' Muncy said.

"One night Sergt. Jack Bohn of Scranton, Pa., made chicken soup while Muncy did the rest. All the guests who weren't tasting very well anyhow, thought the soup was wonderful. But Jack couldn't quite get it down. Eventually he discovered the reason—he had put half a cake of GI soap in it, thinking it was butter.

"Now and then they have steak. One night Muncy was in

bed when one of his soldier friends came in from town feeling fine. He had with him three or four big steaks.

"'Where's your sledgehammer?' the friend asked.

"'Over there in that pile of stuff, I reckon,' Muncy said, and went back to sleep.

"Pretty soon he was awakened and here was this guy with all the steaks lying on the dirt floor, and just beating hell out of them with an eight-pound sledge. Then he threw them in the skillet, and Muncy had to get up and help share the feast.

"'I've still got rocks and mud in my teeth,' Muncy says.

"TO MUNCY and his tentmates all Italians are 'gooks.' They don't remember how they started that. It's not a term of contempt at all, for Muncy loves them and they love him.

"'I don't care where I go to, people like me,' Muncy says. 'Why, when we moved from our last place all them gooks around there cried when I left.'

"He dressed up and played Santa for them at Christmas, and he is always giving them stuff.

"We sat and talked and laughed until almost lights-out, and finally I said, 'Well, if the stove isn't going to blow up, I guess I have to go.' . . .

"But as Muncy had feared, the stove was contrary and wouldn't blow up that night. They were all very humiliated."

We read in *Time* recently gloomy news from the draft boards and induction centers to the effect that they had been forced to reject as unfit forty-six per cent of all the men between eighteen and thirty-eight, and that one out of every four of the eighteen-year-old boys up for induction is unfit for combat. This brings to our mind something that the late Dr. McCormack, Health Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Kentucky, reported to our 1942 meeting of Trustees in Louisville. He said that in the medical examinations of young men from the Kentucky mountains they were struck by the superior fitness of certain groups and, in checking their addresses, found that they came from the territory covered by the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. McCormack told the Trustees that in his opinion if the Frontier Nursing Service had done nothing more than help raise a generation of young men fit to answer the call of their country in the most terrible war she has ever faced, that the Service would have justified its budget over a long period of years.

TUBERCULOSIS takes an American life every nine minutes.

TUBERCULOSIS causes tuberculosis—every case comes from another.

—*Georgia's Health.*

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* S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' 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.

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.

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

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 15, Kentucky



THE DOG-TROT AT WENDOVER
AT 7:30 A. M. WARTIME

