

The Quarterly Bulletin of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME XVII

WINTER, 1942

NUMBER 3



WINTER WAR



MARY B. WILLEFORD AND LASSIE
In Memoriam

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2

Last Poem of Sir Cecil Spring Rice

British Ambassador to the United States of America
during the First World War

Written in Washington, January 12, 1918 a few weeks before his death
Published by Longmans, Green and Company, London

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that
know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are
Peace.

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Garden House in Summer



Garden House (middle distance) in Winter

GARDEN HOUSE FIRE

TELEGRAM TO MARY BRECKINRIDGE AT MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

Wendover, Kentucky
Friday, January 9, 1942.

Garden House burned completely yesterday noon. All at lunch. Cause unknown. No one hurt. Two full tanks kept fire from spreading. Lucile's main books saved and major contents safe found in good condition today. Everything else lost. Frightfully sorry. Have written Marblehead. Fire completely under control. Tanks refilling. Everyone carrying on.

DOROTHY F. BUCK

(Assistant Director Frontier Nursing Service)

Excerpts From Letters From Wendover, Kentucky to Mary Breckinridge in New England, Philadelphia, New York

FROM DOROTHY F. BUCK

Early Friday, January 9, 1942.

By this time you will have received our wire with the sad news—How we shall hate sending it!

Yesterday—Thurs.—about 12:30 as we were just finishing lunch Bruce Morgan rushed in and called "the Garden House



Five Minutes After the Alarm: Taken by Edith Anderson

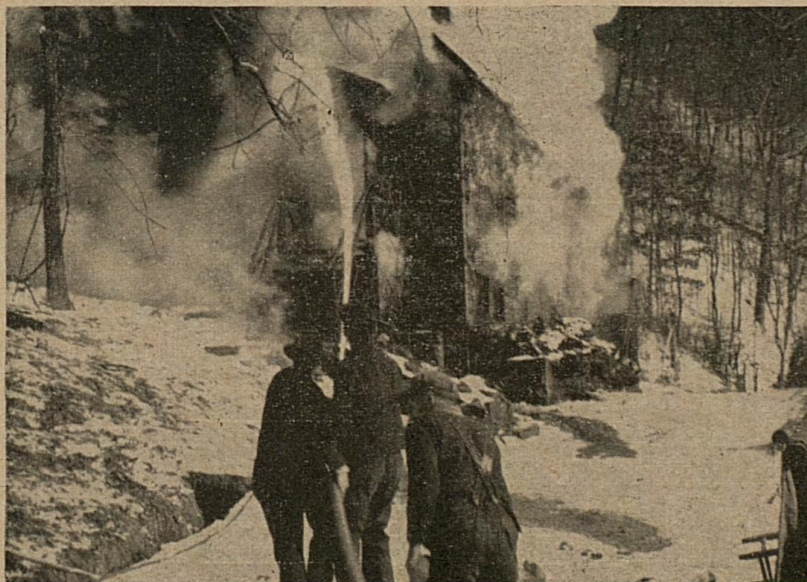
is on fire". Afterward it developed that he had seen it from the road and called to Lee and they had both run up madly. When we got to the barn we saw flames coming out of Aggie's office and upstairs. Mr. Oakley, the preacher, was here for his mail and he and Kermit and Mr. Bowling (Oscar), who was here trying to thaw us out, did just wonderful work. There were some other men here whose names we can give you and everyone did their best. Also Dr. Kooser came over just as soon as he heard and was perfectly wonderful. Lucile with her usual singleness of purpose was in her office handing out her books and ledgers through black smoke—she stayed till I went in and most dragged her out—the smoke was so black I couldn't have stood it the way she did. The couriers got the horses and the saddles out of the barn as it looked as though the barn would go also. From the time we got there, almost, we knew the Garden House would go. The hose worked perfectly and the men were splendid but the fire had got too great a start before we knew about it. Everyone was at lunch. Lee says he passed by about 5 minutes before and saw no sign of anything wrong. At one point the wind came up and the flames leapt towards the barn. Luckily it was only for a minute and they didn't quite make it. As soon as we got there almost

we sent men for the other hose to play on the barn. It was all so quick.

We concentrated on keeping the fire away from the safe and the steel files where the midwifery records are. I do not think anything at all will be saved but at the moment of writing there is still a vague hope something will be left in the files—not in Aggie's. They are clearly burned inside as well as out.

The only actual mishap to persons was that Mr. Oakley got his hands and feet frost bitten. Dr. Kooser was wonderful with him and we kept him in bed in the cabin all night. He seems all right now.

The coal in the cellar is still burning and keeping the fire alive. Our biggest trouble in fighting it has been the cold. The thermometer was at zero yesterday. There is evidently a freeze between the pump and the tank so Kermit hasn't yet been able to get the water up into the tank. They worked on it last night but had to wait till daylight to find it. They are at it now. The tanks have held out beautifully though (for fire fighting only—no baths). The plumber was here from Hazard and he and Mr. Bowling worked literally all night on the pipes in the kitchen. We were afraid they would burst—or even the hot



Seven Minutes after the Alarm. "It was this dense yellow smoke that kept us from getting much out. Inside it was impossible to open your eyes—even while crawling on the floor."

water tank. Aggie and Jean and I were up till between 2 and 3 sometime and that and the fact that I am racing to get the mail may account for some of the literary short-comings of this letter—I am not used to typing and Meta is helping Aggie—Excuse it.

Of course the Garden House people lost all their personal property. We have done our best for them and Hyden and others have come across marvelously.

Aggie is in the Staff room and the three couriers in the guest room. The Service goes on despite the loss of "its most treasured possessions" (*its records*). All luck to you!

FROM DOROTHY F. BUCK

Later Friday, January 9, 1942.

I hope you could make out some of my letter mailed this morning. I didn't have time to read it over and haven't had the courage to look at the carbon.

After writing you I went out to the ex-Garden House and found Dr. Kooser already directing the rescue work. Agnes' office yielded a blank. Lucile's did better and I think she got out some more stuff she can use. The safe seemed to have most things fairly intact but the insurance papers, for instance, are quite in a touch-me-not state of fragileness. The records have gone. The 5th thousand midwifery cases—the ones we are doing and so far not seen by Dr. Dublin—are a black powder. We have rescued the remains of some of the others but I doubt if they are worth much. Unfortunately my tabulated lists were over there. I used to keep them in my room till the mice frightened me into sending them over where I considered them safer. For some reason or other they came through the fire better and I think we can get valuable data from most. The present series and the emergencies were the hardest hit. General records, all gone, though the master file cards were saved. Anyway, we have the data [*tabulated and printed*] in the Bulletins!

We are completely thawed and the pump has been going. The plumber and Oscar worked steadily from 7 p. m. yesterday to about 3 p. m. today!

Just to ease Aggie I'm staying awake tonight with two

night watchmen to keep an eye on the fire. Connally is here as well as Gordon. There is inclined to be a wind. I really don't think there's the slightest danger. The fire is in the coal all within the now feeble foundation walls. Hopefully we'll have it all put out tomorrow.

Thank you for the wire. You are rather a glorious person. I told Aggie she was to get a night's sleep before starting to build!



Fifteen Minutes After the Alarm. Water Now Played Entirely on Part of Building near the Safe.

FROM AGNES LEWIS
[*Executive Secretary*]

Sunday, January 11, 1942.

You can never know how we hated to send that telegram. This was the week-end you were to be free of work and anxiety. . . . We are still at a loss to know what caused the fire. Whatever the cause, it must have burst into flames. When the girls left for lunch they were not aware of any smoke or odor of anything burning; and at twelve thirty when the fire was noticed the front offices and bed rooms—those toward Pig Alley—were already in flames. Kermit was over at the Big House

helping Mr. Bowling thaw out frozen pipes. Lee was in Pig Alley but said it had not been long since he had been in the Garden House basement and everything seemed all right. The two full water tanks enabled us to keep the fire from spreading to the barn. Kermit has been superb—staying night and day to fill up the tanks. Fortunately, Mr. Bowling was on hand and he, too, was marvelous. The Couriers have measured up to the best Courier traditions.

Mr. Oakley, the Camp Creek minister, was here Thursday and he had had experience in the Navy putting out fires and maneuvered the hose. He really did a splendid job of keeping it away from the barn. We used both hydrants—one to keep the barn soaked and the other putting out the fire.

It is fortunate that when we revised our insurance schedule last summer we increased the insurance on the Garden House from \$3,500.00 to \$5,000.00 the maximum we could put on it, Mr. McGuire said, because the foundation walls and stone work and plumbing would not be destroyed. That may be true in cities where they have adequate fire departments, but it doesn't hold here—The wall almost crumbled on the end where the coal bin was; and the men think the chimney will have to be pulled down to prevent its falling. The weather has been zero which has slowed up work.

Andy (*Edith Anderson, Social Service*) is moving over to Hyden to the Hospital guest room. I am moving into Ruth's room, having a telephone put in, and we are also using it for an office. Jean is moving to the lower shelf (two of the maids are doubling up) and the two juniors are in the guest room. Kay and Jerry are working on the upper shelf in Kay's room. Lucile is working in a corner of the living room. Everyone is quite happy with this arrangement until either a temporary or permanent building is put up.

That telegram you sent us was so dear and so like you. You have had so many things to add to your already staggering load. I dare not dwell on that now. Some good must come out of this experience. And I keep thinking how many people in the world have suffered far worse than we have. Dr. Kooser remarked that he believed that there must be lessons for us

to learn from this experience. He offered to give up his den for an office, and one of their upstairs bedrooms.

Mrs. Wilson telephoned from Lexington this morning. I don't know how she had learned the news. She asked if she could help by coming up—The message had to be relayed as we couldn't talk direct. She would be a godsend to take over the housekeeping. Wasn't she dear?

FROM AGNES LEWIS TO MRS. E. WARING WILSON
IN LEXINGTON KENTUCKY

Saturday, January 10, 1942.

Your telegram came this evening. I think my thoughts must have reached you because I had been wishing for you. We shall welcome you with tears of joy. This is an emergency when I feel that you could really organize the housekeeping for us. The maids' schedules have to be changed since one house is gone and you could do it so perfectly. Then, perhaps, we could later carry on, when you had to leave, and keep to your organization.

Besides, I feel that your wise counsel would be invaluable on many things. Of course we are all heartsick. This was to have been Mrs. Breckinridge's quiet week-end of rest. Instead we had to telegraph the tragic news to her.

We are completely baffled as to the cause. It must have literally burst into flames. We were at lunch at the Big House and the Garden House had not been emptied more than thirty minutes, for we were just leaving the dog trot, when a man came running and said the Garden House was on fire. We ran over and already my office was a mass of flames and the back offices so full of smoke that one could not see. Lucile got out her books and ledgers. We saved a typewriter and two adding machines. The washwomen and Belle and some of the staff got some clothes out of the laundry. The record department got out some of their current records and the master file and then the whole house was aflame. The fire extinguishers were emptied in an effort to control it while the hose was being pulled out but they made no impression. All of the wood in that house was dry and the wall board, too, so once it got

started it went like a flash. We had two full tanks of water and got the fire all out except the coal in the bins and even tonight that is still burning and we have to keep putting it out.

While the loss is simply terrible so far as records and files and the building is concerned, we can't help being tremendously grateful that it didn't break out in the middle of the night. If one of the Couriers had been injured, I don't think we could have stood it. And with only Jahugh and Gordon here and the hose freezing almost before we could get it "unkinked" after pulling it out they would have been unable to keep it from spreading to the barn, I fear. And if the barn had caught, with a loft full of hay, one hates to think where the fire would have gone. And so we have much to be thankful for. One thing, it didn't start from lamps or candles or a faulty furnace and the flues were tile-lined and we have no oil rags. I wish we knew what did happen.

FROM AGNES LEWIS TO MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Tuesday, January 13, 1942.

Just a wee note this morning to say we received your dear letter yesterday and I will get a long letter off to you in tomorrow's mail, enclosing a tentative plan for a new Garden House. I will get in touch with heating firms at once, but cannot order until they see plans. I can give them an idea of what will be wanted and find out what possibility there will be of our getting priorities and I will hear promptly I am sure.

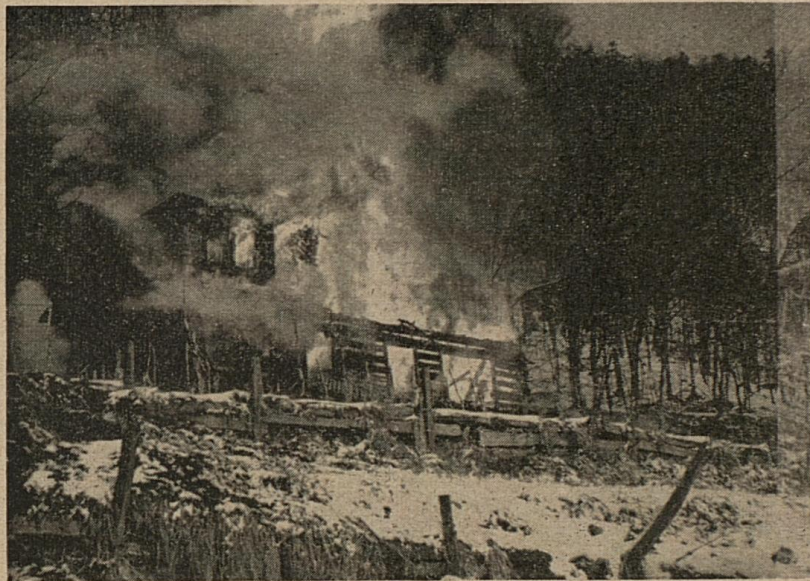
We hope you will think the present arrangement of bedrooms and offices all right until we can make a permanent arrangement. Everyone seems quite happy about it. But on more careful thought we may find it won't work. We shall know better when things are a little better straightened out.

You would think of ———— (*treasured personal possessions*). They were of course lost but even that cannot compare to the loss of records and files which affects the whole Service; and his picture, my mother's miniature and other things dear to me are a loss only to me. And so many millions have lost all that was dear to them. I can't but think of them. The Couriers and I would no more think of letting the Service replace our

personal things than we would think of jumping into the river. They have been grand and are good stuff and can take it. Just the same we do thank you for even thinking of it. Friends have generously supplied me with clothes temporarily. I shall not need much and would rather not have more than just enough now. It is the loss to the Service that matters and the burden that loss will put on you whom God knows didn't need a fire in addition to what you already had to shoulder.

The furnace man was here yesterday and we checked the furnace and it just doesn't look like that could have caused the fire. The basement was the last to catch. It must have been spontaneous combustion of something. I can't think what. One can't help trying to arrive at a cause. Smoke poured out the top underneath the eaves.

Time for the mail. Mrs. Wilson is coming Thursday for two weeks. Bless her.



Fifty Minutes After the Alarm

FROM DOROTHY F. BUCK

January 13, 1942.

Friday we spent salvaging—dipping records into water, covering them with sawdust—and pressing the smoldering fire

out. It took all day and was nearly as back-breaking as it was heart-breaking. By Saturday everything was established and everyone was working full steam ahead to try to catch up with the last sixteen years. Today we finally managed to get the ruins cleared enough to knock down the chimney which everyone said was unsafe. Also Aggie and Kay Doggett got telephones in their rooms. It is warmer so perhaps we won't have more frozen pipes.

I am afraid I had better stop and do a spot of reading. I have found I have to before going to sleep or the flames haunt me.

FROM EDITH ANDERSON
[*Social Service Secretary*]

"Hit's a pity, but I reckon the Service and the world will go on!" Thus spoke one of the men hauling the pitiful remains of twisted files out of the Garden House.

But this is just a chatty letter with no particular incentive and I do not wish to dwell on what you already know about the fire. Agnes has probably told you everything, except how fine she was. And she really was grand. She never once mentioned the loss of all her personal belongings and little gadgets that mean so much to a person, but only could think of her years of work going up in a mass of yellow clouds—ugly clouds, too.

I watched her face and would have given anything if I had been the sympathetic type that could have offered consolation without seeming artificial. But instead, your hobby-bitten social worker, appeared not to notice, as she was very busy taking pictures.

It is too bad that you had not time to know the junior couriers better before you left, for they are charming girls. They took their losses with a grin—particularly after putting on some of the "grab" that Hyden sent over.

As for Jean—well a person would not know if she was sitting on a pin if she did not choose to say so. The Hospital sent over a bathing suit labeled for her exclusively! Thursday she

went to Lexington to get Mrs. Wilson and wore—a pair of my shoes. But yes.

Charlie Fields has been offering to work six days or more free of charge and said the same thing held for his family. I could have hugged him.

I have moved myself and my office over to the Hospital guest room. There is a shiny new typewriter and many clean new folders—but, alas, empty ones. A social worker without any case histories is a pitiful object.

FROM MRS. E. WARING WILSON
AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

January 17, 1942.

Only a good long talk would satisfy after all that has happened since we parted in Lexington two weeks ago, and I know you have had full reports from here but I must thank you for your telegram and gracious welcome to Wendover in absentia and give you a few impressions of conditions here. I came up to Wendover with Jean and Ruth (who went to Lexington for new glasses to replace burned ones!) in Jean's car as far as Hyden. Walter B. met us at Hyden in his truck and brought us and all our bags and boxes (*clothes for burned out ones*) to Wendover where I was welcomed rapturously by my dear Aggie and by the rest at dinner-table. All cheerful and interested and morale excellent. The burned out ones are settled in other rooms which consoled me for occupying the small staff one in state alone. I am uplifted by the spirit shown here, individually and collectively;—and so glad for the lovely gifts coming in from so many friends.

Yesterday I viewed the ruins where Jahugh, Kermit and Oscar Bowling were working and though overwhelmed by the loss of records and personal belongings really feel it rises to miracle that the rest of the place was saved only by heroic and very efficient work. Buck is working daily on some scorched records, retrieving something perhaps but it is quite pathetic. Of course my heart aches for Aggie whose personal losses are really complete. She does not dwell much on the loss of her own possessions and when she does considers them as nothing compared with the sorrows of the world.

My main job here now is readjusting domestic situation a bit as, with no Garden House to clean, the maids' duties change. I had a delightful conference with them. All are inspired to do their best and be in good order for your return. Aggie was worrying about household affairs with no time to attend to them. Alice is off for a week at home and Audrey is in the Wendover post office. Alice left a pile of notes for me to write at my leisure. Also I am fixing clothes for Aggie with Irene's help today. So I am busy and interested and enjoying being here but miss you very much specially in late afternoon for radio news hour. I am giving a party at 5:30 today with Muscatel and salted nuts.

FROM LUCILE HODGES
[*Bookkeeper*]

January 21, 1942.

It hurts me for you to say that I risked my life to save the books and ledgers. There was such a powerful stream of water being played on the building that the idea of the whole house going up in flames was far from my thoughts. The smoke was very thick and I had thrown up two windows (*to throw the books and ledgers out*). I didn't get stifled—only frightened. I think it might have passed through my head that with so much confusion I might have been forgotten. . . .

FROM AGNES LEWIS

January 18, 1942.

There are no words in which to tell you what your letter of Thursday the fifteenth meant to us. You always say the things that help one think straight and clearly; and you always understand everything. I couldn't help shedding a few tears as I read it—it was so much a part of you and almost as though you were right here with all of your dearness and wise counsel, and the spiritual help that we needed. We know how much it takes out of you to write in long-hand the superb letters you have sent us. You truly have been here with us every minute of the time. Please dismiss us from your mind now and save

yourself. I think it has been harder on you to be away than on those of us here. So much of your very heart and life's blood has gone with the burning of the Garden House.

I enclose a rough sketch of floor plans for a new building; and am sending a copy of it to _____ and to _____ to get a rough idea of the cost of building materials and heating and plumbing. We can figure out the stone work and labor and local materials. I'll keep at the business of getting all the possible information I can on building materials, heating, plumbing and so forth.

This has been the most gorgeous day—just like spring. I wish you might have enjoyed it instead of being in a crowded, bustling city. It has been the greatest blessing to have good weather and sunshine this past week while we have been moving people around and getting straightened out. We feel today as though we are quite settled until we have the new building. Everyone has been so willing to make whatever adjustments seemed best. We are over the shock and have our minds on the work that is before us. Belle just passed by and asked me to tell you that the chickens were fine and all of the little ones had lived.

FROM AGNES LEWIS

January 22, 1942.

We really have gotten very well settled down in our new routine and we think we are going to manage until there is a new building. I am glad that you liked the tentative plans. Of course, there will be some changes and all my spare time I am mulling them over in my mind trying to think of everything. Your insisting on rough plans immediately was a wonderful idea. I'm sure that it was not altogether that you wanted them in order to have an idea of the cost of rebuilding, but partly to get our minds on constructive things and the work that was ahead of us and off of the loss which, of course, was a blow to all of us. The night I sat down and sketched the rough plans—very rough and Celia Coit and Jerry turned them into neat drawings—I was greatly rested and refreshed and then it was that I realized that your asking for them was for two reasons, and it worked.

GOOD NIGHT, MY SON

By NORINE FREEMAN

We extend our grateful thanks to the Cincinnati Post for permission to reprint this poem. Richard Freeman is with General MacArthur's forces in the Philippines and, since this poem was written, he has been "wounded in action".

Good night, my son. Across the miles of ocean
Between your heart and mine there drifts a call
Of love and blessing—of a flaming courage
Brighter, more tender than the stars that fall.

Good night, my son. Between us there is silence,
And yet that very silence thrills with words
That need no voice to bring them out of darkness,
For they are winged with light—swifter than birds.

Good night, my son. God's love is all around you.
The sea, the earth—even the wing-filled air
Is luminous with His eternal presence
Go where you may. He is forever there.

Good night, my son. There in your island outpost
You stand in firm young pride, above all fear—
You and the other sons of other mothers.
We wait and tend the flame. God bless you dear.

LOST

By MARY ELIZABETH ROGAN

FOREWORD: The following article is taken from a letter written in February, 1934 to Mr. and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan in Glendale, Ohio, the father and mother of the courier-author. Parts of it were printed in the Cincinnati Enquirer on February 11, 1934.

At 7:30 a. m. I left with Lucile to go to Bowlingtown, which is about 24 miles away. We were supposed to be there by 2 p. m. to get some supplies to Dr. Kooser. The first thing that happened was that we left in a pouring rain on as cold a day as I've ever felt. Naturally the roads were simply awful and the horses often were knee-deep in mud.

Before we left Aggie told me to put on everything I owned. So I started out in two pairs of long underwear, two pairs of woolen stockings, a sweater under my woolen shirt, my leather jacket, my heavy coat and a raincoat! With so much *avoir-dupois* I could scarcely get on my horse, but once I was up, it made a rather comfortable padding.

At 11:30 a. m. we arrived at Confluence, about 15 miles away, and decided to have lunch, warm our feet and get dry at that Nursing Center before going on. We had arrived in the pouring rain, thoroughly drenched and frozen stiff. A swell nurse there made us some tea, and about 10 minutes before noon we rode on.

Bowlingtown is about two hours away from Confluence on a good day, and this being such a bad one, we naturally had to go slowly and were perfectly frantic because we didn't know what Dr. Kooser wanted the bags for—whether it was a matter of life or death, or what was the trouble.

To cap the climax when we got to the nursing center at Bowlingtown (still raining) the doctor looked up from his lunch and said: "My word! You here already?"

If anything loose had been available that doctor would have had to fix his own cracked skull! As there wasn't, all we said was "Just exactly what time did you want us to get here

when you said two o'clock?" To that he replied, "Why, I said two so you'd be here by three." Well that was that, so Lucile and I talked and read magazines till supper time when the two nurses came in. After supper Lucile and I were pretty tired so we went to bed.

The next morning we didn't have to start till 12:30 or 1, so we didn't get up till 7:30. After breakfast we fed the horses, groomed them, packed our saddle bags, made the beds, etc., had lunch and started on our way to Brutus, which is about nine miles, or two and a half hours, away. In the morning it started hailing, but by the time we left, it was a fine day and not awfully cold. About 3:30 p. m. we got to Brutus, which I think is a most attractive center. While we were there their furnace went blooey, so we had absolutely no heat except from the fireplace, and it was turning very cold outside, with a wind blowing up. Consequently we went to bed about 9 p. m. to keep warm. The next morning we had breakfast, packed our clothes in the saddlebags and started off for a (supposedly) 23-mile ride back to Wendover by another trail. It was about 10 a. m. when we left and my! but it was cold!

Now, my friends, listen to this tale of woe and see if you can imagine anything worse. We rode along for about an hour and a half, when suddenly Lucile said she didn't know where we were. About a mile back there was a house, so we returned to it. They told us we were on the road to Red Bird. That wasn't so bad, because about a quarter of a mile away was the right turn. We found it and went on our way again. About 12 o'clock Lucile said we were lost again! So we found another house, asked where we were, and found that we'd missed a turn TWO MILES back. "You'll have to take a right steep path to get to it—a short cut through the hollow and over the ridge." We decided to chance it. Then the fun started! We began to climb AND to climb! I've never seen such mountains in my life. Finally we got to the top of the highest one there. Here were three paths—each going along a separate ridge. By that time we were so lost we didn't know WHAT to do. We tried the last path.

After about half an hour of walking our horses, all of a sudden we came to the end of the path! Was I a wreck! Then

I heard some voices and looking down saw some kids way down in the hollow, climbing around on the roof of a little cabin. This is what followed after getting their attention by shrieking:

Me—Is your father there?

Kid—No. He ain't home.

Me—Is your mother there?

Kid—No. She ain't home.

Me—Well how in the heck can we get down off this mountain?

Kid—Well, wait a minute and we'll come up and lead you down.

Me (to myself)—O.K. But for heaven's sake, hurry up or we'll fall down!

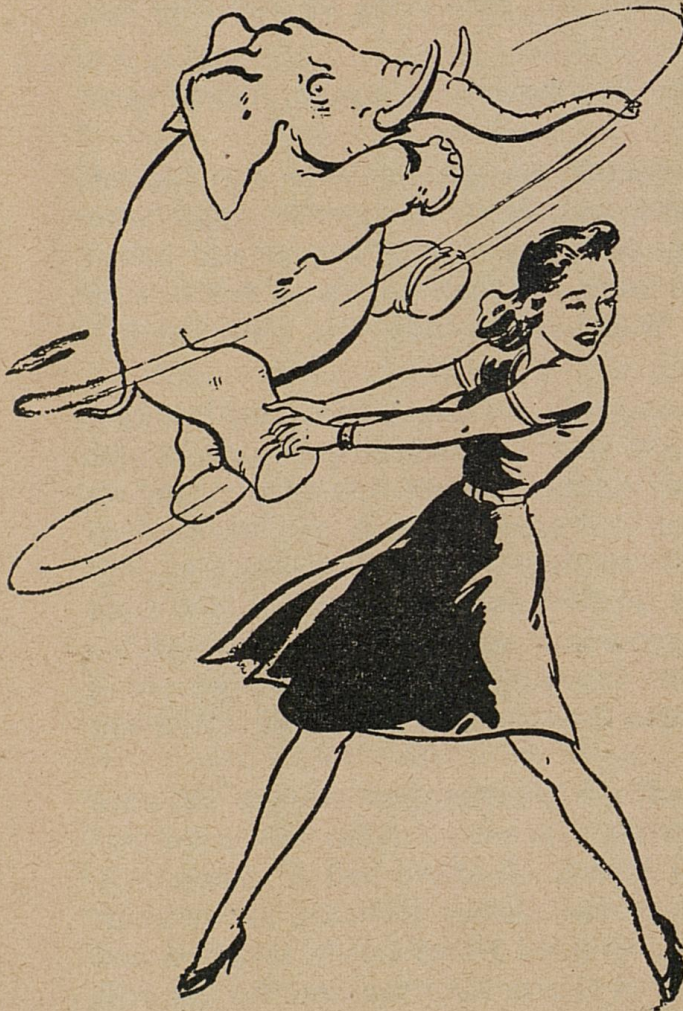
Then came the most terrific descent I've ever experienced. There was literally no path and we went right straight down the mountainside. Finally we reached the bottom and asked the kids (aged about 8 or 9) if the little trickle in front of us was Bull Creek. It was. Well how far was it to Miss Lester's clinic? About a mile.

And so we started off again. We asked the same question at different houses along the way and each house said, "About a mile"—It turned out to be five, I think. At 3:30 p. m. we finally arrived, having been lost since 12:30 p. m. We were so numb, so hungry and so tired that we simply couldn't go any farther. So we stopped at the first cabin we saw and told them we had to come in and get warm and eat the sandwiches we had with us. The woman was very nice and talked a blue streak—mainly about all the people that one man had killed in the last two months or so.

We stayed there about 15 minutes and started off once more. This time we knew where we were—about two and a half hours from Wendover via Hyden. And we had to hustle. By the time we got to Hyden it was almost dark and as we knew Mrs. Breckinridge would be worried I told Lucile to go on and tell her we were home, and let Gloria take her time for the rest of the way—which we did. I know my way from Hyden to Wendover pretty well by now, and wasn't the least bit nervous,

so at 6 p. m. I pulled into Wendover, a sadder but a wiser female.

After supper and a hot bath I went right to bed, thinking I probably couldn't move the next morning. But I woke up without any stiffness or soreness at all, feeling just as if I'd had a perfectly normal day the day before. So I think I must be getting pretty tough—what?



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"BEARING GIFTS FROM THE EAST"

By BARBARA JACK
(Volunteer Christmas Secretary)



The Author

Since the latter days of November Tenacity had dragged the crib-like sled with its burden of parcels from the little post office in Hyden. The sturdy runners of wood scraped against the rocky mountain road; and, at intervals, the mule stopped to gain her breath, then would decide to come on again to deliver the packages at the Midwives' Quarters, up the side of the Hospital Hill.

Trestles had been erected in the basement of this Frontier Nursing Service building. Upon them in one corner lay dolls, side by side in rows, gazing at the ceiling. Some, having journeyed far, closed their eyelids or cried when disturbed.

Pocket knives vied with one another in shininess. A number of them sported chains making certain that the little boys would not lose them when they trudged over the hills. The gay balls were collected in a large container, waiting to bounce again. For these "pretties" were to bring Christmas to 5,000 mountain children.

Huge cartons of toys, barrels of more toys, shipments of candy, and gifts of clothing rolled in on the truck from the railroad station in Hazard, 25 miles away. Little woolly jackets, caps, booties, and mittens, assembled on one trestle became the

baby department. Shawls and capes were set aside for the grandparents.

Drums, mechanical toys, little cars, airplanes, marbles and other "tricks" created a section for the boys, while the girls' area grew with dolls, sewing kits, and brush and comb sets. Soft cuddly animals, destined for very little children, made their temporary home in a trunk. Books for all ages, had a place of their own; and a blue horse with an orange mane and tail and startled eyes stood archly on the desk of the Christmas Secretary.

At noon the voices of children singing carols floated up from the school in the village below.

Packages arrived in greater numbers as Christmas drew near. The six outpost nursing centers scattered about in the mountains had sent in their quota lists of ages and sexes in response to which gifts were repacked, according to the numbers, and sent to the centers by truck.

The lights failed just as the Brutus Nursing Center shipment was in process of packing. The day was dark and the "pretties" were stacked high against the windows. Truly the workshop, lighted by one candle, was as dark for Santa's Secretary as though located at the North Pole.

The cat, who was trying to help tie the packages, was tossed outdoors. A chicken waddled over the threshold and was shooed away but returned with a friend. In the dimness the Secretary barked her shins and fell over the dog, but the Brutus toys were somehow packed for their long haul.

The Christmas parties were held at the six outposts, at Wendover, and at the Hospital at Hyden. The mountain people of the three Hyden districts began to arrive at the Hospital as early as seven in the morning of the appointed day for the party there.

The nurses had the "pokes" of gifts ready for each family, and after receiving them the children and parents passed down the hall to the dining room for cocoa and cookies. Some of the youngest children were too spellbound by the tall tree in the living room to taste the food. The wonder in their eyes deepened as they saw the tinsel, colored balls, and soft lights for the

first time. One felt as if the Christ child in the creche in the corner was somehow very near.

As the mountain families left the party, many of the little children solemnly shook hands with Santa as they thanked him for the oranges and bags of candy which he, the former Christmas Secretary, added to their "pokes" and pockets. Then hugging their treasures and memories close to their chests the mountain children with their parents trooped out into the hills on their long trek home.



"Here's a dress I'd like the queen to have."—TONY BARLOW

Through the courtesy of Collier's Magazine, Oct. 18, 1941

MIDWIFERY IN PUERTO RICO

By MARY B. WILLEFORD, R. N., S. C. M., Ph. D.

Puerto Rico! An emerald island in a turquoise sea! A tropical setting, with the green of the palms, the red of the flamboyant tree, and the blue of the sea under the brilliant sun of a cloudless sky! As one sails into the lovely harbor of San Juan and sees the beautiful city spread out on the curving shores, one feels that paradise has been reached at last. Puerto Rico has all the charm of the unknown, of the tropics, and of the picturesqueness of a foreign land—even though it is a part of our own country.

Almost at once one accepts the island on its own terms. The people are friendly, and English in varying degrees is spoken by many of the inhabitants. There is a *laissez-faire*, a *manana* atmosphere that makes one forget the rush and worry of the North and that fills the newcomer with a holiday spirit. No one should have to work in Puerto Rico. Everyone should be allowed to sit by the side of the sea and watch the world sail by.

However, this isn't possible either for the Puerto Ricans or for visitors who go there for purposes other than a vacation. Soon conditions that are not in keeping with the general loveliness of the island become evident. Dangerous as the barracudas that lurk in the brilliant blue water to harm the unwary, these conditions weaken the fundamental social structure of the island and are detrimental to the well-being of its inhabitants.

Puerto Rico has a population of nearly two million and an area of approximately 4,000 square miles, or about 500 persons to the square mile, a density not exceeded by any rural area in the United States. Moreover, there are few means of livelihood and the result is a distressingly low standard of living for most of the Puerto Rican people. In addition, sanitation is almost nonexistent, the water supply even in San Juan is not dependable, housing is deplorable except in limited areas, and educa-

tional facilities have not kept pace with the rapidly increasing population.

The Puerto Ricans should not be held responsible for all of these conditions. Factors beyond their control have contributed to the present low economic status of the people, which is basic to the majority of their difficulties. For example, hurricanes have frequently destroyed the delicate coffee plants, the sugar quota has been cut by Congress, and most of the embroidery and woodcarving industries have chosen to leave the country rather than to comply with the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938.

What has all this to do with midwifery? A great deal, for one almost always finds in a country predominantly rural and where the people are isolated from each other, where there is great poverty, where educational facilities are limited, where the means of livelihood are restricted, and where the birth rate is high, a large proportion of the infants delivered by untrained attendants. Such is the case in Puerto Rico.

Of the 73,000 births on the island in 1939, approximately 62,000 were attended by untrained midwives, who in Puerto Rico are known as assistant midwives. There are approximately 2,500 assistant midwives registered with the Bureau of Infant Hygiene of the Insular Department of Health, which, since 1931, has had the responsibility for administering the midwife program. Prior to that date little attempt was made to control or to supervise the assistant midwives, but during the past 10 years a program for their licensing, control, and supervision has been developed. Credit for this program is due largely to the efforts of Dr. Marta Robert de Romeu, Chief of the Bureau of Infant Hygiene. That the program has been to some extent effective is evidenced by the fact that although approximately 85 percent of the births each year are attended by assistant midwives, the maternal mortality rate is only slightly more than 50 per 10,000 live births.

The assistant midwives in Puerto Rico are somewhat comparable as to age, education, and preparation to the untrained midwives in certain areas of the continental United States. A large majority of them are illiterate, some are over 60 years of age, and few of them have had actual training for the job that

they are doing. However, some of them appeared more teachable than the "granny midwives" of our South. All of the Puerto Rican assistant midwives are required to attend classes regularly—classes that are held by the midwife supervisors on the staff of the Bureau of Infant Hygiene. These classes are similar to those held by public-health nurses for untrained midwives in the United States. In these classes the midwives are taught cleanliness and what they should not do. But mainly they are taught under what circumstances medical assistance must be obtained. When questioned about their usual procedure under certain circumstances, the midwives answered most frequently, "I call the doctor." Yet doctors are exceedingly scarce in the rural areas of Puerto Rico—so scarce that when the midwives were questioned further, the answer almost invariably was that although the doctor might be called, in the majority of cases his services would not be obtained.

Although the assistant midwives constitute by far the largest group of midwives in Puerto Rico, there are at least four other types that are recognized. Two of these are considered trained midwives and are licensed, not by the Bureau of Infant Hygiene as are the assistant midwives, but by the Medical Board of Examiners of Puerto Rico. The midwife training of both these types is identical. It consists of a year of delivery experience under medical supervision in the San Juan Maternity Hospital. Even by the hospital staff this experience is not considered to meet the requirements of a recognized course in midwifery. It was designed merely to give some delivery experience to certain groups of persons. After the completion of the year's delivery experience, the Medical Board of Examiners grants licenses to those who successfully pass an examination. The main difference between the two types of midwives who are licensed by the Medical Board of Examiners is that one group has not completed a recognized course in nursing and the other group has. The graduate midwife who is not a nurse is known as a "comadrona graduada." The number of these is very small and as licenses are no longer issued for this type of training, these "comadrona graduadas" will in time be non-existent.

The graduate midwife who is also a nurse is known as a

licensed nurse-midwife. There is a limited number of nurse-midwives, but their number increases each year. Some of them are employed by the Bureau of Infant Hygiene for the supervision and training of the assistant midwives, some are used in maternity hospitals, and some practice as private midwives.

Of the other two varieties of midwives, one is the graduate nurse who is licensed by the Bureau of Infant Hygiene to practice midwifery. She has had neither training nor experience in midwifery and her status is similar to that of the assistant midwife. Since 1934 only such persons may be licensed to practice midwifery in urban areas. The fifth and last type of midwife is known as "clandestine." She is the person who has no license and who breaks the law each time that she delivers a baby. It is surprising that there are comparatively few clandestine midwives, considering the isolation of the rural people, the lack of trained midwives, and the large number of births.

But these are facts and figures that may be obtained from the office of the Bureau of Infant Hygiene of the Insular Department of Health. What of the actual care given by the assistant midwives to the women of Puerto Rico at the time of delivery, and what of the aftercare of mothers and infants during the puerperium? If it were only possible to describe adequately the Barrio Perla Vieja in San Juan! Picture a sheer cliff of rock, several hundred feet high, arising from a narrow sandy beach, washed by the waves of the Caribbean. On the face of this cliff, on narrow ledges, families have built from scraps of lumber, bits of tin, rags, and what-not, tiny one and two-room shelters. These so-called houses—perhaps a thousand or more in number—are not built along streets or alleys, but have only a series of complicated labyrinths that are used for ingress and egress. Unless a person knows his way, he could wander up and down for hours without finding the family he wishes to see.

In one of these homes a delivery by an assistant midwife supervised by a midwife supervisor from the Bureau of Infant Hygiene was observed. As the ocean waves roared at the foot of the cliff, another Puerto Rican was born and seemed to cry in protest at his strange birthplace. But, although the room was small and cramped and facilities were extremely limited,

the delivery was handled in quite a satisfactory manner. If the technique used at this delivery was typical of that employed at many Puerto Rican births, one can understand to some extent why the maternal mortality rate on the Island is only 50, even though 85 percent of the births each year are attended by untrained midwives.

A second delivery in another barrio in San Juan was attended. This time the barrio was built on a salt flat, a section where the sea rose and fell under the houses as the tide ebbed and flowed. There were no streets, and the walks were planks laid from post to post to keep the traveler out of the water. Small sea animals lived under the houses and in the cracks of the walks. Again the delivery was well handled and the little Puerto Rican was started off with at least the chance for health that a safe delivery gives.

In another home, across the island from San Juan, a mother with a 3-day-old infant was visited in the company of an assistant midwife and a midwife supervisor from the Bureau of Infant Hygiene. The care that was given by the assistant midwife to the mother and infant was good in every respect. It is true that mosquitoes of an unbelievable size and ferocity attacked mother, infant, midwives, and observer during the visit. But the eradication of these pests would scarcely become a part of good maternity care at this time because general sanitary conditions are usually so poor.

Observation of the work of some ten or twelve assistant midwives showed that the type of care given to mother and infant was better than might have been expected from women who had had no actual instruction for the job that they were doing. In addition, they were not even having adequate supervision—granting that they would be able to profit by it—for it is not possible for the eight midwife supervisors on the staff of the Bureau of Infant Hygiene to give any sort of intensive supervision to the 2,500 assistant midwives. As I traversed the island observing this work, visiting in different types of homes, and seeing many individuals, most of whom had little or no medical, nursing, or hospital care, over and over again one thought came to me. I thought how desirable it would be if there could be a sufficient number of well-trained public health

nurse-midwives to care not only for the women during child-birth, but also to assist in protecting and promoting the health of all the people. I could visualize an unlimited number of Puerto Rican nurses, trained in public health practices and in midwifery, delivering the Puerto Rican infants of the future and, after delivering them, helping to keep them healthy and strong. Because of this recurrent thought, I am glad to be able to report that the Insular Department of Health is making progress in providing for the prevention of disease and the promotion of health in Puerto Rico.

THE FRONTIER FATHER

By LOUISE MOWBRAY, R. N., S. C. M.

"If the father can come for the nurse, the nurse will get to the mother" is the working motto of the Frontier nurse-midwife. But what happens in country like ours when the father can't get to the nurse?

It had been a winter of bitter cold. Ice and snow which stayed for weeks at a time and kept people, ill prepared for zero weather, hovering over their grate fires. Then as a climax came a thaw, torrents of rain and "the worst tide in sixty years".

Red Bird River overflowed its banks, flooding far into the bottom lands, muddy but somehow majestic with a current so strong that it seemed not to be moving at all, till one saw the logs and débris, huge rafters, even a whole barn roof, rushing by.

In the creeks the rocks came rolling and cracking down. The roads were a sea of mud with huge "slips" where the shale hillsides, their topsoil already washed, had given way under pressure of frost and pouring rain.

On the other side of the river from the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center up one of the least desirable creeks to travel in any sort of weather live Cordie and Ambrose. Cordie was "expectin'" in mid-winter. She had registered with "the Nurses". She had come to the clinic faithfully to keep her appointments till the weather got too bad, then the nurse had

gone to her home. Now her "time had come" and it was "turrable weather".

At midnight she knew she was "sick" and wakened her husband. Ambrose built up the fire, "ketched" his mule and taking an ax decided to go down the creek and have a look at the river. He took down three fences; cut a path through the briars around two hillsides. It took him two hours to travel a mile and a half. He reached the river, only to find it way past fording and the boat which had been chained to a tree had been washed away.

However, it had stopped raining. The river was in "full tide" but no longer rising and perhaps in a few hours, if the rain didn't start again, it would be down enough to get across and fetch the nurse.

So home he went, only to find the baby already there and howling lustily. Cordie, alone, with the children all sound asleep, had "borned hit" while he was gone.

If not exactly skillful, Ambrose was up to a certain point resourceful. He had watched "the Nurses" in times past. So he got the scissors hanging on a nail by the fire place and a good stout piece of string and put them in the frying pan and boiled them. Then he washed his hands very thoroughly, "cut the baby loose", and wrapped it in a clean warm blanket.

There his resourcefulness ended. He was puzzled. Cordie seemed to be all right but he knew she needed attention and he "studied" about it and got worried over the baby's not having "drops in hit's eyes" and not being "dressed" but figured those things would just have to wait a while.

So he "fixed breakfast" for the children and at intervals went down to look at the river. He made the trip four times. The "tide" was going down, but slowly.

Twelve hours after the first attempt he crossed Red Bird River, reached the center and fetched the nurse back.

.

The other day Cordie registered again. Again she is "expectin'" in mid-winter.

Her only comment, "I sure do hope it won't be such turrable weather this time."

THE ROMANCE OF THE MARINES

By LIEUTENANT GENERAL J. C. BRECKINRIDGE

FOREWORD: This article was originally broadcast on November 10, 1936—the Marine Corps birthday—in San Francisco.

It is a lesson in liberal geography just to read the names of the countries where the United States Marines have been landed in obedience to the policies of their government. Remote and romantic parts of the world dance before our eyes as we try to follow the places on a map. The first recorded overseas expedition was in the year 1800, and the last was from 1928 to 1934, when they were brought home from Nicaragua. During those one hundred and thirty-four years there were 124 foreign expeditions: almost an average of one a year. Here are the countries where the Marines have upheld the honor and the dignity of the nation and its people: Abyssinia—Argentina—Behring Sea, before we acquired Alaska—Chile—China, nineteen times and we are still there—Colombia, 6 times—Corea, seven times—Cuba—Dominican Republic—Drummond Island—Egypt—Falkland Islands—Fiji Islands—Formosa—France—Haiti—Hawaiian Islands, before they became part of the United States—Honduras—Japan—Johanna Island—Loo Choo Islands—Marquesas Islands—Mexico—Navassa Island—Nicaragua, 14 times—Panama—Peru—Porto Rico, before it became part of the United States—Russia—Samoa—Siam—Sumatra—Syria—Trinidad—Tripoli, and Uruguay.

There is an itinerary that would make even Robert Louis Stevenson pause in his search for romance; and that would drive a tourist agency to distraction. The rolling clouds of the Caribbean Sea can tell tales of the Spanish Main: Haiti, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Honduras and the old buccaneers of Spain, France, and England. We can follow the trail of Balboa across Panama where we can turn towards Nicaragua in the north or Peru in the south; or, forsaking the western hemisphere altogether, we can steer for either the Loo Choo or the Marquesas Islands. It is a far call from the ice of Vladivostok to

the heat of Abyssinia; from the salty blasts of Behring Sea to the sands of Syria.

There is probably no man who has ever visited all of these places; but the vessels of the Navy have found every one of them, and the adventures of their seamen have been as exciting and various as those of the Marines who landed from their decks. But an American may ask what we have to do with these far-away places, and why do our vessels and men have to visit them? We will illustrate by an incident picked at random. About 1870 American seamen and travelers who were wrecked near the shores of Corea were maltreated and murdered when they thought they were reaching safety. In the spring of 1871 the American Minister and the Admiral commanding the squadron (Rear Admiral John Rogers) conferred, and decided to make a visit to the Salee River together, where they could discuss the situation with the local authorities. The usual courtesies were exchanged, calls were made, and it appeared that the conditions were amicably settled. Admiral Rogers then obtained permission to send a surveying party up the river for the purpose of taking soundings and making observations for the aid of navigation. This party was peacefully engaged in its work when it was murderously fired upon by the forts. Launches that accompanied the party went into action and rescued the survivors. Merchant sailors and travelers had already been murdered after being ship-wrecked. An effort had been made to reach an amicable settlement; and now a surveying party that was working with permission of the local government had been fired on and many of its personnel killed. There was nothing more to discuss; there was only one thing to do, and it was done. Americans could not be shot down for the fun of the thing. Marines and sailors were landed from the ships, and the Coreans were given a lesson in human behavior. Even that was not quite enough, for next year our Minister in the capital city of Seoul had to be furnished a detail to protect his Legation.

There are innumerable incidents where landings have been made to protect our Consulates and Legations in the execution of their official duties. We have had semi-permanent guards in Nicaragua, and in China where there are still about 500 Marines

stationed at the American Legation in Peiping. These guards are sometimes requested, and always agreed to by the countries in which they are located.

One occupation effected by the Marines has become something of an international classic. In 1916 Rear Admiral Caperton ordered a number of companies of Marines from Haiti into the Dominican Republic, where a condition of chaos existed and where the American Legation had been struck by shell fire. This force grew steadily until the entire country was taken over, with an American Admiral as governor and a cabinet, or staff, composed entirely of American officers. Everybody should know that the forces of occupation were not there because they wanted to be, but because circumstances made it necessary that they should be. Their task was to bring order out of chaos, and to re-establish a government; and they succeeded in doing this by December 5th, 1922, when they were all withdrawn—"duty completed". But during the intervening seven years many, many things had transpired, the most important of which was that a hostile people had been transformed into a nation of friends: good, warm, personal friends of the forces who occupied their country. The gentleman who now so ably presides over the destinies of the Dominican Republic is President Rafael Trujillo, who possesses the autographed photograph of probably half the officers of the United States Marines; and whose autographed photograph can be seen in an equal number of Marine officers' homes. I am the proud possessor of one. Surely this is an evidence of widespread affection and respect.

We who have served in the Dominican Republic carry a deep and abiding affection for it, and for its people. That this sentiment is reciprocated is evident by the cordiality with which we are received whenever we are fortunate enough to return there. Indeed it is an international epic when foreigners who occupy a country, and the people of that country, part such cordial friends after the occupation is over and done with. This is part of the romance of the Marines, for surely this is romance; and of pure romance there is much in the Dominican Republic, the country where Christopher Columbus landed, and where he formed a colony for the glory of Spain.

Marines are better known as fighting men than as anything

else. It is as fighting men that they have made their spectacular reputation. But this is not their favorite occupation, in spite of their proven and undoubted efficiency. They prefer to improve and build instead of destroying. Men do not want to destroy. Wherever Marines find themselves they will begin to build roads and schools as soon as they can; then they will help fill the schools with children and teach the boys to play baseball and to be good sports. Wherever Marines are campaigning there is always a class of natives who are never afraid of them. These are the children, who gather around them whenever they are still long enough to give them the opportunity. Especially at meal times. American men are kindly and generous; and any American men, in or out of any service, will never hesitate to divide whatever they have with others, especially with children. Children and animals are devoted friends of all soldiers and sailors, no matter how rough and tough they may be at the moment, for children and animals can see right through the outside to what lies on the inside, where truth is.

CHRISTIANITY

“We take Christianity as we take life—the two are only one—we take it as a risk. We know full well that the surest way of avoiding evil thoughts is to have good ones, and that self-detachment, so difficult to produce by mental gymnastics, comes easily to him who gives himself to others. We know also that the spirit of poverty will not be lacking in those who love the poor; loving them for themselves, and not for the spiritual profit that may be derived from charity, for surely God invites us to honour and serve them, and not to honour and serve ourselves by making use of them.”—GEORGE BERNANOS of France.

Quoted in *The Christian News-Letter of England*.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

By An Old Marine

The following verse was inspired while watching the Marines give their prunes and other sweets to native children in a hot spot.

Sez he:

"I hiked my blooming feet off on them damned sand dunes.
Here kid! Quit your yelling! So you like Yankee prunes?
Look at the kid laughing. Must be the sweet he likes.
Lord but I am tired; and I don't want no more hikes.

"Hey Mike! Got some sugar? Take your coffee without;
Pass it over to these kids; listen to them shout.
Dirty little devils; they never seen a bath.
Stop crying, little people; now let's see you laugh.

"That's the idea! Got me? Come, let's wipe that face.
Your mother ought to be ashamed; you're a disgrace!
But you don't seem to give a damn. Ain't you got no shame?
I better wash you in the creek. Lord, but I'm lame!

"How now? Feeling better? Damned if you ain't pretty!
Guess your name's Dolores, but I'll call you Kitty.
We'll get to work on this hair with my broken comb,
Just because you're grinning like any kid from home.

"This dump has sure been hell since some guy sprung the lid,
'Tain't no fitting shelter for any sort of kid.
There goes a bullet seeking some one it can chew.
Stick close, little people, and I'll take care of you.

"These folks get their kids and neglect 'em something rare.
Maybe they don't know better; maybe they don't care.
They're the hungriest little rascals I ever seen,
But they get filled up when they tell a Buck Marine.

"Sand dunes and Yankee prunes; they're always just the same.
Dirty kids and busted lids! Lord, but I am lame!
Bullets fly bye-and-bye. I hope that bastard chokes!
That's a close and dirty dose! *Come here!* Little folks."

In Memoriam

MARY B. WILLEFORD, R. N., S. C. M., Ph. D.

MARY B. WILLEFORD: Born, Fredonia, Texas, February 4, 1900; a graduate of the University of Texas; a graduate of the Walter Reed Training School for Nurses in Washington, D. C.; held a Master's degree in public health from Teacher's College, Columbia; completed the training as a midwife at the York Road Lying-In in London, England and passed the English Central Midwives' Board examinations, and also the examinations for certification as a teacher of midwifery in England; received a doctorate of philosophy from Columbia University; her thesis, "Income and Health in Remote Rural Areas", is a factual study made in one of the districts covered by the Frontier Nursing Service and unique of its kind; was a district nurse-midwife of the Frontier Nursing Service from August 1, 1926 to November 30, 1930; was Assistant Director of the F. N. S. from November 30, 1930 to November 8, 1938; then worked with the State Board of Health of California; and then with the Federal Children's Bureau to within twelve days of her death, on December 24, 1941; survived by a mother and brother in Texas.

*I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.*

—John Burroughs

When a beloved and useful person dies in what is called the prime of life, heads are shaken sadly and lips murmur, "What a pity". The echoes of nature seem to pick up the mournful refrain and keep repeating, "What a pity". It is as though we thought of this little life as all the life there is, as though there were no usefulness, no affection, anywhere but here.

As these words are written the Kentucky mountains are buried deep in a heavy blanket of snow and the winter world is patiently awaiting the resurrection of the spring. This winter world brings back pictures of Willeford in the years she shared it with us; of Willeford on "Bruna" plunging through a river with an "ice tide" and avoiding as if by miracle blocks of floating ice; of Willeford riding up to Wendover on just such a stormy day and shaking the snow from her cap and laughing as she gave her message; of Willeford starting out on "Lassie" in darkness and raging storm to give her services for birth or death.

Birth and death, entrance and exit, the coming on to this

little planet and the leaving it for wider shores, what does it matter? It is still Willeford, the finely edged tool, forged and sharpened for supreme usefulness, there as here.

If there were one quality above all others with which to remember her, it would be courage. Not only the physical courage of a girl on horseback braving all the dangers of a rough country day or night, or living for months as she often did in those early years in a two-room cabin creosoted and white-washed into a semblance of sanitation. Not only a mental courage of a high order that could face anything from a thesis for a doctorate in philosophy to the most abstruse speculations on this life and the next; but the moral courage of innate integrity and fidelity to principle and, finally, the courage of endurance. In all the history of life's most insidious disease we know of no other case where a person was working full time within twelve days of her death.

In the early years of the Frontier Nursing Service when Willeford first came to us to work as a district nurse-midwife, her horsemanship was one of our assets. It is right that a Texan should be a good horsewoman and it is fitting that the picture we give of her should be on "Lassie", who was her mount in later years. When she went out into the wider world to gain another kind of experience, a part of her, and that the larger part, remained with the Frontier Nursing Service, and will remain in the heart of the Service always. Twice last summer she came back to see us. Four days before she died she wrote: "May you all have the very merriest of Christmases and I shall be with you at Wendover, even though I am in New York."

In the morning on Christmas Eve, after we got the telegrams of her death, a few of us who loved her were sitting together with the impact of the shock of it and in the depth of our grief. Then it was we had a sense of her presence. Then it was we knew she had awakened from the little sleep of death, that she had come back to us, that she had passed the limitations of "this bank and shoal of time".

JUSTICE LOUIS D. BRANDEIS of Washington
MRS. HERBERT DU PUY of Pittsburgh
MRS. NELSON FANT of Flemingsburg, Kentucky

DR. WALTER C. KLOTZ of New York
 MRS. GILBERT H. MONTAGUE of New York
 MRS. GEORGE MORGAN of Short Creek, Kentucky
 MR. WILL ROBERTS of Hyden, Kentucky
 MRS. JOHN H. WASHBURN of Minneapolis
 THE RT. REV. JAMES R. WINCHESTER, Protestant Episcopal Church

*Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
 Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark!*

*He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.*

*And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep;
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.*

*If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there;
 But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.*

*O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee!
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.*

—Henry Vaughan, 1621-1695

We shall miss in the years to come the long talks with **Mr. Justice Brandeis**, the stimulation of his vast and humane intellect. This might have been his prayer: "God give me work till my life shall end, and life till my work is done". — Of **Mrs. Du Puy** we know that so understanding a heart is privileged to serve in the after-world. — **Mrs. Fant** was indeed "a star confin'd" after the death of her husband and their only child. Hers must be a joyous awakening. The Frontier Nursing Service is humbly grateful that she and her husband have left us an endowment in memory of their son. — **Dr. Klotz** gave royal service to our National Medical Council from its inception. He will be a most useful person on the other side. — **Mrs. Montague** was one of those rare souls where humor and compassion blended; one who could "beget the smiles that have no cruelty".

A world depopulated of her is stricken indeed. — **Mrs. George Morgan** and **Mr. Will Roberts** were two of our oldest friends here in the Kentucky hills where their honored lives leave fragrant memories. — **Mrs. Washburn** had as radiant and kindly a character as we have ever known. She was never so happy as when she made other people happy too. Now that her long and dear life has drawn to a close she will be remembered by all who knew and loved her. — **Bishop Winchester** combined in his public and private life qualities of courage and gentleness. It is an irresistible blend. What a Christian! What a friend!

None of these nine friends of ours were young. All of them had one thing in common and that was their affectionate interest in the Frontier Nursing Service, evidenced in as wide a variety of ways as the wideness separating them from one another.

These friends of ours were among "the just" for whom the poet says "Dear Death" is a jewel.

ROYAL BABY

On December 18th, 1941, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester gave birth to a son, after seven years of marriage and at the age of 40. We can well imagine with what joy the baby Prince was welcomed. As the son of the King's brother next in the succession to the Crown after the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret, this baby boy is a very important little person indeed.

On January 6th the infant prince was registered in the names of William Henry Andrew Frederick at the nursing home at Barnet where he was born.

The Duchess signed the register, and immediately afterwards she and the baby left by car for Barnwell Manor, Peterborough.

The Duchess of Gloucester, since her marriage has won well deserved popularity. Simple and charming in manner, she has earned genuine affection from those with whom she comes in contact in her war work. She holds the honourable office of Air-Commandant of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, known to be a very popular Service with patriotic girls.

From *The British Journal of Nursing*, London,
January, 1942.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Willard Reed, Jr., husband of Mary Cowles, was killed in a bomber in Java in early February. We have no other details than the bare fact of this terrible news. We are carrying Mary continually on our hearts.

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The only news we have received in recent months from Mrs. Richard Hays Hawkins, Jr. (Christine Ekengren) is a Christmas card from Sydney, Australia where Mr. Hawkins is American Vice-Consul. The card gives charming pictures of our future courier, their little girl, Gay. Gay is shown taking off her slippers in one picture and watering flowers in another,—all of which reminds us that Christmas is summer time Down Under.

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The husband of Louise Myers (Weezy), Major John Pugh, is with General MacArthur's forces in the Philippines. When she received the last cable from him he was uninjured and well. She and their little son were sent back from the Philippines with the other Army wives and children last summer, and are staying with her father and mother in Washington.

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From our English courier, Allison Bray, we got the following cable on December twenty-sixth: "Love, best wishes to all for Christmas and 1942."

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Mary Marvin Breckinridge is in Peru with her husband, Jefferson Patterson, who is First Secretary of the American Embassy at Lima.

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Mrs. Andrew Yeomans, whose husband is with Pan American Airways in Africa, has a baby daughter, Elizabeth May, born December twenty-eighth in Boston. She writes, "Hope Lisa can be a courier in 1961." If she is even half so good a courier and a woman as her mother she will be ardently welcome then.

Edie Verbeck is Hostess for the Cadet Club of the Air Corps Replacement Training Center (Aircrew) at San Antonio, Texas. She writes:

"This Club takes care of some 3,000 odd future pilots. We plan their parties, do errands, meet parents, make reservations and do thousands of little jobs. In addition to this, I joined with the Women's Motor Corps, which takes up three nights a week, learning motor mechanics, fire fighting, etc."

"Pebble" Stone, like all civilian pilots, was grounded after December 7th, 1941. Since then she has gone through the process of proving she is an American citizen of good repute, and again has her license to fly. She hopes later to be able to fly planes to designated points as a number of women flyers are doing in Britain.

In a letter from Nancy Blaine of Chicago we quote the following paragraph descriptive of an unusual form of service:

"Since June I have been with what started out to be a work-camp called Camp William James. I say started out because it was first an experimental C. C. C. Camp last winter. Since then it has become a private organization. Hence girls are now in it, and we are trying to see what we can do in the industrial field, as the boys have been working in Vermont in an agricultural community."

Marion Shouse of Washington has gone into Naval Intelligence. She can't tell us just what she is doing but she is working long hours and finds it most interesting.

Two of our Sewickley, Pennsylvania couriers, Biz Campbell and Ellie George, are taking the training as nurses' aids and working long hours in the hospitals to which they have been assigned. They report the hospitals as under-staffed due to the call on nurses for the war.

A letter from Barbara Jack written in early February gives the following delightful news:

"My engagement to Robert S. Rowe has just been announced and I am rather excited over that. We are going to live on his farm and raise cows, sheep, hogs and chickens. In fact, we are to have 500 chickens and some geese, too. He has lived on a farm near Decatur all his life, so I feel he knows the business and that we can manage even though starting out in a small way."

Two of our couriers have married recently. Mary Stevenson of Pittsburgh married Spencer Hackett on January nineteenth and our ardent good wishes go out to her and her husband for the years to come.

It is not often that we have the happiness of attending the wedding of an old courier but we did get to Sheila Clark's wedding to Louis Rodman Page, Jr. at the Church of St. Asaph at Bala, Pennsylvania on January 17th, 1942. Sheila was a lovely bride and Roddie in his naval uniform looked very fine indeed. There is, however, an unusual solemnity on the faces of the young people who get married these days. Somehow we think that a deepened awareness of what each means to the other will be the lot of those who face the future so bravely now.

Just as this belated Bulletin goes to press we have the glad news of the birth of a baby girl to our old courier, Ann Danson (Mrs. Robert Muhlhauser) and her husband, in Cincinnati on February twenty-fourth. Mrs. Edward Danson, the proud grandmother, says the baby weighs seven pounds fifteen ounces and that she and her mother are doing well. Mrs. Danson has booked her newest granddaughter for the courier service in 1961.

Among the files destroyed in the Garden House fire were all the courier applications past and pending. As soon as the Executive Secretary, Agnes Lewis, could get around to it she wrote courier chairmen in various cities for such duplicate papers and other information as they could send her. In this way many of the couriers heard of the fire in advance of getting this Bulletin. From the letters they have showered upon us we quote the following expressions of their loving sympathy:

From Helen (Pebble) Stone in New York—January 13, 1942

"I was horrified to hear today that the Garden House was burned to the ground. The thing that floors me is the loss of all those records, correspondence, etc. Where are you all living, working and how did you keep the barn from catching fire?"

From Marion Shouse in Washington—January 13th, 1942

"I just got in this morning and learned to my horror that the Garden House had burned down. Naturally I was deeply concerned. I am so relieved that no one was hurt. Please don't fail to call on me if there is anything in the world that I can do."

**From Louise ("Weezy") Myers (Mrs. John Pugh) in Washington—
January 19, 1942**

"I was shocked to hear from Marion that the Garden House had burned down with practically everything in it! What a terrible thing to have all of those records, books, etc. gone! I cannot tell you how sorry I feel about the whole thing and if there is anything I can do, I wish you would let me know. I am glad that no one was hurt in the fire and I hope that somehow the tremendous loss can be repaired, although it must seem hopeless at the moment."

**From Linda Hardon of New Canaan, Conn. from Sheldon, S. C.—
January 20th, 1942**

"It was ghastly that the Garden House burned. I practically died when I heard that."

From Nancy Hillis in Bronxville, New York—January 22nd, 1942

"I was stunned when I heard the news about the Garden House and I know that the last few weeks must have been a nightmare; and the ones to come will be busy. Please know that I'm thinking of you and that if there's anything I can do here to assist you, I would be only too glad to do so."

From Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship in Sewickley, Pa.—January 26th, 1942

"Words can't describe how terrible I felt when I heard the awful news about the Garden House burning down—as though you all didn't have enough to worry you without that happening. I hate to think of all those records and files. Is there anything I could possibly do for you or anyone else? Will you please let me know if there is?"

From Louise (Scoopie) Will in Rochester, N. Y.—January 27th, 1942

"You could have knocked me down with a feather when I learned about the Garden House. I do wish I had been there. Maybe I could have done something and I would hop down there now if you thought I could be of some assistance but I'm afraid there is no more room. I would love to do something for the Service, if I could. Do let me know if I can help. Don't worry, everything is bound to straighten itself out eventually."

From Betsy Pagon in Baltimore—February 4th, 1942

"I can't tell you how distressed I was with the news of the fire. It seems too horrible that all the information you've collected over all these years is gone. If there is anything I can do, please don't hesitate to call on me."

"It certainly is a blessing that if it had to come, it came during the day and that no one was hurt. When Betty told me, I was worried to death for fear the barn might go too, but your letter came before I had a chance to write and I certainly breathed a sigh of relief to find out that all the horses were safe."

From Virginia Morss in Boston, Mass.—February 6, 1942

"I was exceedingly sorry to learn of the fire and the burning up of all your files and records. It will be one more inconvenience in these critical times. I do begin to appreciate the importance of records now, for I am being trained at the Simmons College School of Social Work and doing my field work with the Family Welfare Society. Some very valuable research material will have been lost to you, and that is deeply to be regretted."

From Barbara Glazier in Hartford, Connecticut—February 9th, 1942

"I was distressed to hear about the burning of the Garden House, as I know only too well the great loss."

From Barbara Ingersoll of Winnetka, Ill., from Babson Park, Florida—February 11, 1942

"What a tragic thing to happen to Wendover, especially in mid-winter. The burning of the files and records was more of a loss than anything else. I am so terribly sorry such a thing had to happen when you are so handicapped for money and services."

From Elizabeth Campbell in Sewickley—February 11th, 1942

"The burning of the Garden House is a terrific blow and I cannot tell you how much I feel for you and Mrs. Breckinridge and the rest of you.

"I wish that I could be of real help and if there is anything that I can do in any way, I sincerely hope that you will feel free to call on me.

"Such a loss as that, cannot be replaced, we all realize that. But I know that in spite of it, you will make the best of the situation, as you always do. More power to you!

"Life can be so discouraging at times and seems so utterly hopeless, particularly in such a drastic event as that has been. And we wonder, too, why it should have to happen and to us! But that is a big part of life, I believe, and it does make us the stronger for it and gives us greater courage to face the next problem that falls in our path. I have thought of you a great deal."

From Elizabeth (Bubbles) Cuddy in Blue Hill Falls, Maine—February 12th, 1942

"Harriette heard from Eleanor Stineman about a fire at Wendover. She didn't know any more than that. I can't tell you how upset we were to hear about it. What happened and what burned? I hope it wasn't the barn."

From Mardi Bemis (Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr.) in Providence, Rhode Island—February 24th, 1942

"We are all standing by."

THERE'S SUCH A BIG DIFFERENCE

1. The "boss" drives his men—the leader coaches them.
2. The "boss" depends on authority—the leader depends on good-will.
3. The "boss" inspires fear—the leader inspires enthusiasm.
4. The "boss" says "I"—the leader says "We."
5. The "boss" assigns the slavery—the leader sets the pace.
6. The "boss" says "get here on time"—the leader beats them all to it.
7. The "boss" fixes blame for breakdowns—the leader fixes the breakdowns.
8. The "boss" knows how to do it—the leader shows how.
9. The "boss" makes work a drudgery—the leader makes it interesting.
10. The "boss" says "Go"—the leader says "Let's go."

OLD STAFF NEWS

From Bridget on the Island of Nauru, Central Pacific—
October 17, 1941.

Many thanks for the Pellagra articles and the one on "A Common Tongue" which I shall scatter abroad. The F. N. S. Bulletin arrives very regularly and is read by numerous people. I was indeed sorry to hear of Dr. Scott Breckinridge's death. He will be sorely missed.

Now I wonder when I last wrote? I think I told you of our lovely holiday in New Zealand. I'd forgotten just how nice N. Z. was. Vincent (*her husband, Dr. Tothill*) ranks it with Trinidad and Devon and that is indeed high praise from him! It was so pleasant to see hills and running water and green grass. Lots of people are against the Government, but the new Government houses are a fine effort to its credit, all different colours with tiled roof and excellently fitted up inside; trees provided for the garden and two shillings six pence a week off your rent if the garden is cared for. All the towns looked as though a pride were taken in their upkeep. The hotels were excellent and most reasonable.

Our holiday was all too short. . . . A month after our return the schools were closed on account of flu. Before they opened again word came that all women and children were to go South. I knew the administration would not allow me to stay on . . . but luckily the British Phosphate Company nurse had just finished her contract and was anxious to get away. So I stepped into her job, and I am to carry on till such time as things return to normal.

The Hospital is just opposite our house. It is for the European employees of the B. P. C. It is excellently equipped and could take 12 cases but averages two. I have one Chinese boy to help me, a very bright lad and awfully keen to learn. We've had a hectic spell with two pneumonias, an appendix and a C. S. N. Now there is no one in, so I'm having a rest. I also do the books for the Chinese and Kanaka Hospital and help

with any serious cases there. Whilst I had the C. S. N. case in, I had to have help at night. So I was given the loan of an ex-bank manager!! A very charming person, though his previous training was scarcely suitable for his new duties.

Only six women remain on the Island, three nuns two miles north and two nurses at the Government Hospital two miles south.

. . . . I do hope 1942 will see an enduring peace.

FROM TIME, DECEMBER 15, 1941

"Two small British islands, Nauru and Ocean, just south of the Japanese-mandated Marshall Islands, were taken."

FROM AN AP RELEASE FROM WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND,
DECEMBER 31, 1941

"Prime Minister Peter Fraser announced today that Ocean Island, some 1,200 miles north of New Zealand was bombed Monday. . .

"Japanese planes also flew over the British mandated island of Nauru, 100 miles west of Ocean Island, and over the Gilbert Islands, of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony, but dropped no bombs, he said. . .

"Nauru, formerly German, and all the Gilbert Islands except Ocean Island, are atolls. . .

"The League of Nations mandate forbade fortifications on Nauru Island."

**From Mickle Minor (by air mail) No. 23 General Hospital,
Middle East Force—October 13, 1941.**

We were so pleased to have your letters which came in record time, only two months. The above is our only address. It is the number of the hospital which locates the country; although your letter with Cairo on it reached us two months quicker than Dr. Kooser's without.

We were very sorry to hear about Dr. Scott Breckinridge and know how much you and the Service are going to miss him.

Robbie is at present in the sick room with pleurisy, but is beginning to get up a little now. She looks very ghastly, but I hope her sick leave and, with luck, our much anticipated and much overdue ordinary leave will fix her up again.

There is a lull in our activities just now and life is a little eventless like the sand around us. Many people I know hope never to see a grain of sand again once they leave this country!

I left the Italians about two months ago and am now nurs-

ing a lot of Greeks. It does appear that languages, and still more languages, should appear in our school curriculum. I think Gen. Breckinridge's idea of a common language for all countries a very desirable one.

BITS OF NEWS FROM OUR NURSES IN BRITAIN

In the "London Letter" in the nursing magazine, R. N. of September, 1941, we read an account of Mac's ambulance train by a British nurse, Miss Lois Oakes. She had a long talk with Mac and learned that she had served for years with the Frontier Nursing Service where she had become superintendent of the Hospital. Since her description of the train has evidently passed the censor we quote from it as follows:

"The special purpose of this train is to evacuate hospitals when the town has suffered severely from air raids.

"On arrival I was welcomed by Dr. A. G. Clements and the sister-in-charge, Miss MacKinnon, both of whom are of Scottish origin. The rest of the staff consists of two trained sisters, ten nursing auxiliaries, and eight orderlies who are fully qualified Red Cross men. Each nurse has her special station on the train to which she moves when a raid is in progress, or when the train is in "action"—which is often, for it has traveled all over the British Isles and has done a tremendous amount of rescue work.

"Now let me describe the train for you. The center coach forms the dining room with a kitchen attached. Throughout the train there is a constant supply of hot and cold water. At each end of the train there are hot and cold storage tanks. The hot water tanks are specially insulated to prevent loss of heat and can keep the water hot for two days if the supply of heat is cut off. Each general storage tank holds 200 gallons, the kitchen tanks 150 each, and the lavatory tanks 20 gallons each. Altogether the train carries a thousand gallons of water. It is important to note that if any part of the train is damaged the remainder could carry on efficiently; every section is a self-contained unit.

"The train is 723 feet long, minus its engine. There are nine coaches accommodating 300 stretcher cases. Also, there are special coaches for sitting cases. Altogether there is room for over 400 patients. The doctor's office is at one end of the train and Miss MacKinnon's at the other. Then, of course, there are dressing rooms and sleeping quarters for the staff; a dispensary and surgical stores, and last but not least, an operating theatre. The train is electrically lit, but hurricane lamps are provided in case of need. Among the standard equipment are rubber hot water bottles for each patient and 1400 blankets!

"Before leaving I was shown the 'garden.' This is made on what was once a rubbish heap. The orderlies 'scrounged' soil from a near-by aerodrome, brought it in buckets with inconceivable labor, and prepared the beds. Then the nurses bought

seed from Woolworth's and grew flowers and vegetables. To complete it, the men begged some cement and constructed two small fish pools. Now, when the train is in 'dock,' the staff have flowers on the tables and fresh vegetables from their own garden.

"One more interesting story. A black-bird chose to build her nest on a hot water pipe beneath one of the coaches. She laid her eggs and sat on them all the time the train was rushing to the midlands. On arrival back at the base, she was discovered still sitting and in two more days the eggs were hatched and all the babies are doing nicely!"

Our clipping bureau and friends have been sending us a release of January 31 "With the United States Army in Northern Ireland—Wide World" from which we quote as follows:

"At one hospital, the girls found their hostess to be Margery Tait, 30, an Englishwoman who had served for two years with the Frontier Nursing Service in the mountains of Kentucky."

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From Mrs. Horsley in Yorkshire—
Received in the early Autumn.

The little message has given me such happy thoughts of the time I spent in your beautiful country and I think myself lucky to have been able to take some small part in the wonderful work you began and have carried out so well. I am very sorry to hear of your great loss of both a relative and friend, and such a friend. I refer to Dr. Scott Breckinridge. He will be greatly missed.

You may be interested to know that I am now "Granny" to a lovely little boy born March 29th, William Lewis (Billy).

I would like to offer hospitality to any of the young men who may come to England from your district. If they are in need of a place to spend their leave, they will be very welcome here.

Good night and God bless you all.

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From Mary Brohan in London—November 25, 1941.

I've just received the Bulletin which as usual has taken one right back to Kentucky. I cannot tell you what a grand treat I find it. I'm glad to find the midwifery school has really taken root. I expect Mitch and Burt are veterans now.

I still work in a Government factory. At first my work was purely nursing but of late I have been sent on to the Employment and Welfare Department as well as helping with engaging and placing of women labor. I have to supervise a Canteen. I never thought I would have anything to do with catering but some doctors seem to think that R. N.'s are the best people to make the most of the food available and to feed everybody—from the managing Director to the messenger girls—inside the factory. My worry now is not somebody's temperature but what shall we give them tomorrow! I must with gratitude say that I often find the answer in goods branded "packed in U. S. A."

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From Stevie at Kirkcudbright in Scotland—

December 14, 1941.

Once again Christmas comes and one's thoughts always think of dear friends and happy days. I haven't had any news from Kentucky in ages and one can never tell these days whether letters will arrive or not.

I am here in Galloway's lovely countryside made famous by Mary Queen of Scots and Robert Burns. Instead of a horse I have a Morris eight and quite a large country area to cover. Of course the obstetrics are the main line and with so many evacuated families we are kept busy. We have a nice house and the other nurse does the town.

My people are all safe and well although they lost their house and indeed everything they possessed. Mother stayed on in our own house. It was the only one not too badly damaged and she had seven workmen billeted on her. She is wonderful and in the midst of all the wreckage round her, planted a garden and just carried on. She is showing signs of getting on, getting smaller and stooping badly, but has a grand spirit. Of course we haven't had the siren for a good few weeks but one never knows when.

It looks as though we are all in it together now and I can hardly imagine New York City blacked out.

I wish I could send you some black buns and short bread, but they are quite a luxury just now and can hardly be got.

From Worcester in Sussex—January 2, 1942.

I have been thinking of you all particularly today. We have had the news of the fall of Manila, and it is all so sad. Those people will find it so difficult to understand. Well here is a new year. Thank goodness that one has gone. This one feels different somehow, and it looks as though we might really get on with the job. Of course the Jap business is rotten for you, but it's much better to have it now, than to have them to face afterwards, when we are looking forward to rebuilding again.

I must say your lease-lend food is grand. I like it. The butcher sent me our ration of raw meat today, pork, and it's very unusual; one of your old razor backs, frozen I should say, but it tastes jolly good.

I like to pay my debts, so I've been wondering what our Government is going to do about all this food, and I've had a lovely idea. Why not ask Churchill to lease-lend you back a few of your own British midwives? Everyone would agree that they were doing equally important work with you, and it would be so nice.

I am very well now, and it is a constant joy to realise that complete strength is returning so rapidly.

I almost forgot to thank you for the Bulletins. They are so interesting, and so welcome.

From Kelly at The Mothers' Hospital in London—

December 31, 1941.

I thought of you all at Christmas and hope that my cable got through all right.

We are very busy as so few of the maternity hospitals are doing much admitting in London now. They have all made arrangements for the mothers in the country and now (owing to the lull in air raids) all the mothers want to stay and have their babies in London. I really feel one cannot blame them, but it does put the few hospitals with maternity beds under a terrific pressure.

Everyone feels that the raids will begin again very soon,

but in the meantime these past months of quiet have been wonderful. Everyone is caught up on sleep and nerves are rested. In fact, we feel ready for almost anything.

. . . I could not begin to tell you of all the many, many things sent over from the States to the people here—quilts, afghans, baby clothes, etc. I saw packing cases being opened at Willersley Castle, containing bags fitted with tooth brush and paste, with comb, pins, mirror, torch, soap, wash cloth, towel and many other things for women who had been bombed out. Everyone has been simply overcome by the generosity.

By the way I was a guest at the luncheon celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of the Midwives' Institute on December eleventh (see *Beyond the Mountains*) and when it was given out that I was representing the American Association of Nurse-Midwives I wish you could have heard all the claps and applause.

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From Kelly—January 9, 1942.

I can't tell you how pleased I was to have your letter on New Year's morning. It seemed to me a very good omen.

Yes I do know just how relieved you all must have felt when the final plunge was made, terrible as it all is. But, as you say, we must build, and keep, an everlasting peace when this is all over. The hopeless waste and destruction of it all makes one feel very sick at heart sometimes. We must not dwell on that side of things, but hope for the improved conditions which we must have when it is all over.

Mother worries a lot about my sister in Burma. They seemed to have such heavy raids around Christmas time; but as I tell her I was in London in the raids for months and nothing happened to me!

By the way I shall be paying my annual dues to the Midwives' Institute (College of Midwives as it is now called) and I thought it would be easier for you and Buck if you will both allow me to pay yours. It is such a small amount and I shall love to do it for you both; so if you have not already sent, please don't.

I met Sir Comyns Barclay and gave him your good wishes. He was very interested and asked me a lot about the F. N. S.

and could not understand why you did not use airplanes. But I explained why.

I just can't tell you how much the Bulletins mean these days. You seem to tell us all the news of the people over here too.

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From Betty Lester in London (by air mail)—

January 28, 1942.

The other day I received a carton of American cigarettes from Mr. and Mrs. Rogan. Wasn't that nice of them? We all smoked them and at the same time celebrated the arrival of American troops in Ireland. Apparently they are from Iowa but I expect Kentucky will be represented later. I hope if any of our boys come over, I can get in touch with them. This is a very small house but there will be a bed and food for any of them who can come. I was always offered every hospitality by them all wherever I went in the mountains. Won't it be fun when we all come back? Pray that it may be soon.

We're comrades-in-arms in real earnest now and I think the end of the war is in sight.

When I come back I know exactly what I'm going to ask you to give me to eat. One thing is chicken and another fruit salad and another is a real cup of coffee with cream. What a day that will be!!!!

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From somewhere in the Near East we received a Christmas cable from Robbie, Mickle Major and Mickle Minor (but the cable people mixed it all up and had it signed "Mickle Asia Minor")! This was the cable:

"Happy Memories"

For he who values Liberty confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.

COWPER: "The Task."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

*God bless thy year!
Thy coming in; thy going out;
Thy rest; thy travelling about;
The rough, the smooth, the bright, the drear.
God bless thy year!*

"Love and faith all together now." This cable from our friends at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in London (so terribly smitten by the air raids in the autumn of 1940) came to us a few days after we had officially entered the war. Other cables and letters have been in the same spirit.

In all of the tragic news from the Far East this winter the thing that chokes us up the most has been the story of the Marines, whether on Wake Island or at other outposts, or as taken captive in China. But a young cousin in the Corps said about Wake Island, "Hell! What did you expect?" It reminded us of that saying of General Lee, "Do your duty. You should not do less and you cannot do more."

Many Marines are members of the Frontier Nursing Service, from the Commandant and his wife, General and Mrs. Holcomb, on down through the ranks. We print elsewhere in this issue "The Romance of the Marines" by our Trustee, Lieutenant General J. C. Breckinridge. His sister, your editor, will be pardoned I know for reprinting from the ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER of December 6, 1941 the following excerpt:

For the first time in its long and distinguished history, the Marine Corps has a lieutenant general, that honor going to James C. Breckinridge, who was a major general on the active list. He was transferred to the retired list October 1 for age, and he has the rank of lieutenant general on that list in accordance with the Acts of March 4, 1925, March 3, 1931, and January 16, 1936, having been commended by the Secretary of the Navy for performance of duty in actual combat during World War I. A commission as lieutenant general was issued to him this week.

Three stars mean nothing to an old Marine, who has "*fought in every clime and place where we could take a gun*" when his friends are held captive by his country's enemies. From General Breckinridge we have learned our distrust of the word "defense"

in war and our distaste for the continued use of it officially and in private parlance. "Not a thing has ever been won by defense or any such passive philosophy. OFFENSIVE is the one and single thing, or attitude of mind, that ever gained a point. . . . War is not national defense; it is w-a-r."

The proudest thing ever said to the Frontier Nursing Service was said by General Breckinridge after his first visit in to us in our earliest days. He said of our nurses, "They are Marines." *Semper Fidelis.*

General Breckinridge's young son John, now in his early teens, is a member of the Frontier Nursing Service out of his own pocket money. In a recent letter he wrote.

"I like the Bulletin more than any magazine that is printed. Only one magazine might equal it and that would be the Leather-neck printed by my Marines. However, your magazine has more interest to me. If I had a million dollars, it would go to your cause right now. Your worries are half mine too."

We record with sadness that Anthony Hill, nephew and godson of our British Trustee Mrs. Arthur Bray, was killed in air operations on October twenty-seventh when his squadron was attacked by Messerschmitts over the Channel. He was the only boy in her family.

The cover picture for this issue, of children and war, was drawn especially for the Frontier Nursing Service by that gifted British artist J. D. Pearse, whose babies have twice appeared as cover pictures for the Bulletin.

The Last Poem of Sir Cecil Spring Rice was printed on page one of the Bulletin at the request of a member from Cranford, New Jersey who attended our New York annual meeting in January where the poem was quoted in full.

It isn't possible in this belated Bulletin to give a separate report of the Director's January Eastern tour. We must content ourselves with a resumé, which is hard when so many people were so extremely kind.

I had the proud joy on Monday, January fifth, of speaking at the Copley Plaza in Boston for the Greater Boston United War Fund. Mrs. Phister Cowin, Chairman of the Educational

Division, presided and other speakers were Mr. Charles Francis Adams, President of the Greater Boston Community Fund; Mr. Maynard Hutchinson, General Chairman of the Greater Boston United War Fund; and Mr. Robert H. Hallowell, Representative of the American Red Cross.

To three cities I owe my preparation as a nurse and midwife for my life's work. At St. Luke's in New York I was trained as a nurse and at Teacher's College, Columbia I got a year in public health. In London at the British I received my training as a midwife. In Boston, under the old Instructive District Nursing Association, as it was then called, I received my training in district nursing under Miss Mary Beard, now head of the American Red Cross Nursing Service. Therefore, I know something at first-hand of the huge metropolitan problems of Boston and of how splendidly the city meets them. Nowhere are better services. It was a joy to be able to tell this to a Boston crowd.

I was the guest in Boston of my young cousins Mr. and Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr. He is now in training for his work in the war. I was the guest in Providence of our Chairman Mrs. Edward P. Jastram, for our annual meeting in Providence at the Handicraft Club on January seventh. A special feature of this meeting was a little personal talk by each of the following four old couriers: Mrs. Gibson Dailey (Barbara White), Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), Miss Doris Briggs and Miss Lucy Pitts.

After a weekend with my girlhood friend (we were at school in Switzerland together), Mrs. I. H. Jones in Marblehead, I went to Philadelphia where I was the guest of our Chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain. Our annual meeting there was at The Barclay and I also spoke to Bryn Mawr students and girls from the schools around Bryn Mawr (with colored slides) at Goodheart Hall. I had the joy of speaking again to the Hill School in Pottstown and of dining with the School and with those loyal friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. and Mrs. James Wendell.

After that came New York with its many engagements. There was a large dinner out in New Canaan, Connecticut, where I spoke as the guest of our Trustees, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour

Wadsworth. I had the pleasure of dropping in on headquarters of the English-Speaking Union, as a Kentucky member, and of Federal Union, Inc., and of meeting many old friends interested in every conceivable sort of activity connected with the war, with international relations and with the maintenance of civilian services. I had dinner with our former New York Chairman and warm personal friend, Mrs. H. Harvey Pike, Jr. Following the New York annual meeting Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere gave a lovely luncheon for the members of the New York Committee. Two of our Pittsburgh friends who were in New York, Mrs. H. H. McClintic and Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker our marvelous Pittsburgh Chairman, attended the luncheon as special guests.

The New York annual meeting on Wednesday, January twenty-first, in the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom was one of the best we have ever had. In spite of the inevitable absences of old friends because of influenza or because of committee meetings and war training or service (we refuse to use the word defense), the ballroom was crowded with nearly three hundred and fifty people. So many dear familiar faces were there, and so many loved voices spoke to me afterwards.

Our New York Chairman Mrs. Milward W. Martin, presided with distinction and charm. After reports by the Secretary Mrs. Carnes Weeks, and the Treasurer Mrs. Herman F. Stone, a short movie of the Bargain Box was shown. As all our friends know, we are one of the charities which receive support from this thrift shop. In another part of this Bulletin there is special mention of the need for rummage.

I was introduced by Mrs. Martin's and my old chief in France the last time, Miss Anne Morgan, who spoke at her very best and impressed us all both poignantly and profoundly. After that I made my year's report.

From New York I went to Cincinnati where I was the guest of our Cincinnati Chairman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan in Glendale. We had a splendid annual meeting there on Tuesday, February third at the Queen City Club with a large attendance of old friends, men and women, doctors, nurses and lay people, Trustees, members and (as everywhere) old couriers. Again there isn't space to name even a tithe of the dear people with whom I talked at the tea with which Mr. Rogan followed

up the meeting. I do want to give special thanks to the Cincinnati Enquirer for one of the most lucid and accurate reports of a meeting ever given the Frontier Nursing Service.

I also had the happiness of speaking in Cincinnati to the alumnae and chapter members of the Cincinnati branch of Alpha Omicron Pi, and to the girls of the Hillsdale School. On Wednesday morning February fourth, I went to Lexington with Agnes Lewis (who had joined me for a report on the Garden House fire) and had a meeting with the architect of the proposed new building. From there I went to Frankfort with the Rev. A. C. Brooks and his wife, who are old friends, to speak that night to the Frankfort Forum Club on the subject of Federal Union.

It is heartening to know that an intelligent group of men and women like this Club is meeting weekly for an address from an outside speaker to be followed by a discussion with the Club on some aspect of "The World Tomorrow". I don't recall anything like it during the last war. That same night, Mr. Brooks drove me to Louisville where I was the guest of Miss Mattie Norton at beloved "Gardencourt". There was a driving rain and I had been up since the early morning and in two Ohio and three Kentucky cities! It was good to reach one of my homes and put my old bargain-counter back to bed.

The next day, Thursday the fifth, we had an Executive Committee meeting at the Pendennis Club. Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, who never misses them, had returned to Detroit from Washington in the morning, attended several meetings of Boards of which she is a member during the day, dressed and gone to a dinner, dressed again and caught the night train for Louisville. What a soldier! At this Executive Committee meeting over which our Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett, presided, Mr. Manning gave a complete report of our recent legacy of the residuary of the Fant Estate. Another important piece of business was the decision to rebuild the Garden House as quickly as possible and on a scale sufficiently large to meet the administrative needs of the Frontier Nursing Service.

On Friday, Miss Jane Haselden, Assistant Dean of Women of the University of Kentucky, drove me back to Lexington where I spoke at the University, under the auspices of the Panhellenic Association, with an introduction by their charming

young member, Miss Rose. The Acting Dean of Women, Mrs. Sarah B. Holmes, presided and President Donovan and Mrs. Donovan of the University were present.

Saturday, February seventh, Jean Hollins, who had brought a patient down to Lexington in her own car, took me and Peggy Brown back to the Delectable Mountains. I spent that night at our Hospital at Hyden and went up the river to Wendover on Sunday. It was the longest tour I had made since September, 1939.

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Recent Benefits given for the Frontier Nursing Service were the Ice Follies of 1942, on its opening anniversary night in Philadelphia; and the famous Sydney N. Shurcliff technicolor ski movie in Providence. Both Benefits, delightfully snowy and blowy, were well attended.

The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will put on again its now traditional and famous Benefit in the form of the John Mason Brown Lecture on the "Theatre in War" at the Mayflower on Saturday afternoon, March twenty-eighth. As always the tickets sold include refreshments afterwards and, as always, the patrons and patronesses will be the most distinguished people in Washington.

The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service is having their annual meeting at the Country Club following a noon luncheon on Wednesday, April first. That is an easy date to remember. Mrs. Reginald Smithwick is the able and charming Chairman for the meeting and she is backed by a dear and loyal Committee.

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The annual meeting of Trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year at the Country Club near Louisville, Kentucky during the last week of May. Official notices will be in the mails two weeks in advance of the meeting.

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Our dear Riverdale Committee has started again in this year the Lenten Sewing Circle for the Frontier Nursing Service which they have conducted every Lent for the past sixteen years.

Hundreds of mountain babies are suitably and warmly clad because of the work of this little group of friends.

All who enjoyed Dr. and Mrs. Isadore Dyer of Tahlequah, Oklahoma (and that means all who met them) when Dr. Dyer relieved in here for Dr. Kooser's holidays, will want to share the following message which came to us in December from them and their baby daughter:

"Christmas again brings poignant memories of our short and ever vivid visit with the Service at Hyden. Today, more than ever before this Christmas links us closer with our English Allies and the lovable souls whom we knew and admired two years ago.

"To you and Kentucky, to Wendover, the Service, its many Centers and to those who are not with you but feel the way we do, we send greetings! With a sincere prayer for a New Year of Peace!"

A wedding of deep interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was that of Cornelia Atherton of "Arden", Glenview, Kentucky to John Alexander Serpell in Louisville on Saturday the seventh of February. Cornelia and her sister Sarah have been two of the most useful members of the Louisville Committee almost since their childhood. Their mother, Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, is one of our Trustees. Over a period of years one or the other of these young people, or the Atherton car and chauffeur, have met the couriers of the Frontier Nursing Service when they took crippled children to Louisville. They have escorted the children to a hospital and taken the courier out to their country place of "Arden" for a restful night. We wish Cornelia and her husband every blessing in the new life that lies ahead of them.

Never have we been more grateful for surgical dressings than we are for a large shipment that has just come to our Hospital from Emmanuel Church in Baltimore.

We are happy to announce that our Trustee, Mrs. Guido Perera, has a fourth son. We had the happiness of a glimpse of him and his mother at the hospital in Boston and at the same time we saw our courier, Mrs. Andrew Yeomans (Betty Pratt) and her infant daughter, Elizabeth May.

Dr. Herman C. Pitts, distinguished member of our National Medical Council and father of our courier Lucy, has been awarded the silver plaque by the Men's Club of Temple Emanu-El which is annually given to a citizen of Providence "for outstanding achievement in the field of civic improvement, human betterment and the advancement of American ideals."

"The inscription on the plaque describes Dr. Pitts as one 'who, beyond the immediate call of his profession, has with vision and zeal directed his efforts to the control of cancer by means of scientific research, the education of the public and the securing of funds, thereby enhancing the well-being and prolonging the life of his fellow citizens.'"

We get a proud joy in transmitting for our readers the following excerpt from the New York Times Sunday edition of January 25th, 1942, concerning another distinguished member of our National Medical Council:

"Among the 35,000 men mobilized for the Army Medical Corps during the first World War was a 30-year-old North Carolinian, Frederic Wharton Rankin. A graduate of Davidson College and the University of Maryland, Dr. Rankin left a promising post in the Mayo Clinic at Rochester. The armistice found him a major in command of Base Hospital No. 26 in France. After the war he returned to the Mayo Clinic, keeping his Army connection as a colonel in the Medical Reserve Corps.

"Last week Dr. Rankin was called back into military service. He was appointed chief consulting surgeon of the Army. Between the two World Wars Dr. Rankin has gone far in his profession. He is regarded as one of the country's outstanding abdominal surgeons. From the Mayo Clinic in 1933 he went to private practice in Lexington, Ky., where an entire hospital wing is reserved for his patients, who have come from all parts of the world. For relaxation, Dr. Rankin turns to the historic sport of the Blue Grass. He is an ardent horseman and a director of Fayette County's Keeneland Race Track."

Our former nurse, Miss Nellie E. Davis, who is now with the Hudson City Hospital in Hudson, New York has had a set of our colored slides and has been making good use of them. She has spoken with them to the following groups in Hudson:

1. Student nurses of the Hudson City Hospital
2. Graduate nurses of the Hudson City Hospital
3. Alumnae of the Hudson City Hospital
4. Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion
5. Closing exercises of Red Cross classes in Home Nursing
6. General meeting of the Hudson Chapter of the American Red Cross
7. The Woman's Auxiliary of Christ Church

The Director's secretary for several years, Miss Elisabeth Holmes, now taking her nursing training at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore writes as follows:

"We finished our heavy pre-clinical theoretical work with ten days of exams, just before Christmas, had two days off, and we're now doing six-hour duty per day until January 5th, when new classes and four-hour duty start. I love working on the wards; it is much more interesting than sitting in classes all day. I am in the woman's clinic. One of my classmates is up on Dr. Dandy's floor, and one of his patients who is from Bell County, Kentucky, asked her to 'back a letter' for him today. The expression sounded like Wendover post office days. It is great that three months of training have gone by already. The Hospital is being equipped with blackout curtains and windows, and all the mattresses fixed with straps on the sides so they can be moved easily in case of an emergency, and the accident room facilities are being expanded, because of the close proximity of the Glenn Martin and Bethlehem steel plants."

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We are glad to comply with the request of the National Maternal and Child Health Council, 1710 Eye Street, Washington, D. C. and bring to the attention of our readers their recent publication "Hidden Hungers in a Land of Plenty". This little handbook is issued at the cost of only twenty-five cents a copy and groups of people interested in problems of nutrition (what welfare group is not?) may get a lot of useful information in a brief and readable form.

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We are happy to remind our readers again that the Second American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology sponsored by the American Committee on Maternal Welfare, of which the Frontier Nursing Service is a member, will be held in St. Louis, Missouri April sixth to tenth of this year. The General Chairman of the Congress, Dr. Fred L. Adair of Chicago, has written a stirring letter in the January issue of "The Mother" called "The Congress Must Go On". He says ". . . the present situation makes the holding of the Congress even more important." The members of the Frontier Nursing Service have long been familiar with the fact that in our history as a nation we have lost more women in childbirth than men in all our wars. They will all cooperate in a continuance throughout the war of the care of women in childbirth.

The Frontier Nursing Service will be represented at the Congress by its Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser.

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We send our affectionate congratulations to the Midwives' Institute of London upon the celebration in 1941 of their Diamond Jubilee. With the year of celebration has come a change in the name to College of Midwives.

This famous body of women started sixty years ago when a little handful of nurses who had trained as midwives, of whom our beloved friend Dame Rosalind Paget was one, started a movement for the training and recognition of midwives as a profession. The first years of activity of the Institute resulted in their first great triumph with the passage in 1902 of the Midwives' Bill administered by the Central Midwives' Board of England.

Now the patron of the College of Midwives is the Queen of England. We reprint Her Majesty's letter from the Midwives' Chronicle and Nursing Notes of London:

MESSAGE FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

"As Patron of the Incorporated Midwives' Institute, it gives me great pleasure to send this message of congratulation to the members on the attainment of the Institute's Diamond Jubilee.

"The profession of midwifery has risen to the honourable position it now holds largely by its own efforts for self-improvement and by its persistent claim for State recognition which the importance of its work deserved.

"Today the midwife is an integral part of the nation's health services. She is regarded everywhere as the friend and protector of the mothers of Great Britain, and as the guardian of the new generation. Since the outbreak of war she has also shown that in the hour of danger—like her sisters in other branches of nursing—she can forget herself in caring for her patient's needs.

"I am particularly glad that the celebration of the Institute's Diamond Jubilee should fall at this time when the call for women's services is so insistent, as I hope it may focus attention upon a special branch of nursing that needs all the recruits that it can get.

"My best wishes go out to the Institute in its good work of upholding the status of midwives, safeguarding their interests, and at the same time promoting the welfare of the mothers of our race.

(Signed) ELIZABETH R.

Buckingham Palace,
6th June, 1941."

Just after the copy for this belated Winter Bulletin had gone down to the printer in Lexington we read of the death of lovely Martha Berry of the Berry Schools in Georgia. We cannot let this issue of the Bulletin come off the press without adding a wee word of appreciation for the privilege of having known her. Great and good she was, and charming as well. How many thousands of country children owe an education to her in the forty-one years that have gone by since she started the first little Berry School! Yet other thousands of country children in the years to come will be prepared for a world that needs them because of what Miss Berry did in her honored lifetime.



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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington, Kentucky.

FIELD NOTES

*Fust it rained and then it blew,
Then it frez and then it snow,
Then it cum a shower o' rain,
Then it frez and snow again.*

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

If we mustn't talk about the weather in war time, perhaps we can hint. This old Oxfordshire rhyme describes our weather this winter.

We are eager to start spring gardens. One of the by-products of the Garden House fire was the destruction of over one thousand glass jars of home-canned goods as well as many empty glass jars. This represents a loss of five or six hundred dollars as well as a food loss at a time when we are all urged to can the products of our gardens.

There are no words in which we can express all our thanks to the many kind friends who sent clothing immediately to the members of our burned-out staff from places as far apart as Long Island and Detroit, as Philadelphia and Lexington, and of course from members of our staff in the hills who shared their clothing.

Another replacement of losses which we received most gratefully was a gift of prayer books and hymnals from The Bishop White Prayer Book Society in Philadelphia.

Still another unique and most welcome present came from Mr. W. H. Harris of Cincinnati in the form of a new magneto to replace the spare one we keep for various Service deep-well engines, which was destroyed in the fire. For a number of years Mr. Harris has serviced our magnetoes free of charge and it was just like him to make this gift.

The Hospital is deeply grateful to Anne George Nims (Georgie), who worked with us a year before volunteering for

the war, for the gift of four bassinets complete with mattresses for the Hospital babies. We were so short of bassinets that some of the babies were plumped into baskets and boxes.



Hospital Terrace

Mary Parker Gill) through the U. S. Trust Company in Louisville, the first part of the plan of operations outlined by the American Rolling Mill Company engineers has been put into effect with the use of the perforated pipe. We received as a gift from the George Bickel Construction Company of Louisville the services of one of their ablest men to start operations. So much of the work was done before bad weather made it

This little picture is of the Hospital terrace in winter. Immediately below it and extending on down through the Hospital property came last year the terrible slide of which we have written in other Bulletins. Our readers know that through the kindness of the American Rolling Mill Company we received not only the free gift of two of their engineers for several days to make a study of the Hospital mountain and determine the cause of the slide, but also all the perforated pipe they recommended to be used in handling it.

By the generosity of the Mary Parker Gill Fund (which gave one of the pavilions of the stone Hospital in memory of

impossible to proceed further, that there has been no increase in the slide through the past terrible months. As soon as weather permits, Mr. Sterner will come back to us for further advice, and the whole program of slide control will be completed.

Another thing of which the Hospital has been very short has been bedside tables. When we are crowded (and we often are) we have had to use orange crates as a makeshift. This has troubled the members of our fine Hyden District Committee. At the last Committee meeting in December a sub-committee of women volunteered to raise the money for metal bedside hospital tables. Mrs. Rex Farmer took the chairmanship of this committee of which Mrs. Hoyt E. Porter and Mrs. J. D. Begley were the other two members. These three friends undertook the difficult task of personally raising one hundred dollars for this purpose in the little mountain county seat of Hyden, with a population of approximately three hundred and fifty people, and among friends from other sections of our territory who had occasion to come in to Hyden. As we go to press the committee has transmitted to Mr. Manning the sum of one hundred and three dollars donated by the following sixty-seven people:

Mrs. Fannie Hensley, Hyden	Mr. Roy Ponder, Hyden
Mr. Henry Hensley, Hyden	Judge V. A. Maggard, Hyden
Mr. Rex C. Farmer, Hyden	Mr. Ottis Roberts, Hyden
Mrs. Ray Roberts, Hyden	Mr. Boyd Mosley, Hyden
Mr. J. D. Begley, Hyden	Mr. C. B. Duff, Hyden
Mr. Owen Sizemore, Hyden	Mr. Will Sandlin, Hyden
Mr. D. E. Steele, Hyden	Mr. F. G. Feltner, Hyden
Mr. Chas. Woods, Thousandsticks	Mr. Adam Feltner (Maggard
Mrs. J. M. Elam, Hyden	Branch), Hyden
Mrs. P. P. Estridge, Hyden	Mrs. Gladys Hornsby, Hyden
Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Symonds,	Mrs. Allie M. Profit, Hyden
Hyden	Miss Leota Sullenger, Hyden
Mr. Roy Sizemore, Hyden	Thousandsticks Printing Co., Hyden
Mr. M. C. Begley, Hyden	Mr. Richard Asher, Stinnett
Mr. Boone Begley, Hyden	Mr. Purl Osborne, Thousandsticks
Mr. Wiley Keen, Hyden	Mr. Wiley Joseph, Wooton
Mr. Roy S. Huffman, Hyden	Mr. Hays Lewis, Big Rock
Mrs. Hoyt E. Porter, Hyden	Mrs. Doak Keen Baker, Dryhill
Mr. Walter Sizemore, Hyden	Mrs. Irvine Baker, Brutus
Mrs. Drucilla Lewis (Aunt Cillar),	Mr. Lawrence Gay, Sizerock
Hyden	Mr. Orie Browning, Stinnett
Mrs. Nettie Gibson, Hyden	Mr. Isaac Wells, Stinnett
Miss Gladys Browning, Hyden	Mr. Earl Ullrich, Asher
Miss Fern Feltner, Hyden	Mr. Chas. Sandlin, Omarsville
Mrs. Maude Hensley, Hyden	Mr. Isaac Turner, Cinda
Miss Ruth Huston, Hyden	Mr. J. C. Caldwell, Warbranch

Mrs. Emma Eversole, Hyden
Mrs. Phronia Eversole, Hyden
Mr. Ed Hyden, Hyden
Mrs. Lucretia Lewis, Hyden
Mr. Walter Lewis, Hyden
Mr. Ruthford Campbell, Hyden
Mrs. Walter Begley, Hyden
Mrs. Claude Maggard, Hyden
Judge L. D. Lewis, Hyden
Mr. Dill Asher, Hyden

Mr. George D. Corder, Hyden
Mr. Ray Howard, Hyden
Mr. Sam Coleman, Hyden
Mr. Hence Stidham, Hyden
Mr. McKinley Asher, Hyden
Mrs. Edna Melton, Hyden
Mr. Will Gay, Bowlingtown
Mrs. Will Gay, Bowlingtown
Mr. Albert Brewer, Hyden

In a letter of transmissal which accompanied this money Mrs. Farmer, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Begley wrote as follows:

"This is in appreciation to your work in this section. We only wish we could do more.

"After the tables have been paid for, we would like the balance to go for a Spot Light for the Hospital at Hyden and suggest that Dr. Kooser select the one he needs and if there are any more funds necessary, let us know and we will be responsible for it.

"Rev. B. P. Deaton and his Community Boys have definitely promised to make one table, which will make a total of five. You can count on it."

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The new building in the grounds of the Hyden Hospital known as Midwives' Quarters which is occupied by the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, was given by anonymous donors in New England through the efforts of our courier Mrs. Arthur Perry Jr. (Mardi Bemis). Once the Instructor, Eva Gilbert, and the Assistant Instructor, Hannah Mitchell, were installed with the four graduate nurse pupils of the current class, they decided to have a house-warming. This took the form of a tea for all the members of the Hyden District Committee and a few other friends, and those of the Service staff who could get time to attend. When the invitations were out Miss Gilbert got a telephone call from one of the men on the Hyden Committee asking that a basket be put at the door, because the members of the Committee had decided they wanted to drop something in it to buy a gift for the new building.

The date chosen for the tea turned out to be a memorable one in American history—Sunday, December seventh. It was from some of the early arrivals at our party that we learned the first reports over the radio of the shattering news of Pearl Harbor.

Our readers are familiar with the four Johnson children, O'Neil, Gordon, David and Betty Jean, for whom the Frontier Nursing Service is acting as guardian. These children have been motherless since Betty Jean was a baby and their father is in the Army at Fort Amador in the Canal Zone. He has lately been sending us twenty dollars a month out of his private's pay to help meet the expenses of his children at the Presbyterian Mission School of Buckhorn where we keep them during the school term. I am sure all of our readers will echo the following sentiment culled from a recent letter of his:

"We will never stand to have another country come to America and tell our Government how we must live. We are free Americans and aim to stay that way. We must hope for the best to come to us and our so loved country, the most grandest Country in the world."

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If our friends could have wished themselves into the mountains over the Christmas season they would have realized something of our immense thankfulness to them for the toys and candy and fruit and Christmas tree decorations and books and knives and all the other wonderful things that gave a merry Christmas to our thousands of children. We print elsewhere in this Bulletin an article by the volunteer Christmas Secretary of the year, our courier Barbara Jack, and under Old Courier News we give an interesting announcement from her. What she does not say anywhere is how faithfully and well she carried out the most arduous volunteer job of the year in the Frontier Nursing Service.

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The four Johnson children spent the Christmas holidays at Wendover and we were helped enormously in the care of little Betty Jean (such matters as washing out of the ears and manners at the table) by Katherine Breckinridge, aged eleven, who gave us a week of her holidays to be of service. Katherine's father, Major Clifton R. Breckinridge, has gone back into the Army for his second war, and she is at school at Margaret Hall, Versailles, Kentucky. Katherine's mother is remembered as Martha Prewitt all over the mountains, because she shared our first two years at Wendover.

Our two alternate resident couriers, Jean Hollins and Fanny McIlvain, are both with us this winter. They are combining volunteer secretarial work with courier duties. Louise Will (Scoopie) of Rochester, New York came back to fill the vacancy of senior courier over the Christmas rush period. The junior couriers through January and February have been Celia Colt of Winnetka, Illinois and Patricia Ferneding of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They have had a tough assignment, including the Garden House fire and vile weather, through all of which they carried on magnificently.

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The autumn and winter class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has been exceptionally interesting. In addition to our own two graduate nurse pupil midwives (Patricia Simmons and Nola Blair) we have had two exceptionally fine nurses with us on scholarships from the Federal Government. They are Miss Rosa Clark of South Carolina and Miss Josephine Kinman of Georgia. When they have completed their six months' training this spring and have passed the special examinations conducted for us by obstetricians from the Kentucky State Board of Health, they will receive our diplomas and return to their home states to forward the cause of frontier nursing in other remotely rural areas.

With the graduation of this class we will have replaced the British nurses we have given up to the war and are glad we can allow half of the pupils in our Graduate School to be trained for use in other fields than ours. It has always been part of our plan.

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Marriage makes inroads on a staff, just as the demands of war do, and sometimes the demands of war stimulate marriage! One of the two first graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was Jenny Burton. It is hard to give her up but we wish her and her husband, David Lawson, Jr., every happiness.

The twelfth British nurse to leave us, Beatrice M. Boxall, went in January and how ardently we wish for her a safe crossing to the Mother Country. She postponed her return home until we had trained someone to replace her and we never shall

forget what it meant to us, during our appalling shortage of nurse-midwives, to have her stay on.

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A new Hospital nurse, and a most welcome one, is Josephine Greene of Lima, New York.

We have given up with great regret to another field of work our chief Statistician for the past three years, Miss Genevieve Weeks, of Providence, Rhode Island. She has carried her arduous duties with absolute fidelity and accuracy. This is one of our most difficult posts. Between the going of Genevieve and the coming of the new Statistician, who is Miss Ruth Jolliffe with a Master's degree in vital statistics from the University of Michigan, Miss Kay Doggett of Thomasburg, Ontario has been acting statistician assisted by Jean White. Kay has been with us as Assistant Statistician for three years. We will lose her in the spring with deep regret, mitigated by the thought that she will be leaving us for marriage with the man of her choice.

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The following report, from which we have deleted certain sundry professional details, has just come to us from our Hospital Superintendent, Miss Vanda Summers. In the mountains one speaks of "catching" a baby. It will be seen that Vanda literally "caught" this one!

"Everything was very quiet in the Hospital and I was locking up and having a last look round before leaving things to the night nurse, when I heard an old car chugging up the hill. I waited. Somehow I had a feeling that the chugging noise sounded urgent. After a space of time I looked out of the windows and saw the lights approaching and heard a hoarse horn going a continuous screech. Grabbing my flashlight, I opened the clinic entrance as the antique drove up. A man jumped out of the car and said, 'We've a woman who's bad off here.' I said, 'What's the matter?' 'A labour case.'

"I wrenched open the door of the car, two women were sitting in the back. There was a groan. I realized the type of groan. . .

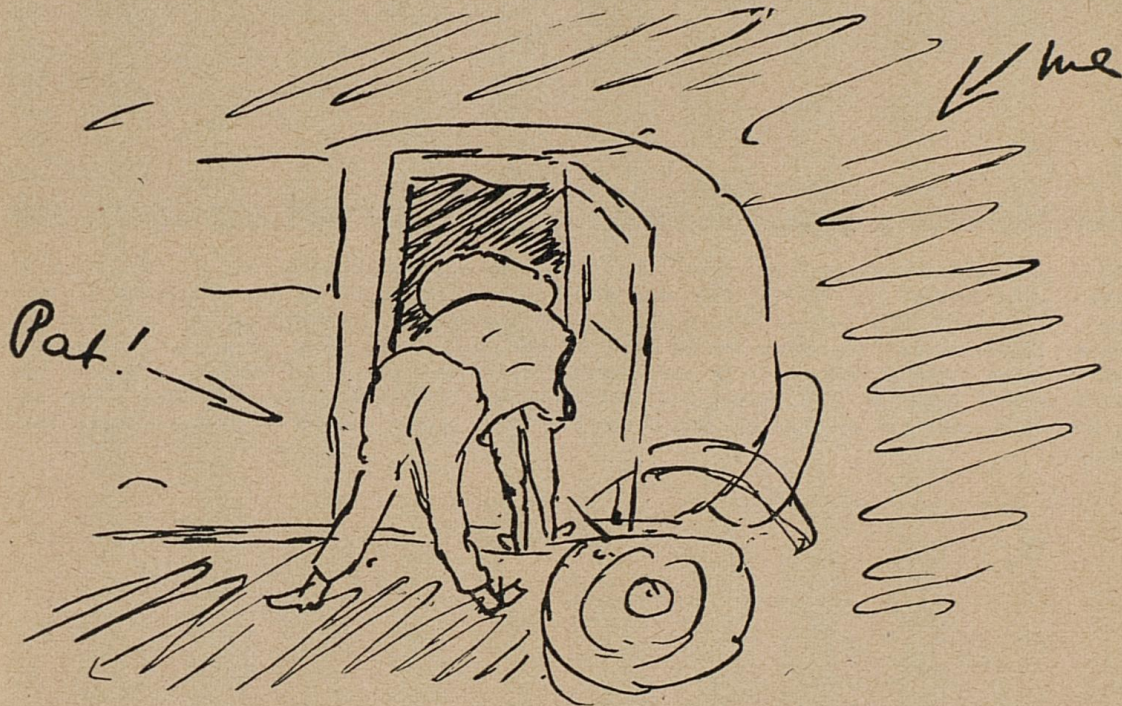
"In a few seconds I felt the warm weight of the baby in my hands. I called to a man to 'get Miss Browne'. I remembered she was having a bath. In a few moments the doorway was full of fluttering figures. I called for scissors, clamps, and a pan.

"Pat' (graduate nurse pupil midwife) had to crawl under me with these essentials. Brownie (not dry yet!) held a flashlight, and in a twinkling, the baby was carried into the Hospital wrapped in an old quilt. It was bitterly cold. It was hard to get

a grip on the running board which creaked and groaned, as it was covered with ice.

"Soon, our patient was in a warm bed but an hour or so later she was bleeding, and Dr. Kooser used our home brew of plasma for the first time!

"Mother and baby are fine now, and I agree with the mother when she said smiling, 'I sure did get here just in time, didn't I?'"



Wireless had just been put in the poor-law institution. All the old men had gone to bed but one. "Why haven't you gone to bed, Jim?" the attendant asked. Reply, "I didn't like to go and leave the gentleman talking to hisself."

The Countryman, England.

The present time makes an imperative demand on our intelligence and our conscience.

The Countryman, England.

"Any aggressive war today is a civil war against the international community."—JACKSON.

Quoted in *The Lexington (Kentucky) Herald.*



This post card was sent me from St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) in 1903 by a French governess attached to my sister and me when we lived there in the Nineties as children. It shows a droschki and ishvoschik, with a lady passenger, struggling in a flood on the quay near Nicholas Bridge. Because of the interest felt today for all things Russian I reproduce it here, quaint though it is and irrelevant to the Russians' far-flung battle line. At the same time I want to add how much we liked the Russians in the Nineties when we lived there, and how much I appreciate what we all owe today to their gallant fight on their native soil.

M. B.

MOMENT IN BERLIN

"Ach! little Siegfried, such a Boy you are for Questions! No, the barefoot Man going by in the Goose-flesh and the Bath Towel is not Mr. Gandhi, the Indian. He is only our next-door Neighbor, Herr Schmidt. The Party has collected his Clothes. What will they do with his Clothes? They say they will send them to our brave Soldiers in wicked Russia. Let us hope they do. Why doesn't he get him some more? Because there won't be any more before next July. Then why doesn't he go to Bed and keep warm? Because they have collected his Bedclothes also. Now run away and practice the Salute, like a good little Nazi, and let Papa read about the great Victories."

New York Times Magazine, January 18, 1942.

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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.

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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."



JOY HOUSE

**Gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit and
Residence of the Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service**

This picture is given in answer to the request of several of our old nurses now in Britain. Joy House was built after they left us, and they express themselves as keen to see what it looks like.

