The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME XVI AUTUMN, 1940 NUMBER 2

A CHILD'S PRAYER, 1940

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, the souls to keep
Of other children far away
Who have no homes in which to stay,
Nor know where is their daily bread,
Or where at night to lay their head;
But wander through a broken land
Alone and helpless. Take their hand,
Dear Father-Mother God, I pray;
Keep them safe by night and day,
And give them courage when they wake.
This I ask for Jesus' sake
Who was a little Child, like them.
God bless us all tonight. Amen.

Drawing through the courtesy of the P. E. O. Record
Poem by Carillon, from The Line O' Type or Two Column

NATIVITY PAGEANT AT WENDOVER
(See "Field Notes")

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

XXX

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

. . . . .

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

First published in 1850.

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ANNUAL TONSIL CLINIC—1940

By ELISABETH D. HOLMES, Secretary to the Director

To the average person, "tonsils and adenoids" suggest unnecessary little objects located in the nose and throat, which sometimes become swollen or diseased and cause illness. Then it becomes necessary to "have them out." This procedure is generally regarded as one of the most minor operations. The patient goes to a hospital, probably equipped with a special ear, nose and throat section, is operated on by a throat specialist, and after a day or two in which his throat is sore, recovers sufficiently to return home, and soon is able to take up his normal activities.

It is no such simple matter, however, in a remotely rural region where travel is still predominantly by horse or mule, for a patient to get to a specialist many miles away or to pay the usual tonsillectomy fee. Yet, inflamed tonsils and adenoids constitute just as serious a menace to health here as elsewhere, and are just as detrimental to the proper growth and development of children.

Because this is true, a Tonsil Clinic has been held annually at our own Hospital at Hyden for many years. It is limited to children between the ages of five and sixteen years, since the Hospital has a capacity of only twenty beds; and we could not possibly care for as many as fifty or sixty adults at a time, the number of children usually admitted to the Tonsil Clinic. The Clinic is one of the big events of the year in the Service, and one in which almost everyone in the F. N. S. has a part.

All during the year the district nurses take note of the children in the families they care for who are suffering the worst effects from bad tonsils. When time for the Clinic draws near, Dr. Kooser gives each nurse a quota, usually four children. The nurses must get the signed consent of the parents of each child for the operation, and tell them when to bring him in to the Hospital.

Preparations at the Hospital to care for this horde of over fifty youngsters are extensive. As many patients as possible

are dismissed to make room for the children. Every extra bed and cot from the nearest outpost centers is commandeered for the occasion, and brought in by truck. We have only one small operating room, so another one is improvised, by setting up a table and equipment in the equally small utility room adjoining it. All available gowns, pajamas and slippers are gathered together and put in a big box ready for the small patients.

This year the children from five of the districts were admitted on Sunday afternoon, October 27th. Several came together from one district in a big truck, others were brought in by their parents on horse or muleback, others came many miles afoot. Because every available nurse is needed for the nursing end of this affair, a secretary from Wendover goes over to admit the youngsters. This consists in seeing that there is a signed consent slip for each child; putting the necessary data in the Hospital Admissions Book and on the routine forms, and in writing his name, age, center, and nurse's name on an identification tag which, much to the amusement of the young patient, is tied around his neck. A duplicate tag is made out to tie on to his clothing, he is outfitted from the box of night clothes, and then turned over to the nurses.

After temperature, pulse, etc. are recorded and routine tests are made, including a test for coagulation time, which practically eliminates the danger of post-operative hemorrhage, the children are sent upstairs and put to bed. At the end of the afternoon the ward is a gay place indeed, populated by about thirty youngsters, two or three to a bed, most of them giggling and thoroughly enjoying the novelty of their situation. Even if we had enough beds and cots to allow one for each child, there isn't the floor space on which to set them up.

For seven years, Dr. F. W. Urton, the eminent ear, nose and throat specialist from Louisville, has been coming to Hyden to perform these operations, as a courtesy to the Service. For most of these years he has brought with him the equally distinguished anaesthetist, Dr. Gregor McDougall Dollar of Louisville. They are usually accompanied by an interne, and in addition this year they brought Miss Mary Rose Gallagher, Supervisor of the Ear, Nose and Throat Section of St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville. Miss Gallagher did duty as scrub nurse

the first day of operations, and her assistance was invaluable.

On Monday, October 28th, the operations on the first batch of children were performed. That afternoon, the second lot, from the remaining eight districts, were admitted. When they were ready to be put to bed, the first group, now post-operative, were moved downstairs to beds set up in the Waiting Room, Clinic Treatment Room, and in the corridor. By the end of the second day, it seemed that every inch of the Hospital was taken up with beds, both upstairs in the regular wards, and downstairs in the improvised ones.

We are really proud of our mountain children. They are wonderfully good, and rarely fret or cry. By evening of the day they are operated on nearly all are ready to greet with a smile the plates of ice-cream Dr. Dollar so generously provides for them. There is of course the occasional child who becomes frightened before operation. One boy last year, when discovered by the Superintendent wandering around in the wing of the Hospital used as living quarters by the nurses, told her quite candidly and with grim determination that he "was looking for the stairs so I can get out." Then there was the little boy this year who objected strenuously to the identification tag being tied around his neck, because he saw some of the girls so decked out, and deemed it an insult to his manhood. However, Dr. Kooser has a knack of dispelling such fears, and the rebellious ones soon submit to the situation peacefully.

The patients are able to return to their homes from the second to the fourth day, depending on the distance they live from the doctor or nursing centers, and the Tonsil Clinic is over for another year. Fifty or sixty boys and girls who otherwise would have been continually run down with sore throats and colds, and perhaps have suffered far more serious effects from diseased tonsils and adenoids, have had these obstacles to their well-being removed, and have been given a chance to the good health which should be the birthright of every child. We never can express adequately the deep gratitude we feel to Dr. Urton, Dr. Dollar and their able assistants for their so generous kindness in leaving their busy practices to come the long distance to the mountains year after year to give this Clinic.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A PUPIL NURSE-MIDWIFE

By CATHERINE V. UHL, R. N.

EDITOR'S NOTE: These are excerpts of an article written by Catherine V. Uhl for her Alumnae Quarterly of The School of Nursing, University of Minnesota, in April, 1940, soon after she entered the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Well, after about 10 years, my dream of being a member of the Frontier Nursing Service has come true, or will if I accomplish the rest of my course in the next three and a half months, and I'm having the time of my life. It doesn't seem like work at all compared with usual hospital life, but it is work in earnest and pretty tough at times. A couple of days ago we had two pretty good climbs, one about a half mile and the other a couple of blocks over rocks and boulders and through brush, and both resulted in wild goose chases, as one person was not at home and we didn't locate the other house although we were very close to it, but couldn't see it on account of the surrounding hill and vegetation. I had about all I could manage to carry my 145 pounds, including my boots and other clothing. The instructor (Miss Nora Kelly) carried the saddle bags weighing over twenty pounds as she said she was more used to climbing than I, and I was thankful, as the day was none too cool.

Really, if you are a tomboy and a nurse too, this is quite an interesting position. I had to walk two logs about three inches in diameter across a creek the other day, and at the far end the water was a good waistline deep. The first day I did it, it must have taken me about five minutes and it is only just one tree length long. I didn't know how the equilibrium would be with wearing the raincoat and carrying the bags in my hand, because we usually carry them on our shoulders as the load is more evenly balanced and does not seem so heavy as when the arm is hanging. But it wasn't bad at all. Coming down from that house there is a steep slope and the heels of my boots sank in mud almost to my ankles.

Keeping the boots shined bothered me somewhat before I came, but after I arrived, I ceased to think of the effort it would

take to keep the mud off, as it just isn't done. The best kind of shoe polish is saddle soap, as it softens the leather and cleans them easily. Mine have had it twice this past week, and I should have been ashamed to go to lecture this morning with them looking as they do, but no one here bothers much if they lack a high polish.

The war situation is much more noticed here and consumes more of the conversation than I had noticed before, because a number of the British and Scotch nurses are still here and some of them expect to return home soon. One left the day I came and two more are to start right after the end of this month, one of whom is the Hospital Superintendent. The night the radio first reported that the Bremen was sunk the air here was electric.

I never saw a finer group in my whole life than the nurses here, and never hope to. Perhaps they get some of most people's pettiness smoothed over in their hard contacts with nature. I always admired them from what I heard and read of the Service, but after seeing some of the inside I admire them all the more.

We have two classes a week, and they are always an hour and a quarter, and the lectures last almost two hours, but they don't seem half that long. Here are a few comments made by some of the mountaineers this past week: Some woman came in the other day and Dr. Kooser was attempting to get a date from her, and the closest he could come to it was that the event occurred during "Bean picking time." Another woman told him it had occurred "Oh, when the cow got hurt last fall." One woman was telling us the other day about being a tenant on someone else's property, and said that they were "living on Mrs. B————'s dirt."

I was up for a hospital delivery from 10:00 p. m. to 1:00 a. m. last Saturday night and then got up at 9:30 to go to church with my roommate, and the preacher said folks who are up to about midnight Saturday night could hardly worship properly on Sunday. My roommate was up until about 2:00 a. m. We both wanted to laugh, but didn't either one know that the other got tickled until we started to mention it about the same time when we got out-of-doors.

Another night a call came that a district family was expecting a baby. The moon was about one-third full and was pretty where you could see it, but that gap was plenty dark when we started, and the prospect of riding, holding a flashlight, and of fording the river almost paralyzed me with fright. Usually the daddy-to-be or some neighbor comes for us, saddles our horses, and brings us home; but since there was the instructor and I, she told him we could go by ourselves. After we got into the water it wasn't any worse than crossing in daylight.

There is the Chinese gong for tea time, and tea time is very much to be attended here. Even when you are out on an isolated district you are supposed to have tea each afternoon if it is possible for you to get in. They feel the relaxation is good for you, that it is a nice social occasion if a number of folks are about, and that a relaxation helps you to keep up your resistance and good health.

The mountains are beautiful and I've seen wild flowers I haven't seen before, but shall not attempt to learn all of their names this year. The other day I thought I was doing pretty well in recognizing names when others mentioned them until one of the girls mentioned seeing something else while she was out and called it by name. I asked, "What's that?" She said it belonged to such and such a butterfly family. Well, maybe sometime I'll get interested in the names of butterflies, but for the present I just think them pretty when I see them and call them color such-and-such.

FROM A YOUNG PHYSICIAN IN THE WESTERN PART OF KENTUCKY

"I've thought of the F. N. S. many times within the past few weeks, too, since I've had to make several calls on mule-back to remote cabins which are far from passable roads. It has amazed me to find so much territory right here in Henry and Shelby Counties which is just as primitive—though not so large in its extent—as the Kentucky mountain region. The speech is similar to that which I heard in Leslie, Knott and Breathitt Counties, and conditions in the homes almost identical. I delivered a baby in one of the cabins just a week ago yesterday, with only a flickering oil lamp for illumination, and millions of flies over everything."

OLD COURIER NEWS

A wedding on September 27th of deep interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was that of our old courier, Miss Elizabeth-Rieman G. Duval, of New York, to Mr. Samuel Binford Valentine, of Virginia and New York. The bride was dear enough to write us ten days after her wedding and tell us that she was keeping up her many activities. Aside from getting installed in her new apartment, which would be sufficient to fill the time of many brides, she had two English refugee children, placed with her mother at the Duval home in the country; she continued writing her articles for the New York Times; her work for the William Allen White Committee; and work with a youth organization called "Committee of Eighty Million." On the subject of Union Now, she writes as follows: "It occurred to me yesterday after reading Robert Sherwood's article in Life on this subject, that the usual dismissive label—'Utopian,' or 'impractical idealism' that is applied to such ideas is only true when they remain in the minds of dreamers and well-wishers. As soon as an idea becomes the common property of enough of the people, it is only a short step away from being put into effect."

. . . .

We wrote in our last bulletin of the engagement of Martha Bole ("Mardie") to Dr. Graham Taylor Webster. They were married in Cleveland on October 19th and how we hope that our good luck will bring them to see us before much time has gone by.

. . . .

We are happy to announce the birth of a son, on October 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Kemp, Jr., of Princeton, Massachusetts. Mrs. Kemp was our courier, Rosemary Crocker, and writes as follows: "Of course both my husband and I are so pleased with our little son—he's such an adorable monkey—but I do hope that some day he'll have a sister who will be at Wendover before 1970 goes by."

. . . .

It is always a joy to us when our old couriers carry some of the burden of speaking for the F. N. S. During the autumn,

three of the couriers have spoken as follows: Barbara Ingersoll, of Winnetka, Illinois, spoke on the 3rd of October to the New England Congregational Church of Aurora, Illinois, and presented the F. N. S. with the fifteen dollar fee they gave her. Marion Shouse, of Washington, D. C., spoke to the Washington Alumnae Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority the evening of Tuesday, October 8th. Barbara Glazier, of Hartford, Connecticut, has been very busy in our behalf. On October 16th she spoke to the Mothers Club of South Glastonbury, Connecticut; on October 27th, to the Young People's Fellowship of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, South Glastonbury, and on November 12th to the Philathea Club of the Advent Church of Bristol, Connecticut.

. . . .

From Marvin Breckinridge, now Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, whose husband is attached to the American Embassy in Berlin, we have several letters, and guardedly though they are written, we feel it is better not to quote from them, except just this one little bit about the radio work for the Columbia Broadcasting System she did before her marriage: "I'm glad to know you liked my radio work, which was the most fascinating career for the six months I had it, and I would have stayed with it if I had not gone in for matrimony instead. Now my government does not wish me to broadcast because I am married to a Foreign Service officer, but I hope to go back to the air some time later when the world situation is less tense."

. . . .

Through the courtesy of Mr. George L. Harrison, 1520 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Treasurer of the British American Ambulance Corps, and lucky father of our old courier, Peggy Harrison, we are privileged to print bits from two of her autumn letters, as follows:

I

Scotland, September 13, 1940.

"The greatest number of ambulances here in Scotland are converted ones, which are either, as some driver put it, rattling death traps or will fall apart within the next few months. Last

winter in the icy conditions there were some very bad accidents just from one depot due to driving worn out ambulances. People at home can have no idea of the condition of some of the ambulances.

"Yesterday, when I was in the garage a party of Newhaven fish wives came in. They had collected from AMONG THEMSELVES enough money to buy one NEW ambulance (made to order) and a converted one. They are one of the poorest communities in Scotland and have had exceedingly hard times in these last few years. They had raised the money entirely of their own accord, in gratefulness for the ambulance work done for some of their men, injured or ill, off minesweepers or other craft engaged in even more dangerous work."

II

October 11, 1940.

"What a day! Took . . . to Dalkeith and then brought the ambulance back to have a contraption put on it to prevent so much exhaust getting into the back. The poor juniors who ride there have been made quite ill at times. When I got back, two hours later, found that a regular stove pipe had been fixed on, leading right up to the top. As I drove along blue smoke poured merrily out, just as if lunch was being cooked inside. Five cars in eight miles nearly ran into me, as the drivers rubbed their eyes and stared and stared. Little boys raced after on their bicycles and old men pointed to the stove pipe with their sticks. It was so funny. As I went through the gates and slowed up for the sentry box, an old soldier on the other side said 'Fish and chips, please Miss!' In the afternoon when the work was over and we were all piling in the equipment, I started the ambulance, as it always needs warming. It gave a roar and the engine started racing at about 60 m. p. h. I turned the ignition off, but it had no effect. Now it's rather alarming to turn the engine off and have nothing happen except more noise. The orderly rushed off to find someone who might know a remedy and we pushed the old bus more into the middle of the courtyard. It would be a good thing if it burst into flames but I don't think the ducal owner or the military would be pleased if the back premises caught on fire. We had the hood up and someone went for

water. Before the orderly got back with a comrade, the engine gave one final bellow and subsided dead. Much to our relief it started in quite an ordinary way a few minutes later and we got back all right. It's now having another session in the garage."

. . . .

The following letters from old couriers—in the Republic of Panama, in England, and on a steamer approaching the Philippine Islands, will be of interest to their many friends:

From Mrs. Alexander C. Northrop (Betty Harriman)—Republic of Panama, August 10, 1940.

Marion Shouse's letter has just reached me and I was awfully glad to get it and hear all the latest news. It must be hard with so many of the familiar faces gone. Even down here, way off in the Panamanian jungle there is a great feeling of unrest. Most of the conversation, whenever we see any one else, is about the latest war news. Life here is an experience but lots of fun. We really are isolated. The United Fruit Company owns a lot of land on the Pacific coast and operates a railroad line out of a place called Puerto Armuelles. I doubt if you can find it on the map. There are no roads at all, just mule-back. The banana plantations are about ten miles apart so unless you ride you don't see many other people except on Fridays when the train comes around and everyone goes into Port to shop and to the movies. My Wendover training is coming in handy, for all kinds of unexpected things happen all the time. The Tropics are an amazing spot! I am enclosing my donation to the courier fund and for whatever else you can use it.

Second letter from Betty—October 23, 1940.

I was so pleased to get your letter last month and have only been waiting for the Quarterly Bulletin to arrive before I answered. I have just read it from cover to cover and my husband now has his nose in it and is asking me all kinds of questions. I was particularly interested in the letters from England and the description of your midwife training school. I must say it is a ghastly feeling having friends in England and not knowing from one minute to the next how they are.

I will try to give you some idea of my life in the tropics but I find it difficult as it is so different from anything anyone has

seen or done. If I repeat anything I wrote before please excuse me, but as you can imagine with all the various descriptions I have written I get rather muddled. "Chiriqui" itself is about as far from the Canal Zone as possible and still be in Panama. We are on the west coast just south of Costa Rica. We live at one of the centers about fifteen miles by narrow-guage railroad from Port. The R. R. is the life vein of the set-up as there are no roads at all. All travel is either by mule or little rail cars and of course the trains are used for hauling fruit. All the farm houses are about 40 yards from the tracks which are used as the main highway by everyone so it is more than entertaining to sit and watch "life" go by. There are many amusing sights, one of my favorites being a big fat native woman under an umbrella and a tiny mule beneath both of them. The Indians around here are amazing specimens. They live way off in the hills and will come down once a year to work for just enough to buy a little rice and beans for the rest of the time. They look as if someone took a Guard's busby and pulled it down over their ears and then cut it off all around about the level of their eyes. As a result they look like skye terriers and peek out at you with a rather wicked grin!

The labor here is a grand mixture of Jamaicans, all Central American countries and the Indians. Therefore, the overseers have to be able to mix their languages fairly rapidly. It annoys me no end to have my husband rattle something off in Spanish and I can't understand. Luckily we are stationed at a center with two more families as most of the farms are single and way off the beaten track. We go into Port once a week to the movies and to play golf and see people. It is a real occasion. Every so often there is a party of some sort at the club in Port but they are few and far between. So you can see that any sort of festivities are a treat. It is a far cry from the gaiety of New York but I find it doesn't bother me too much. A really social event is to ride over to another farm after work and have dinner and sit around and talk and then come home through the bananas in the dark. It is quite a sight especially in a full moon.

Our houses are almost like living outdoors as there are no windows—just screens. They aren't very pretty but very practical and I am told, snake proof. Anyhow let's hope so as this

part of the world seems to be the meeting place of every kind of poisonous reptile imaginable from Bushmasters to Fer-de-Lances. It is surprising though how few you see even out in the underbrush. We are provided with a very cheerful colored lady for a cook. She seems to be the pride of Chiriqui, and a lot of other wives are very jealous of us having her as she can do amazing things with the limited variety of food we get. Most people have Spanish cooks who are experts at cooking rice and beans but little else. We also have a yard boy who is crazy about chickens, so we have started a flock of our own and I can hardly wait for our first fried chicken dinner. Eggs and hens are a great luxury. The weather and diseases and all sorts of horrible animals make raising them a tough proposition.

I have been so surprised at the amount of work that has to be done in banana farming. Everything from cutting the undergrowth, pruning, fertilizing, trimming, etc., to spraying for disease control and digging drains and making roads on the farms and keeping everything in general good condition. After all that, the fruit has to be cut and washed in acid and water to remove the spray, and loaded onto cars and taken into Port to the ships. Lately there has been a terrific demand for fruit and they are shipping out four and five fruit cuts a week. That means a lot of work for everyone. This is very different from working in some manufacturing concern or bank, etc., as the boys have seven-day weeks and no hours, as they have to be here to cut whenever a boat comes in. It is a fascinating way of seeing how the economic system of supply and demand is applied. I ride out on the farm with my husband as much as possible and I love to see how everything is done. The bananas are cut by a group of three men: one man who walks through the farm and cuts the banana stem down with a long pole, another who catches it on his back and a third who has a string of three mules. He loads the fruit on his animals and takes it out to the loading platform. I have been lucky in getting a grand little mule so riding is a lot of fun. Some of them are perfect examples of "stubborness" and make things difficult for you. Mules here are much more valuable than horses. The latter are not a very strong stock mainly due to the fact, I imagine, that the natives give them little care or pay much attention to the

breeding. My husband is a lovely sight as he is well over six feet and the mules are minute creatures.

I am so glad I am having the chance to see this part of the world and a life like this. All the people we meet are fun as they come from all parts of the States, from Boston to Texas. It is very interesting talking to them and hearing about other places. The people who have been with the United Fruit Company for a long time can tell lots of stories about the old days.

Please give my best to everyone I know. Some day I hope we can come and see you all again. I am praying that everything will turn out well and that you have everything go your way after so many troubles. I must say this is an amazing time to live in for everything seems so uncertain. Most of the young boys working here are worried about what the future holds for them. Getting good broadcasts is difficult and week-old newspapers and "Time" and "Life" magazines tend to mix your reactions.

I hope you will think of us the next time you have a banana. Maybe it came from our farm! Again the best of luck.

. . . .

From Alison Bray in England—October 22, 1940.

This letter is for all of you in the F. N. S. I think of you all the time, every day, and just long to be with you as I have done ever since I left you. If the war hadn't come, I should have been with you again and I still hope that someday I shall return. The months I spent with you in your grand country were the happiest ones I have ever known and I shall never forget them nor the people who made them so happy.

This war has made such a difference to our lives, and I feel so sorry that it has dealt such a blow to the F. N. S. by taking away so many of the nurses. Have you any idea where they are now—especially Betty Lester and Mac? I should love to see them again or get in touch with them. I should be very grateful if you could let me have their addresses and also those of other nurses who have returned that I know.

I wonder how and when this business will all end. I feel it may take a long time, and we shall probably have to put up with a lot more discomfort than we have done up to now, but

somehow, I am convinced that it will be all right in the end. After a year of war, we have got used to a certain extent to our new way of living.

I love my work in the A. T. S. Actually, I have just changed my job. For nearly a year I was in charge of a company consisting mostly of clerks. We were working at a depot which was at a town only about 26 miles (east) from home. I can't really mention names of places, but you may already know where I am from Auntie Evelyn, if not, I expect you can guess. The company grew in size from about 20 to 60 and they were a very nice crowd on the whole. I had to feed, house, clothe and pay the girls and generally look after them. Of course, one had to deal with all kinds of problems which one never expected and certainly never imagined were connected with the Army! However, we had very kind people to work for and they helped us a great deal.

At the beginning of September, I got seven days leave, which I spent partly in Bath and partly in London. Before I could get back again, I was sent on a course for two weeks. This was hard work, but great fun and very interesting. After that, I was given some more leave which was a great piece of luck, and I went away with Mum and Dad for four or five days before returning to a new job.

This new work is more interesting than before. To begin with, the company is scattered all over the place so that I have to travel a good deal. I enjoy getting about as I got very bored being in an office all day long. Luckily, my headquarters are the same as my old job, which means that I am still with all the friends I have made during the year, and best of all, I can still get home. At the beginning of the war I used to go home nearly every Saturday and stay till Monday morning, but for the last few months, I have only managed to get away for Sunday afternoons. However, even that is lovely. I am the only one of the family who can get home now as Geordie is in Scotland and Jim in Egypt (*her brothers*). I have made a lot of very good friends and after the day's work is done, we manage to have quite a good time. There is a small theatre and several cinemas to go to and we get dances as well sometimes. The only trouble is that this life is so uncertain and unnatural. We never know how

long we are going to be in one place and one's friends are liable to be moved any minute. Also, one is away from home and can not carry on with any pre-war activities, and living in a hotel is a queer existence. All the same, we are mostly very cheerful and make the most of things. We all realize that everything might (and probably will be) much worse. I don't feel that this is a very good letter, but it is difficult to write when we are restricted in what we are allowed to say. Heaps of love.

. . . .

From Mrs. John Ramsey Pugh (Louise Myers)
Written on the steamer nearing the Philippine Islands

October 28, 1940.

Now we are almost in sight of the islands and I can hardly believe that we are on the opposite side of the world from home! It is all very exciting and I think I will like being out here for a while. I am awfully anxious now to get settled, having lived out of bags and in a cramped space for some time.

The trip is a long one but hasn't been bad at all, although it is awfully hot. David (*her baby*) thank goodness, has been in excellent health the whole time except for a case of prickly heat which is now almost cured. I have enjoyed taking care of him all myself and it has given me plenty to keep me occupied.

I am thinking about taking some sort of a nursing course in Manila if I can, so as to be able to be of some use in case of war. If they should start evacuating the Army families, as they are the Navy, I would be very hard to budge, but if I were a nurse they probably wouldn't try to get me out.

. . . .

We have just received word from Mrs. Willard Reed, Jr., who was Mary Cowles, that her future address will be Marine Postkantoor, Soerabaja, Java (Oedjoeng) Netherlands East Indies.

Really, our young people do skip about. They scatter all over the planet. The Frontier Nursing Service staff inhabit every continent and some of the remoter islands as well. We expect any time to learn that one of them is keeping house in the Sargasso Sea.

LETTER FROM BLAND MORROW ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION

November 21, 1940

I have just reread the last Bulletin. My method is to race through the first time, go back immediately to mull over spots and then keep it around to go back to from time to time. Needless to say much of the news during the past year has left me very sad, sad for you and the Service that so many of the British nurses have had to go away, and unspeakably sad for them (for all of us) for the horror to which they went. I can not reconcile myself to the fact that human beings, with their capacity for generosity, for kindness, for decency, can have at the same time the capacity to destroy, to kill and maim. Is there some fatal flaw in our makeup that we must intersperse our efforts to conserve life and make it good by orgies of killing? There is such a temptation simply to divide the world into good people and bad people, but surely there is nothing so significant in the affairs of men as our common humanity. And yet no misfortune befalls mankind so violent and so ruthless as those human beings themselves enact. Incidentally, one can not live among the Indians without being repeatedly reminded of how unclean our own hands are.

I am tremendously impressed by the strides you have evidently made in getting a program under way for the training of midwives. I confess that when I first faced the fact that the F. N. S. would be so midwife poor, I could imagine no solution though I did not lose sight of the fact that if there was one, you would very likely find it! (May I say, by the way, that the restraint in your description of the undertaking is superb. And I am quite sure that I am not alone in being able to read between the lines a great deal that you left unsaid as to how arduous and audacious an undertaking it really was.)

My news seems very inconsequential, in and of itself and because I feel so remote from familiar country, familiar things, familiar people. Actually I like this part of the world very much. Many think of this prairie country as uninteresting but

for me it has an austere, aloof sort of beauty that I find endlessly satisfying. And now that the snow is on the prairies, one's sense of the mystery, the untouchableness of this vast country is enhanced. The bad lands along the river add much to the landscape—one can look north over distances so great that the horizon is lost in a haze; a slight turn of one's head gives a view in which the horizon is sharply and uncompromisingly defined by the ragged, barren peaks and contortions of the bad lands. (Incidentally, bad lands look like mountains to me, but people here don't call them mountains.)

Oh, I must tell you about our weather. It can go to terrific extremes—105 degrees above in the summer to 50 degrees below in the winter, but most of the time it is elegant. When it is 20 degrees below, as it has been recently, you are no more uncomfortable than when it is 20 degrees above in a damp climate —less so, really; though or course one has to be careful not to get his nose or ears frozen. The hot part of the summer is very brief (and the days very long—for a time we can still see the sunset glow at 10:00 o'clock) and even after very hot days one usually sleeps with a blanket—and I mean a thick woolly blanket. Of course, I haven't yet seen temperatures 105 degrees above or 50 degrees below, but I have been both hot and cold and so far I like the climate very much—it is years since I have felt so full of vim and vigor.

As for my work, I am of several minds. The problem presented by the American Indian is, sociologically speaking, one of the most fascinating problems imaginable. My guess is that the great mass of people, including all except a very small fraction of those employed in the Indian Service, have failed dismally to appreciate the tremendous burden placed upon the Indian by the necessity for his giving up so much that was part and parcel of his being and taking on so much that was new and foreign, and all in so short a time. I can believe it on theoretical grounds, I can believe it on the basis of my daily contacts with Indians, that what we have is mass pathology growing out of mass trauma. But I must modify my statement; over and over I am told that the Indians on this reservation are the most hostile, the most confused of all the tribes. Superficially the process of assimilation appears to be more advanced than among other

tribes; but I read their hostility, their aggressive, erratic and rather subtly sadistic conduct and attitudes as evidence of how seriously bewildered they are, how unready psychologically to acknowledge the realities of the present or to order their lives in terms of that reality. So, my conclusions as to the degree of spiritual havoc wrought by the experience of belonging to a defeated race, wrought by the necessity of giving up (rapidly) beliefs, values, social patterns, economic methods evolved through centuries of time, and taking on the ways and beliefs of the conqueror, wrought by the experience of a Great White Father who has been alternately generous and vindictive—my theories in these respects are based on my experience with a tribe which has apparently, and for some reason which I can not begin to guess, been more seriously injured by this experience than have other tribes.*

*Suggested Reading: "As Long As The Grass Shall Grow." (Indians Today) By Oliver LaFarge, Photographs by Helen M. Post. Alliance Book Corporation, Longman, Green and Company, publishers. Price, $2.50.

You cannot serve the Master
With stress on I and me—
Self-centered service never finds
Thy Father close to thee.
But when you lose yourself in love
He'll love the world through thee.
Kenneth Morgan Edwards.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

Contributed.

TEETH

Physician: "Now will you show me your teeth?"
Patient: "Sorry, I can't do that, they're upstairs."

Saint Bartholomew's Hospital Journal, London.

OLD STAFF NEWS

From Mickle Major at Sea—July 28, 1940.

Just a brief note to tell you the very little we are allowed to. How very far away Kentucky seems—and is—just now. Seems like another life, and Edith (*her sister*, Mickle Minor) and I feel like the "Wandering Jew."

We are still traveling—may not tell you on which ship we are or our destination (the latter is completely unknown to us even yet, although we think we can make a very shrewd guess) or how long we've been on the way or where we are now. But it sure is extremely hot. The nights, with all portholes closed, are positively nightmarish. Apart from that we are extremely comfortable and very well cared for—deck games, concerts, movies, bridge, etc., etc. No overcrowding—Edith and I were extremely lucky. We managed to get a good-sized cabin for two, with private bath.

We have a swim most days, except when it has been too rough to fill the pool. I've just finished reading "Epic of America," a wonderful book! We have an excellent library on board.

When we reach our destination we will be able to write more fully. We would be pleased to have news of you all—have heard nothing from the Service now for quite a long time. We were hoping to see Mac before we left home and conclude she had not arrived. We would get letters more quickly if addressed home, as Mother will be the first to get our proper address.

Please give our love to all our friends. . . . Very best wishes and love from Edith and me.

. . . .

From Mickle Minor in Palestine—August 31, 1940.

After nearly nine weeks and having traveled nearly 20,000 miles we have reached our journey's end; or perhaps I should say one of our journeys' ends, for we are far from settled. To us, who were so overwhelmed with anxiety as to the immediate fate of the British Isles this wonderful adventure has encouraged

us beyond words. That such a convoy could travel 20,000 miles by day and by night, in and out of ports, pick up ships and speed others on their various ways through seas sewn with mines and lurking submarines, pass enemy territory almost within sight, and within range of a barrage, at a time when France had so disastrously given up the struggle after Italy entered the war—and arrive unmolested, leaves us in no doubt as to who is mistress of these seas. And although none of us ever doubted the ultimate outcome of this awful war we do feel assured that the struggle will not be so long as we sometimes dreaded.

Dreadful, heartbreaking things have happened at home since we left, and we know will continue until this ghastly affair does finish. But even these horrors have proved our air superiority. We have not yet had a reply to our cable home a week ago but as mails and cables are so erratic we hope to have good news before long. When one thinks of the devastation in Europe and how millions are going to suffer untold hardship this winter it is like living through some appalling nightmare.

One turns by way of contrast from Europe to continents so far untouched to any appreciable extent by war, where the people pounced upon us as we arrived in their towns, wafted us off to their peaceful homes, and made us forget for a brief space the horrors of our own country; showed us round their lovely cities and countryside, talked to us in the peace of their lovely gardens, tactfully refraining from asking unanswerable questions, and we went away feeling how real is the support coming from the Colonies.

One of the most delightful things was the lack of blackout —made us feel almost wicked. To be able to walk around a town at night without groping and without one hand outstretched to ward off the blow of a lamp-post or other object of sinister intent, was paradise indeed. A day or so of this then goodbyes and back we went to our ship, the richer for these pleasant memories. The last part of our trip became so hot that it was impossible to sleep in the blacked-out cabins so we took to the decks and if you could find a pew by the rail you were considered to be lucky. Eventually we disembarked for the last time, and after a two hour train journey arrived at a camp in the middle of a desert at midnight. Supper outside the tents in the

moonlight will stand out in my memory forever. We always said we would believe we had arrived when we had desert sand in our shoes, but not in our wilder moments did we imagine being planted down in the middle of a desert at midnight to eat an enormous meal of sausage, rolls and hard-boiled eggs. After two hours, on again and we arrived at our camp at 10 a. m. next day. A sorrier looking lot it would be impossible to behold. We were clad in white to begin with. Our hats were bedaubed with desert sand and engine grit, our dresses had cleaned the carriage seats, and wide bands of black around our middles told of window hanging. Our hair was like straw and our stockings splotched with grease spots from mosquito ointment with which we had been ordered to anoint ourselves before descending in the desert. We were housed in beautiful unfurnished bungalows and after an enormous breakfast, our kit not having caught up with us, we descended on rugs on the floor like deflated balloons.

After two or three days, our own hospital not being ready, a few of us came on to another town for awhile, where of all things we are taking care of evacuee mothers and babies. We have been to the Dead Sea today and had a swim, or perhaps I should say a roll since the water is so buoyant one's feet were up in the air most of the time. We came back through Jericho, which from a distance looks like an oasis in the desert. Camels roam the brown rocky hillsides; in fact they even roam through the streets of Jerusalem. Tomorrow we are going to the Garden of Gethsemane. Life has become so unreal during the past months that we have to do some solid thinking before we can believe we are not taking part in some Arabian tale. We hope to have some Arabic lessons soon for, if our lives are to be spent here for the next few years, we should be able to make closer contact with the people than is at present possible. Our Bibles have become popular books of literature, though I declare this land is even more biblical than the Bible and I expect to meet Moses any minute.

It's all very thrilling and astounding but oh! if this war would end we would gladly shake the dust of the desert from our feet and return to our humdrum lives!

We live in a beautiful old Arabian house, so cool with its

feet-thick walls and marble floors. At night we crawl under our mosquito nets only to be eaten up by sand flies.

We long to have news of you all. Not a word from anyone in ten weeks.

I hope the Service is going ahead and not feeling the depletion in staff too badly. Kentucky still remains the last peaceful thing we knew.

. . . .

From Bridget on Nauru Island, Central Pacific—

August 5, 1940.

(This was written to Kelly before she went back to England)

"Was most interested to read of your work in the new training school—heartiest congratulations—you are certainly doing a piece of worthwhile work. . . . It seems a lifetime since you stayed with me in Trinidad, and at least 3 lifetimes since you took my place at Possum Bend. . . . It seems wicked to be living in such peace and comfort as we are—but phosphate is certainly needed to produce food. . . . It is very hard to know really what is happening. . . . We are both well and busy. . . . Vincent is doing a piece of research work on Leohmaniasis. At the moment he is enlarging photos of cases with which to illustrate an article on the subject. His book is selling very well—in fact it is sold out in many places, but with the war on there will be no second edition."

["Doctor's Office," by Vincent Tothill, Blackie's, 7/6.]

. . . .

From Mrs. Horsley in Yorkshire—August 21, 1940.

It is very interesting to read letters from Old Staff and Courier news in the Bulletin. I read with great interest the effort you are making in training Frontier Nurse-Midwives and knowing Nora Kelly as I do, I admire your choice. She is a fine woman and an expert at midwifery. How I wish I could help. You will miss Betty Lester very much I am sure. She was such a dear and so very helpful. I trust that Miss McKinnon is with you and keeping well, also Agnes Lewis and Lucile. How I would love to see you all again.

I am doing everything possible here in many ways. I reg-

istered for W. V. S. and the British Legion "Women's Section" in good times.

I pray that this great upheaval may soon pass and that we may have a lasting peace. Goodnight and God bless you all.

. . . .

From Green in Southeast London—

Thursday, September 5, 1940.

There is an air raid on and I wish you could hear the gunfire. I just now looked outside and there are dozens of searchlights sweeping the skies. Last night I had a most wonderful view of a German plane in the spotlight of searchlights; it looked like a miniature silver bird. . . . I hear the planes coming nearer again but the gunfire has ceased for awhile. We live in a topsy-turvy sort of way these days. Lots of families who have big shelters sleep in them and other folk have changed their homes about by having the bedrooms downstairs and reception rooms upstairs. We very seldom see a plane—they fly so high. They are overhead again. Oh my, what a blast! I've just looked out and there is a terrific fire somewhere.

Friday, September 6, 9 p. m.

The sirens have sounded and some poor souls are getting it hot and heavy. There is a huge fire. Poor Grace has had some terrifying experiences; she just now rang up to say she was safe. She is worn out with work, anxiety and loss of sleep. Some of the nurses in her hospital were killed last night. . . . She was to go on duty at 7:30 but could not get to the hospital until 9:30 but she was excused as they had been under heavy fire all night. Three bombs had been dropped; the lecture room was blown in, many windows and the roof blown in, in two wards where the patients had to be moved; everybody behaved splendidly. One iron gate was lifted off and blown over a roof into a field. Soldiers were then guarding a time bomb, which hasn't yet gone off.

I must look out and see if the fire is under control. Yes, it is less fierce.

Saturday, September 7th.

Here we are in the thick of it again. Guns going overhead.

Heard someone shout "Take cover, they are fighting like 'ell up there." It is difficult to plan anything on account of the raids. . .

How the windows shake; there are 50 or more planes above and the house rocks occasionally. I am lying flat on the floor scribbling this. There is a plane down by the sound of it; the fire engines have gone racing along. This is far worse than anything we have had. Everyone will be deaf soon. There goes the fire engine again. The guns etc., are terrific. I'm afraid to get up in case I'm blown off my feet. My poor cat is scared out of her wits; she is hiding in a dark cupboard. I don't know whether they are dive bombers or what but you feel as if they are going to crash every moment. There goes a whole lot of masonry; the air is filled with smoke. There goes another fire engine.

Sunday, September 8th, 1 p. m.

What a night we have had! At 8:30 p. m. last night the sirens went again and we had continuous raids until 5:00 a. m. today. The sky was aglow the whole night through. South East London did not get it quite so bad as the East, but there are many killed. . . . Lots of the streets look very much the worse for last night's conflict; windows smashed, roofs off, craters, trees across the road, traffic disorganized, water on and off, gas very poor. There are numerous time bombs about and people have had to leave their homes on a few minutes' notice. Just as I came in a truck load of people and belongings were being taken to safety. I got my nursing done. . . . I wish it would pour with rain as the smoke from the fires of yesterday's raid is still pouring forth and making a lovely target. The firemen have had a terrible time and they look tired and worn. . . . I keep wondering if Grace is all right. I expect they got it just now; the strain is telling on her.

This is our National Day of Prayer. I was going to 8:00 o'clock service but did not get to sleep until 6:00 a. m. and woke up at 8:30. I must listen in to a service as I have to stay in now in case of a midwifery call. The poor mothers are having a trying time.

It is amazing how the Government plans to meet every emergency. . . . We will fight to the bitter end as we are determined to see justice and freedom reign.

From "Parkie" in Surrey—September 12, 1940.

I expect you are watching the papers and listening to the news daily, in fact I expect the whole world is waiting and wondering. We shall win in the end. A man who can direct such deeds as Hitler is doing daily would never live to prosper long.

Military objects,—he doesn't know what the word means. This is surely a civilian war, if ever there was one. I hope and pray you do not come into it, as I firmly believe we can get more aid and help from you as you are. Hitler wants you to join in and as soon as you do you will need all things for your own defense, and will not be able to help us, so you see you are better to stay out and send us all the aid possible and quickly.

He intends invading this next week or so, but he has to get the mastery of the air first, and not until then will any invasion be successful. We have enough ground forces to combat invaders. He says he will raze us to the ground. He is slowly doing it but he will not raze our spirit or independence.

A huge anti-aircraft barrage last night kept them from doing so much harm to London, but their gain was our loss and bomb after bomb seemed to be dropped all night. We were blown out of bed a dozen times, but you know how well I can sleep. From eleven to twelve o'clock and at two a. m., and between four and five, well it was Hades, and then the "All Clear" at five thirty a. m. woke me up for the last time. He means to keep us awake, undermine us and sap our strength, but he won't do it.

Three streets next to us are without a window, and a small foot bridge and a lovely old church he just missed, and woke all the dead up in the churchyard instead. "May they haunt him," as Lucian used to say. All working-class, small dwellings, and these are his military objects. One mother I had in April, with her third baby, was under the table with all three little boys when the back half of the house was sliced right off. When rescued all she said was "Well, he just didn't hurt one of them" and had a laugh, but her small possessions and ruined home would make you cry, really.

Last Thursday the sirens wailed out the warning at 10 a. m. At 10:20 a. m. I had a 7¾ pound boy, at 10:40 a. m. a

4¾ pound boy—twins. The guns were going, you never heard such a din, and afterwards the mother said, "Well if Hitler knew I had two of them he would surely drop a bomb right on us." Ten minutes later two planes were brought down at the back! How they missed the house I don't know, but we are all alive! When I had another baby Saturday at 4 a. m. the bombs weren't too bad, but Saturday at 6 p. m. it was too much, so under the bed went the baby with mother ready to follow. But she said "I won't go unless it gets too hot," and then "What's he doing under there?" "Oh," I said, "sucking his thumb." I was watching the fight ready to give her the signal to roll under. I saw five bale out and smoke pouring from their engines.

We had two casualties the night before last. A young woman had a heavy fall on her abdomen, and she died from internal hemorrhage, and the man had both legs amputated and died during the night. They were shielding the three small children. The three children are safe and being cared for, but the whole thing makes you sick. We go around digging them out of the shelters, just in time for the new arrival, only to have to put them back as soon as possible. They are simply marvelous about it all, not a whimper, and we are generally alone and in almost total darkness. The rest of the family must stay put in the shelters.

This will be our hardest month to face and if we can hold our own the next three weeks, I feel sure we shall have Hitler down, he can't afford to wait. We can. Meanwhile the devastation goes on, but even that we can repair and we shall repair it with a good heart, providing we remain a free people.

I'm sure U. S. A. will do all she can to help. I see Dr. Wilson is over with a fully equipped mobile unit. I have been wondering how Mary Marvin is faring in Berlin with our men going over raiding it nightly. . . .

My sister was in a bad raid, they swooped down and machine-gunned the streets of a small suburban shopping centre about 5 p. m. She picked up Philip under one arm and Anne under the other, and was literally blown into the cellar. So I went over next day and helped her pack and she went to ———. I took the two eldest there in June, so they are

all together, but she misses her home and her husband. Still, the children must come first. I wish we could get lots more over to you for temporary safety, the poor little beggars. Some of them are terrified. It's enough to make them nervous wrecks when they see their homes crumpled up like a Jack-in-the-Box. One little girl said to me this morning, 'It's that mean Hitler that's done all that," so I said "Never you mind, we'll soon build some more." "Oh," she said, "He will do it again;" and she is only six years old. Our Forces, every one of them, are simply magnificent. The least we can do is give our best to their womenfolk, and we shall do that to the end.

. . . . .

From Sybil in Hertfordshire—September 10th, 1940.

Things are decidedly hotter. For three nights now we've had warnings from about 9:30 p. m. till about 5 or so a. m. Heard quite a lot of action in the distance last night, but as usual slept through most of it. We have half-inch thick asbestos shutters on all the windows made in four pieces, which let down by cords; glassproof and of course a very effective blackout but stuffy. I lash the top three and leave the bottom one out with the window right up. Thank goodness we don't have to go to ground. All sleeping-out passes stopped now, except for us C. N. R. (Civil Nursing Reserve) though we are not going. It isn't fair, really. . . . Next time you write slip in a few bobby pins, will you? We can't get them here. . . . It is very cold today and rained last night, first time in weeks, because I watered the garden! Many thanks for your destroyers, I knew you'd come across! Yesterday I saw a German bomber low enough to see the swastika. I wished I'd had Gordon's rifle. I'm sure I could have hit it.

Give my love to the Koosers. You have no idea how I miss you all. I wish I had Tally (*a dog at Wendover*) and Tramp (*her horse*) here, except I'd hate them to be bombed. Give Tramp an apple from me, and to Babbette (*a mare*). I feel quite guilty eating apples in my room. Tramp seems to look sadly at me. . . .

. . . . .

From Sybil in Hertfordshire—September 13, 1940.

I was delighted to get your nice long newsy letter, and on

the same day the copy and cutting. Everyone is delighted with the cutting, and of course you got the destroyers across. We are, as you can see by the date, having quite a warm time. We had a dud bomb dropped in the grounds on the night of the 11th. I can still sleep through it when I shut my mind to what some poor things are getting. I still find the good old detective stories a great help.

I have been trying to contact my brother and his wife, who live on the Isle of Dogs, London, E. 14 "dockland." It was Saturday night when they got such a dreadful time and the R. A. F. brought 99 planes down, and it is now next Saturday morning and not a word. I hate to bother the police because there are so many in the same boat. It is hard to be impersonal. Luckily the ward is busy. Sister, who is a dear, is on holiday so I have it with a staff nurse. All the others are student nurses, one third year, three second year, and four or five first year, so you can imagine, with 44 patients, we are quite hectic at times.

I didn't get any photos and would love to have them. Don't bother to insure them though because the "tin fish" will not know the difference, and if they get over the Atlantic and through the bombing I'll get them O. K. I was thinking of you all, listening to our Winston the other evening, it seemed to bring you very near. The bally "nasties" interrupted Dorothy Thompson last night. We get so mad; night after night they come in the middle of the 9 p. m. news. Tell Dot and Mattie I miss their good washing and ironing. Next time anyone writes will Lulu enclose any sweet pickle recipes as I have a friend in St. Alban's who loves the U. S. sweet pickles and one can't get them now.

Love to everyone, and all the district. I do hope there are no sick and the children were good about their shots this year. Heaps of love. God be with you.

. . . .

From Sybil in Hertsfordshire—October 30, 1940.

We've been missed up to date, only by yards sometimes it's true, but still a miss. I can sleep through a lot now. At first when I heard the tearing whistles, I used to roll under the bed,

but it's too cold now so, if it is too noisy, I put "Waddle and Splash"* on my head and go to sleep again. One has to sleep. I was hardly off the ward for ten days until 10:00 p. m., but Sister throws me off now. She says she can't have me going off sick, and I was looking a bit worn. Surgical chest cases are heavy nursing. I was in London two weeks ago. Mary, my sister, and her husband were up and we got the worst night London had. The people there are amazing. They don't seem to worry; but take their losses in relatives and property with such fortitude. It is a mad world to live in.

Mother and the kids haven't got to Nassau, much to my grief. Frank (*her brother, Commander F. R. G. Holmes, R. N. V. R.*) stopped them. They go when he gives the word, if ever.

I've got to the sleeves of a cardigan I'm knitting. Haven't I improved? If Hitler only knew, he'd stop fighting.

. . . .

From Dougall at Harrow—16th September, 1940.

You will have received my letter telling you I had now an affidavit and the person who has sent it also invites us to be his guests for the duration of the war. However, it would suit me very well to work for you and have the children taken care of elsewhere. However, now everything is complete as far as our leaving here and being accepted in the States is concerned, there is no ship accommodation for us at present. Very few ships sail, I believe and all sailings and bookings are government controlled now.

We have been living in a peculiar way for over two weeks, and we go to bed every night in the air raid shelter. When shelters were being built very few people realised more than a few hours would be spent in them; but the long warning now sounds before 9 p. m. and the "raiders past" signal seldom goes before 6 a. m.

We never dream of sleeping in a bedroom at night now. One ordinary crib does the two children in the shelter, and Gladys (the children's nurse) and I make ourselves as comfortable as possible on the floor with spring, cushions and pillows.

*(A pillow made from Wendover's famous geese.)

Sleep has now become essential and we try to get all we can. There is no daytime routine now; because there is usually not one hour between air raid warnings. Shops mostly close immediately a warning sounds.

Last Wednesday night the 18th was our first night here of terrific A. A. (anti-aircraft) barrage. Not realizing what it was I thought we were gradually being blown up.

Now we have it every night; but we are all getting used to that. We try to be alert enough for an incendiary bomb hitting the house and otherwise we keep asleep if possible. The lack of sleep is disastrous, and we soon found ourselves behaving badly with each other. Now we arrange our night life as safely as possible and find ourselves more able to cope with the daytime disorganisation.

Last Tuesday night a bomb dropped outside my mother-in-law's house, a three-story place in London. Every window was blown out and the large front door and others loosened off their hinges. The bombs dropped at 12:30 a. m. and the "raiders past" did not sound until 5:30 a. m. The hours between the bomb and the "all clear" were awful for all the folks in this raid as they had the feeling another raider might arrive to complete things.

No one wants to live in that road anymore; but some must, because they have no other place to go to.

Ione was deeply impressed by the first gunfire she heard. "Do you remember the first terrible, awful, terrific bang, Mama?" she asked me the other day. No other has sounded so loud. Today the A. A. has been in action quite near. The planes don't get so near here as a rule in the daytime; but they are overhead every night. May see you yet, but things move quickly now. . . .

. . . .

From Peggy Tinline in Kent—October 2, 1940.

This is just a note written from the air raid shelter where I am working in London to let you know we here are absolutely all right. We are still in our house in Kent and both James (*her husband*) and I come back and fro each day to London to work.

Mary is in Scotland on a farm and has started school again.

We sleep in the air raid shelter in the garden, and believe it or not we've never slept better in our lives. Hitler very kindly has us awakened every morning when his airplanes depart and the "all clear" is sounded. We do not require an alarm clock. This is the 5th air raid alarm today and it's only 3 p. m. He is a humbug.

Last week we visited May Green and had lunch and tea. May is going down into Devonshire to work. She's just the same cheerful soul as of old. Tomorrow (my day off), I'm selling books outside a cinema in aid of a soldiers' fund. The book is by Daphne du Maurier and is called "Come Wind Come Weather". It's only 6d. Do read it some time. We haven't seen Dennie for ages, or Betty.

Oh, isn't everything in a mess! Can you see anything ever coming right again? The whole world are either in it or will be in quite soon. Have you any news of Flat Creek? I really mean to go back one day to see all those little fellows—the Gilberts and Bowlings, etc. Have you good news of Willeford, Bland and other old friends? Love to all.

. . . .

From Wallie in Essex—October 12, 1940.

It is wonderful really to have so many friends on the other side to compare notes with mentally. Whatever happens, the thought always comes into my mind "What are they all thinking of this in the mountains?"

I am now in charge of a 1st Aid Post quite near the coast and only five miles away from my home. I am glad to have the Post in preference to Hospital work. I have a staff composed of St. John's Ambulance people, ten altogether, and there are also ten men who are managed by the doctor and a head man. We are quite a happy little family. I have to give the women lectures in "home nursing." I make them very simple and we really quite enjoy them. At present, we are not busy and I hope we shall continue like this because it means so many people are escaping injury from these raids.

It will be marvelous when we can go back again to our ordinary occupations and get these sirens and other noises out of our ears. But one daren't look too far ahead for fear of

getting weary. We often tell ourselves we must just live a day at a time, sometimes not even as long as a day. On the whole though, we take everything as a matter of course.

I do hope you are getting the help you need for the work in the mountains. You must have had a very hard time readjusting to the new conditions and I hope it is all running smoothly. Please give my love to all I know who are left with you.

. . . .

From Worcester in Sussex—October 19, 1940.

I'm becoming almost regular with my correspondence. One reason is, I think, because one might just miss one's final opportunity to write.

We had a jolly good laugh just now. I decided to have my bath at 2 p. m. because the Luftwaffe will cruise around after dark, and although I bathe, I'm not always really happy! So I took a leisurely bath, and enjoyed it a lot, when suddenly there were three awful crashes. Goodness knows what they were, there was no "official" air raid, but it was very funny, after all my precautions!

The chemist amused me this morning too. I called for some medicine to worm a hen. He made up the powders, gave me the instructions and very tenderly suggested that I should report her condition in a day or two. It seemed too absurd, in the middle of a perfectly good war! But, of course hens are valuable here, just now. I still get enough eggs for the household, and some over. People are just crying out for them so they are delighted when we can spare some. Horsham is a friendly sort of place, and we do quite a lot of "swapping" of vegetables etc.

D. (*her husband*) still spends one night a week with the Home Guard, and now they stay all night. I find I can settle down to sleep fairly well.

We see so many of the German planes (in pieces) being taken by truck to their final breaking up place, that it is surprising they still come.

. . . .

From Madge in Northern Ireland—October 19, 1940.

Many thanks for your letter and picture of Cameron (*her horse*). Will you thank Buck for me for riding all those miles

to take a picture of my boy, please? He looks grand. Gosh! wouldn't I love to see him again!

You will note I have changed my address and what is more, am billetted alongside Margaret Watson to the mutual satisfaction of each of us. At the moment, I feel no better than a parasite—we have nothing to do, beyond lecturing orderlies several times weekly. But I suppose it is merely a precautionary matter, our being here at all.

Here in the north things are so peaceful and quiet after Netley. Apart from rationing we scarcely realize there is a war on. The inhabitants are most kindly and have made us very welcome.

We are in a large private house—three sisters (*British for head nurses*) three officers, a couple of batmen and a cook. The remainder of the personnel are in another house not far away.

My other two sisters are sweet girls, one Scotch, one Australian, and are a joy to work with. We are fortunate too, in our officers who are very nice. We have a wonderful view over the bay and on a clear day we can see the Scottish coast quite plainly. . . . It looks as though the Middle East will turn out to be the final battle ground—I shouldn't be at all surprised if we didn't end up there.

When next you are sending out a "Round Robin" to the centers, I wonder if you could add on my love, please? Especially to Bowlingtown, to the Koosers, and to those centers which are occupied by nurses whom I know—not forgetting dogs and horses. And perhaps if Cameron is very good, he may have an apple from me! Remember me to the district people too, please.

. . . .

From Mac on C. E. T. Train 22—October 25, 1940.

I have been meaning to write you for a long time, but as you can imagine, one has very little time to write letters in this country as life is hectic and very uncertain. It will be Thanksgiving by the time you get this letter and I shall be thinking about you and wishing I could join you for the turkey dinner, etc.

I have been having very exciting times lately; transported

five patients through raids and bombs, just missing one. Wish I could tell you more, but perhaps some day if I am alive———.

Two weeks ago, I went up to London to get some of my warm clothes I left in my friend's flat. It took me hours to get there as we had two raids on the way, and on arrival I found the whole building down and my things down at the door here and yonder. I gathered up what I could feeling very sick over it all and started off for the train.

When I was half way, the siren went off again and we all had to dash to the crypt in St. Martin-in-the-Fields and stay there two hours. There was a good old fight above us and I had a wee peep out now and again and saw one German come down quite near. It was most exciting, but a wee bit alarming and I was worried how to get to the station (Liverpool Street). I called a taxi and he took me in double quick time and when the train arrived here, the siren had just gone. I started off walking with a hat box, a big parcel with the things hanging out, my gas mask, tin helmet, and a purse. I was picked up by two officers and taken to my billet and how thankful I was, but oh! me, what a day. There is a large Military Hospital here, and I go up there when we (on the train) are at a standstill, and go round the wards and do little things for the men. I found a few from Skye and of course do a little bit extra for them.

How is everybody? With my love and the hope things are going all right with you.

. . . .

From Janet in Worcestershire—October 29, 1940.

Thank you very much for your wonderful "family" letter; it meant much to me. I showed it to many friends and they were all delighted with the letter. I have just received with my usual enthusiasm the latest F. N. S. Bulletin. I do the same thing each time, because I never know which article I want to read first. I rush through all the pages glimpsing this and catching sight of that, and finally make myself begin at the first page. I read right through to the last page.

I read with interest all the Bulletin, but particularly enjoyed

the letters from our F. N. S. nurses. It is grand to have some idea of what they are doing.

We are all affected by this war in many different ways and I have thought so much about how it is touching the F. N. S. It is grand to know America is helping in various ways.

Letters like yours and others from Dorothy Caldwell and Blanche Calhoun and also Jack Caldwell all help one to realize that though miles and miles of land and sea may separate us, one's thoughts are very close and we are close in spirit. There is something very lovely about this fact.

Since May 1939 I am up here in Tenbury Wells still with the Queens on a double district doing combined duties—midwifery, general nursing and health and school work. I find it most interesting and satisfying work, and the experience I gained with the Frontier Nursing Service has often stood me in good stead.

Apart from blackouts, certain rationed foods, a town full of evacuees and refugees, we are so far, hardly touched by the war.

The other nurse and I have tried our hardest to find homes for pregnant women. Since the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies was bombed (*See Beyond the Mountains column*) they are wanting us to help place some of their pregnant women. One day I had a request to billet a pregnant mother due any time, with husband and small son. Within two hours I wired a message telling them to come. They never got the wire but arrived on the chance, because they had been bombed out of their home. Baby born next day. Another day I had a wire from Sister Nield (from the "British") "Can you place one mother, three children, two mothers, two babies"? I did!

We expect to be very busy as winter comes. We were hectic last winter with pneumonias, bronchitis and so forth.

My family are split up owing to the war. Father, who is a teacher of languages at the Regent Street Polytechnic, London, has been evacuated. He was 2nd Lieutenant (Intelligence Officer) in the last war. One sister is a bus conductor for the duration.

Mother has two evacuee children, seven to eight years old, and young monkeys! My brother is a pilot officer on Coastal

Command with our R. A. F. He is having two weeks leave soon and is going home. I am getting a week-end to be home with him. My brother is flying one of your American planes which he speaks highly of.

Know that we are ready for anything, and the people who have lost homes are wonderful. Still laughing and joking and seeing the funny side of things.

Christmas greetings and all good wishes for the furtherance of your splendid work and for all my F. N. S. friends.

. . . .

From Jacko in London—October 30, 1940.

I thought you would probably like to know that I am still hale and hearty and enjoying life, in spite of Hitler's endeavor to put "paid" to London. Personally, I wouldn't be anywhere else in the whole wide world than in dear old London and I'm proud to be under gun fire fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. I had been so afraid that I was not for the "Front line." We are not required to go out to cases if there is very heavy firing, but personally I feel that if someone is brave enough to come for me, I can never give my pride such a nasty jar as to say, "I can not go."

As a matter of fact, whilst I am writing this the "Wailing Winnies" are going—poor old Hitler, he doesn't get much rest! We don't care how often they come over; they are always sent home minus a few machines and that is all the better for us and everyone.

I have a very nice shelter, but as a matter of fact bed always looks so cosy at night time, that unless I am out on a case, I snuggle down and sleep right through the night-guns and bombs and all; but if it really gets bad I shall go in the shelter of course.

I had an amusing time at a case the other night,—a first baby and the husband away in the Army. To begin with, I arrived at my flat, having been busy all day, to find that no key was needed to open the door. It was blown wide open to greet me. I took a few steps inside, crunching the glass underfoot and discovered that the flat itself was intact; it was just that the etceteras had "gone west." As I was contemplating how

and where to begin clearing up, I was called out on a case, and as it was just about ten minutes before "Jerry" was due for the night, I had to hurry, leaving all my belongings open to the world.

Just arrived at the case when the bombs started dropping in earnest and in fact, it became quite monotonous, whistle thud, whistle thud, with the noise of our dear old A A guns as a sort of background (or foreground). We, of course, had plenty to occupy us getting ready for the new baby and keeping our "'weather eye" (or "ear", it should be) open for near calamities. We made a tent of another mattress for the patient herself; the sister camped out under the bed; the sister's small son of two was asleep in the corner on a mattress and under a table; and the "lodger," an old man of eighty, was comfortably installed on the bottom stair. With a blazing fire and a good blackout we settled down to wait for the baby.

The shrapnel was hitting the window pane and bouncing on the roof like a large hail storm, but we are always glad to hear that. Suddenly there was an extra plus-plus loud whistle of a bomb, evidently very near, and there followed the most appalling crash. For a few seconds there was complete silence in the room except for the sound of falling bricks and tinkling glass in the vicinity. Then the girl looked out from under the mattress and the sister peered from under the bed. "Coo," said the patient, "He's dropped the bang lot this time." Whilst the sister, "If you don't jolly well have your baby now, I'll never believe in shocks bringing them off early any more."

"Don't worry girls" quavered the old man on the stairs, "It's only a gun!" The kiddy on the floor just slept peacefully on. As for me, I was so amazed to find that we were all alive that I couldn't say a word and just laughed.

The baby did arrive quite soon—and a more chubby beautiful baby has never been seen. The mother had no time to think of air raids after that.

When I arrived back at the flat some kind neighbor (and there are plenty these days) had swept up glass and rubble and made the place quite habitable albeit a trifle draughty!

So you see, life isn't too bad, and it's glorious to feel that Hitler has done his worst and yet—here we are, just the same!

Of course, there's still the invasion. I only wish he would try it, but I'm afraid he knows only too well what his reception would be like.

I wish you could see our Spitfires race up to meet the Jerrys when they try to get past the balloon barrage. It's a sight for sore eyes, and even if we are told not to stand and stare it does one's heart good to see our boys go for them.

I seem to have rambled on for a long while; please forgive me, but you know I very often think of you all even if I have not written very often to you. I hope everyone is well and that the winter is not too drastic.

Would you ask Mitchell to give a kiss to Lady Ellen (*her mare*) and Barry (*collie dog*) for me? Very much love to all.

. . . .

From Kelly En Route to England—October 17, 1940.

. . . We are following a zigzag course across. As I understand it we are less apt to be hit. They have called for volunteers from the male passengers, for extra lookout. Two men go up on the bridge every two hours. It is awfully funny; many of them are from the sugar plantations and oil fields in Central America, and are not used to the cold. So all the girls are vieing with each other, knitting wool socks, helmets and comforters to keep the men warm while on watch.

I am at a table with a Mrs. R——— who has taken her four children to stay in Philadelphia for the duration of war. Naturally she is very sad, but she even is amused at the knitters.

We do lifeboat drill, and action drill, and are advised not to undress the last forty-eight hours. Life on a ship these days is certainly vastly different from my last crossing.

We are very heavily loaded, I hope with airplans. There are several ambulances on deck, too.

Well, I will let you know as soon as I land. The water looks awfully cold. I should feel better if it were warmer.

. . . .

From Kelly in Essex—October 27, 1940.

The country coming down from Liverpool to London looked beautiful, so green that it was difficult to imagine a war was

on. When we left Liverpool they said London trains were only going as far as Willesden. Of course there was no boat train as there were so few passengers. So we all travelled in with the troops, R. A. F., Scotch guards, sailors and every kind of uniform imaginable. I sat with three R. A. F. men. They instructed me in air raid warnings and "all-clears." Also told me which was the sound of our planes and which was Jerry's.

About two hours out of London they told us we would go into Euston station after all. About 6:45 p. m. came another air raid alarm—so we were all plunged into black darkness, and there we sat while the train stopped and crawled into Euston at 9:00 p. m.

Arrived there, everything pitch black. You could hear gunfire and bombs around. Of course all the boat people had to claim trunks, etc. No light in the baggage car. So I thought of my torch and got it out, but I was told to put it out. You may not have a torch on while an air raid is in progress.

Well, by this time it seemed foolish to go any further that night, so I ran into Mrs. R———, a fellow passenger, and we decided to stay at the Euston Hotel. I found my trunk, and then by the time I had found a porter, my trunk had gone. After awhile we found it on the platform. I suppose someone else had got it out by mistake. Well, we were having a snack when we heard a bomb fall quite near. So we were advised to sleep in the air raid shelter below the hotel. I said I would rather take a chance in my bed. I really was awfully tired. Although on the boat I had slept from 2:00 a. m. to 9:00 a. m. as soundly as in Kentucky, somehow the last night I was too excited to sleep.

Well, we undressed and went down to the shelter, taking our pillows and eiderdowns with us. The shelter was evidently the old wine cellar, and in each of the bins someone was sleeping. They had mattresses, but I should say the length was not more than 4 feet 6 inches by the way they were turned up at the end of each mattress.

Then down the center corridor were placed cots and couches on which people were lying. Some elderly and fattish people just had large comfortable arm chairs in which they were sleeping with a rug thrown over them.

We saw the warden, who said she had only one settee left and could we both curl up on it? We said "yes" quite cheerfully but I knew at once I should not sleep much. But she said she would tell us when the "all-clear" went.

Opposite to us was a big fat redfaced man who was called Dr. B———. I never heard a man snore so. Of course he was too big to lie down in one of the bins, so he had a large armchair.

Some people had coughs and colds, and of course an underground vault is not the freshest place at any time. However, I stayed till 5:45 a. m. when the "all clear" went, and then went upstairs to my room where I had a couple of hours good sleep.

We had breakfast that morning, no coffee because a bomb had fallen on the gas main; and then I started for Liverpool Street station.

Driving through London, one could see where bombs had fallen and the huge craters they leave; but on the whole, the destruction is not so great as one would think. I got my train for home and got in about 11:30. Oh, I could not leave the station at first because Ch——— is a restricted area. But after I had explained who I was and why I had not got my identity card, the policeman let me go home, and told me to report to the police and get my card that day. You can be sure I did. One has to carry it at all times, especially in the restricted areas as the police board busses or stop you in the street at any time to look at the identity card.

When I got home Mum was expecting me as I had sent her a telegram from Liverpool the day before. At the front door were a huge bath of water, two buckets of sand and a shovel with a long handle and a rake—these for incendiary bombs. Apparently everyone is advised to keep such an outfit on hand. Another thing, everyone keeps a suitcase packed ready to evacuate in a hurry.

Well, all I can tell you about people is that life goes on as before. Tea every afternoon with knitting while one talks; movies; play; reading, etc. Food seems plentiful in spite of rations. The only really bad part is the blackout and darkness at night. Cars driving at night may only use the side lights which have to be blacked out except for 1 inch diameter in the middle, which really is no light at all.

I was driving home with John and Maud last night and how John could see at all I don't know. This is all for the present.

. . . .

From Flora B. ("Ben") in Birmingham—November 1, 1940.

I am sorry that it has been such a long time since I wrote to you but believe me it is not because I have forgotten you or any of your staff. I do not honestly think a day passes but what I think of you all over on the other side, and my mother has ceased to mention Kentucky. She thinks that I shall probably take unto myself wings and fly back to my beloved hills.

As you will know by the news broadcasts we are now taking our share of our country's troubles and my city has now received many honourable scars of war, but her pulse still beats strongly, stronger maybe than ever before.

It is strange really, with what mingled feelings one views the terrible results of war. Sometimes the tears are very near the surface, when one thinks of the useless waste and destruction that confronts one, but always one is proud that even one's own wee spot in the Empire is taking her wounds with such gallantry and devotion. Not all the Nazi bombers in the world will ever crush that.

I am still waiting to hear from the War Office re my future destination. Meanwhile I am still practising midwifery. It is strange the number of male infants that are arriving one after the other. It must be that a Higher Power ordains these things, for we shall surely need all our boys.

The Scottie bitch that I told you about last time I wrote has now had her babies, four boys and three girls. They are six weeks old and the Vet. says that he has never seen a finer litter. Of course they are my pride and joy and I go home for a game at every available opportunity.

How is my Ken? (*her horse*). How I do miss him. I have not been on a horse's back since I left Hyden. Never mind. After we have won the war I am going to make up for lost time. I met my brother yesterday for the first time since I arrived home. He had a seven day leave, he is captain of a ——— regiment now stationed on the east coast of Scotland.

Apparently things are pretty quiet at the moment up there and he wishes that he was more in the thick of things.

My thoughts are beyond expression but as I have said before "thank you" for all you have done and are doing for my country. It is my one hope that I may see you all again in the future when peace has once more been restored to our land. Meanwhile I can not write any more at the moment. My words all seem so futile but my thoughts are often wandering over the ocean, so maybe you will understand; in fact, I know you will.

So au revoir and you may rest assured that whatever you hear on the radio, England's head has never been held higher, nor has her heart beat stronger.

My love to all you dear people in the F. N. S.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE "CITY OF BENARES"

By ANITA McCORMICK BLAINE
(Mrs. Emmons Blaine)

Ye children! Ye who enter heaven's gate
Ere yet the garden of this earth
Has yielded you its fruits!
We stand amazed that life could rob you thus.
Is it instead that mercy spareth you?—
The bitter bitter taste
Of anger and of hate
Of self desire and power
Of ruthless force to get all and to have.

You, happy in the will of ones you trust,
March onward to the vehicle of fate,
And when the blow of doom descends,
With song and smile obedient you go
Down to what depths are there for your young feet.
Oh light! Oh wonder! Darkness of the vale is gone.
Your shining souls are beacons in the night.
Lead on! We follow to eternal day.
As children may we live mid storm and stress!
As children may we enter heaven's gate!

Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas Spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance.

—DICKENS

THE GIFT OF ONE COMMON TONGUE

By COLONEL (now Major-General) J. C. BRECKINRIDGE,
United States Marine Corps.*

" 'Tis said they understand one another, but for my part I shall never believe it," said a famous Englishman of the Basques, and the barrier between those who speak different tongues has never been more pungently expressed. Language is the tool of understanding, and we are hard put to it to build a common understanding without a common language. The Tower of Babel is no place for a peace conference. Here a Marine officer draws on his round-the-world experience with the ever-present riddle of languages and suggests his own solution.

Several years ago I was stationed in the Dominican Republic, where the United States was engaged in rebuilding a collapsed government. The language of that country is Spanish. One afternoon I was riding towards the town of San Pedro de Macoris, accompanied by another officer who had been in the country for about two years. As I was a new arrival I did not know my way about, but it was evident from the position of the sun that we were not traveling in the right direction. So I asked my companion to ride to where some natives were working in a field and inquire the right trail. He engaged the natives in a conversation that seemed to be a little heated, and too long for the simple question involved, so I started towards them to see what was the matter. Suddenly he wheeled and trotted back to me, saying in a disgusted tone: "Colonel, you would hardly believe it, but not one of those natives understands a word of English!" I asked if he spoke Spanish, and when he replied in the negative I rode to where the Dominicans were and asked the way. In a few seconds they pointed the right trail out to me and we proceeded on our way. Later I asked my companion if he spoke French and Haitian Creole. Of course there was no reason why "bush" Dominicans should be expected to speak anything but their own language, but the point I wish to bring out is that in that group four languages were understood, English, French,

*This article was printed in the Survey Graphic of August 1, 1926,—more than 14 years ago. In the belief that it will be of even greater interest today, we reprint it with the permission of the Survey Graphic. Copies of our reprint are available upon application to Wendover.

Creole and Spanish, but the two parties could not converse because none was common to them.

Much of the wastage of the world is caused by lack of understanding. In our efforts to promote peace and its arts it seems folly to overlook so simple and easy a device as agreement upon a common medium of expression. Our civilization reminds me of the Tower of Babel. This does not mean that all nations should speak a single tongue, but that it would simplify human intercourse if the nations would agree upon one tongue to be used in addition to their own. Think of the time saved in the study of languages, and the better understanding that would follow in the interests of commerce, education, human relations and peace. Let me turn the subject over a bit, in a personal sort of way, illustrating from my own experience the needless effort and confusion due to nothing but lack of agreement.

In 1916 I was crossing Siberia, en route from Peking to Petrograd. English and French had seen me safely through Mukden, Chang Chung and Harbin. As evening drew on after leaving Harbin I became interested in the question of dinner, and eventually gathered some information by the simple process of pointing to my open mouth and then to my watch. The train conductor looked as though he were undecided whether to put me off or lock me up, but another passenger laughed and placed the tip of his finger on the number six. He then made motions of handling a knife and fork and I nodded. The look of suspicion left the face of the conductor, and some of the passengers seemed to be sorry the exhibition was over. Word must have been passed along the train that some kind of a crazy foreigner was on board because people kept passing for the obvious purpose of looking at me. After a time a swarthy individual was ushered up by several helpful passengers, and he addressed me in what was evidently Italian. I replied in English and in French, and then in Spanish. He understood that tongue as badly as I did, but managed to answer my questions and give me some useful information. He was an Italian who had been in business in Russia for many years. Suppose we analyze the situation a little bit. There was an Italian, translating from Russian into Spanish, for the benefit of an American! I do not know how many other languages he spoke, but they were useless in

this particular case, as were the French and German of the American. The reason for German not being mentioned before will be explained in a moment.

Several days later (it took ten days from Peking to Petrograd) a bearded individual boarded the train and was put into the compartment with me. I waited with some amusement for his first effort at conversation. After moving about and fidgeting for several minutes he faced me and spoke in Russian. I replied in English, and he shook his head and said *"niet, niet!"* Then he tried another. I caught the sounds of *"por Polski"* and answered, this time in French, saying I could not speak Polish. He then made a series of noises that I have never been able to identify, and I copied him to the extent of shaking my head and saying, *"niet, niet!"* But this was a fellow of resource. He looked out in the corridor and after assuring himself that no one would hear he whispered: *"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"* I admitted that I did, but mentioned the fact that there was a fine of two thousand rubles for speaking German during the war. He said that did not make any difference if nobody heard it! The point here is that our understanding was found in the German tongue, and the study of all other tongues was, so far as we were concerned, wasted effort.

A Dane traveled with us from Omsk to Petrograd. He was a brilliant sort of man. Half the passengers on the train seemed to know and like him. He was manager of one of the Asiatic offices of the Danish cable company, but had lived for years in Russia proper. His use of English was flawless, including humor and slang, but he said he was more at home in Russian because he had never been in an English-speaking country. He did not consider himself a linguist, although he was accustomed to transacting business in English, Russian, Polish, French, modern Greek, "a little Turkish," and "naturally in Norwegian and Swedish because I am a Dane," and "of course everybody has to know German." Consider the years of that man's busy life that had been necessarily wasted in fitting himself to conduct his business! And with all those languages at his tongue's end he would have been *totally lost* had he gone to South America where the languages are Spanish and Portugese. Indeed the human race has too much difficulty in communicating with itself!

When the war broke out in the summer of 1914 I was traveling in Norway with some of my family. The town of Trondhjem, northern terminus of the railroad, was packed with the people of many lands, all talking at once and trying to find out how they were to get back home. After seeing to the wants of my own party I was standing in the door of the hotel waiting for time to leave. A Frenchman and two ladies attacked the head porter with a volley of language. They seemed to be in a frenzy to get information about a certain train. But there was no mental contact. The porter waved his arms and spoke in Norwegian. He had the necessary information, and was willing to give it, but he did not know what was wanted. I stepped over and asked him if he understood German. He did. Then I asked the questions the French family had been asking. In a few moments the situation was clear. At the time this did not seem to be a complicated matter; it meant no more than a little translating. But it was complicated, unnecessarily so. In order that two people could exchange ideas and information it took three races and four languages!

A similar situation arose sometime in 1917, when I was going from Sweden to Denmark by way of Helsingborg-Helsingor. Just ahead of me in the line was a man with a Russian passport and the Danish official could not read it. He asked the man for his name, residence and occupation. I knew what the Dane was saying, and as I had learned some Russian since my Siberian experience I translated it into that tongue. Upon my questions being answered the problem was to convey the information to the Danish official. I happened to understand what he had said, but I could not speak a word of Danish. I tried him in English and French without success, but the inevitable "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch*" made contact. A few simple questions and answers, using the American as a clearing house, connected the Dane with the Russian by means of the German tongue. The Russian was the only one of us who used his own language exclusively. The Dane and I spoke German no more than comprehendingly. The Dane thought in his own language, translated that into German and passed it on to me. I received it in German, mentally put it into English, translated that into Russian, and passed the result to the man who needed it. He used nothing but Russian. I re-

ceived his reply in that language, turned it into my own language, translated that into German, and passed the idea on to the Dane who promptly put it into Danish.

All of this recalls an incident that took place about thirty years ago and had been forgotten. It was probably the first time I was at all impressed by the complicated problems of language, and my mind reverts to it as an illustration that seems almost impossible. I was traveling on the continent of Europe, probably in Germany. In the compartment with me were three men of whose nationality I am now doubtful. Somebody started speaking in languages none of the others understood. As I now recall it he tried to open conversation in Danish, Norwegian and Swedish. That makes three languages. Another spoke in Russian, and at least one other tongue that I could not identify. That makes a total of five languages. The third man was an Italian or a Greek; he spoke in both languages, and in Turkish, I suppose, because he kept mentioning Constantinople; he also spoke in Spanish. That makes four more languages, and a total of nine. I tried English, French and German (at that time I knew no Spanish or Russian). This makes a total of twelve languages that were spoken by four men, and they could not understand each other!

It seems to me that something is lacking in our basic civilization, or that we are building our civilization by much the same methods employed at the Tower of Babel. We struggle to rear it with all that we have except common understanding. We are bridging geographical distance but not mental distance. Whenever there is an international gathering the language must be agreed upon, and then there must be varied and assorted interpreters to see that the members get the straight of what is being said and done. The agreements, treaties, decisions, conclusions, call them what you will, must be made in the language agreed upon and then translated into every other language that is represented at the gathering. The official language for such things is usually French, but that is not the language in which the document will be presented to the United State Senate for ratification, or in which it will be explained to the American people. Will the Americans get the same meaning and sense from their translation that the people of the Argentine

Republic, Japan, Italy, Bulgaria, Germany, Siam and all the confused mixture of nations and races get from theirs? And will all those receive the same understanding as the people of France, in whose language the original document was written? I do not know. I would not presume to say, but I have a working knowledge of several languages, which causes me to doubt it. But if there was one language in which all their representatives had a common mastery some at least of the misunderstandings could be fended against at the point where these misunderstandings had their roots—namely the meeting at which the agreement was drafted.

There are doubtless incidents of record where international complications have arisen because of a lack of common speech. Should this be the case they will probably be carefully guarded for political or diplomatic reasons until some one who is more facile in such intricacies than I can bring them to light. There has recently been, however, a spectacular event in the Capitol in Washington that will serve, to some extent, to illustrate the point. On Wednesday, April 7, last, the delegates to the Pan-American Congress of Journalists paid a visit to the United States Senate, where they were officially made welcome in a speech delivered by Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut who, after some appropriate remarks made in English, and after expressing his regret at not being able to speak in Portugese for the benefit of the representatives from Brazil, launched into a fluent and graceful address in the Spanish language. This was greeted with grateful and probably astonished applause from the visiting Latin Americans. Later during the same day the journalists paid a visit to the House of Representatives, and were greeted by Congressman Harry M. Wurzbach of Texas, who prefaced his courteous address by saying: "Mr. Speaker, I shall now, in behalf and in the name of the House of Representatives, express a few words of greeting in the Spanish language to our most welcome guests." Mr. Wurzbach was followed by Felix C. Davila, who also spoke in Spanish. All these addresses had to be translated into English before they could be understood by any except the visiting Latin Americans, in spite of the fact that they were delivered officially from the floors of the American Congress.*

*Congressional Record, Wednesday April 7, 1926, Vol. 67, No. 95, pages 6802 and 6804-5.

There is too much room for differences and misunderstandings. Too much effort is required for the bare necessities of comprehending. Human beings cannot engage in commerce and make agreements until they understand each other, and this barrier is more difficult to overcome than the technique of the business in which they engage. In the same way that the telephone, telegraph, cable and radio bridge the physical distance that separates man from man, so would a common language bridge the mental distance that separates mind from mind, and I think that distance is the greater and more important of the two. My suggestion is not to replace any language, but to agree upon some one language as a means of common international communication, to the end that in commerce, diplomacy, politics and society at large, there would never be any necessity for any one to learn more than that one language in addition to his own. But what language?

Although one would naturally prefer to select his own for this purpose there are some cogent reasons why I will not do so. This question would involve the entire world, and its convenience must be considered. English is too complicated, and too unreasonable in its method of spelling; it has too many words of double meaning, and too much accepted slang for that ease and simplicity of expression that is needed for profitable communication, especially among foreigners. And again, there are reasons that pertain equally in the case of French, German and Italian. None of these could be agreed upon because of opposition on the part of all the others. To select one of these might unbalance some kind of a balance, a balance of commerce, balance of power, or a balance of prestige somewhere. There seem to be a good many things to consider besides the philology involved.

From time to time the language of some politically dominant nation has, by virtue of its necessity, risen to almost international acceptance. But it should be remembered that this supremacy was due to necessity and not to choice, or to recognized need for standard communication. For many years English was the trading language of the world because the English people did more than any others to discover and develop foreign trade. Just before the Great War the German tongue was making rapid advances in world commerce, keeping pace with the expansion of

German trade. Since then, however, English has regained its old importance, and possibly a little added prestige, largely because of the commercial efforts of the United States. By common agreement French is the generally accepted medium for diplomatic intercourse, although here, too, the growing political power of the English-speaking nations has caused their language to menace French. The point I wish to make clear is that the rise and fall of any language has always been due to the political and commercial power of the country to which it was natural, and this shifting condition will continue to an increasing confusion until the use of some common language is sensibly agreed upon by a majority of nations.

This problem is by no means a new one. There have been at least three efforts made to solve it by means of *constructed* or *artificial* languages such as *Volapuk*, *Esperanto*, and *Idiom Neutral*. But all efforts along artificial lines, no matter how excellent they may have been, have, nevertheless, proven fruitless. It is hard to obtain the barest information concerning them. When a boy I was educated for four years in Russia, Germany, and Switzerland, and traveled in other countries. Three years of my service in the Marine Corps have been spent as an attaché to diplomatic offices, the embassy in Russia, and the legations in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In addition to this my travels and experiences, both official and personal, have been decidedly varied, but I have never heard of any of these languages being of any use to anybody. I have never known anybody who knew anything about them, and I have never heard them discussed as a possibility for facilitating international communication. Such meagre information as I have on the subject has been acquired by reading, for the purpose of gratifying my personal curiosity. In an effort to agitate the question of a common language I therefore eliminate the artificial languages in favor of some one already in natural use.

I suggest Spanish as the supplementary language to be encouraged in all other countries and for these reasons:

1. It is the easiest and simplest of all languages.
2. It is flexible, expressive and musical.
3. It is already in use in many of the most important and

growing commercial areas in the world. (All South and Central America except Brazil, where Portugese is spoken, and that is very like Spanish; many of the islands of the West Indies; the Philippines; Spain itself.)

4. Spain is not so great in the world of commerce, industry, wealth, politics and power as to have the selection of her language opposed on any of these grounds, or for any of the reasons already suggested.

I do not know how such a step could be brought about, but the first thing to do is to agitate it, to get people interested in it. It does not seem impossible that the numerous leagues, conferences and assemblies that are already in existence for the furtherance of peace should make it their concern. It would facilitate commerce, social relations, and harmonious well-being and so doing would help to remove one of the chief causes of misunderstandings.

FROM A LETTER TO BISHOP LITTEL OF HONOLULU

"The day before I write this, our Irish charwoman came to work and greeted us: 'Isn't it fine weather we are having; and isn't the invasion holding off nicely!' "

QUOTED BY FR. HUGHSON, OHC.

An elderly gentleman visited his physician to find out why he did not feel well.

"Perhaps you are smoking too much," suggested the doctor.

"Oh, no, I don't smoke at all," was the reply.

"Perhaps you are drinking too much, then."

"Oh, no, I don't drink a thing."

"Perhaps you do not get enough sleep."

"Oh, no, I go to bed early every night."

"Then it must be that your halo is too tight," said the doctor.

The Living Church

FROM A SCOTCH CALENDAR

McNairn: "This bill is exhorbitant, Doctor, an' onyway I'm nae better!"

Doctor: "That's because you didn't take my advice."

McNairn: "Weel, mon, if I didna tak' it, I dinna owe ye for it. Guid mornin', Doctor!"

. . . .

"Och, caddie," grumbled the poor player, "this is an' awfu' course!"

"Ye left the course ten meenits ago," answered the caddie, "ye're in auld Mr. MacLachlan's rock garden the noo!"

In Memoriam

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep---
He hath awakened from the dream of life---
'T is we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

. . . . . .

He has outsoared the shadow of our night:....."

—Shelley's "Adonais."

DR. E. A. CODMAN, Boston
MR. LESLIE COMBS, Lexington, Ky.
MR. NEAL FIELDS, Wendover, Ky.
MISS FRIEDA MAYNARD, London, England
DR. WILLIAM ALLEN PUSEY, Chicago
MISS ELVINE RICHARD, New York
MR. JOHN P. STARKS, Louisville
MRS. MAE RINGO THOMPSON, Lexington, Ky.
MRS. RICHARD WEIL, New York
MRS. ERNEST R. WILLARD, Rochester, N. Y.

Again we note the passing of Frontier Nursing Service friends. Dr. E. A. Codman, of Boston, has been one of our New England Medical group for years, and was the husband of the chairman of our Boston Committee. No words of ours can add to the lustre of his honored name, but we pay our tribute in affectionate remembrance to one of the best friends we had. To those of us who knew him in his home, a host of fireside memories keep recurring,—all of them shared by his old hunting dogs. Many are the tales to which we have listened, with the pat of a friendly tail and the feel of a warm muzzle close at hand. The human side of Dr. Codman was essentially lovable, the more so as one was always impressed by the manliness of his nature and the high integrity of his mind.

Mr. Leslie Combs, of "Belair" on the Walnut Hill Pike near Lexington, was a member of our organization during the latter part of the eighty-eight years of his life. He was widely known for his diplomatic career, and as a breeder of thoroughbred horses, and for his numerous services to the nation. We knew

him as one of the kindliest of men. Mr. Neal Fields, whose home on Hurricane Creek made him a near neighbor of our Wendover family, was one of the best citizens in our part of the country, and one of the best friends we had.

These three men lived to ripened years, but Frieda Maynard, of London, was young. She and her mother were among the earliest members of the Frontier Nursing Service, and steadfast in their support of a movement in which they wholeheartedly believed. Their interests were not limited by national boundaries. In looking over old communications from them, we find that in 1937 they sent us this quotation from Witter Bynner:

"In temporary pain
The age is bearing a new breed
Of men and women, patriots of the world
And one another . . . . .
And men from every nation shall enroll
And women — in the hardihood of peace!"

For such a faith Frieda worked and in this faith she died, "not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and embraced them."

When Dr. Pusey, a native of Kentucky, died at his home in Chicago at the age of seventy-four, this country lost a truly great physician, one whose heart matched the breadth of his mind. The achievements of his life are known and need not be given here. The principle that ruled his life is expressed in a prayer he wrote fourteen years ago:

"Lord of the Universe, accept me as one whose only pretense is that his life has been guided by the best lights his eyes could see. . . . I have tried to be guided by the Golden Rule. More I cannot claim. On that effort and on that spirit I must submit myself for mercy."

Other friends of the Frontier Nursing Service lived far apart and their lives did not touch, except as they all found a place in the affections of the Service. Miss Elvine Richard, of New York, had been a member of our organization, a devoted member, over a period of many years. Mr. John Starks, of Louisville, was a lifelong friend of many of us in Kentucky, and

of the generation before ours. He found his greatest happiness in being helpful to others. It is characteristic of him that during the last months of his long life he lived over in memory his friendships. Like Marius the Epicurian, "he dwelt not so much on their love for him, as on his love for them."

Mrs. Thompson was one of the best citizens of Lexington, and an active member of numerous patriotic societies. After her husband's death, she became owner and manager of his business, Thompson's Saddlery. She said that the Frontier Nursing Service was her favorite charity, and she would never charge us anything for the immense amount of work in repair of equipment that she did for us.

Of Mrs. Richard Weil of New York it is hard for one to write who bore her a very special affection. She was an honored member of our New York Committee from its inception, and a trustee on our Board of many years' standing. She came of a family whose men served in public life, in diplomacy and in war with distinction. The clear head she inherited was matched by one of the most loyal hearts in all the world. This last war affected her nearly, because her daughter's husband in England is with the R. A. F., and she had the grandchildren with her. Her devotion to her daughter often recalled Madame de Sévigné. Mrs. Weil's letters to her daughter, if they survive, are probably as warm and alive as those old French letters are today. Mrs. Weil had two devoted sons, and several grandchildren. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to them all, and to the surviving members of her family.

Mrs. Ernest Willard was one of the most gracious of our friends. She had a real affection for the Frontier Nursing Service, and those of us who knew her could not but love her. Many little acts of tender consideration were characteristic of her, as well as a broad sense of public responsibility. We cannot but think that she will be a most useful person "in that true world, of which this world is but the bounding shore."

"Lord give to men who are older and rougher
"The things that little children suffer,
"And let keep bright and undefiled
"The young life of the little child."

—MASEFIELD

THE SILVER HEN

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Acknowledgment is granted to Lothrop, Lee and Shepherd for permission to reprint "The Silver Hen" from the collection—**The Pot of Gold and Other Stories** by Mary E. Wilkins.

Dame Dorothea Penny kept a private school. It was quite a small school, on account of the small size of her house. She had only twelve scholars and they filled it quite full; indeed one very little boy had to sit in the brick oven. On this account Dame Penny was obliged to do all her cooking on a Saturday when school did not keep; on that day she baked bread, and cakes, and pies enough to last a week. The oven was a very large one.

It was on a Saturday that Dame Penny first missed her silver hen. She owned a wonderful silver hen, whose feathers looked exactly as if they had been dipped in liquid silver. When she was scratching for worms out in the yard, and the sun shone on her, she was absolutely dazzling.

Dame Penny had a sunny little coop with a padlocked door for her, and she always locked it very carefully every night. So it was doubly perplexing when the hen disappeared. Dame Penny remembered distinctly locking the coop-door; several circumstances had served to fix it in her mind. She had started out without her overshoes, then had returned for them because the snow was quite deep and she was liable to rheumatism. Then Dame Louisa who lived next door had rapped on her window, and she had run in there for a few moments with the hen-coop key dangling on its blue ribbon from her wrist, and Dame Louisa had remarked that she would lose that key if she were not more careful. Then when she returned home across the yard a doubt had seized her, and she had tried the coop-door to be sure that she had really fastened it.

The next morning when she fitted the key into the padlock and threw open the door, and no silver hen came clucking out, it was very mysterious. Dame Louisa came running to the fence which divided her yard from Dame Penny's, and stood leaning on it with her apron over her head.

"Are you sure that hen was in the coop when you locked the door?" said she.

"Of course she was in the coop," replied Dame Penny with dignity. "She has never failed to go in there at sundown for all the twenty-five years that I've had her."

Dame Penny carefully searched everywhere about the premises. When the scholars assembled she called the school to order, and told them of her terrible loss. All the scholars crooked their arms over their faces and wept, for they were very fond of Dame Penny, and also of the silver hen. Every one of them wore one of her silver tail-feathers in the best bonnet, or hat, as the case might be. The silver hen had dropped them about the yard, and Dame Penny had presented them from time to time as rewards for good behavior.

After Dame Penny had told the school, she tried to proceed with the usual exercises. But in vain.

Finally she dismissed the scholars, and gave them permission to search for the silver hen. She offered the successful one the most beautiful Christmas present he had ever seen. It was about three weeks before Christmas.

The children all put on their things, and went home and told their parents what they were going to do; then they started upon the search for the silver hen. They searched with no success till the day before Christmas. Then they thought they would ask Dame Louisa, who had the reputation of being quite a wise woman, if she knew of any more likely places in which they could hunt.

The twelve scholars walked two by two up to Dame Louisa's front door, and knocked. They were very quiet and spoke only in whispers because they knew Dame Louisa was nervous, and did not like children very well. Indeed it was a great cross to her that she lived so near the school, for the scholars when out in their own yard never thought about her nervousness, and made a deal of noise. Today in spite of their efforts to be quiet they awoke her from a nap, and she came to the door, with her frontpiece and cap on one side, and her spectacles over her eyebrows, very much out of humor.

"I don't know where you'll find the hen," said she peevishly, "unless you go to the White Woods for it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the children with curtesies, and they all turned and went down the path between the dead Christmas-trees.

Dame Louisa had no idea that they would go to the White Woods. She had said it quite at random although she was so vexed in being disturbed in her nap that she wished for a moment that they would. She stood in her front door and looked at her dead Christmas-trees, and that always made her feel crosser, and she had not at any time a pleasant disposition. Indeed, it was rumored among the towns-people that that had blasted her Christmas-trees, that Dame Louisa's scolding, fretting voice had floated out to them, and smote their delicate twigs like a bitter frost and made them turn yellow; for the real Christmas-tree is not very hardy.

No one else in the village, probably no one else in the county, owned any such tree, alive or dead. Dame Louisa's husband, who had been a sea-captain, had brought them from foreign parts. They were mere little twigs when they planted them on the first day of January, but they were full-grown and loaded with fruit by the next Christmas-day. Every Christmas they were cut down and sold, but they always grew again to their full height, in a year's time. They were not, it is true, the regulation Christmas-tree. That is they were not loaded with different and suitable gifts for every one in a family, as they stood there in Dame Louisa's yard. People always tied on those, after they had bought them, and had set them up in their own parlors. But these trees bore regular fruit like apple, or peach, or plum-trees, only there was a considerable variety in it. Those trees when in full fruitage were festooned with strings of pop-corn, and weighed down with apples and oranges and figs and bags of candy, and it was really an amazing sight to see them out there in Dame Louisa's front yard. But now they were all yellow and dead, and not so much as one popcorn whitened the upper branches, neither was there one candle shining out in the night. For the trees in their prime had borne also little twinkling lights like wax candles.

Dame Louisa looked out at her dead Christmas-trees, and scowled. She could see the children out in the road, and they were trudging along in the direction of the White Woods. "Let

'em go," she snapped to herself. "I guess they won't go far. I'll be rid of their noise, any way."

She could hear poor Dame Penny's distressed voice out in her yard, calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy;" and she scowled more fiercely than ever. "I'm glad she's lost her old silver hen," she muttered to herself. She had always suspected the silver hen of pecking at the roots of the Christmas-trees and so causing them to blast; then, too, the silver hen had used to stand on the fence and crow; for, unlike other hens, she could crow very beautifully, and that had disturbed her.

Dame Louisa had a very wise book, which she had consulted to find the reason for the death of her Christmas-trees, but all she could find in it was one short item, which did not satisfy her at all. The book was on the plan of an encyclopaedia, and she, having turned to the "ch's," found:

> "Christmas-trees—very delicate when transplanted, especially sensitive, and liable to blast at any change in the moral atmosphere. Remedy: discover and confess the cause."

After reading this, Dame Louisa was always positive that Dame Penny's silver hen was at the root of the mischief, for she knew that she herself had never done anything to hurt the trees.

Dame Penny was so occupied in calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," and shaking a little pan of corn, that she never noticed the children taking the road toward the White Woods. If she had done so she would have stopped them, for the White Woods was considered a very dangerous place. It was called white because it was always white even in midsummer. The trees and bushes, and all the undergrowth, every flower and blade of grass, were white with snow and frost all the year round, and all the learned men of the country had studied into the reason of it, and had come to the conclusion that the Woods lay in a direct draught from the North Pole and that produced the phenomenon. Nobody had penetrated very far into the White Woods, although many expeditions had been organized for that purpose. The cold was so terrible that it drove them back.

The children had heard all about the terrors of the White Woods. When they drew near it they took hold of one another's hands and snuggled as closely together as possible.

When they struck into the path at the entrance the intense

cold turned their cheeks and noses blue in a moment, but they kept on, calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!" in their shrill sweet trebles. Every twig on the trees was glittering white with hoar-frost, and all the dead blackberry-vines wore white wreaths, the bushes brushed the ground, they were so heavy with ice, and the air was full of fine white sparkles.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they started, and pretty soon the sun went down and the moon arose, and that made it seem colder.

About two hours after the moon arose, as they were creeping along, calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!" more and more faintly, a singular, hoarse voice replied suddenly. "We don't keep any hens," said the voice, and all the children jumped and screamed, and looked about for the owner of it. He loomed up among some bushes at their right. He was so dazzling white himself, and had such an indistinctness of outline, that they had taken him for an oak-tree. But it was the real Snow Man. They knew him in a moment, he looked so much like his effigies that they used to make in their yards.

"We don't keep any hens," repeated the Snow Man. "What are you calling hens for in this forest?"

The children huddled together as close as they could, and the oldest boy explained. When he broke down the oldest girl piped up and helped him.

"Well," said the Snow Man, "I haven't seen the silver hen. I never did see any hens in these woods, but she may be around here for all that. You had better go home with me and spend the night. My wife will be delighted to see you. We have never had any company in our lives, and she is always scolding about it."

The children looked at each other and shook harder than they had done with cold.

"I'm—afraid our mothers—wouldn't—like to have us," stammered the oldest boy.

"Nonsense," cried the Snow Man. "Here I have been visiting you, time and time again, and stood whole days out in your front yards, and you've never been to see me. I think it is about time that I had some return. Come along." With that the Snow Man seized the right ear of the oldest boy between a finger and

thumb, and danced him along, and all the rest, trembling, and whimpering under their breaths, followed.

It was not long before they reached the Snow Man's house, which was really quite magnificent: a castle built of blocks of ice fitted together like bricks, and with two splendid snow-lions keeping guard at the entrance. The Snow Man's wife stood in the door, and the Snow Children stood behind her and peeped around her skirts; they were smiling from ear to ear. They had never seen any company before, and they were so delighted that they did not know what to do.

"We have some company, wife," shouted the Snow Man.

"Bring them right in," said his wife with a beaming face. She was very handsome, with beautiful pink cheeks and blue eyes, and she wore a trailing white robe, like a queen. She kissed the children all around, and shivers crept down their backs, for it was like being kissed by an icicle. "Kiss your company, my dears," she said to the Snow Children, and they came bashfully forward and kissed Dame Penny's scholars with these same chilly kisses.

"Now," said the Snow Man's wife, "come right in and sit down where it is cool—you look very hot."

"Hot," when the poor scholars were quite stiff with cold! They looked at one another in dismay, but did not dare say anything. They followed the Snow Man's wife into her grand parlor.

"Come right over here by the north window where it is cooler," said she, "and the children shall bring you some fans."

The Snow Children floated up with fans—all the Snow Man's family had a lovely floating gait—and the scholars took them with feeble curtesies, and began fanning. A stiff north wind blew in at the windows. The forest was all creaking and snapping with the cold. The poor children, fanning themselves, on an ice divan, would certainly have frozen if the Snow Man's wife had not suggested that they all have a little game of "puss-in-the-corner," to while away the time before dinner. That warmed them up a little, for they had to run very fast indeed to play with the Snow Children who seemed to fairly blow in the north wind from corner to corner.

But the Snow Man's wife stopped the play a little before din-

ner was announced; she said the guests looked so warm that she was alarmed, and was afraid they might melt.

A whistle, that sounded just like the whistle of the north wind in the chimney, blew for dinner, and Dame Penny's scholars thought with delight that now they would have something warm. But every dish on the Snow Man's table was cold and frozen, and the Snow Man's wife kept urging them to eat this and that, because it was so nice and cooling, and they looked so warm.

After dinner they were colder than ever. They were glad when the Snow Man's wife suggested that they go to bed, for they had visions of warm blankets and comfortables. But when they were shown into the great north chamber, that was more like a hall than a chamber, with its walls of solid ice, its ice floor and its ice beds, their hearts sank. Not a blanket nor comfortable was to be seen; there were great silk bags stuffed with snow flakes instead of feathers on the beds, and that was all.

"If you are too warm in the night, and feel as if you were going to melt," said the Snow Man's wife, "you can open the south window and that will make a draught—there are none but the north windows open now."

The scholars curtesied and bade her good-night, and she kissed them and hoped they would sleep well. Then she trailed her splendid robe, which was decorated with real frost embroidery, down the ice stairs and left her guests to themselves. They were frantic with cold and terror, and the little ones began to cry. They talked over the situation and agreed that they had better wait until the house was quiet and then run away. So they waited until they thought everybody must be asleep, and then cautiously stole toward the door. It was locked fast on the outside. The Snow Man's wife had slipped an icicle through the latch. Then they were in despair. It seemed as if they must freeze to death before morning. But it occurred to some of the older ones that they had heard their parents say that snow was really warm, and people had been kept warm and alive by burrowing under snowdrifts. And as there were enough snow-flake beds to use for coverlids also, they crept under them, having first shut the north windows, and were soon quite comfortable.

In the meantime there was a great panic in the village; the children's parents were nearly wild. They came running to

Dame Penny, but she was calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!" out in the moonlight, and knew nothing about them. Then they called outside Dame Louisa's window, but she pretended to be asleep, although she was really awake, and in a terrible panic.

She did not tell the parents how the children had gone to the White Woods, because she knew that they could not extricate them from the difficulty as well as she could herself. She knew all about the Snow Man and his wife, and how very anxious they were to have company.

So just as soon as the parents were gone and she had heard their voices in the distance, she dressed herself, harnessed her old white horse into the great box-sleigh, got out all the tubs and pails that she had in the house, and went over to Dame Penny, who was still standing out in her front yard calling the silver hen and the children by turns.

"Come, Dame Penny," said Dame Louisa, "I want you to go with me to the White Woods and rescue the children. Bring out all the tubs and pails you have in the house, and we will pump them full of water."

"The pails—full of water—what for?" gasped Dame Penny.

"To thaw them out," replied Dame Louisa; "they will very likely be wholly or partly frozen, and I have always heard that cold water was the only remedy to use."

Dame Penny said no more. She brought out all her tubs and pails, and they pumped them and Dame Louisa's full of water, and packed them into the sleigh—there were twelve of them. Then they climbed into the seat, slapped the reins over the back of the old white horse, and started off for the White Woods.

On the way Dame Louisa wept, and confessed what she had done to Dame Penny. "I have been a cross, selfish old woman," said she, "and I think that is the reason why my Christmas-trees were blasted. I don't believe your silver hen touched them."

She and Dame Penny called "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!" and the names of the children, all the way. Dame Louisa drove straight to the Snow Man's house.

"They are more likely to be there than anywhere else, the Snow Man and his wife are so crazy to have company," said she.

When they arrived at the house, Dame Louisa left Dame Penny to hold the horse, and went in. The outer door was not locked and she wandered quite at her will, through the great ice saloons, and wind-swept corridors. When she came to the door with the icicle through the latch, she knew at once that the children were in that room, so she drew out the icicle and entered. The children were asleep, but she aroused them, and bade them be very quiet and follow her. They got out of the house without disturbing any of the family; but, once out, a new difficulty beset them. The children had been so nearly warm under their snowflake beds that they began to freeze the minute the icy air struck them.

But Dame Louisa promptly seized them, while Dame Penny held the horse, and put them into the tubs and pails of water. Then she took hold of the horse's head, and backed him and turned around carefully, and they started off at full speed.

But it was not long before they discovered that they were pursued. They heard the hoarse voice of the Snow Man behind them calling to them to stop.

"What are you taking away my company for?" shouted the Snow Man. "Stop, stop!"

The wind was at the back of the Snow Man, and he came with tremendous velocity. It was evident that he would soon overtake the old white horse who was stiff and somewhat lame. Dame Louisa whipped him up, but the Snow Man gained on them. "Oh!" shrieked Dame Penny, "what shall we do, what shall we do?"

"Be quiet," said Dame Louisa with dignity. She untied her large poke-bonnet which was made of straw—she was unable to have a velvet one for winter, now her Christmas-trees were dead—and she hung it on the whip. Then she drew a match from her pocket, and set fire to the bonnet. The light fabric blazed up directly, and the Snow Man stopped short. "If you come any nearer," shrieked Dame Louisa, "I'll put this right in your face and—melt you!"

"Give me back my company," shouted the Snow Man in a doubtful voice.

"You can't have your company," said Dame Louisa, shaking the blazing bonnet defiantly at him.

"To think of the days I've spent in their yards, slowly melting and suffering everything, and my not having one visit back," grumbled the Snow Man. But he stood still; he never took a step forward after Dame Louisa had set her bonnet on fire.

The cold was intense, and had it not been that Dame Penny and Dame Louisa both wore their Bay State shawls over their beaver sacques, and their stone-marten tippets and muffs, and blue worsted stockings drawn over their shoes, they would certainly have frozen. As for the children, they would never have reached home alive if it had not been for the pails and tubs of water.

"Do you feel as if you were thawing?" Dame Louisa asked the children after they had left the Snow Man behind.

"Yes, ma'am," said they.

Dame Louisa drove as fast as she could, with thankful tears running down her cheeks. "I've been a wicked, cross old woman," said she again and again, "and that is what blasted my Christmas-trees."

It was the dawn of Christmas-day when they came in sight of Dame Louisa's house.

"Oh! what is that twinkling out in the yard?" cried the children.

They could see little fairy-like lights twinkling out in Dame Louisa's yard.

"It looks just as the Christmas-trees used to," said Dame Penny.

"Oh! I can't believe it," cried Dame Louisa, her heart beating wildly.

But when they came opposite the yard, they saw that it was true. Dame Louisa's Christmas-trees stood there all twinkling with lights, and covered with trailing garlands of pop-corn, oranges, apples, and candy-bags; their yellow branches had turned green and the Christmas-trees were in full glory.

"Oh! what is that shining so out in Dame Penny's yard?" cried the children, who were entirely thawed, and only needed to get home to their parents and have some warm breakfast, and Christmas-presents, to be quite themselves. "Biddy, Biddy,

Biddy!" cried Dame Penny, and Dame Louisa and the children chimed in, calling, "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!"

It was indeed the silver hen, and following her were twelve little silver chickens. She had stolen a nest in Dame Louisa's barn and nobody had known it until she appeared on Christmas morning with her brood of silver chickens.

"Every scholar shall have one of the silver chickens for a Christmas present," said Dame Penny.

"And each shall have one of my Christmas-trees," said Dame Louisa.

Then all the scholars cried out with delight, the Christmas-bells in the village began to ring, the silver hen flew up on the fence and crowed, the sun shone broadly out, and it was a merry Christmas-day.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Except to our old nurses and my other friends overseas, I shall not be sending out any Christmas cards this year, and if the pressure of life continues what it has been since the war, I shall probably not send out cards ever again. There are hundreds of you who will read this who are personally dear to me, and I know each one of you will understand that I cannot take the time to write personal messages and address so many envelopes at this most crowded of all seasons for the Frontier Nursing Service. Even as it is, few are the weekends in which I have not had Service work, since the war began. If I tried to send out cards, I should have practically no time for rest at all.

This message will be read by all of you. During the blessed Advent and Christmas Season, I shall hold each one of you individually in affection in my heart.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

PRACTICALLY ELECTRIFIED

The following brief story on Benjamin Franklin was handed in by a little girl: "Was born in Boston, traveled to Philadelphia, met a lady on the street, she laughed at him, he married her and discovered electricity."

Co-Op Spotlight, Jackson County Rural Electric Cooperative Corp., McKee, Ky.—Sept. 1940.

A FRENCHMAN ON UNION NOW

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Reprinted through the courtesy of Federal Union World,
10 East 40th Street, New York.

André Maurois, author of "Ariel: The Life of Shelley," "Disraeli," "Dickens," "Voltaire," "Byron," "The Miracle of England," and now of "Tragedy in France," published last summer, has had over a score of his books published in the United States.

"Tragedy in France" (Harper's, $2.00) is the dispassionate inside story of the fall of his beloved country, and an objective analysis of the reasons for that fall, immediate and more remote, as seen through the eyes of a French liaison officer with the British troops in World War I and of the Official French Observer at the British G. H. Q. in this war, until the capitulation of France.

"The Miracle of England," published in 1937 by Harper's, is about to appear in a new popular-priced edition, with added material by the author.

From 1920 to 1930, I very often went to Geneva and attended the assemblies of the League of Nations. I believed in the idea, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say I *wanted* to believe in it. There was in my case, I now realize, a great deal of wishful thinking. I had been a soldier in the Great War; I had seen my country, and all countries of Europe, ruined by the war; I had understood that a new conflict, waged with more terrible weapons, might be the end of civilization. I felt deeply interested in any machinery that would make war impossible.

But, however prejudiced in favor of the League one was before going to Geneva, one found great difficulty in remaining faithful to the creed once one had watched the proceedings. A great deal of useful work was done in Geneva, in the side-shows, but in the main tent it was painful to hear so many speeches, so many high-minded declarations, and to find, at the end of the session that no decisions had been taken, that nothing had been achieved, that nothing would ever be achieved.

Every time I left Geneva, I could not help thinking: "Why is this a failure? Why am I certain, not only that it cannot prevent war, but that it might very well bring it about?" The answer seemed to be that the League was not real; it was nothing but make-believe. All the neutral states which formed the majority, and took the decisions, knew perfectly well they had not the slightest intention to send one man, or one ship, to uphold

these decisions. Even men of good will, like Briand, Bruening, or Austen Chamberlain, were powerless in Geneva. The only constructive act of the post-war period, the Treaty of Locarno, took place outside the League. Indeed, to be frank, the League simply did not work. It produced nothing but words, words, words.

I was completely discouraged and had given up all hopes of collective security until I read "Union Now." I liked the book and the idea. The book was simply, clearly written; the idea was practical. It was so practical that it was already in practice in several countries, including the United States; it was the idea of a federation. A federation is very different from a league. A league is a group of nations who get together and say: "We do not know how long this league will last, and we do not know what this league will do; we do not want it to do much. We are determined to take no engagements. But, providing there is really nothing in it, we are willing to be members of the league." A federation (or union) is a group of states who say: "We shall be united in good and bad fortune. For all purposes of defense and diplomacy, we are one state; we have one army, one fleet, one air force. We shall all give money and men for the common defense, according to our wealth and population. We may find also later that we must have a common currency and collective communication system. For all other purposes, we remain independent states. We keep our language, our customs, our system of education, our local institutions."

Can it work? Of course it can. It *does* work here [in the U. S. A.] and in Switzerland, and in the British Empire. In fact it cannot fail to work. The machinery is well known; it has been tested by time.

Is it not too late? Well, of course it would have been better to form a Union of the democracies when there were many democracies left, and, furthermore, at the time when the book of Clarence Streit was published. He could then list fifteen self-governing states which, united, would have formed such a strong combination that no powers, or group of powers, would have dared to attack it. Today five countries of the original list have been totally or partially invaded: Belgium, Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands are no more free. France is cut in two and the

unoccupied part of France has only limited means of communication with the rest of the world, which is also the case of Sweden, Finland, and Switzerland.

Therefore if a union were formed today, it could only consist of the United States and the British Empire. In other words, the English-speaking nations would constitute The Union now.

Would it, under present circumstances, be a wise move? It is not for me, a Frenchman, to decide; but I remain convinced that the original plan is the best one and that, if the fortunes of war make it possible one day, as I hope and trust, to come back to it, I for one shall certainly support it.

Would a federal union be an air-tight protection against war? It is impossible to answer such questions. Nothing in human affairs is permanent, nor perfect. Always the unexpected happens. New weapons, new discoveries may bring with them a new type of warfare and give a chance to a small aggressive nation, even against the strongest of unions. But federal union would be an immense improvement on the present world machinery. In a more peaceful field, it would also offer economic and political opportunities which have never been equalled in the history of mankind.

We are sometimes asked what are our war aims. One is a negative one: We do not want to lose our freedom; the idea of "Union Now" supplies a positive war aim.

But are the men of Europe and America, after so much violent propaganda, capable of enthusiasm for a noble idea, for an idea of peace? I am sure they are. I am told by philosophers of the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left that man is nothing but a dangerous and stupid animal; that he must be led and deceived, and that you cannot govern him unless you begin by despising him. I do not agree.

I believe that man has slowly acquired something that puts him far above the beast; I believe that, if you tell him the truth, teach him how to discern it for himself, and make him live under the right institutions, you then give him a chance to rise much above himself.

I believe that we are at the beginning, not at the end, of civilization.

I believe that democracy, in order to survive, must remember the virtues by which it came into being.

I believe that kindness and pity are better than cruelty.

I believe that freedom, born of strength and discipline, will be saved by disciplined strength.

I believe that power and justice can be, and must be united.

And I believe that, some day, there will be a federal union of free states, of which my own country will, I hope, be one of the most prosperous and of the most devoted.

"FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE REPORT CANNOT BE CLASSED AS DULL OR PROSAIC"

(From the Harrodsburg Herald, Harrodsburg, Kentucky, November 15, 1940)

A few years ago Harrodsburg had at one of her June 16th banquets two outstanding guests, Sir and Lady Leslie MacKenzie. They had come from the great work which they had established in Great Britain to visit a similar work in Eastern Kentucky. They were being shown over the Bluegrass and were escorted to Harrodsburg by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. Sir Leslie and his wife had become great because they loved humans. Spending their lives in ministering to others, they had devised a plan of serving the sick in the almost inaccessible places on and around the British Isles. Their plans had been studied by Mrs. Breckinridge and given to our Kentucky Highland folk.

The citizens of Harrodsburg in admiration for the work being done by them, interrupted the set program of the banquet to present a handsome traveller's clock to her Ladyship. Judge C. A. Hardin made the presentation with some well-chosen words to which Sir Leslie, on behalf of his wife, responded to his surprise at such pleasant recognition with emotion in terms expressing their pleasure.

By courtesy of Mrs. Mary Breckinridge we have received the current number of Frontier Nursing Service Bulletin. In a letter from Mrs. Breckinridge she asked us to look out for it. We must confess that we thought it would be like the common run of such reports but our thought was wrong. Instead of a prosaic report we found one full of interest. The report shows the effect of the war on the Service and opens with the following words . . . .

We are amazed at the scope and influence of the organization and interest in the adaptation of Sir Leslie's principles of work to our mountain needs.

An interesting section of the Bulletin are extracts from letters which the returned British nurses to the war front have written to Mrs. Breckinridge. Three separate impressions were made by them on us. One was the Christian devotion to a great work. Another was the great love they have for their beloved Britain. One wrote: "We would rather everyone of us die than that Hitler should get in because, if he does, there can be no hope of its being fit for humanity for centuries." The last impression is the beautiful sentiments expressed about the Frontier Nursing Service and anxiety for their places to be filled in Kentucky.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

When the late Sir Leslie Mackenzie visited us so many years ago, he said that one line in the "Old Kentucky Home" was of great poetic beauty: "The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart." In our recent mail, we received a letter from Miss Maud Cashmore, Matron of the famous British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, in the Woolwich section of southeast London, where three of us received our training as midwives. The three are Janet Coleman (see Old Staff News), Helen Edith Browne (see Field Notes), and the Director. We quote from Miss Cashmore's letter written October 9th:

"Did you know that our wards, 40 beds, are out of action? One bomb on September 14th utterly demolished 2 and wrecked the other 2. We had 60 patients in that night, and numbers of people sheltering in the basement and not one person or baby was hurt; though the patients in St. Mary's Shelter and Theatre were covered in glass and debris.

"In the confusion and darkness I said to someone, 'Run upstairs and get some more blankets,' and they said, 'There is no upstairs.' I had not realized the magnitude of the disaster. It was horrid to look up and see the dawn come through the ruin at the end of the corridor! We were more than thankful that all the patients had been moved at the first warning into the shelters.

"The Ministry of Health sent a fleet of ambulances next day and moved the newly confined into an emergency hospital in Kent and others to their homes. We turned our rooms into wards pro tem; but now we have got a lovely house on a spur of the Chilterns that will take 35, and we send them down to be confined there! More than half the staff are with them, and we are only doing about 20 at a time here. We shall keep an emergency center here and the clinics; and St. Catherine's we have turned into a relief place for mothers and expectant mothers whose homes are bombed out, and there are so many.

"Their courage is marvelous, they hardly ever grumble, though it is no joke being collected in the midst of a terrific barrage, as they often have to be from the shelters. Our sisters go out in tin hats, and a car is sent for them but I am always glad to see them back."

The final paragraph of this letter refers to one I wrote, in which I said that I thought it was harder in some ways to stand the war over here, because one couldn't share the work and the dangers. I added that this sounded like the man who paced the floor all night, and when told in the morning that his baby was a girl, exclaimed: "Thank God, she will never know

what I have gone through this night." To this, Miss Cashmore replies as follows:

"We are immensely cheered by your letters. You wouldn't believe. . . . We all feel we are getting immense sympathy and practical help from America, and we need it but I do agree with you it is less wearing to be in the thick of it even if you haven't been to bed for a month, because there are lovely bits and in spite of everything a conviction that our cause is right and will in the end come out on top, and that it is a privilege to stand by at such a time. Much love, and many thanks. Don't overdo."

. . . .

The bombing of Coventry, including the marvelous old Cathedral Church of St. Michael's, was another horror which tore at the heartstrings of some of us. Peter Hill, the brother of our own Mrs. Arthur Bray, who calls her home "the F. N. S. headquarters in England," lives with his wife (member of the F. N. S. for years) in the country near Coventry, and is an air raid warden. We haven't heard from them since. Some years ago, the Director stayed at their lovely place, and they call the herb garden the "Mary Garden," since then, because of her joy in it. It was the year of the Cathedral services with offerings for the depressed areas, and we attended the services in old St. Michael's. Profoundly impressive were the parts taken by representatives of the mediaeval Coventry workers' guilds. Now that gracious symbolism in stone is no more, and the descendants of members of these guilds are buried in a common grave.

Coventry—there was always a laugh there in the old days, as when one speaker got up and said: "And now, my hearers will be glad to know that like Lady Godiva, I am approaching my close."

. . . .

An old schoolmate of the Director, of the Lausanne, Switzerland days in the nineties, Miss Annie Neild, has a country house in Berkshire where for years she has taken care of children whose parents were in India or other parts of the British Empire. (One might add that she, too, for years has been one of the many British members of the Frontier Nursing Service, and writes cheerfully, bless her heart, of renewing a subscription when the war is over, and of giving to St. Christopher's Chapel then.) We quote from a recent letter of hers, as follows:

"The children are well and happy, and much of what is

happening goes over their heads (quite literally!). However, one small boy of seven remarked: 'I think it would be better for a baby to be born now, for he will always have lived in war, and not had peace first.' "

She writes that the following prayer is the one the children repeat every evening: "O God, send Thy Spirit into men's hearts that they may hate war and love peace. Teach the children of every land that it is better to love one another than to fight, so that war may cease and Thy Kingdom of love and brotherhood may be set up through all the world, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

. . . .

We could go on forever quoting from our English mail. Here is a bit from a letter from the Secretary of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Miss Mercy Phillimore: "It is a magnificent thing for the future that Great Britain and America are becoming fast friends. In view of the ludicrous declarations of friendship, as announced between dictators, one is almost afraid to speak of friendship between nations, but I think in the case of America and Great Britain it is entirely different and we are justified in the satisfaction we feel."

. . . .

All of her friends, and they are many, will grieve to learn that Miss Mary B. Willeford has had rather a serious operation recently in New York. She is convalescing now with her mother in Wharton, Texas, but expects to resume her duties with the Children's Bureau in Washington before the end of December. She writes with her usual pluck and has much to tell of the unending kindnesses of old friends in New York.

. . . .

In the middle of October, for the first time since June, the Director left the work for a tour of nine days' duration. On Tuesday, October 15, I spoke to the Women's Club in Winnetka, Illinois, where I was the guest of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd.

I particularly wanted to see the babies of the married Chicago couriers, so the next morning Adelaide Atkin (Mrs. W.

H. Noyes, Jr.) brought to see me her bewitching twins, Mary and Margot—adorable babies, at the creeping age. Later in the morning, Mrs. D. R. McLennan, our Chicago chairman, called for me, and we drove to her daughter Margaret's home (Mrs. John B. Morse, Jr.) where I could meet the Morse children, Peter and Rickie, and where Katherine Trowbridge (Mrs. Edward Arpee) brought Steven and Harriet to see me. In that way, I enjoyed the companionship, for an all-too-brief period, of six of the F. N. S. grandchildren. The Morse and Arpee children are entrancing, all four. After luncheon Mrs. McLennan drove me in to Chicago, where she had a tea for me at the Casino Club, to meet the members of the Chicago Committee. As these include many old and dear friends, the tea was a delightful occasion, and I left with that bewildering sense that comes to me so often, of how full of partings one's life is.

After the tea, I went to a meeting of the Chicago Metropolitan Council for Federal Union, between six and seven p. m., at the offices of some of the members on South LaSalle Street, and spent one of the most interesting hours that had come my way in a long while. Later, I joined our courier, Nancy Blaine for dinner with her grandmother, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, and had one of the most intimately lovely evenings I have ever known.

The next morning I went to Madison, Wisconsin, to stay with my cousins, the W. R. Agards, and to meet a charming group of University and town people at a party at their house. I returned to Chicago by way of Milwaukee, where I stopped off with my Carson kin, and saw our old courier, Betty Wynne Rugee (Mrs. Herbert T. Holbrook), her husband, and one of her two delightful red-headed boys.

On my way back to Kentucky from Chicago, I stopped off in Dayton, Ohio, where I was the guest of Marvin Breckinridge Patterson's mother-in-law, Mrs. Harry G. Carnell, who gave me a wonderful party at Dayton's beautiful Art Institute. My purpose in stopping off was to meet a request of the Women's Crusade for the Chest, to speak at the opening luncheon of the Crusade, on Monday, October 21st, at a downtown hotel. I believe so fully in charities helping one another that I always accept such invitations, gratuitously, if I can fit them in to an

F. N. S. tour. It is an utter satisfaction to lend a helping hand whenever one can.

. . . .

The first of the benefits this season for the Frontier Nursing Service was the rummage sale held by the Louisville Committee on Thursday, November 14th, in the huge ground-floor space donated by the Fidelity and Columbia Trust Company, through the courtesy of Mr. A. J. Stewart. The Louisville Committee managed this sale in a big way, and the organization of it was a masterly piece of executive work. Our Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, appointed Mrs. William Marshall Bullitt as chairman of the benefit. Mrs. Bullitt in turn appointed as sub-chairmen for the different stalls, the following women: Mrs. M. C. Brower, Jr., Mrs. Henry Chambers, Jr., Mrs. Addison Dimmitt, Mrs. William W. Gaunt, Mrs. John G. Heyburn, Mrs. Charles D. Jefferson, Miss Elizabeth McHenry, Mrs. George G. Neel, Mrs. John Price, Jr., Mrs. Keith Spears, Miss Mary Ann Tyler. Our numerous Louisville friends cooperated in donating rummage, which included everything from furniture and silver and cut glass to cakes, pies, old clothing and old books. The following firms were extremely kind in lending tables, chairs, gas heaters, and trucks for hauling, etc.: Stewart Dry Goods Company, Pendennis Club, River Valley Club, J. Kenny and Company, Brown Hotel, and L. D. Pearson and Company. Hundreds of people of all walks of life crowded the sale; in fact there was a long queue waiting before the doors opened. Various members of the sub-committees, under their respective chairmen, handled the sales. As there was very little overhead the total profit was eleven hundred dollars. All left-over useful clothing and shoes were sent by Mrs. Belknap to the Frontier Nursing Service. Other left-over articles were given to the Good Will Association of Louisville.

The Director had the joy of attending the rummage sale in Louisville, because she was speaking at the annual dinner of the Southern Medical Association of Women Physicians at the Kentucky Hotel that night. Dr. Alice Pickett gave me a charming introduction at this dinner, which was in every way a delightful occasion. I was the guest of Mrs. Morris B. Belnap. Prior to that, in Lexington, I had the pleasure of speaking

to the University of Kentucky Branch of the American Association of University Women, and prior to that, I spoke to the Eleventh District Nurses Association in Hazard.

. . . .

The New York Committee continues with the Bargain Box, thrift shop enterprise at 1175 Third Avenue. As our readers know, we are one of six charities engaged in this enterprise, which is a profitable one. Our next annual report will give the results of our first year's association with the Bargain Box. The New York Committee is eager to collect rummage, and will send for it. Please, those of you who live in or near New York and read this, telephone to the Bargain Box, Regent 4-5451, and tell them where to send for the rummage, or to Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Bargain Box Chairman, Locust Valley, Long Island, Glen Cove 1481. In this connection, Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere gave a tea on Tuesday, November 12th, at her home, which was most successful. In lieu of tickets, guests were requested to bring packages of rummage, and Mrs. Rousmaniere reports that the hallway of her New York house was stacked with useful articles when the tea was over.

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We have read with interest and deep appreciation the report of the Riverdale, New York, Branch of the Frontier Nursing Service for 1939-1940. The annual card party was held that year at the home of Mrs. Edward Freeman, who supplied the refreshments. The six successful Lenten sewing meetings produced twenty-four lovely layettes. The proceeds of the annual card party were used, as always, to buy materials for the layettes and wool for the coming year. The Riverdale Committee again, as it has done for years, sent each nurse at Christmas time books, attractively wrapped, the books being contributed personally by the members of the committee, and their friends.

In addition to all of this, the Riverdale Committee sends out its own subscription cards annually to raise the salary for the Riverdale F. N. S. nurse. These reminders for subscriptions do not fall upon the central office at Wendover, but are handled by Mrs. Timothy N. Pfeiffer, Riverdale, "Treasurer for the Nurse's Salary." Mrs. Clarke Dailey is the current Chairman

of the Riverdale Committee, Mrs. John Iselin is Secretary, and Mrs. Martin Conboy has charge of sewing and supplies. In connection with the funds raised for a nurse's salary, it is well to remind our readers that the nurse who was supported for over ten years by the Riverdale Committee was our old war-horse, Betty Lester, now actively engaged in maternity work in one of the most bombed parts of the Old Country. Since she went over last spring, we have designated one of the young graduates of our own Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery as the Riverdale Nurse.

. . . .

Our wonderful Boston Chairman of so many years, Mrs. E. A. Codman, has had to give up her post, although we keep her deeply honored name as the Honorary Chairman of that Committee. She is succeeded by Mrs. Guido Perera one of whose first acts was to give a committee tea to launch plans for a February Benefit. Great interest was attached to the occasion by personal, first-hand reports from the field of work by Mrs. Henry Jackson and Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood.

. . . .

A second change in chairmanship is that in Providence. Mrs. Walter S. Ball, who has been our admirable chairman of the committee now for some years, has had to resign, but we are rarely fortunate in having Mrs. Edward S. Jastram as her successor.

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The Rockford Hospital of Rockford, Illinois, held a benefit garden party on September ninth, in aid of the Helm Memorial Fund. The leading feature was a "Pageant of Uniforms." The nurses as models walked out on the stage one by one, in uniforms that the graduates of this hospital had worn in work in China, Africa, France (during the last war), and in the horizon-blue riding uniform of the Frontier Nursing Service. We were delighted to send Miss Helen Wray, who had worked with us, one of our uniforms and a pair of saddle bags for the occasion.

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We were sorry to miss the annual meeting of the National Council for Mothers and Babies, in Washington, D. C., which

was held on November 15th. This Council issues an admirable little publication, called "Clearing House Notes," from which the F. N. S. gets many useful items of information. A special emphasis was laid at the annual meeting on continuity of care as fundamental in the care of premature infants.

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We are profoundly grateful to three old friends, who have remembered the F. N. S. in their wills. None of the legacies has been paid as yet, but we will receive ultimately substantial legacies from the late Miss Jeannie B. Trull, of New York; the late Miss Fannny Norris, of New York and Bar Harbor, Maine; and the late Mrs. Ernest Willard, of Rochester, New York.

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Our readers will remember sorrowing with us over the untimely death at the birth of her son, of our courier, Fanny Porteous Short. We are greatly touched to read in a recent letter from her mother: "I think so often of the weeks Fanny spent with you. It was one of the finest experiences in her all too short life but I am so glad she had it. It opened new vistas to her and gave her a fuller understanding of human nature. The Frontier Nursing always had a large corner in her heart."

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Since her early girlhood, Mary Breckinridge has been a member of Lexington Chapter Number 12 of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. At the November meeting of this Chapter, she was presented with honorary life membership. It is a deeply moving honor for the daughter of a Confederate soldier to receive, and these lines in the letter of notification will be cherished always: "In loving recognition of the wonderful service rendered the womanhood and motherhood of our state and nation, we now bestow upon you the highest honor in the gift of our chapter."

. . . .

The death of Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador brings to its earthly close the life of one of the world's greatest and most useful men. May God grant him continued service on the other side.

FIELD NOTES

The little boy who is the central one of the three cherubs in the Wendover Nativity Pageant picture on our inside cover page is Paul Adams, of Camp Creek. In the spring he fell into a gristmill and his right arm was torn completely off. The Wendover nurse, who had directed last year's pageant, our Sybil Holmes now in England, worked hard to control the bleeding and shock before Paul could be sent on to the Hospital. Almost as soon as he regained consciousness, he said to her: "I reckon I'll be a Wise Man next year; they don't have to fold their hands."

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The Pageant this year at Wendover is being directed by our courier, Mary Wilson, whose glorious voice and knowledge of music and love of little children enable her to take on what has become a Wendover tradition. Elisabeth Holmes and Mary Jane Pattie help her, and the children are eagerly going through their rehearsals. Except for the carol singing, the pageant is worked out as tableaux, as there is no speaking. One of the loveliest bits is where Mary, in blue, sits by the Baby's crib, with Joseph, and the shepherds and the wise men and the cherubs and the angels forming a background, while the voices sing "Sleep, Holy Babe."

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As this belated Bulletin goes to press, we are in the throes of our Christmas preparations. The Christmas Secretary this year is our old courier, Kay Bulkley, of Cleveland, and you will all get her notes of thanks for the shipments of toys that are now rolling in. We have taken the Jess Lewis cottage on the Hospital ridge for the toys this year, as the Hospital attic can no longer accommodate so many hundreds of boxes and parcels. There is not only the unpacking and listing, but the repacking of the trucks for shipment to the outpost stations. It has always been a difficult problem, with two flights of stairs in the Hospital, and it is a comfort to have it handled on a ground floor. Kay and Davie, the clinic nurse, are sleeping in the cottage at night. We could do with this cottage as a permanent

possession, to relieve a little the overcrowded housing of the Hospital staff. If anyone feels like giving it, will he or she write us?

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The Joy House, residence for the Medical Director and his family, is nearly finished, and is a beautiful piece of construction. It is built of California redwood, with protective coats of colorless creosote, so that the soft glow of the original wood is not hid by paint. The roof is of asphalt shingles in colorful tones, so that the effect of the whole is almost fairy-like. Everything from the big, well-constructed cellar to the huge attic is roomy and comfortable, and only the best quality of copper cable electric wiring, pipes for plumbing, and all the important hidden things has been used. The donor, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit ,motored up to Hyden for one day after our Executive Committee meeting in Louisville recently, and Agnes Lewis, our Executive Secretary, and Oscar Bowling, the builder, were both beaming at her satisfaction. Mrs. Kooser is busily choosing curtains and other accessories for the new home, but Dr. Kooser's feelings are of the sober quality with which good fortune affects all of us now. In a recent note he writes:

"As I told Agnes this evening the prospects of the new home still leave me speechless. It somehow seems too good to be true, yet I pass it every day. My thoughts always go back to Mickle, Betty, Mac, Kelly, and the rest of the old guard who would have really enjoyed it with us. I literally feel like some of the family are in trouble and I am helpless to do anything about it."

. . . .

The conversion of the big old Hospital veranda into new clinic rooms has been completed, and the enlarged space does help such a lot in accommodating clinic patients who come by the score three days of the week, and in driblets every day. Here too, the construction has been of the best, with oak floors, in both the new parts of the clinic and the old sections, where the constant tread of heavy boots has worn the old floors almost to bits. All of these changes, and the money for the new X-ray machine, have been made possible by the gift of an anonymous Kentucky trustee.

When everything was ready, and the X-ray machine people came up, it was found that the machine Dr. Kooser wanted, for which the money was available, was too big for any possible

accommodation arranged for it. Even this problem has been met by special gifts for the Hospital, from Mrs. Herman F. Stone and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, trustees from New York and Glendale, Ohio, respectively. The Executive Committee decided to use this money to build a new maids' dining-room off the back of the Hospital, and to take the old dining-room for the X-ray.

With all of these changes, the Hospital is becoming positively bulbous. We desperately need a really large addition to it, and a separate home for the nurses. We could accommodate so many maternity cases and sick people, from areas beyond our own, if we had more space. No other mountain hospital gives free care to children, or takes maternity cases for a total cost of five dollars. The mothers and children of the mountains cannot meet regular hospital charges, and so many for whom we have no room need care.

Aside from the comfort it would be to have increased space to care for more people, a large number of patients would be of great value to us, as we need the maternity cases for teaching purposes for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and for Dr. Kooser's studies on the diseases of rural children, which add to the useful knowledge of the world.

We have a four-year-old child now in the Hospital, who has the size and development of a child of two, and who is almost blind. His was a nutritional case, and his response to proper treatment is almost miraculous. This is the season for our terrible burn cases. To assuage the anguish of these children, to save their lives, to restore their maimed little bodies,—all of this is a worthwhile thing to do. In this connection, we want to mention again our grateful thanks to the Children's Hospitals of Cincinnati and Louisville, to whom we relay some of our more difficult cases for skin grafting, for complicated surgery, and for pediatric consultation. These cases are received by both hospitals free of charge, and the children are given advantages beyond our range.

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Three articles by Dr. Kooser will be appearing in leading medical journals in the next few months, and we will be glad to send reprints to anyone who wishes them. His article on the

Toxemias of Pregnancy will come out in the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology; his article on nutrition in the Journal of the American Medical Association, and the one on Recent Developments in the Treatment and Prevention of Pellagra in the Kentucky State Medical Journal. His work on nutrition and pellagra was done in cooperation with the University of Cincinnati, where he has the honorary appointment of lecturer, and his work on the toxemias of pregnancy in cooperation with Dr. Robert M. Lewis, of Yale University. Dr. Kooser states that the help given him in all these studies by Genevieve Weeks, Chief Statistician of the F. N. S., has been invaluable.

Our trustee, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, writes us that the report of the statistical department on our fourth thousand maternity records has been completed. Of all the tabulations done through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company on the F. N. S. maternity cases, these seem to us the most fascinating. The report, with Dr. Dublin's covering letter, will be printed in the winter issue of the Quarterly Bulletin, and reprints will be available.

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So far as we know, we are the only agency in all America which carries scientific records on thousands of maternity cases of the early American stock, and we have been told that these records are of the greatest scientific value. It will be remembered that the Carnegie Corporation first set up our statistical section many years ago, with a grant to cover three years. Since this grant expired, we have kept the statistical section on the same scientific basis. No part of our budget is better spent. With over eight thousand patients annually, including hundreds of maternity cases, we are getting a fund of information about our old American stock. We know now what conditions tend to occur in remotely rural areas, what complications tended to affect our own great-great-grandmothers; what methods should be followed to carry the frontier mother and her baby through the most dangerous period of life. We try not to let people forget that, in our history as a nation, we have lost more women in childbirth than men in all our wars.

. . . .

The title of Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has been

adopted by our Executive Committee for our training course in midwifery for registered nurses. Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S. C. M., M. A., has been made Dean of the School. The instructor for the new class is Miss Eva Gilbert, R. N., S. C. M., M A., who has left her beloved Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown and come to live at the Hospital. Eva is from Iowa, and she was instructor of nurses at a Syracuse, New York, hospital years ago when she heard one of us speak. She gave up that interesting and lucrative job, spent her savings to go to Great Britain and take midwifery training, and then came to the Frontier Nursing Service, for less than she had received in Syracuse. She is one of our most devoted and skilled nurses, with a deep understanding of a district nurse-midwife's work.

The Hospital midwife will now be Helen Edith Browne, one of our dear British nurses who is still with us, and who got her midwifery training at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, in southeast London, of which we give sad news under the Beyond the Mountains column. "Brownie" will handle the practical teaching of the midwives on hospital cases. Dr. Kooser will continue to give the medical lectures. The course is now six months in length, and the three new pupil-midwives are: Ethel Broughall, Ethel Gonzalez, and Rose Avery, who have all been with us for some time in other nursing capacities.

The beginning of the new class had to be delayed because of the utter need of giving vacations to our field staff. Nora Kelly remained with us for a month after the last class closed, to relieve for a vacation. By leaving Eva Gilbert on the districts for two months, we could work in two vacations, and the six newly-trained nurse-midwives enabled us to relieve some of the old nurses. It has been a terrific strain, working the holidays in while we are still short-handed, but the pressure is not as great as it was a few months ago. Dorothy Buck and I are even hoping for two weeks' holiday this winter each. We have had no vacations since the war began.

. . . .

Our senior courier during the autumn period is Mary Wilson, of Washington, D. C., and a joy it is to have her back again. By the way, she tells us that when she took Raleigh Sizemore,

age six-and-a-half years, to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati lately, she left a newspaper she had been reading on the train. Raleigh, with his mind on the needs of drafty cabins, stopped her and said: "That's good plastering-up paper, you'd better take it with you."

The junior couriers have been Barbara Jack, of Decatur, Illinois, Catharine Mellick, of Far Hills, New Jersey, and Eleanor Stineman, of Pittsburgh. These young people have all been doing excellent work.

. . . .

Speaking of couriers, our Anne Preston has finished college and is now with her family in Lexington. She has offered her services as a permanent Lexington courier, to meet trains, act as chauffeur, and to do anything else that needs doing.

. . . .

Eleanor Monahan of Louisville, a cousin of our old courier Mary Ellen, now Mrs. Matthew White Houston, Jr., gave us several weeks' service this autumn in addressing the little Christmas appeal cards. When she had to go home, we still had several thousand unaddressed, and Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, who was visiting her sister, our dear trustee Mrs. W. C. Goodloe in Lexington, came up and addressed them at the rate of seven hundred a day. It was a constant joy, having this dear friend for over a week at Wendover. Before the Frontier Nursing Service ever came into being, she was one of the souls who believed in it and helped to organize it. She carried the chairmanship of the New York Committee while her husband was living there, and served always on the Philadelphia Committee during her many years of residence on the Main Line. No trustee of our early years ever bore the F. N. S. more constantly on her heart.

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Among the guests since our last Bulletin have been: Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Watson, of Evanston, Illinois, the parents of our courier, Virginia; Mrs. Cecil M. Jack and Mrs. Rothfuss, mother and sister of our courier, Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Lattner of Des Moines, Iowa, and their dear little daughter, Jean; Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Pond and Mrs. Ernest, parents

and aunt of our Catharine Pond, of whom more later; our loved trustee, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, of Lawrence, Long Island; our old friend, Miss Ellen Morrision, of Louisville; five social workers from Louisville, who were so kind as to write, "F. N. S. has five advocates who are more appreciative of its work and we did learn much regarding the territory serviced by F. N. S." Miss E. Charlotte Waddell, Superintendent of the Woman's Hospital, Detroit, made a visit, all-to-long deferred, and Miss Margaret A. Rogers, of the Detroit Children's Hospital, and Miss Agnes E. Gordon came with her. We felt as though their visit had given real power to the Service. We were also delighted to have, although they could spend the day only, Mary Jane Pattie's father and mother, sister and brother, and several friends up from Lexington.

. . . .

We have just had a marvelous gift in the form of a 1941 Ford Station Wagon, from a friend in Michigan. Here are some of the attractions of this new gift:

First, 18-inch wheels have been specially put on, so that it is higher than most station wagons, and can leave the pike in order to travel in emergencies on some of the wagon roads.

Second, the seats are removable, so that it is possible to turn it into a mountain ambulance for transporting very sick patients. Our readers will remember the story of the St. Patrick's Day twins. That poor mother, who had been having convulsions, had to be carried by stretcher for miles to the pike, with Mickle Major (now in Palestine) attending her and two men carrying the twins. The stretcher travel couldn't be prevented today, in the same district. But after the caravan reached the pike, the mother was loaded on a cot into a truck sent by Dr. Kooser from Hyden, and there followed two hours of travel on the pike, in the open truck. Even with hot-water bottles and blankets, it was impossible to keep this poor patient adequately warm. Now the new station wagon will go to such a patient, and it has a cover and a heater—glory be!

Third, there is room enough to carry a whole stack of crippled children out to the Hazard clinics, to transport staff and patients in any district on the pikes without overcrowding; to

pick up so many dear tired old people by the side of the road in our territory, where we know everyone and it is safe to pick up people.

. . . .

Another welcome response has come to the urgent needs list in our spring Bulletin. Mrs. Donald R. McLennan of Chicago has given the money for the new obstetrical bed we so needed for the delivery room at the Hospital, and her daughter, Margaret, our old courier, has given the new bassinette to go with it.

. . . .

The second of the Lobenstine-trained nurse-midwives has come to us since we last wrote, and is a welcome addition to our staff. Her name is Aase Johanesen, and she is Norwegian-born and raised, although she has become an American citizen and took her training at the Norwegian Hospital in Brooklyn. We are enchanted to have a Norwegian in our group, and are hoping some day for a Finn and a Greek.

Two new hospital nurses who have just arrived to replace two who are taking the midwifery training are Nola Blair from Middleton, Michigan, and Mary Patricia Simmons, from Charlevoix, Michigan.

. . . .

Catharine Pond, who has been for eighteen months our social service secretary, has left us to be married on December 27th to Mr. Marvin Minear. The young couple will live in Chicago. We shall miss Catharine sorely. She was a delightful member of our crowd, but we do wish her and her husband every happiness in their life together.

. . . .

To succeed Catharine, we had the good fortune to secure the services of Edith Anderson, of Utica, New York. As all of our readers know, the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority maintains the social service section of the Frontier Nursing Service. To our joy, Edith is herself an A. O. Pi, and one of the nicest persons imaginable. She is a competent social worker, and is taking hold beautifully, in spite of the fact that she had less than a month to understudy Catharine Pond. This period was cut short

and aunt of our Catharine Pond, of whom more later; our loved trustee, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, of Lawrence, Long Island; our old friend, Miss Ellen Morrision, of Louisville; five social workers from Louisville, who were so kind as to write, "F. N. S. has five advocates who are more appreciative of its work and we did learn much regarding the territory serviced by F. N. S." Miss E. Charlotte Waddell, Superintendent of the Woman's Hospital, Detroit, made a visit, all-to-long deferred, and Miss Margaret A. Rogers, of the Detroit Children's Hospital, and Miss Agnes E. Gordon came with her. We felt as though their visit had given real power to the Service. We were also delighted to have, although they could spend the day only, Mary Jane Pattie's father and mother, sister and brother, and several friends up from Lexington.

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by the tragedy of the death of Edith's mother. The heart of the whole Service went out to her in a wave of sympathy.

. . . .

As eight of our precious British nurses are still with us, thank God, and we have one Canadian, Kay Doggett, on our staff, they all had to be fingerprinted and registered under the Alien Act. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Earl G. Harrison, Director of Registration, Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, Department of Justice, for his courtesy in calling them "non-citizens" instead of "aliens." He wrote us to take our time about the registrations, and to do it as we found the opportunity to get the nurses in from their outpost stations. We are also grateful to the Hyden Postmaster, Mr. Roy Sizemore, for filling in the forms and doing the fingerprinting. As there was no running water in the Hyden Post Office, and as fingerprinting is very messy, Mr. Sizemore obligingly supplied rubbing alcohol for the nurses to clean their fingers. There are of course no "aliens" in our entire territory, other than our British staff. Needless to say, the staff heartily approved of the whole process, as they felt that registration and fingerprinting was the only way in which we could get track of some of the subversive activities going on in our country at the present time. Each Britisher felt that in cooperating she was really doing a wee bit for England.

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We have received from the students of Chatham Hall School in Virginia an exquisite silver patten, with an inscription on it from them to us. When the Reverend Edmund and Mrs. Lee visited us, he was so kind as to hold an early morning communion service. Even with Archdeacon Catlin's visits several times a year, these communions are rare. We did not have a patten, and we shall cherish all our lives this gift from the Chatham Hall girls.

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After their arduous training as pupil-midwives, our nurses Hannah Mitchell and Ruth Peninger got holidays and both went down to the southwest to stay with their people. They have come back looking very fit, and the newspaper stuff that is com-

ing in to us shows that they have done some excellent reporting on the F. N. S. in Oklahoma. In fact, Mitch spoke seven times, using colored slides, to groups of doctors, high school students, club women, etc. It doesn't sound as if her trip had been all holiday by any manner of means!

Ethel Gonzalez ("Gonnie") who has been for two years at the Hospital, also had a bit of a holiday, before starting her midwifery course, and another one of our newly-trained midwives, Jennie Burton ("Burt") is on holiday now in California. It is good to get so many of them rested and fit.

. . . .

There was a horse show at Hazard this autumn, in which Pebble Stone, Catharine Pond and Kermit Morgan took part and won numerous ribbons. The horses ridden were Faith and Lassie, and Faith got a first prize.

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In October and November we held rallies under the auspices of our local Committees, at Wendover and at the six outpost stations on the Middle Fork and Red Bird Rivers, in Leslie, Clay and Perry Counties. These were attended by several thousand men, women and children, who were all invited by the F. N. S. Committees to a picnic lunch. It wasn't an elaborate lunch, but there were plenty of sandwiches with a ham spread, apples, and hot cocoa. The women on the Red Bird River Committee set to and made hundreds of cookies to serve in addition. After the nicest speeches of welcome, the Director made her report on the year's work of the Frontier Nursing Service. There were so many children—and reports are not attractive to children—that she told a wizard or a giant story afterwards just to them.

There aren't the words in which to describe the dearness of these gatherings, to which we all look forward from year to year. At every nursing center there was some special feature of interest. For instance, at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center at Beech Fork, one of the committee members, Mr. Ance Roberts, had just received a letter from the British nurse, May V. Green, who had left Beech Fork to become a London midwife. It described her carrying on in an air raid, and at Mr. Roberts' request it was read aloud to the gathering.

Ever since Miss Anderson became Superintendent of the Hyden Hospital we have wanted a meeting of the large and influential Hyden Committee for her formal introduction to them. The bad fracture of her wrist in the summer necessitated its being put off until the autumn. We decided to have the meeting for dinner on Thanksgiving evening. There was a large and interested attendance, presided over by our dear trustee, Judge L. D. Lewis. The Director made her usual report; several new members were elected to the Committee, and Mrs. M. C. Begley was made Chairman of a Hospital Visiting Committee of women. Mrs. Begley will select two women each month to go to the Hospital on one or more afternoons, look over its equipment, visit the patients and discuss the Hospital problems with Miss Anderson and the other nurses.

At this meeting, the most recent letter from Miss Annie P. MacKinnon (Mac) was read aloud, and also the first letter from Miss Nora Kelly from the Old Country. Afterwards Mary Wilson sang old English and Scotch ballads, with Jean Kay at the piano.

. . . .

This mention of Kelly brings us to the latest staff loss of the Frontier Nursing Service. Kelly was the eleventh nurse to go over. She had not intended going, but the bombing of London finally got her, and she has gone to be a London midwife. Under Old Staff News, we give her first letters.

It is characteristic of Kelly that her last evening on American shores was dedicated to the F. N. S., as the following memorandum from Anne Jeter, in New York, will show:

"Members of the New York Alumnae Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi had the privilege of hearing Miss Nora Kelly of the Frontier Nursing Service speak on the fraternity's Social Service program, operated in connection with the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky, at Beekman Tower on the evening of October tenth. Miss Kelly's talk dealt with the broad scope of the Frontier Nursing Service program and the Social Service Department's place in the pattern of the whole. Her description of a nurses's average day vitalized the work to her audience, and her account of the means whereby the Frontier Nursing Service is

meeting with courage and foresight the depletion of its staff by the return of English nurses to do war work at home was particularly interesting and inspiring. Members of Alpha Omicron Pi in New York were intensely appreciative of Miss Kelly's generosity in giving us her last night in this country before sailing for England. Knowing that among the world's women there are people like Miss Kelly, whose personal service to humanity touches two continents, gives new confidence and faith to those of us here."

Kelly has been almost everything in the Service: district nurse-midwife, midwifery supervisor, social service director, assistant director, brilliant instructor of pupil nurse-midwives. In the autumn Bulletin of a year ago, we printed Kelly's account of her first trip in to the F. N. S. country, eleven years ago. As a foreword to this gallantly told story, we quoted Kate Douglas Wiggin's description of the little dog, Rags. As characteristic of Kelly, we quote it now: "Ready for death if need be, but very much in hopes of something better."

"Where a railway line runs to the coast," we read, "it is interesting to watch the gulls snatching food thrown to them by the dining-car attendants." Not that there is anything very clever in this; even the passengers do it.

Punch, June 12, 1940.

"Doan you see! Dem Germans is goin' to blow us into maternity—and in dat blackout we can't eben tell who done it!"

—An old colored mammy in South Carolina.

Contributed.

In tragic life, Got wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.

Meredith.

"Beware of what you wish, because you will get it."

Goethe.

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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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.

Statement of Ownership

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

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for November, 1940.

State of Kentucky } ss.
County of Leslie }

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1940.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires December 16, 1942.

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

. . . . . .

Of course, gifts are welcome where a particular use is prescribed, but it is preferred that gifts be made without restriction in order that the trustees in the future may have a broader latitude in making the best possible use of them.

As illustrations of what can be accomplished through the gift or bequest of certain funds, the following table is presented:

$ 5,000 will endow a Frontier baby crib.

$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.

$25,000 will build and equip a Frontier Nursing center for the work of two nurse-midwives; and will provide for the upkeep of this property.

$10,000 for buildings.
$15,000 for endowment (for insurance, repairs, replacements).

$50,000 will endow a field of Frontier work in perpetuity.

Any of the foregoing gifts may be in the form of a memorial, if the donor wishes.

. . . . . .

Gifts to the General Endowment Funds to be used for the work of the Service, in the manner judged best by its trustees, are especially desirable. The principal of these gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given.

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."

ANNIE MacKINNON ("Mac") AND HER AMBULANCE TRAIN
(See "Old Staff News")