The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. XIV AUTUMN, 1938 NO. 2

THE WORLD CALENDAR

All Years Alike
All Quarters Equal

First Quarter							Second Quarter							Third Quarter							Fourth Quarter						
JANUARY							APRIL							JULY							OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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26	27	28	29	30	..	..	26	27	28	29	30	..	..	26	27	28	29	30	..	..	26	27	28	29	30	..	..
MARCH							JUNE							SEPTEMBER							DECEMBER						
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* YEAR-END DAY, December Y or 31, an extra Saturday, follows December 30th every year.
** LEAP-YEAR DAY, June L or 31, another extra Saturday, follows June 30th in leap years.

See page 5

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIV AUTUMN, 1938 NUMBER 2

"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879."

THE TRAVELLER

"Why do you dress your hearth so fair,
With the red flowers and the white?"
This is the crown of all the year,
The blessed Christmas night.

"Why do you leave the door ajar
When the night is wild with rain?"
There was once a Traveller came from far
Who might return again.

All the doors were shut in the town
When the Mother of God came by:
The King of Heaven to earth came down,
In manger bed to lie.

Open the door and make good cheer
With the flowers and the firelight,
So may a Traveller, passing near,
Enter and rest to-night.

From: The Challenge, Ltd.
London, England

FENO

IN SIRIUS, THE DOG-STAR

"that bright and happy star that gives good dwelling"

Feno was the oldest resident at Wendover. He came in 1925 before the Big House was finished and lived at the Cabin with his masters, Juliette and Henri and Liliane Carni. Juliette had been little Breckie's nurse, and came to the Kentucky mountains to live with us until she died. The family was Swiss and their language was French.

Feno knew very little English as a young dog in those days. When you wanted to shake hands with him you had to say, "Donne-moi la patte." He had a bow, when you asked him to make a "revérence", beyond measure graceful. Even as a young dog he was gravely courteous. He really liked to give pleasure and was more sensitive to his own failings than to those of others. He never troubled stock or sheep, the cats or the pigs. His nature was protective, but he seemed made for a wild country, and would swim the rivers for the pure joy of it and roam all over the steepest mountainsides.

Feno was a beautiful creature, part Collie, part St. Bernard, with coloring so full of orange and tawny reds that he looked like a sunset or an autumn forest. This superb body was crowned by a noble head with friendly, far-seeing eyes.

After Juliette died, and her daughter Liliane, her husband Henri, left Wendover, Feno went through a period of partial loneliness before a great friendship entered his life. Nearly nine years ago Lucile Hodges came to us, and, almost at once, Feno recognized the friend he had been coming down the years to meet. His devotion to her never wavered for a day and was repaid in full measure. So he passed on to the close of his gallant life.

When the body that lived at your single will,
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how still!),
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.

—Kipling.

A CHRISTMAS EVE BABY

By LOUISE MOWBRAY, R. N., S. C. M.
(Senior Nurse in Charge of the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center)

The call came in the pitch-blackness of five o'clock the morning of December 25th. After struggling into my clothes and collecting flashlight and saddle-bags, I was away on my horse, Puck, following Ewell Morgan on his asthmatic nag, a hurricane lantern swinging at his side as he rode, lighting the way for us.

Up along Little Flat Creek, through the early morning mist which hung low on the hillsides, we went; splashing through the icy creek, skirting moss-covered logs, on up the wooded trail.

For the most part we rode in silence, except for the clatter of horses' hoofs against the stones, or the occasional crackle and crash as dead timber broke under its coating of ice. Then again when the trail widened, permitting our horses to travel abreast, we talked—of the crops, the fine towering trees of first growth timber, the coal that lay beneath them.

About halfway to our destination we were joined by the prospective grandmother and grandfather, who came out from their gate "riding double" on a mule, and carrying a bucket of milk as a gift to the patient.

It was daylight by then, and a lovely, frosty morning, as our small cavalcade trooped across a bridge to "the house in the hollow at the top of the creek."

A windowless but spotlessly clean one-room cabin, a huge fire blazing on the hearth, the hiss of the black iron kettle of boiling water, and the patient, still up and about, companioned by an elderly neighbor, welcomed us with "Come inside and warm." A fine breakfast of hot black coffee, eggs, "fried meat," and biscuits was ready and waiting. Afterwards, as I went about my work (the "menfolk" having disappeared) the grandmother and neighbor sat before the fire, chatting with kindly interest of their children, of other neighbors, of the "Nurse who was with Laura when the first baby came." With simple dig-

nity they offered to help in any way they could. The faith of the people in the abilities of "the Nurses" is sometimes almost awesome.

At 10 o'clock that morning the baby arrived—a lusty seven-pound boy. An hour later, in spite of the many-times repeated invitation to "stay and take the day with us," I was bound for home on Puck.

We left behind a proud and smiling father and grandparents, a well, happy mother, and a Christmas baby. Puck, who had been cheated of his breakfast by the early morning call, traveled back to the Center scattering pigs and ducks in all directions, in his eagerness to get back on time for his Christmas dinner.

WHAT IS THE DATE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY?

One thing is certain. It is not February twenty-second. George Washington was born under the Julian calendar. After that, we changed to the Gregorian calendar. We suggest you consult the Encyclopedia and find the Washington birth date for yourselves.

On the inside cover of this Bulletin we give the suggested New World Calendar, and elsewhere we print a most informative article by Elizabeth Achelis, President of the New World Calendar Association, Inc.—an article written expressly for the Quarterly Bulletin.

As our readers know, we never discuss controversial subjects, whether in politics, theology, or what-have-you, because our trustees represent a wide variety of opinions and we have no right to print anything with which one of them would be in marked disagreement.

It is fun, however, and in keeping with these principles, to call our readers' attention occasionally to a subject of broad interest, about which opinions are still in the melting pot.

Like George Washington, your editor has lived both under the Julian and the Gregorian calendars, because in her childhood she lived in Russia. We must confess that two calendars appealed to us in those days, because it meant two Christmases.

THE NEW WORLD CALENDAR

By ELIZABETH ACHELIS, President World Calendar Association, Inc.
(Written for the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service)

The need, aim and scope of calendar reform is so broad a subject that it would require vastly more space than this Bulletin allows. To mention the advantages of the new World Calendar and its application to our daily life is equally beyond its physical confines. Therefore, to state the case briefly and clearly, we have condensed the matter of calendar reform into the following questions and answers:

Q. *What is the origin of our present calendar?*

A. It originated with the early Egyptians who charted the natural year from the observed movements of the sun. This gave us the solar year calendar.

Q. *What is the length of the solar year?*

A. The same as our calendar year—365 days and approximately one-quarter day over, the time it takes our earth to revolve around the sun in one completed cycle.

Q. *Did our calendar always have months and weeks?*

A. The Egyptians divided the first 360 days of the year into twelve sections or months of 30 days each; the remaining five days were set aside at the end of every year and considered as a holiday period. There were no weeks as we now understand them; the week is a later addition in our civil calendar.

Q. *When did our calendar lose the five-day-feast period at the end of the year?*

A. When the Romans under Julius Caesar adopted the Egyptian solar calendar to simplify their own complicated and confused system. They distributed the five days evenly in the year, giving the odd-numbered months an extra day each. As this made the year too long by one day, they took away that one day from February, making it 29 days. (February at that time closed the year.)

Q. *But what about leap year, as our February has 29 days in leap year only?*

A. The Romans originated the leap year to use up the extra quarter-day every four years, which made the year still too long (although they did not know this).

Q. Did this not throw the calendar out of time with the solar year?

A. It did. So much so that in 1582 A. D. Pope Gregory XIII ordered ten days to be dropped from the year to bring the calendar back to correct solar time again.

Q. But how did our calendar happen to change the order of the 31-day months from first, third and fifth to the even numbered months of eighth, tenth and twelfth?

A. The Roman Emperor Augustus, who followed Julius Caesar, took a day from the already shortened February to add to his birth month August. To prevent three 31-day months from coming in succession, September and November were shortened and October and December were lengthened each by one day.

Q. But what did this do to Caesar's regularly-arranged calendar?

A. It threw it out of balance; made the second half-year too long and produced a variation in the lengths of the months. To this change we owe our present seven 31-day months, our four 30-day months and our one 28 or 29-day February, and unequal quarter-years.

Q. When was the week introduced?

A. About 300 years later, in 321 A. D., when Emperor Constantine, having become a Christian, adopted the seven-day week from the early Christians who had received it from the Jews with the Bible.

Q. How is the week fitted into the year then, because seven will not go evenly into 365?

A. It does not fit. When the week was introduced—365 was one day more than an even number of weeks—each new year therefore had to begin one day later.

Q. Then this is the reason why Christmas in 1937 was on a Saturday and in 1938 will be on a Sunday?

A. Yes! And that is the reason why one cannot compare

one year with the next in our present calendar and why the same anniversary falls each year on a different weekday.

Q. Then such a variable and unbalanced calendar as ours ought to be changed. Is there any way of changing it?

A. Yes! That is what The World Calendar aims to do.

Q. How can we obtain a stable and balanced calendar?

A. By apportioning the days in the months more equally, which will give us an evenly balanced year with equal quarters.

Q. How can this be done in our 365-day year?

A. Very simply. A 364-day year can be divided evenly into comparable weeks, months and seasons. Each quarter (equivalent to one season) will have three months or thirteen weeks or 91 days. These 91 days in each quarter will be arranged with the first month of each quarter having 31 days and the second and third months 30 days each. This system is repeated exactly for each of the other quarters.

Q. But that still leaves one day over, doesn't it?

A. Yes! That is The World Calendar's well-known Year-End Day, which comes at the close of the year after the last quarter is completed. It originated with a Catholic priest, Abbe Mastrofini, more than 100 years ago, in 1834.

Q. Will this day have a weekday and date?

A. Of course. It will always follow the last Saturday, December 30th, and be known as a second or extra Saturday; its date will be December Y, the Y designating its significance, or December 31st.

Q. Why will it not be counted in the last quarter?

A. Because this day is to be an international world-holiday where little business will be transacted. It is the day of passage, the connecting link to the new year to come.

Q. Isn't this second Saturday something very new and confusing?

A. Not at all. Travelers crossing the International Date-Line from China to America have for years repeated a day in their time-counting in order to adjust themselves to the time of the rest of the world. Similarly the Jews have from time immemorial celebrated a double-day Passover (forty-eight hours),

so that all Jewry wheresoever in the world could celebrate this festival simultaneously.

Q. *With this new Year-End Day, every year will begin on Sunday, will it not?*

A. Yes! What could be a more fitting day for the beginning of the year than a Sunday which is also the beginning of the week. Thus we achieve a perpetual calendar, the same year after year.

Q. *Will this extra Sunday on December 31st be New Year's Eve?*

A. Actually New Year's Eve will be December Y or December 31st, Year-End Day. But inasmuch as this is an international holiday *just preceding* Sunday, there may be a few people who may wish to celebrate the first Saturday evening, December 30th, for their merriment. The following day, Year-End Day, would then be devoted for spiritual preparation and international cooperation leading up to the New Year.

Q. *But what about leap year?*

A. There is no longer any logical reason to add the extra Leap-Year Day to February in leap years. To maintain the balance of the two halves of the year the new Leap-Year Day is added after the close of the sixth month, similar to Year-End Day that comes after the close of the twelfth month. This brings Leap-Year Day between June and July.

Q. *Will it be June 31st or Y, like December 31st or Y, placed on a second Saturday?*

A. It will be an extra Saturday termed June L, (not Y), signifying the Leap-Year Day, or June 31st.

Q. *Won't this change the dates in a great part of the present calendar and cause confusion?*

A. No! The World Calendar alters the dates of but one or two days between February 28th and September 1st. Between September 1st and the following February 28th this perpetual calendar will be exactly like the present one.

Q. *Will anniversary and holiday dates always be celebrated on the same day of the week from year to year?*

A. Yes; because this is a perpetual calendar. Christmas

would always fall on Monday, December 25th; Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th on a Sunday, to be observed on Monday; Washington's Birthday, February 22nd on Wednesday; Independence Day, July 4th on Wednesday; Labor Day, always on a Monday, will fall on September 4th; and Thanksgiving Day, always the last Thursday in November, will fall on November 30th.

Q. What about Election Day?

A. The present clumsy phrase "the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November" (date unsettled), will give way to the clear and simple, "Tuesday, November 7th."

Q. What about Easter?

A. As The World Calendar is a civil calendar, its advocates do not presume to dictate to religion about a church festival. However, a stabilized Easter has been advocated by numerous churchmen with the added suggestion on the part of many, that Sunday, April 8th, be considered as the definite date for a fixed Easter.

Q. What are other advantages to this new World Calendar?

A. There are many. Primarily, under the new World Calendar, we shall enjoy a perfectly balanced year with equal halves and quarters that can be accurately compared with any other half and quarter. The months will be more nearly equal with 26 weekdays plus Sundays and with dates established on set days of the week. School vacations and similar periods will be regular from year to year. For the first time, the various time-units, the day, week, month, quarter and half-year, are harmonized. Of the new World Calendar it can truly be said that it will be a federated system of time with each unit combining to make one harmonious, ordered and complete calendar.

Q. Would it create much confusion to change to the new World Calendar?

A. No! There is nothing drastic about it. There is no dropping of ten whole days as was done by Pope Gregory; no artificial new month to be added, or two months to be discarded, as has been suggested from time to time. January 1, 1939, December 31, 1939, or December 31, 1944, are the suggested dates

for the new calendar to be adopted. The new calendar will either begin the year on the first suggested date, Sunday; or it will end the year on the other two suggested dates, on an extra Saturday, Year-End Day, formerly Sunday. The New Year would begin the following day, Sunday by The World Calendar.

Q. What has been done toward adopting the New World Calendar?

A. Fourteen nations have already agreed to adopt it; twenty-four nations have calendar committees; and influential organizations and groups the world over are studying and discussing The World Calendar favorably.

Q. What can WE do toward cooperation?

A. American action like all governmental policy takes its incentive from the opinions of the people. Study, discussion, spreading information and passing of favorable resolutions would indicate The World Calendar's popular acceptance. Therefore, you should inform our State Department in Washington that your organization favors and desires to see this reform put into effect. National action will obviously follow when concerted demand is made on the part of its many citizens.

Q. But is this not a world movement?

A. Yes! And the part the United States takes in it, either to call or to participate in an international conference on this matter, is essential to its success.

A THOUGHT FOR 1939

I believe that life is the expression of a will or law which has a purpose in every one of its manifestations.

I believe that this world is only a shadow of the real world, and I think that by brooding on what is brightest and most generous in this world the beauty and the bounty and the majesty of the real world shine in upon the soul.

—John Masefield.

In Memoriam

The Spirit like a light shall shine,
Evil himself dispelling,
The Spirit like a wind shall blow,
And Death shall go
Unfeared in her own dwelling.

Sixteenth Century

MRS. CHARLES E. BAIRD, Philadelphia Pennsylvania
MR. WALTER S. BALL, Providence, Rhode Island
MR. WILLIAM BARGER, Bowlingtown, Kentucky
MR. DUDLEY S. BLOSSOM, Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. J. J. BURCHENAL, Glendale, Ohio
MISS GRACE M. EDWARDS, Boston, Massachusetts
MR. MANSFIELD FERRY, New York, New York
MRS. ROBERT I. GAMMELL, Providence, Rhode Island
MR. WILLIAM C. GOODLOE, Lexington, Kentucky
MISS MALINDE HAVEY, Washington, D. C.
MR. B. H. KROGER, Cincinnati, Ohio
MR. H. H. McCLINTIC, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
MR. FRANCIS F. PRENTISS, Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. SIDNEY F. TALIAFERRO, Washington, D. C.
MISS ANNE THOMAS, Frankfort, Kentucky

Again we have to record the passing of many friends of the Frontier Nursing Service. A review of their names and of the places where they lived most of their honored lives summons us again to deep thankfulness that so many people have loved us, worked for us, given to us; that so many people make up the great body of our friendships on the other side.

Mrs. Baird, the mother of our Philadelphia chairman, had passed her three score years and ten; Mr. Ball, the husband of our Providence chairman, was still in the prime of life; Mr. Barger, our honorary chairman for the Margaret Durbin Harper nursing center, was one of the most highly esteemed men in this whole section of the mountains and a donor of part of the land on which the center is located and of many other things for its use; Mr. Blossom, our honored trustee, had given two years of his fine and useful life to the chairmanship of our Cleveland committee; Mrs. Burchenal, the mother of our co-chairman in Cin-

cinnati, like Mrs. Baird, had reached an honored old age; Miss Edwards had been one of our larger donors in New England; Mr. Ferry, like his wife, for years was one of our New York supporters; Mrs. Gammell, the mother of our first Providence chairman, closed, after years of suffering, a life that was truly a benediction; Mr. Goodloe was the husband of one of our oldest executive committee members and closest friends; Miss Havey, the director of the public health division of the American Red Cross Nursing Service, lay dying for weeks in the Boston hospital where one of us was making a recovery, and her gallant gaiety brought to a triumphant end a gloriously useful life; Mr. Kroger had been our generous friend almost since our work began; Mr. McClintic, together with his wife, had been a member of our Pittsburgh committee from its inception in 1929 and for years a liberal supporter of our work; Mr. Prentiss, together with his wife, had been a staunch member of our Cleveland group since 1928; Mrs. Taliaferro was an honored member of our Washington committee; Miss Thomas had been one of our regular supporters in Kentucky for many years.

We wish them Godspeed in "the spaciousness and joy of the Eternity that stretches out all round this little speck of time."

A PRAYER

Give me, Oh God,
At Christmas tide
Thy gift of peace.
Let in my heart abide
High courage to face
At our fireside
An empty place.

Give me, oh God,
Thy gift of grace
To hide a lonely heart.
Let sadness, I pray thee,
Have no part
At Christmas time.

By EMMA MORGAN
of the Wendover neighborhood.

OPEN LETTER

Wendover, Kentucky
Thanksgiving Day, 1938

Dear Friends:

This is to tell you that I am at home in the mountains again after an absence of nearly five months, and that the operation on my back was one-hundred-per-cent successful. Until January, I am in a Castex strait-jacket and I can't ride for months, nor can I get out to see those of you who live in the big cities. The spinal vertebrae have to harden, and that takes time. But I am radiantly happy to be at home and at work, to see the people who come in to me from far and near, and to be free from pain.

This letter is also, and more especially, to send you my thanks. Did ever anyone have so many people to thank for so many things? First, you will want to know about the Book and Flower Fund, to which hundreds of you gave, from countries as far apart as England and New Zealand, and from all over the United States. This fund brought to the Frontier Nursing Service $1,165.84. Of this amount $126.70 was donated by the staff of nurses, secretaries and couriers in the hills.

The letters that came with the checks were an utter joy to me. One friend in Florida said she was sending carnations and added, "I wish I could make it orchids." A friend in Cincinnati said she wanted her flowers to be spent in sheets for the Possum Bend nursing center at Confluence. Mr. Manning, in his acknowledgment of this request, said that he thought "sheets a beautiful symbol for flowers." Another friend, in Pittsburgh, said he would give the horses' winter hay for his flowers, and did! I chuckled and wept over the letters sent on to me, and I loved every line. No real flowers could have given me such happiness. Also, by one of life's paradoxes, my little room in Boston was never without its posies, from the gardens of my New England friends.

Another thing for which I want to give my special thanks

is the response of hundreds of you to my request for new members for the Frontier Nursing Service—a response that brought the Service a total of $3,597.50.

A third cause for thankfulness lay in the visits so many of you paid me during my long weeks in the plaster shells at the hospital. Not only the New England friends, who came over and over, but friends from Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kentucky, Baltimore, New York—so many of you who were summering in New England—went out of your way to visit me, and several of you made special trips to Boston from hundreds of miles away. There were only a few days in all in which I didn't see welcome faces, all smiles, and as much fun as a sunrise combined with a theatrical comedy-hit. I should like to appoint all of you permanent resident visitors to the sick.

My fourth source of thankfulness is for your letters and your prayers. It was a long siege, and I should have been a piker but for you. Every day brought me letters, from all over the world they came, and so many of them told me of the prayer. Back in the mountains a group of friends on the Middle Fork wrote me that on June twenty-ninth:—

"We the undersigned met with others at Stinnett School House to join in prayer for your recovery so you may return to us." The names of 11 men and 6 women were signed, but I don't know the whole number who prayed together—the letter said: "the undersigned met with others." "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of" . . . . and among them is the gift of courage to Mr.-Ready-to-Halt.

Lastly, my gratitude goes out in overwhelming measure to the Massachusetts General Hospital, which has freed me from pain. To its superintendent, Dr. Faxon—who found time in his busy days to see me; to the great surgeons, Dr. Mixter and Dr. Rogers—whose skill was at my service not only for the operation but throughout the long weeks afterwards; to Miss Johnson and all the nurses; to the librarians; to the resident house staff; the secretary on my floor; the maids; the orderlies; to everyone with whom I came in contact I am grateful, not only for skill but for consideration and courtesy that never failed from anyone.

I am the more eager to greet all of you, everywhere, in this letter, because I shall not send out Christmas cards this year. I bought the cards, but I find I cannot take hours I am allowed to work for addressing the envelopes, and, of course, I cannot address them when I am lying down. So, the cards won't get sent, but during the blessed Christmas season I shall take up your names one by one and hold them in remembrance in my heart.

It was several weeks after I left the Boston hospital before I had the surgeons' permission to return to the mountains. Dear relations and friends in Maine and Massachusetts took me in, and the last ten days I spent with my brother, General Breckinridge, and his wife, at Quantico, below Washington. At all these places I had to arrange for the daily visit of a nurse to take off my Castex cast and give me a bath, and I had good nurses everywhere.

On November first I was allowed to make the long drive of one hundred and sixty-five miles from Lexington, Kentucky, to our own hospital at Hyden. Many mountain friends met me at the foot of Thousandsticks Mountain to carry me in a chair up the steepest part. At last I was at home in one of our own Gatch beds and cared for by our own doctor and nurses.

Two pictures stand out in my memory of the first few days back in the mountains. Mac and I were strolling near the hospital barns "at the edge of dark," when suddenly there popped up right in front of us from over the hillside the large black face of October, that marvelous Holstein cow given to the hospital babies years ago by the late Mr. Kroger of Cincinnati. October is vast, and her udders remind one of things like Mont Blanc and the Panama Canal. Gamboling beside her was her baby, Caledonia, and immediately behind her came the other hospital cow, November, half-Holstein. After them trotted a rosy-cheeked milk-maid, with pails. The whole crowd bore down on us so heavily that we had to step aside. The sight of them warmed that part of the heart known as "cockles," for there had been a paucity of cows and milk-maids at the Massachusetts General.

The second picture came several days later when I made the trip to Wendover. A crowd, including small boys in overalls, had come to the river bank to meet me and help me into a boat, lent by my neighbor Mrs. Sally Morgan, in which I was to make the last part of the journey up the river. With the people were my dogs, and among the horses was the mare, Heather, and her adorable little son, Heath. Even my favorite geese, Waddle and Splash, came down to meet me when I had landed on the river bank below Wendover. Dear people and dear beasts—it was home. "Thou hath cheered the way with many dear affections."

This long letter of thankfulness must close with New England. Kind hearts of the far north, you gave me your best: your skills, your courtesies, your royal friendships. Thank you again. I wish you a Merry Christmas.

"Harp of the North farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending. . . ."

Yours with abiding affection,

Mary Breckinridge

FROM PRIMATE TO PRIMATE

A little English girl sat in a corner of the drawing-room when the Bishop came to tea. He was a broad-minded bishop, and he talked about evolution.

Weeks later her mother took the little girl to the zoo. She was fascinated by the monkeys. But suddenly she turned to her mother and exclaimed pleadingly: "Oh, Mummy, do all these dear little monkeys *have* to become bishops!"

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Our friends in Great Britain and France could hardly have been in greater anxiety of mind than we were during that terrible September week. To the solidarity of our friendships and ties of blood, common to millions of Americans, was added for the Frontier Nursing Service the peculiar poignancy of its international relationships. In cooperation with the old country, we have for years been working out methods of value for isolated peoples anywhere on this planet, and our field of work has been opened for observation and study, again and again, to men and women from countries as far apart as Afganistan and Africa and China. The strains and stresses of the world affect us deeply, alike in our personal lives and in our public service. We are none of us competent to advise statesmen, to solve crises, or even discuss them with understanding. There is one thing, however, that we can do, and it is powerful. We hold the thought of peace everlastingly in our hearts.

. . . .

An awful thing like the New England hurricane is better understood for most of us by following the experiences of one person who lived through it. Our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, whose summer home is at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, has written us as follows: "My daughter had a very thrilling and terrific experience, but thank our dear Heavenly Father she came through alive, somewhat battered from her experience—two hours in the water, ten hours in the woods, two and one-half hours walking, barefoot, trying to find a house and finally being taken to the hospital—a badly dislocated left arm, sprained right ankle, two black eyes, a bit of wood in her nose by the eye, bruises, gouges, scratches, and black and blue all over. She had on shorts and a short-sleeved sweater. This all took from 4:30 P. M. to 8:30 A. M."

Aside from the appalling suffering of people, their deaths, and their loss of homes and property, another particularly dreadful thing about this hurricane has been the fearful destruction of so many of New England's glorious trees, both in the forests and on the village streets.

. . . .

A number of our Committees already are lining up Benefits for the Frontier Nursing Service in their various cities during the autumn, winter and spring. As usual, the first to jump is New York. On November 30th, just as we go to press, the New York Committee holds its theater-supper party. The play, in the Alvin Theater, is "The Boys from Syracuse" and following it is a supper-dance in the Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. The New York Committee have been working like Trojans on this Benefit and the results will be announced in the next issue of the Bulletin.

. . . .

A bit of news of deep interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was the marriage September 1st at Roslyn, Long Island, of Mrs. Linzee Blagden to Mr. Henry James of New York. Mrs. James, who has been our trustee for years and for a long time held the post of Chairman of the New York Committee, is loved and admired by all in the Service who know her. Her husband is a son of the famous William James of Harvard and a nephew of Henry James, the novelist. The marriage of two people of such mental and social distinction as these two has a certain fitness about it that satisfies the mind and rejoices the heart. We wish them many years of happiness and hope to see a lot of them both in the days to come.

. . . .

All readers of this Bulletin know how much we love the Bennett School and Junior College at Millbrook, New York. Two of their young students must be looked out for in the future because they are prospective painters of horses. At three different times they have made original books for us illustrating stories and adventures of horses, and their animals are so lifelike we could almost see them coming out of our barns. Ten

years from now look for exhibits of horse paintings by Jeanne Sinclaire of Colorado Springs and Josephine Bogue of Greenwich, Connecticut.

. . . .

It is a source of pride to the Frontier Nursing Service that Major Julia C. Stimson, for so many years head of the Army Nurse Corps, has been elected President of the American Nurses Association. Two of our earliest nurses were trained by her and she has followed our work with deepest interest. She even spent days riding over our field in the early days when travel was really hard. We have been helped more than we can ever express by her gallant outlook on life.

. . . .

In common with all American nurses, we rejoice that Miss Mary Beard has been made the Director of the American Red Cross Nursing Servie. Rarely is an appointment made of such suitability. Miss Beard's human charm and her marked abilities make her exactly the right successor to Jane Delano and Clara B. Noyes.

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We are greatly pleased that our trustee, Mrs. Preston Johnston of Lexington, Kentucky, made a talk about our work to the Bourbon County Junior Woman's Club, and we are enchanted that she sent the Frontier Nursing Service her full fee.

. . . .

Two of our old nurses recently spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service to their colleagues. Janet Coleman spoke to the nurses and midwives in the Woolwich section of London, and Mary Cummings spoke to the Victorian Order of Nurses in Montreal. We take a truly maternal pride always in the nurses who have seen service with us, and we like to think that they interpret the policies of the Frontier Nursing Service to other nurses in other lands.

Janet Coleman writes that she is to take a postgraduate course in midwifery in January and February at her alma mater, the famous British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich. This hospital, where the director trained many years ago

as a pupil midwife, did us the special kindness of sending us one of its best sisters this summer in Helen E. Browne.

. . . .

Our Lois Harris, who is now with the Department of Health of New Mexico, writes as follows of some of the superstitions of the old Spanish-speaking midwives: "After a woman has been delivered of her baby, she is given three uncooked pinto beans to swallow. This helps the placenta to come away. For haemorrhage, the patient is packed with beans. Ground nutmeg is put on the baby's cord. The cord also is cauterized with a candle or a hot iron. The 'evil' eye is the cause of many calamities. A cure is for the person who casts the spell to inject water by mouth into the mouth of the baby on whom the curse has been cast. Fresh air is the cause of epilepsy; therefore, the rooms are void of air during and after delivery, the baby's head is wrapped carefully as, also, is the mother's. There really are too many to write down."

. . . .

The many friends of our old courier, who was Harriet D. Morley of Cleveland, will read with pleasure this enchanting note: *"Dear Frontier Nursing Service, I have a baby named Howard Morley Wendell. He was born at* 7:22 *A. M., September* 29*th, in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He weighed* 8 *lbs.* 12¾ *ozs. He is healthy and likes the meals I serve up."*

. . . .

An article called Saddle-bag and Log Cabin Technic by our Vanda Summers appeared in the November issue of the Amerian Journal of Nursing. It is illustrated with some of Marvin Breckinridge's photographs. We consider this an excellent summary of the nurse's day, with many human touches added, and we will be glad to send reprints to friends on request.

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While we are on the subject of Marvin Breckinridge's pictures, we want to pay tribute to the huge success of the four-page spread of these that appeared in Life. We have had innumerable complimentary comments about them.

. . . .

Major Julia C. Stimson of the American Nurses' Associa-

tion has appointed the director of the Frontier Nursing Service as a representative of the American Nurses' Association on the Program Subcommittee of the Nursing Section of the American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology sponsored by the American Congress on Maternal Welfare, Inc. We deeply appreciate this appointment, the more especially as the director's usefulness on such a program is severely limited for some months to come.

. . . .

It was our good fortune, while convalescing near Washington, to have a visit from our Washington chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner, who was driven over by her daughter, our Marion Shouse. A second visit from Marion followed and she brought with her Mrs. Guido F. Verbeck ("Babs"), which was great fun.

Even before leaving Boston, we had seen a number of officers of our various committees: Mrs. E. A. Codman of Boston, of course, and Mrs. Otis T. Russell. Mrs. Herman F. Stone, our New York treasurer, came up to see us twice, once with her daughter, our courier "Pebble". It was heartening to discuss the activities of some of the committees with some of their officers.

DOG WANTED!

Since the death of their Dobermann Pinscher, the nurses at the Caroline Butler Atwood nursing center are without a dog. Someone who reads these lines may have a good dog for whom he wants a good home in the country; or someone may be willing to give the nurses a nice puppy. The breeds they prefer are bull terrier, Irish terrier, fox terrier, airedale. coach dog. They adore collies and setters, but busy nurses haven't much time to keep cockle burrs out of long-haired dogs, and long-haired dogs do get so full of them when they follow the nurses.

Our experiences with Dobermann Pinscher and police dog breeds leads us away from either of them for one of the nursing centers. They are devoted to their owners, but are not always friendly with other people—and our nursing centers are crowded with the comings and goings of other people.

If any of you will give a dog, will you please write the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover, Kentucky, about shipment?

FIELD NOTES

Old Dame Nature is awful on a rampage and never worse than in fires and floods. We had the most unseasonable "tides" in July and August. One of them started with a cloudburst. A mountain friend of ours who had left his barn comfortably seated by the side of a creek met it on his way home the evening of the same day, romping down the river to meet him. Another friend tied his mule to a fence and was just in time to save the mule's life when the fence came rushing by. Hogs were drowned.

After all of that unseasonable wetness, we got an unseasonable dryness in late October and early November in which the forest fires were perfectly appalling. All of the men from the C. C. C. camps, the forest rangers, and many other men as well, were exhausted with day and night fire-fighting for over a week. The wind raged so that every major fire started a litter of minor fires that grew to be major fires. And the task looked so hopeless, even to people outside the mountains, that we got this note from Louisville: "We are frantic about you all. The papers and radio are full of reports of forest fires and your section seems to be hardest hit. . . . Please get some kind of a message to me somehow. . . . I am afraid you are not yet able to travel out of the fire fast enough. . . ."

Well, when things were getting pretty desperate in early November, there came a sudden downpour of rain with a lull in the wind, and the situation was saved.

. . . .

Our Mary B. Willeford, who has been with the Frontier Nursing Service for twelve years and who rose step by step from one of the youngest staff nurses to be first assistant director, has left us to take the post of Maternal and Child Health Consultant for the Public Health Department of the State of California. This is lucky for California, as there are few nurses in America who have equipped themselves so brilliantly for such a position. It is good for Miss Willeford, too, whose entire nursing life since her college and training has been spent with the

Frontier Nursing Service, to get a broad grasp of what goes on in the outside world, and to take an active part in it. Although we sorely miss one who has been at the heart of the Service for so long, we are immensely bucked that she has been chosen for this newly created post, and we wish her Godspeed every step of the way in this adventure.

. . . .

Our Nora Kelly, who has been with the Service for eight years and whose work every day of those eight years has been outstanding, has been chosen for the post of third assistant director. She will combine with her field duties, for the present, the work of the social service department which is financed by the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority.

Our Dorothy Buck is now first assistant director, and our Annie MacKinnon, superintendent of the hospital, second assistant director.

. . . .

The greatest event of the year for the Frontier Nursing Service is the birth to Dr. and Mrs. John H. Kooser of John Herman Kooser, Jr., on Wednesday, November 2nd, at Honeymoon Cottage. Our beloved Dr. R. L Collins of Hazard, Kentucky, came over for the occasion; Vanda Summers was the midwife on the case; and such was the eagerness of everyone that Betty Lester and Mickle (minor) were on hand also to welcome this new baby. Congratulations have poured in from the whole countryside.

. . . .

Our Bland Morrow, who was our first social service director and who carried the various problems connected with remotely rural social life so gallantly for years, is still taking the long holiday with her people in Mississippi, on which she embarked upon leaving us. Her many friends will be glad to know that she has a garden, and nieces and nephews of an immature age, to add to the joys of her holiday.

. . . .

Our Della Int-Hout ("Inty") is making a good recovery

from her operation and is spending her convalescence with a much loved sister.

. . . .

The nurses on our busy districts often are called upon for a good bit of service to animals as well as people. They sometimes deliver cows in complicated calf-birth and frequently worm dogs. One nurse even set the broken leg of a goose and hung it in a kind of cradle. Unfortunately, she set the leg straight and, of course, a goose's leg is never straight, so that the poor fowl waddled crooked ever after.

This past summer, Eva Gilbert, the senior nurse in charge of the Margaret Durbin Harper nursing center at Bowlingtown, was not only able to give the rabies vaccine to two children on her district bitten by a rabid dog, but she succeeded in so interesting the neighborhood in the rabies prevention shots for their dogs (which all of the Frontier Nursing Service dogs are given every spring) that sixty-four dogs were brought to her for the preventative treatment. That is a lot of dogs in a poor district, where the shots were paid for by each dog lover himself. This incident is yet another proof of what we often say, that none of us has found anywhere a population so responsive to preventative vaccines as ours.

. . . .

Speaking of animals, it may interest some of our readers to know what terrific doses of medicine one has to give a horse. Our lovely new mare, Dimity (the gift of Miss Maude Wetmore) had pneumonia just lately. She was smitten up at the Jessie Preston Draper memorial nursing center (Beech Fork) and was specialied for ten days by couriers—first Jean Hollins of New York and then Mary Wilson of Washington, D. C. Thanks to the advice by mail of our trustee, Dr. Charles Hagyard, the great veterinarian of Lexington, and the devoted care of the couriers, Dimity recovered. Her treatment consisted of one quart of linseed oil as needed, and regular doses every six hours of sixty grains of aspirin and four ounces of whiskey.

The dear little mare, five years old next January, named Sunshine for Mrs Ballard, who was born and raised at Wendover, has just had a bad attack of horse influenza. With Dr.

Hagyard's advice from Lexington and the couriers' nursing, she has pulled through and her temperature has dropped to normal from nearly 106 degrees. By the way, a horse's normal temperature (rectal, of course) is 100 degrees.

. . . .

The Frontier Nursing Service continues to be deeply grateful to the Y. M. C. A. at the Hill School of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, for their gift of two basket balls for the boys in the Beech Fork neighborhood. Both balls are in active use and we are working up two rival teams.

. . . .

We say goodbye with regret to Catherine Robertson ("Robbie") who has been with us for two years and to Magdalen Crowell ("Meg"), a graduate of the Miami Valley Hospital Training School in Dayton, Ohio, who has been Dr. Kooser's clinic nurse for a long time. "Meg" carried her difficult duties with such understanding sympathy, as well as efficiency, that she is one of those rare people really difficult to replace.

. . . .

New nurse-midwives are Margery Tait (sent by one of our old nurses, now one of the superintendents in the "Queen's", Miss Edith Batten), and Anne Fox and Marjorie Jackson.

New staff nurses at the hospital are Ethel Gonzalez and Margaret Ferguson.

Our ardent good wishes are extended to our hospital nurse, Eleanor Jeanne, upon her marriage to Mr. Gilbert Paul at Crete, Illinois, on October 29th.

. . . .

The couriers who have been with us since our last Bulletin are Martha Bole of Cleveland, Mary Wilson of Washington, D.. C., and Eleanor George of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, juniors. The seniors are Joan McClellan of Cape Neddick, Maine, and Jean Hollins of New York, whose special veterinarian training and deep knowledge and love of the Service are of such great usefulness. This is a splendid group of couriers and they are doing most effective work.

The Christmas secretary this year is Edith Verbeck of Man-

lius, New York, sister-in-law of Dorothea Van Duyn ("Babs") of Syracuse, now Mrs. Guido F. Verbeck, Jr. Many of you were familiar, during the past two years, with Babs' notes in acknowledgment of your lovely shipments of Christmas toys. As this Bulletin goes to press, you will be getting Edith's notes and they will be as deeply full of our appreciation. We will tell you all about Christmas in the Winter Number.

. . . .

It is customary in the Frontier Nursing Service, when the cow at one of the district outposts calves, to present the calf to the resident nurses in appreciation of their care of the cow during her dry six weeks when she is all care and no butter. When Newdelia last calved up at Beech Fork, no less than four nurses fell heir to the little heifer, whose name is Brittania—because there had been a transfer of nurses during Newdelia's period of expectancy. This is by way of mentioning that the Frontier Nursing Service gives its thanks to Mickle major and Mickle minor, and to Ellie and Vi, for the gift of Brittania to be raised at the Clearing for her future sphere of usefulness wherever most needed. As she is one of Frontiersman's daughters, she will have good butter-fat-content in her milk.

. . . .

Speaking of cows, our grateful thanks go out to Mr. and Mrs. Will Gay at Bowlingtown for the loan of a cow for weeks to the nurses at the Margaret Durbin Harper nursing center while their cow, Petunia, was dry.

. . . .

Our biggest event in October is always the tonsil clinic given us by Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville. As usual, he brought with him two charming assistants, one our old friend Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, and one a new friend, Dr. Fred C. Dye. The hospital wards were spotless in the new paint given by Mrs. Morris Belknap of Louisville. We accommodated fifty-two patients, and Dr. Urton de-tonsilized all fifty-two of them. As usual, we put extra nurses on the job, but Mac had her hands full on the Sunday preceding the operations. She admitted the first thirty-two children, entertained eleven visitors who dropped in for lunch

and tea, and got chased around and around the barn by Tenacity, the new mule, to whom she feeds sweet biscuits.

. . . .

Miss Cola Gay, for years the maid and housekeeper of the Belle Barrett Hughitt nursing center at Brutus and a well-loved right-hand aid to the nurses, was married on July 17th to Mr. William S. Beach of Ohio. We wish the young people a long and happy life together.

. . . .

For lack of space in this issue of the Bulletin, we are holding over for the next issue Dr. Dublin's report of our third thousand midwifery cases. Like all of Dr. Dublin's reports, it is fascinating as well as informative.

. . . .

Vigorous old age is one of the most delightful things in the world. Nora Kelly was riding across to the Caroline Butler Atwood nursing center the other day when she met James Hoskins, now aged ninety-three, who was riding a little matter of sixteen miles between Stinnett and Spring Creek. As they stopped to pass the time of day, he brought to her attention his only ailment, namely, a briar in his thumb. When she had removed the briar, he rode blithely on, hale, hearty, sight and hearing sound, and mentality unimpaired.

. . . .

Our May Green, senior nurse at the Clara Ford nursing center on Red Bird River, had a terrible maternity case lately with one of those unspeakable post-partum haemorrhages—one of those in which the mother is pulseless and you feel that every moment will be her last. She lost over three pints of blood. Green kept her alive until Dr. Kooser came and he gave ten-per-cent dextrose intravenously and subcutaneously. Two hours later she was removed to our hospital at Hyden and given a blood transfusion, and after that, two more. Well, she has pulled through and how thankful we are—the more especially as she had moved into that district from Bear Creek in order to have our nurses take care of her. She said, "Hit sure is a

mercy I moved to be near you all, and I sure would have died with no-one but an old granny woman."

. . . .

In a recent letter Green reported, "I have two people coming tomorrow to pull up weeds from the Clara Ford pastures in payment of their fees. One of them is taking a worm treatment at the same time so here's hoping it will not upset him too much!"

. . . .

The Frontier Nursing Service is grateful to Mrs. Chris Queen, the wife of the Fordson Company engineer on Red Bird River, for a donation to pay for repainting the kitchen of the Clara Ford nursing center.

. . . .

We have had delightful guests lately. Two of the loveliest who ever came to us were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer of Rochester. For many years they have been friends of the Frontier Nursing Service and at last, to the joy of everyone, they came in to see us. This was before the director's return to the mountains and she did so appreciate and enjoy the long descriptive letter they wrote her about everything. What we liked best was that they said they were made to be "at home" at once, and their hearts "warmed to the staff who do their great work with such simple equipment."

Other guests that we enjoyed extremely were the ever-welcome Mrs. Warren C. Drummond and Mrs. Van M. Marker of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority.

Mr. F. C. Dixon, the new representative of the Red Cross in this area, succeeding our old friend, Mrs. Connolly ("Sherry"), had dinner with us before attending a meeting of the Red Cross Chapter in Hyden.

One of the happiest days in our calendar at Wendover was Friday, November 18th, when we had a visit from the bishop of the eastern diocese of the Episcopal Church, Bishop Abbott, and Mrs. Abbott. They were accompanied by Mrs. Schoettelkotte, mother of our old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Tatum,

of Hazard, and Mr. Ben Tinsley. The Bishop held a communion service for us that morning, in the living room of the Big House, which was attended by several of our neighbors as well as our own crowd. Members of the staff who are communicants came from Hyden and Red Bird, and we were all of us deeply moved and very grateful. After this, our guests stayed to lunch. The only mishap of this royal day was when the Bishop fell down on a steep slope. But he at once called out, "and great was the fall of it," and was quite all right.

Our latest guests are the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Coates Lloyd of Montreal, who are spending ten days of their honeymoon with us, making the rounds of all the centers and staying several special days at the Belle Barrett Hughitt nursing center at Brutus. Mrs. Lloyd will always be remembered as our loved nurse, Mary Cummings of Wisconsin. It is interesting to know that when she was on her way back from taking her midwifery training in Edinburgh she made the acquaintance of Mr. Lloyd on the steamer, so that her paths of duty and romance met. She remained with us, however, for two years before her marriage. Sorry as we are to lose her, we like to think it is to a happy marriage, and that she will often return.

. . . .

The Wendover staff were greatly honored when two of the teachers from the Camp Creek School, Mr. Skyd Farmer and Mr. Joe Morgan, came to dinner and to ask advice about a program for their Thanksgiving festivities. A number of the staff from here attended. The children did their parts beautifully and the evening was highly successful.

. . . .

Our only staff festival of the year is on Thanksgiving Day. We are all too busy with the children's parties at Christmas to get together. For years it has been our custom, however, to meet for dinner at two o'clock at Wendover on Thanksgiving Day. As many as can leave the hospital come up the river, and nurses from the outpost centers ride over, even from Brutus, twenty-five miles away.

We can never all assemble even then, as one nurse has to

remain at each outpost center for maternity cases and emergency calls. This year, for the first time, Dr. and Mrs. Kooser couldn't come because of the recent advent of John Herman, Jr.

Twenty-eight of us sat down to the turkey and trimmings and six of the outpost nurses stayed overnight. There was endless jollification all afternoon and evening around the great wood fire of the Wendover living room. First, we had to thaw out our guests for they had all arrived in the first great blinding snow storm of the year. The outer world was almost invisible from the driving snow flakes, but inside everything was warm and glowing. Just the day before, we had picked roses, petunias and asters from our garden.

As is our custom, we stood before eating, for a moment, to hold in remembrance all of the absent ones we love, both in this world and on the other side. Then everyone sang:

Now thank we all our God,
  With heart, and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
  In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
  Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
  And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
  Through all our life be near us!
With ever-joyful hearts
  And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
  And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
  In this world and the next.

PLANETARY POSTAL SERVICE

Our Nora Kelly got a letter addressed to her in care of the Frontier Nursing Service, Kenya, Africa. The alert African postal officials had written across the envelope—"Try Kentucky, U. S. A."

FREUD AGAINST THE NAZIS

By HERBERT AGAR
(From the Courier-Journal, Louisville)

The Nazis have confiscated the passport of Dr. Sigmund Freud, the great Viennese psychologist. Dr. Freud is ill, and he is very old. It probably does not matter much to him whether he dies immediately or in a little while, at home or in exile. He has done his work, and Hitler cannot undo it.

Freud's work has colored the thinking of the whole modern world. Many of his theories are hotly disputed. Many of them may in time be proved wrong. Yet Freud will remain one of the chief influences on the mind of the Twentieth Century.

The impotence of the mere conqueror is shown in the attack of the Nazis upon Freud. They can send 300,000 troops into his country. They can vilify and persecute his Jewish race. They can take away his passport, perhaps his life. Meanwhile, he has already done them a greater injury, from which they will not recover. He has given us the words and the concepts with which to describe the Nazis in all their unlikely ugliness.

* * *

The everyday language of man has been deeply affected by Freud's work. Millions who have no idea what the Freudian theory is, or what the evidence for it amounts to, use the Freudian phrases, talk about "repressions," "the unconscious," "inferiority complexes," "sublimation," and the like.

The modern mind, which does not believe in possession by the devil, would have no adequate way of talking about the Nazis if it were not for such phrases. Irrationality can go so far that it is not subject to rational reproof.

The "Aryan" mythology, the new worship of Wodin and Thor, the talk about "thinking with the blood"—these things cannot be described in terms of conscious mind. They do not make even a little sense. They have not got even a small amount of evidence in their favor. They would baffle anyone who sought to reason with them.

But years before the Nazi "ideology" came into being, Freud gave us terms in which we can describe it, explanations of how such monstrous fantasies can arise. Exploring the dark region which he called the unconscious, he came upon a world of irrationality and savage impulse where even a Dr. Goebbels might develop.

Freud mapped the main outline of this hidden world. Even if the map should turn out to be in many ways inaccurate, the first work of the explorer has at least been done. The unknown continent has been found and named; the main features of the landscape have been seen from afar. We know now where to look for the origins of Nazi "thought," for the roots of Nazi sadism, anti-semitism, neo-paganism, and the like.

Freud, the Jew, in his quiet work for the past forty-five years, has developed a way of thinking about human conduct which in the end will bring the Nazi nonsense to the grave. And they cannot retaliate. They can only take his passport, or his life—neither of which he expected to use much longer. . . .

The last word will be with Freud.

NOTE: Although Freud has found a refuge in London since this article was printed, recent events serve to heighten its applicability.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

"I expect you heard I took a pre-eclamptic maternity case into Hospital last week. She had her baby two days later and I understand is doing well. Yesterday I sent a gangrenous appendix in. I hope he does well. He had to be stretchered from the head of Little Flat Creek down Double Creek, where they had a truck waiting to take him to Hyden.

"Coming home Sunday Llan and I got caught in a terrible storm away from houses or shelter. When it was at its height, Llan simply kept on until we got to a wide open space,—then on his own stopped and turned his back to the weather. There we stayed for about fifteen or twenty minutes in company with a few hogs which were rooting most unconcernedly. Then as the wind and rain abated, Llan turned round again and stepped out for home."

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

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Wendover, Ky.

Medical Director
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(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Statistician
Miss Marion Ross, M. A.

Office Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B. A.

Bookkeeper
Miss Lucile Hodges

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 sent to the treasurer,
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
MR. C. N. MANNING,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc.. required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1922, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for November, 1938.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss.

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, Ky.

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., and Mrs. Warren Thorpe, New York City, 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 25th day of November, 1938.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires December 28, 1938.

FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember this institution 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."

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

It is preferred that gifts be made without restriction, since the Trustees thereby have a broader latitude in making the best possible use of them. Of course, however, they are also welcome where a particular use is prescribed.

To facilitate the making of gifts of this sort, it is suggested that if they come by will there be added to the form shown above some such language as the following:

"This devise is to be used (here describe the purpose.)"

Suggestions for special bequest:

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

$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.

$ 5,000 will endow a baby's crib.

$10,000 will build and equip a Frontier center for the work of two nurses.

$15,000 additional will provide for the upkeep, insurance, repairs and depreciation on this center, so that

$25,000 will build and maintain in perpetuity a center.

A number of these centers have been given and equipped. One is endowed for upkeep, and one for both upkeep and nursing.

Any of the foregoing may be in the form of a memorial in such name as the donor may prescribe, as, for example, the Jane Grey Memorial Frontier Nurse, the Philip Sidney Frontier Hospital Bed, the Raleigh Center, the Baby Elizabeth Crib.

Any sum of money may be left as a part of the Frontier Nursing Service Endowment Fund the income from which will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees, and the principal of which will carry the donor's name unless otherwise designated.

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 cooperate 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."