

Camping Williams
4/17/41

The Quarterly Bulletin of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. XVI

SPRING, 1941

NO. 4



**WIDGEON OF FERNOVA
"DAIR"**

Proud Father of Ten on April 23, 1941

See Article Called "Golden Retriever Puppies"

**THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

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The Land of Memories

REV. A. J. RYAN

A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without liberty. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history. Crowns of roses fade,—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations.

.... give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
.... give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed on the future the form of the past;
.... give me a land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong;
.... give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot:
.... give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory in gloom—
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of Right.

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THE ORGANIZATION of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

The Field of Work

The Frontier Nursing Service carries a remotely rural demonstration in maternity and infancy care, district nursing, public health, social service, economic betterment, and in the training of graduate nurses in midwifery to serve other frontier areas.

Its field of work is located in the Appalachian mountains of southeastern Kentucky. In remotely rural work, where the people live in little homesteads along the rivers, creeks, and branches, and where travel is by horseback in the main, it is essential to de-centralize a nursing service in order to reach the patients. Therefore, each of the Frontier Nursing Service centers is located in the heart of a five mile radius and covers approximately seventy-eight square miles. These centers lie from nine to twelve miles apart. There are eight of them, divided at the present time into twelve nursing districts. Six of the centers are outpost stations; the seventh, at Hyden, is a Hospital and the Midwifery Training School as well as a center for district work; the eighth, at Wendover, serves as Administrative Headquarters for the whole field of work, as well as a center for district work. Hyden and Wendover are only five miles apart.

Five of the centers of the Frontier Nursing Service are on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, and three are on Red Bird River and its tributaries, and the area covered by the Service is approximately seven hundred square miles in adjacent parts of Leslie, Clay, Perry, and Cwsley Counties. The area covered is determined by natural boundaries and not by the purely artificial boundaries of county lines, which often run through the middle of a neighborhood. Throughout this seven hundred square mile area the Frontier Nursing Service does a complete and intensive piece of work—but many people from

beyond its boundaries attend the clinics and are received in the Hospital, to the extent that we have beds.

The Appalachian mountain country is rough, rugged, difficult for travel, poor in production of all but forests—and extremely beautiful. There is little game left in the woods and fish have only begun to come back to the rivers but there are innumerable wild flowers, birds, and trees for the nature lover. The people are of old American stock, sincere and friendly. Though most of them are very poor, their hospitality is unsurpassed. The climate is quite unpredictable. The winters can be very cold with snow and a great deal of ice to complicate travel. The summers are usually so hot that travel in the middle of the day, though possible, is quite uncomfortable, but the summer nights are cool and refreshing. The spring is our rainy season. Though we often have sunny days, there should be enough rain to raise the rivers frequently to such height that fording by horseback becomes impossible. As there are only two bridges on over two hundred miles of rivers, one must cross by a “swinging” foot bridge at such times, or use boats. At the peak of the “tides” even these are dangerous.

Living Conditions of the Staff

At each of our eight centers the Frontier Nursing Service owns its own buildings, and surrounding land. At Hyden a wing of the stone Hospital and an Annex to it serve for the present as the nurses' home. The Medical Director and his family live in a house on the Hospital grounds. Wendover is composed of a group of buildings, mostly log, in five of which are the sleeping quarters and offices of the Service. In the largest building there are a common living-room and a “dog-trot”, used for meals. The six outpost nursing centers have well-built and well-equipped eight-room houses. Two of these rooms are clinic and waiting rooms, and the other six serve as the nurses' home. Aside from their living quarters, all of the centers have large barns, cow sheds, chicken houses, manure bins and plenty of room for pastures and gardens.

Only at the Hospital at Hyden have we electricity. The rest of the Service depends on kerosene lamps and candles for light. All of the centers throughout the Service have running

water and bathrooms. The older buildings at Wendover are heated only by open fires, but our Hospital and the outpost centers have central heating, with open fires in the living-rooms.

The staff of the Frontier Nursing Service makes its own housekeeping arrangements. In the outpost centers the nurses have a maid who milks the cow, feeds the horses when the nurses are too busy, cans, cleans, keeps fires going, and prepares the food the nurses order and the people bring. At Hyden and Wendover each member of the staff pays for her own board. The Service pays the costs of patients and guests. Although domestic service in the mountains is not skilled, there are always many people eager to carry this important part of our work, either to support their families or to send younger brothers and sisters off to school.

All of the centers are comfortably furnished by the Service and are insured and kept in repair. The Service also pays for cleaning of barns and for all transport, including the care, replacement and feeding of horses. The Service pays for all saddlebag and clinic supplies and clinic laundry. The Service supplies each nursing center with a cow, and there are several cows at both Hyden and Wendover.

The Nursing Work

The Frontier Nursing Service staff works under the guidance of the Director of the Service who is herself a graduate, registered nurse and a graduate midwife holding the certificate of the Central Midwives Board of England. She has three graduate nurse-midwives as assistants, each with her own field of supervision. One is the Hospital Superintendent, one is Instructor of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and one is Supervisor of the district work.

The Hyden Hospital is a general hospital of eighteen beds taking in all types of cases except those with chronic, communicable or mental disease. It is the only hospital within many miles of our territory. The Hospital Superintendent has five full-time graduate nurses under her: one, a nurse-midwife; four, non-midwife nurses. The nurse-midwife has charge of all midwifery patients in the Hospital and supervises the pupil midwives in their hospital deliveries. Each non-midwife nurse takes her turn in rotation for a period of three weeks at each of the

four types of Hospital assignments. As ward nurse she cares for all non-midwifery patients; as surgical nurse she has charge of treatments, medicine, dressings, and sterilization; as obstetrical nurse she assists the Hospital nurse-midwife; and as night nurse she has complete care of all Hospital patients from 7:30 p. m. until 7:30 a. m., except that the nurse-midwife is on call for maternity cases in labor. The night nurse is the only one on twelve-hour duty. To compensate her for this she has four days off after each period of night duty before beginning work in the daytime. In the other three rotating posts we have an eight-hour service, with twenty-four hours off duty weekly.

Often specialists from the cities offer their services for special clinics. Two such clinics (one for gynecology, one for tonsillectomies) have become regular annual events. Except in the case of special clinics, our surgery usually falls under the heading of emergency. The regular Hospital nurses help in the operating room. The visiting surgeon for the Hospital lives in a mining town twenty-four miles away. As this town is on the state road and has a telephone connection with the Hospital, there is little delay in getting him, and his promptness in responding to our calls is only equaled by his kindness and skill.

The Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service holds a clinic at our Hospital at Hyden three times a week. Patients from all over our territory and even from beyond it come to these clinics. The Medical Director has a non-midwife clinic nurse to help at these, and to send reports on their patients back to the district nurses. She also helps with the laboratory and X-ray work and keeps the doctor's medical and obstetrical saddlebags in order.

Although at each center the district nurses hold a clinic one morning of each week, and sometimes a second clinic at our small outlying dispensaries, most of their work is done in the homes of the people. Theirs is a generalized program and each nurse is responsible for the health of everyone living in her district. The first fundamental of our work is bedside care—bedside care for the sick, for the woman in labor and for the young baby and his mother. Only in chronic cases does the nurse leave the actual nursing in less skilled hands—and then only after enough demonstrations have been given to convince her that the care

will be adequate. After that the nurse makes follow-up visits to assure herself that all is going well. Having demonstrated our value in bedside care we go on to include a broad public health program; inoculations, wormings, instruction concerning sanitary privies, a pure water supply, and as adequate a diet as possible. The only instance where a district nurse does not carry this whole program is on a double district at Hyden. Here a non-midwife carries everything except midwifery. This is reserved for teaching material for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Although a state road now passes through Hyden, and WPA roads made it possible to reach most of the centers by car or truck in dry weather, the nurses must still follow poorly defined trails leading along rough creek beds, over steep mountains, through fenced cornfields to visit their patients. In only a small part of two districts has a car proved useful in the district work. For the rest the nurse travels by horseback, her supplies in saddlebags, at an average speed of four miles an hour. She often is unable to get back to the center for lunch but carries sandwiches with her. She does, however, try to get back in time to write up the records and do her time sheet at the end of the day's work. Each nurse keeps a full record for each individual in her district. These are kept in a family folder in files at the center. Her daily time sheets and any records of patients she has closed out are sent in each week to the record office at Wendover. The statisticians from the record office make rounds periodically of all the centers to check the nurses' count and to help the nurses meet any difficulties connected with the keeping of records. They are always available and eager, by telephone or special courier messenger service, to help the district nurses with their record work.

The district nurse-midwives are subject to midwifery and other emergency calls at night and sometimes they have patients who must be seen on Sundays. To compensate them for these extra calls in their normal rest periods two weeks extra holiday is added annually to their four weeks vacation. Thus they get six weeks holiday annually and this may be taken at one time or in two periods, to suit the convenience of the Service and the wishes of the individual nurses.

Although our district nurse-midwives work many miles from a doctor, they always work under doctors' orders. The section of the National Medical Council known as the Medical Advisory Committee, composed of physicians and surgeons in Lexington, one hundred and forty-five miles away, have authorized a Medical Routine for the Service,—the standing orders under which our nurses work. In individual cases who must have treatment not covered by the Routine, the Medical Director must be consulted. He gives the orders to be followed, or, when necessary, visits the patient in her home.

New nurses are introduced to the district work by senior members of the staff who act as teaching supervisors. For about six weeks the new nurse assumes little responsibility. She is under the direct supervision of the senior nurse who plans each day's work for her and helps her with the riding, the trails, the records, and the routines. Even then the new nurse is not usually given a district. For a varying length of time she acts as a relief nurse, going wherever the need is greatest. In this way she becomes familiar with all the nursing centers and often with the Hospital as well. Later she becomes a junior nurse at a center and finally is given charge of one.

Auxiliary Work

So far we have dealt chiefly with the medical, nursing, and Hospital aspects of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. We have explained the system under which the district nursing is decentralized, so as to put the district nurse-midwives in reach of their patients. We have also said that Medical Headquarters and the Hospital (available for our whole area and even beyond it) are located at Hyden.

The Administrative Headquarters of the Service are located at Wendover, on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River above the Hospital at Hyden. Thus the administration of the work is an integral part of the work itself, and we are saved the expense of renting outside city offices. The Director of the Service makes her home at Wendover, and the Assistant Director, in charge of field work and all nursing correspondence, headquarters there. The Executive Secretary and her assistant also live at Wendover and carry responsibility for construction, repairs, upkeep, insurance, and orders for a wide variety of supplies

ranging from carload lots of hay for horses to parts needed on deep well engines.

Since no organization can ask for public support unless it keeps an accurate accounting of its affairs, the Service has bookkeepers and statisticians at Wendover who meet the high standards required by our treasurer and auditors and by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York, which does the final tabulations on our maternity and early infancy statistics. Wendover is a Federal institutional Post Office and this means post office assistants. Also living at Wendover is the Director's secretary who, with assistance, takes care of a vast correspondence from all over the world.

At Wendover the Social Service worker has her headquarters, although she functions in all our territory. The Social Service worker visits and carries social service cases reported to her by the Medical Director and the nurses on the various districts; she is responsible for the welfare of the dependent and semi-dependent children of the Frontier Nursing Service; for the transport to the Free Children Hospitals in Cincinnati and Louisville (on passes furnished by the L. & N. Railroad Company) of such children as our Medical Director wants to receive specialized pediatric care; for the transport of crippled children to the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission; and for the blind and the deaf to the State Institutions. The Social Service Secretary is also responsible for such delinquent children as are turned over to us by the courts; for the children we are educating; for the orphans we have placed out in neighborhood families; and for special help to families where there is tuberculosis or other condition causing acute financial strain. The social worker also handles the work of the Frontier Nursing Service Cooperative Handknitters and carries as much constructive and recreational work as her time permits.

The Social Service worker is assisted in these projects by the volunteer courier service, and this brings us to a description of this service, which also has headquarters at Wendover. The couriers are all young women, nineteen years old or over, who are experienced horsewomen and are first recommended to us by friends of the Frontier Nursing Service. Three or four couriers are scheduled to come at the same time, and each re-

mains with us for a period of six weeks to two months. These young women not only assist the social service worker and the nurses, but have as their direct responsibility the thirty to forty horses of the Service and all stable equipment, such as saddles, bridles, saddle blankets, etc. This equipment must be kept in perfect repair and replaced when necessary through the order department under the Executive Secretary. Sick or lame horses must be nursed by the couriers, and tired horses replaced by fresh horses at the outlying centers. The extra horses, including the tired ones and the remounts, are kept at Wendover and on the pastures at The Clearing,—an extensive acreage with a caretaker which adjoins the Wendover properties. Although the couriers' headquarters are at Wendover they are constantly in the field, not only on their duties connected with the horses but to act as messengers between the centers and as escorts for guests, patients, and new members of the staff. To give continuity to this vital branch of the Service, it is under the direct supervision of a resident courier, who has had training in veterinary work. When she is away on holiday, she is relieved by one of the older and seasoned couriers of the Service.

THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

In November 1939 we started the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery at Hyden. This school gives graduate nurses a thorough training in midwifery and frontier technique, similar to that obtained by the old Frontier Nursing Service staff (British and American alike) under the Central Midwives Boards of Great Britain. The course is now one of six months' duration, and we are equipped to take three pupil midwives at a time. At present the School is housed in the Hyden Hospital but we have the money to construct a separate building for it near the Hospital this summer.

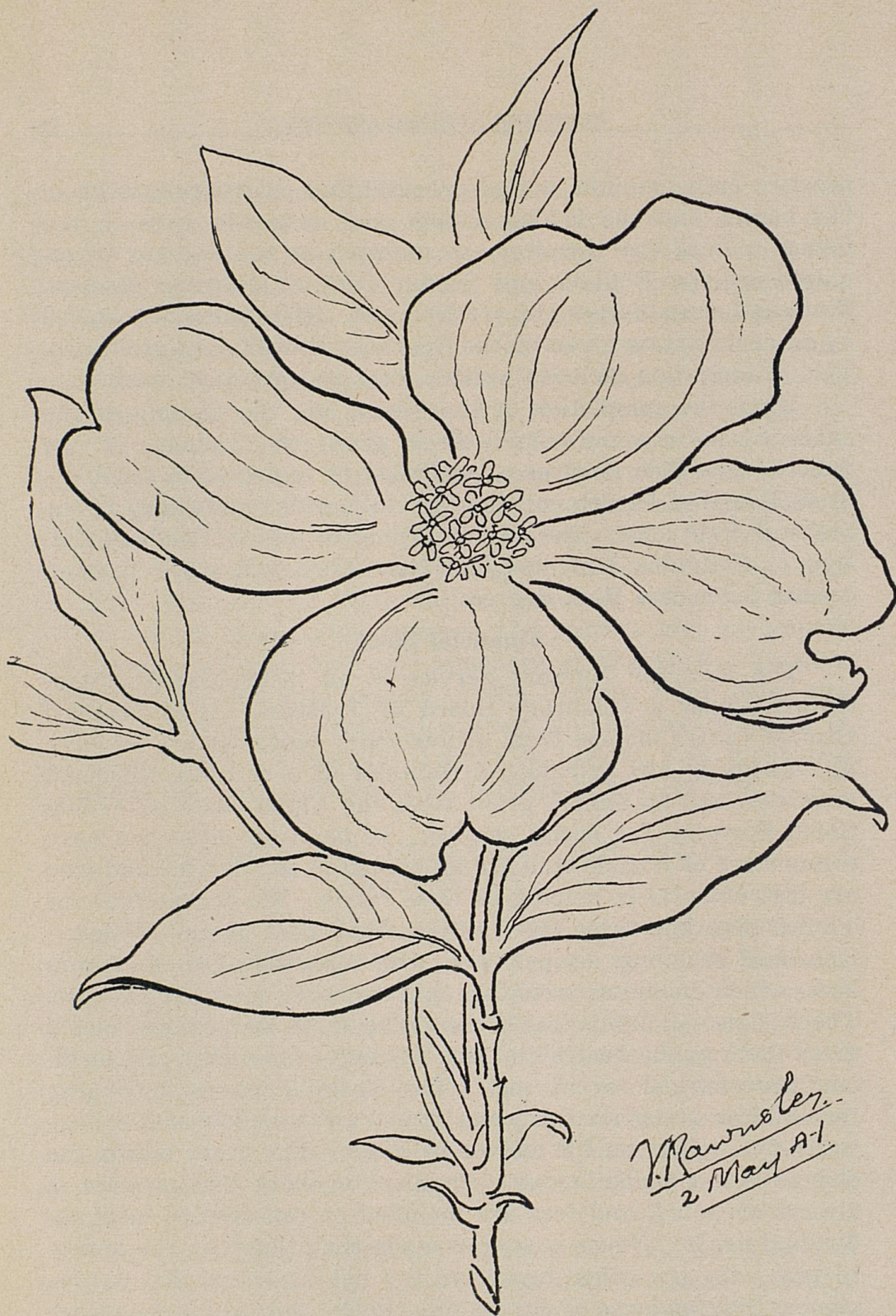
The curriculum follows the requirements laid down by the British Central Midwives Boards including prenatal, delivery, and postpartum care. The pupil is taught to care for the normal; to recognize the abnormal and give first aid treatment when necessary. Class instruction by a graduate, registered nurse-midwife, lectures by the Medical Director, demonstration and

practice on a manikin, actual prenatal and postpartum work in the homes and the Hyden clinics, and deliveries both in the homes and in the Hospital are included in the course, as required by the English and Scotch Central Midwives Boards. Tests and class discussions are frequent. The course is followed by an examination given by the Kentucky State Board of Health. This examination includes written, oral and practical work.

Upon the completion of the course and the passing of the examination, the nurse-midwife is given the diploma of the School. She also receives a certificate of registration from the State Board of Health entitling her to practice midwifery in the State of Kentucky. The course is one for which Teachers College of Columbia University in New York will allow nursing credits towards a B. S. degree.

Financial Basis

The Frontier Nursing Service is an incorporated philanthropy, under a voluntary Board of Trustees. It is financed (except for an income from endowments which we are building up) chiefly by the private contributions of over three thousand members, and an annual grant from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority for social service. In nineteen cities we have committees of friends who are interested in the Service and who are instrumental in helping us raise funds. We charge fees for our services but these meet only a small part of our budget—last fiscal year only six per cent. Our midwifery fee is five dollars, which includes prenatal, delivery, and postpartum care. There is also an annual fee of one dollar from each family, which gives them public health and sick nursing. Dressings and medicine are charged for at cost. The Hospital makes no charge for children under sixteen years of age and no additional charge to its five dollar fee for midwifery cases. For other adults the charge is one dollar a day. Payment in work and produce is always accepted, and fees are modified or remitted to meet individual needs. Never is service made conditional on the ability to pay. On the other hand, we try not to lessen the native, pioneer independence of our people. In the words of our Articles of Incorporation we seek "to advance the cause of health, social welfare, and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens."



V. Rawnsley
2 May 1911

The Legend of the Dogwood

In the Kentucky mountains people claim that the dogwood was big timber back in the old days, and the Crucifixion Cross was made from it. In each of the four petals of the bloom are the marks of nails, tipped with red, like blood. At the center of the bloom is the crown of thorns. Christ told the dogwood that it would be a little tree forever after, so that no one else could ever be crucified on it again.

"UNION NOW WITH BRITAIN"

A REVIEW

"All history," said Mr. Carlyle, "is the lengthened shadow of great men." In his "History of Civilization," written about a hundred years ago, Mr. Buckle develops another point of view,—one in which great men are thrown upon the surface of their times by the ardent longings and out-pushing thoughts of their contemporaries. Both viewpoints are true. As Dr. Edward L. Thorndike has said, "The truly independent thinker does not make less use of other men's ideas than the servile thinker, but more. . . . Out of multifarious reasoned imitations, comes to him who has the capacity, the insight to discern and the zeal to take,—the profitable risk, the hopeful leap in the dark, the courageous step upward where no foothold may be found."

Mr. Streit's initial book, "Union Now," was first written in 1933 as the result of years of reading, experience, and thought. The publishers rejected it. He re-wrote the book in 1934-35 and again it was rejected. He re-wrote it in 1935-36,—more rejections. He again re-wrote it in 1936-37, and New York and London vied with each other in their rejections.

In 1938, believing war would start in a year unless democracies united, Mr. Streit printed three hundred copies of "Union Now" in France at his own expense and gave them away to leading people in the United States, Great Britain, France, and elsewhere. This resulted in the publication in March, 1939, of "Union Now" as we know it,—in New York by Harpers and in London by Cape. So great and yet so simple is the idea found in this book that history will become the lengthened shadow of it. So ready for it were the hearts and minds of men that in the brief span of five months between its publication and war, groups of union advocates had been formed in many of the democracies; and in July of 1939 "Union Now" was translated into French, into Swedish in August. Pitifully enough, an Oslo publisher wrote for Norwegian publication rights in

April 1940, eight days before the invasion of Norway, and an Amsterdam publisher wrote for Dutch rights in May, six days before the invasion of the Netherlands.

In September of 1939 had come the war that all of us feared and none of us united in time to prevent. As Hitler foretold in "Mein Kampf" he invaded and seized the democracies one by one,—those democracies whose power united would have been too great for any combination of enemies to have attacked the smallest of them. And so Great Britain was left to fight alone for the freedom of the world; and so we face once more, and for the last time in our generation, an issue we have thrown across history in a thousand burning phrases, such as "In union is strength;" "United we stand, divided we fall;" "We must hang together or we will all hang separately." This brings us to Mr. Streit's new book, "Union Now with Britain."

It is my hope that everyone who reads "Union Now with Britain" will first have read the initial "Union Now," because the earlier book best gives the "multifarious reasoned imitations" that Professor Thorndike says are characteristic of the truly independent thinker. Nevertheless, embedded in the new book here and there, sometimes in footnotes and quite casually, are facts and their sources that show the wide range of Mr. Streit's knowledge and experience. As examples, if you want to know the facts on our Manchurian policy, read a footnote on page 123; the facts about natural and synthetic rubber, read a section on page 149; the facts about the costs of German preparation for war, from 1933 to the Polish campaign, read the third paragraph on page 152. If you want facts about Mr. Streit's own "Road to Union" (fully given only in the Annexes of "Union Now") you will find bits casually inserted on pages 81, 82, 163, and elsewhere in the new book. Above all, if you want the facts and their sources given of the American League of Friendship and how it nearly wrecked us before we formed our own union in 1787, you will find a succinct description in Chapter 8, on page 125. My suggestion is that this chapter be the second one you read, because it shows why alliances fail, even under the most favorable circumstances, and why unions succeed.

When you first open the book, however, I advise you to turn

to Chapter 6, pages 110 to 118, called "What the French Did For Freedom." In our distaste for Vichy we must not indict France. As Mr. Streit said before the Blitzkrieg, the vulnerability of France lay in the fact that she was that particular democracy which would have to meet the first onslaught. Says Mr. Streit in this chapter, "The noblest thing in democracy—the high value it sets equally on each individual's life, liberty, and happiness—exposes it dangerously to sudden attack and makes it most vulnerable in the early stages of war." In a later chapter on Democracy and War he explains why democracy is inherently incapable of preparing in peacetime for war as effectively as autocracy can. "The vital defense problem of democracy, consequently, is to survive somehow the initial disasters it is almost bound to suffer once war begins. . . . The more democratic a people is, the more it can harness individual enterprise in its time of need. But it takes some time for any democracy to unharness this power from peaceful work and harness it to war."

Mr. Streit has two other sentences in this unforgettable chapter that we need to read and ponder: "The billions we Americans have spent and the millions we have drafted, since France fell, show with brutal frankness how much we had been relying on French taxpayers and their sons to defend America in defending France." And, "We owe to Britain now the kind of debt that we and the British owe the French—that democracy everywhere owes anyone who risks his home and life anywhere for it."

Chapter 6 puts us in the frame of mind in which we are receptive to new ideas. Chapter 8 gives historical perspective. In the early chapters of Part I a bird's eye view is given of the Union proposal. In Chapters 10, 11 and 12 Mr. Streit develops with superb reasoning and a wealth of historical detail the fact that the United States Constitution was originally a foreign policy, devised in 1787 to unite the citizens of thirteen separate, sovereign nations who were quarreling and arming against each other, and so bid fair to lose a peace after they had won a war. "Federal Union is the foreign policy that the United States of America has practiced most continuously since then. Its history is the history of the extension of this policy to more states and

more people, both in number and variety. No more successful foreign policy has ever been evolved."

The oath of allegiance of Americans is not an oath to defend a ruler, a race, a nation, a land. Our oath is something new in the history of the world, and it is embodied in the very first statute that Congress passed. Law Number 1 of the United States of America, approved June 1, 1789 by President Washington, ordained as the American oath of loyalty,

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear or affirm (as the case may be) that I will support the Constitution of the United States."

The patriotism of Americans centers in the principles of this oath. When they divided and fought each other in the War Between the States, the men on both sides thought they alone were loyal to the American oath. The men on both sides fought to defend their interpretations of the Constitution. Our experience in Kentucky bears out this analysis of the War Between the States. My Great-uncle Robert had four sons, born of the same mother, reared in the same home. Two of them fought for the Federal government, and two fought for the Confederacy, and as brothers they never ceased to love one another. But each one felt that the principles in which he believed were worth more than life. It is because of thousands like them that Kentuckians at least should never forget that one man may differ fundamentally from another man and still respect the integrity of his opponent's convictions—that a man may fight and still love his enemy.

Since our oath of loyalty as Americans is not to a nation or to the rulers of a nation, but to principles embodied in a document, then it behooves us above all people to practice these principles. "They are dynamic and expansionist," as Mr. Streit says, and "we must go with them, not stop in our tracks or turn around." "Before our time Americans were always extending Federal Union to new states and new foreigners, extending its individual rights in an always greater degree to more territory and more people. We are the first of our line to adopt the opposite policy—to adopt a narrow, restrictive, thus-far-and-no-farther policy, half-defeatist, half-chauvinist, entirely un-American."

Of course American history has always known false Ameri-

cans, "so-called patriots, who, having profited themselves from America's free principles, have sought to keep these for themselves alone, have opposed extending their rights to others, and have attempted to hold down the American Union." These false Americans were present at the Federal Convention that adopted the Constitution. They tried to prevent the first Federal Union, tried to keep our country tangled up with thirteen armies, tariffs, and currencies. Later these same "patriots" were aghast at the Louisiana Purchase. They nearly prevented the admission of Texas to the Union. They "croaked misfortune when the Union went on to California" and they called the purchase of Alaska folly. They have never realized the paradox embodied in the principles of the Constitution, that the "best way to keep our own freedom is to give more and more of it to other men."

Now it is proposed that we call for a Declaration of Interdependence with Great Britain and the Dominions, embodying the principle that the free do depend on each other for their freedom. This new Federal Union, which will give seven united nations control of the seven seas, by the very nature of its principles is but a practicable nucleus for the ultimate extension of ever-wider freedom to ever more people. True, in the present emergency it is the best way to insure our own defense. True, our wish to lurk behind the fighting of other men is not only ignoble but has long been impracticable. But the glory of it lies in the fact that if we must fight our enemies we need not hate them. We can offer our enemies partnership with us when they have overthrown their tyrants and established their rights as free men. We can tell the captive democracies that they too are welcome, when their liberties have been restored to them.

In reviewing "Union Now with Britain" I have tried to present the crux of the argument. Those who read the book will find most of their questions answered in Chapters 14 and 15, including that most pertinent question, as to the constitutionality of Union Now. Union Now with Britain and the Dominions can be constitutionally brought about under the powers reserved to the people of the United States in the 10th Amendment to the Constitution. Read it, and read Mr. Streit's exposition, and his illustrative Constitution for the Union in Annex II.

What then? Have we in Union Now a panacea for all our ills?—a patent medicine with which to cure the dis-ease of civilization? I am an old-fashioned person and I believe in original sin, and that it is overcome only by the grace of God. Said the Malvern Conference of Christian men and women in January in England, "There is no structural organization of society which can bring about the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth, since it is a gift of God and since all society can be perverted by the selfishness of man."

But the Malvern Conference says also that "The society under which we have lived has been a pre-disposing cause of war. . . ." The Malvern Conference re-affirms the declaration of the International Missionary Council at Madras in 1939, that "the social order is not entirely made up of individuals now living. It is made up of inherited attitudes which have come down from generation to generation, through customs, laws, institutions, and these exist largely independently of individuals now living." The very nature of the inherited social order in which we live, as well as our own finite imperfections, requires us so to re-organize our world that it will be easier for us to be good and harder for us to do evil.

Many years ago General Smuts of South Africa said, "Decay of individual responsibility is the heart of the problem around which the greatest battle in this and coming generations will be fought." Decay comes when we set up illusions in our minds instead of facing facts. Lost in dreams of Utopian perfection (all too often smug dreams of our own perfection) we Americans fail to face the realities of this pitiful world and take our share of responsibility for its agonies. As Mr. Streit says, "We merely sighed while heroic Finland fought; we shuddered and turned away when our historic friend, France, fell, appealing piteously to us; we lethargically watched our British bodyguard gallantly suffer wracking bombardment."

Our illusion that man can make himself and his society perfect is not a Christian idea but a modern rationalistic one, as Mr. Niebuhr says in his latest book, "Christianity and Power Politics." A source of confusion for Christians, however, has lain in an inadequate rendering of verse 48 of Matthew, Chapter 5. In his translation of the four Gospels Dr. Charles C.

Torrey, Professor of Semitic Languages at Yale, has shown that an active and not a passive form of the Aramaic word *g'mar* was undoubtedly used, and should read "be all-including"; so that the verse in question, which gathers up the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, would more nearly represent what Christ said if rendered: "Be therefore all-including (in your good will), even as your heavenly Father includes all."

Each of us in our private lives, and those of us who are still free in our corporate groups called nations, can accept this expanding law of good will and daily include more people in it. But if we cannot even make a beginning with those of our own blood and language, in a period of supreme crisis for their freedom and ours, when indeed will good will ever have a beginning in the family of nations?

In both "Union Now" and "Union Now with Britain" Mr. Streit reminds us that English is a language in which freedom and love have the same root. That root began long before England or America did. It began in the dim origins of civilization in the Sanskrit tongue, where the original meaning of freedom is loved, spared, saved, hence left at liberty. In their common derivation freedom means friendship. Friendship gives freedom, and those who would be all-including in their good will must give more and more of it to an ever widening circle of men.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

BOOKS BY CLARENCE K. STREIT

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TO TRAMP "They Also Serve"

By SHEILA CLARK,
Philadelphia Senior Courier

He is a beautiful horse, a well built sturdy bay, with three white stockings and a black mane and tail. He came to Wend-over from the Blue Grass in September of 1934.

A horse's life in the Service is a mixture of work and play. The work is oftentimes very difficult. Most people beyond the mountains forget to realize a horse is on twenty-four duty just the way his rider is. He must be ready to answer a call any hour of the day or night regardless of the weather, and sometimes he must wait for hours outside mountain homes while his nurse-midwife rider is inside "catching" a baby.

This bay was typical of all the Service horses. For seven years he carried his riders without a mishap. He was a tireless horse, just as full of beans at the end of a long hard day as he was at the beginning. Up until she left for war service in England, he was the horse assigned to Sybil Holmes, the Wend-over nurse-midwife, who constantly mentions him in her letters to Kentucky. About the time she left last year, he was struck with the dreaded disease, ophthalmia. Gradually his left eye became totally blind; now his right eye is almost entirely sightless, so his life is to be mercifully ended tomorrow.

I hate to see Tramp go, but it is for the best. He has led a useful life—just like all the other Service horses who have come before him and all those who will come after him. Somehow in Tramp's case I feel happy. Last night I was playing with him and he pulled the St. Christopher charm off my bracelet and ate it. I have a feeling it will see him through to a happy land beyond, where he will see all his old friends, and be able to eat grass, roll and buck—forever if he wants to.

"If you are crossing a field and an angry bull suddenly makes for you," says a writer, "all you need is presence of mind." Or better still, absence of body.

—Punch, June 12, 1940.

FIRST DAY ON ROUNDS

By BARBARA BROWN,
Cleveland Junior Courier

We were off to an early start one Tuesday morning with a long ride ahead of us. It was my first time on rounds. I was very excited and full of ambition, having little or no idea of what was to come.

It had rained for several days previously and the rivers were high with a very swift current. We arrived at the mouth of Muncie to find the raging Middle Fork of the Kentucky River confronting us. Leaving everything up to the horses, we pulled our feet up from the stirrups to keep them dry and started across. The water came up to the girths of the saddles and seemed uncannily fast. I had never done this before and it made me quite dizzy, but we were on two surefooted horses so I shut my eyes knowing that there was really nothing for me to get frightened about.

The ride along the Stinnett road seemed endless. It was a cold day and I was glad to turn off onto the Sugar Creek trail. It was lovely through there. The evergreens and tall trees protected us from the wind and the dampness and bleakness of the day didn't seem to bother us so much. We seemed miles from civilization and the calm beauty of the woods cast a spell around us. The trail was fairly narrow and more than once it was necessary to scramble down a bank to dodge various trees that were blocking our path. At one bad spot we dismounted. There was a small crevice and no way for the horses to get safely by with us on their backs because of a steep drop on one side and a slippery bank on the other. We gave them double length on the rains, crawled around the ditch ourselves and pulled the horses leaping after us.

It was a long trail and as we neared the end, I welcomed the sight of the small farms. But the excitement was yet to come. We still had several river fords to cross. We got to the mouth of Sugar Creek just where it flows into Red Bird River and started to ford what appeared to be a harmless, shal-

low stream. To my horror, Molly, who was just ahead of me, and her horse plunged right down into very deep water. It took me a minute to collect my nerve, when I found myself going down too. The icy water rushed into my boots, up to my waist, and into my saddlebags. I was swimming a horse! What a scary and strange sensation. I dropped my reins, giving Babette complete control and we glided across, up and down, just like a rocking chair. I was awfully relieved when we climbed up on the opposite bank, and so was Babette for she gave several thankful bucks and nearly sent me flying.

The problem at the next ford was to cross a "low-water bridge" which at the time was completely submerged. We had to guess at its width and then start across. I held my breath knowing that if my horse slipped or stepped in a hole I'd be catapulted into the swift current. We were lucky and continued on our cold wet ride. Our worries weren't over however. There was still the "low-water bridge" by the Fordson property to be traversed. It too was completely out of sight and we debated the safety of our crossing it. A man near by questioned and frowned upon our intentions "Tain't safe, lady. A mule fell in off that bridge jist yesterday. I reckon you'd better not try." We pondered over the warning for several minutes, and then we decided to go on to the Red Bird Center. After all, they were expecting us. "How wide is the bridge?" we asked. "Around about twelve feet" was the reply, "but that's a mighty dangerous piece to cross." Nevertheless our minds were made up and we kicked our horses on. They were leary at the idea at first, but a bit of coaxing started them across. I prayed with all my might that Babette wouldn't lose her footing. This "low-water bridge" was more dangerous than the other. The current was swifter and there were many branches and logs caught in it. If a stray stump should have hit us as it was swept down, over we would have gone. In spite of all the dangers, we finally reached the other side unharmed. The man waved to us and smiled with relief. I imagine he hadn't cared much for the idea of plunging in after us if we had gone down.

Recrossing these two bridges the next morning when the "tide" was way down, we found them both riddled with holes. It had been a narrow escape for us.

Upon reaching Red Bird, we flopped into two easy chairs by the fire, soaking wet and utterly exhausted. All our clothes in the saddlebags were drenched and had to be dried. Very shortly the house was draped with socks, pajamas and underwear. The nurses were so nice to us, and we must have been frightfully bothersome. Their hospitality was really welcome.

In bed that night, I thought over the happenings of the day. Five and a half hours of steady riding and a swim into the bargain. I decided that I had had enough excitement for a good while, and an adequate start in my role as courier. I was new on the job and most definitely green.

FROM A BILLETING OFFICER IN CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

"My work as Billeting officer is sometimes light or sometimes heavy. We have over 5,000 évacuées in the town and there are 13 wards with a Billeting officer each. My district is so full of London Bedford College students that I have not so many évacuées and no need for a communal kitchen. Where one can see the évacuées and the householders one can usually make satisfactory contacts. Where one has to enforce billeting and when there is a huge rush, all sorts of difficulties and misfits arise. Reports of the misfits always spread and the many happy arrangements pass unnoticed.

"My people came from parts of London, but also from Coventry—Canterbury—and all sorts of places. I sometimes feel like a sponge that can't hold more water—so full of sorrowful, pitiful tales—so full of wonder at the bravery—so full of our shortcomings. I also have a very dear Belgian mother with seven children. The husband is in the army somewhere in France. No news—of course. It's lack of news that worries so fearfully. Some of the children get so miserable when they don't get news and wonder whether they still have homes and mothers. Quite naturally, families do not want to be separated and we no longer get children alone—but we did have a lot and they are still here. I have a Nursery School Organizer living with me. She is getting four or possibly five schools started for évacuée children, age 2-5. The difficulty is that the mothers won't be parted from the children. We've had lots of help from the United States and Canada in the way of clothes and gifts and money.

"The Autumn Bulletin found me very flop in bed indulging in a bout of flu. It was a delight and as bracing as a tonic. I suppose the extra strain of one's present life tells when you once have to give in. You are all doing so much and having added burdens as we do, but different ones. I loved the Child's Prayer—though rather complicated for a child to pray. I loved the Staff News, and the article by Maurois and the Christmas Story. Your brother's article, The Gift of One Common Tongue, is fine—but I don't agree on Spanish."

Ed. Note: The author of this letter has spoken Spanish, French, German from childhood. Will she tell us what language she advocates for a "Common Tongue?" Will others who are acquainted with more than one language write us their suggestions?

A COURIER BECOMES A NURSE

By NEVILLE ATKINSON

Former courier of the Frontier Nursing Service and now student nurse at St. Luke's Hospital Training School, New York City

The first months in the life of a student nurse are interesting but hectic. We have a variety of courses, each of which lasts a certain number of weeks. As they are finished one by one we look back on them with amazement and wonder how we ever managed that one! So far eight subjects a week have made up our schedule and, though that does seem a good many, the subject matter is so varied and interesting, and they keep us so busy, that before one Monday is over the next one appears. The days in between are phantoms that come and go like breezes.

The first ten weeks we studied drugs and solutions, anatomy and physiology, psychology, nursing, chemistry, history of nursing, ethics, and sociology. For anatomy and physiology, chemistry, and nursing we had laboratory periods of two hours each, once a week for the former and twice a week for nursing, which is our most important subject.

In anatomy and physiology laboratory we dissect, and examine slides, some that are prepared and some that we make ourselves, under the microscope. I must admit that I get a big thrill out of that laboratory, especially when it includes dissection.

In nursing laboratory we have learned to make beds, give bed baths, and give treatments and we practice on each other. It helps us to learn how the patient feels when a mistake is made! Really, I never knew there was so much technique involved in making a bed. When I finish one and I've done a good job I feel almost as if I'd invented the whole idea! The nursing laboratory is an ideal place to work in; it is equipped with three sterilizers, its own supply of enamelware and its own linen. One or two of us are assigned to each of the above to keep it neat and clean for a week's time.

To learn about nursing, the procedure is demonstrated for us in class, and we're given procedure sheets, with each step

written down, to study. Then we have a laboratory period and practice the procedure ourselves. The next step is applying it on the wards. If anyone had told me before I came here that giving a person in bed a shampoo, without drowning either the person or the bed, was possible, I would have laughed at them. It really isn't difficult at all.

With the first ten weeks over and some of our courses behind us, our whole schedule is changed. Our subjects now consist of anatomy and physiology, nursing, nutrition, history of nursing, sociology, massage, and microbiology, and besides that we go on the wards fourteen hours a week.

Going "on duty" held more apprehensive fears than actual ones in most cases I think. Each of us is assigned to one or two patients and we're so concentrated on completing our assignments in the time allowed that there is no time to have any "feelings." The ward work is really interesting and there's something intangible about the atmosphere that is more than just satisfying.

In nutrition laboratory we have great fun juggling pots and pans. I say juggling, I mean poor juggling, because I know it sounds like that from a long distance away at cleaning up time. We prepare several foods or drinks or some of both in a given amount of time and serve them. Our instructor discusses each person's successes and failures and then, good or not, our products disappear rather rapidly, and they are not thrown away either. In class we learn about the foods and their nutritive values.

The nutrition laboratory would be paradise to any cook. Each student has her own working table of shining monel metal, cupboard and drawer containing utensils, and gas stove. For every four girls there is a sink and each week we change positions as housekeeper, drier, washer, and place-awayer!

So far it must seem to you that we do nothing but work and I mustn't leave you with that impression. On the tenth floor there is a huge gymnasium and badminton, basketball, shuffleboard, and other games are possible. Next door is another room containing a radio, a piano, and two ping-pong tables. We usually manage to spend some time in those two rooms especially using the badminton set, ping-pong tables, and the radio.

In the solarium on the twelfth floor there is another radio. It is a lovely big sunny room where there are card tables for bridge and other games, comfortable chairs, and sofas. On either side are sun roofs which will probably be used more and more as the weather becomes warmer.

Until our pre-clinical (or probationary) period is over at the end of June, we have Saturday afternoons, and Sundays, entirely free. There is never a lack of things to do in New York and one Saturday, in the interests of sociology, we were taken on a trip to the Lower East Side. All I can say about that trip in comparison with seeing your people is, that at least the latter have sun and air.

There is such an endless amount to say about the "doings" of a student nurse that I think I had better stop before I become lost in the maze of it all.

BITS FROM BRITAIN

Contributed by Mrs. Harold T. Pulsifer

From a Young Couple In London to the Friend In America Who Has Their Little Children

"What will happen to the children if we die? . . . All we ask is that they be brought up to be as unselfish as possible,—sharing everything with everyone,—not filled with hatred towards any man, even those who would destroy their home and parents. Financially . . . what can we say? . . . We must leave it to you to decide, but please try to keep the children together whatever happens.

. . . Childhood is all too brief already, and European childhood just doesn't exist."

From An Englishwoman—A College Professor

"We really are all in this war together. We want to be in with everybody else, nobody wants to be left out. People who used to be house-proud are now bomb-proud. Smashed windows and blasted doors are social assets. . . . I have seen many times the sign on a bombed shop 'Business as Usual,' or 'Open as Usual,' or 'More Open Than Ever.'"

FROM THE CHOIR NEWS

("Little Church Around the Corner," New York City, January, 1941)

Billy: Is my mouth open wide enough, Doctor?

Dentist (very surprised): Oh, Yes Sir. I shall stand outside while extracting your tooth.

Customer: What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?

New Grocery Clerk: Nothing but cucumbers, Madam.

SOCIAL SERVICE SKETCHES

By EDITH ANDERSON, B. A.
Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

In the following sketches I shall tell stories of a few of the mountain families and their varied problems and personalities, that stream through my office at the Garden House at Wendover, that I meet up with as I ride the trails, or that are referred to me by the Medical Director and the nurses of the F. N. S. The quotations are in the Middle English speech—probably preserved in its purest form in the Kentucky mountains.

Sketch 1

"Please, Mam, can I buy a pair of slippers for the least 'un? He's jest about bar-foot."

The woman had come in so unobtrusively that her words rather startled me. She was tall with work-bent shoulders and wispy hair severely gathered into a tight knot at the back of her head. But it was her face—brown, sun-wrinkled, with strong mouth, direct and yet shy brown eyes—that bespoke the independence and character of the mountain woman.

As she had said, the least 'un was just bar-foot. His shoes, which were tied on with bits of cord, had long since lost their soles and toes.

It took but a minute to fit the child and with a "Reckon they'll do," the woman slipped away quite as unostentatiously as she had come in.

Sketch 2

"I been fixin' to see the doctor in Lexington, but hit shor takes a heap o' money to git down thar. And taxes is mighty high this year. Reckon you all could gi'n my son some work hyar? He's the workinest man on Greasy."

Old Jake had struggled with the soil for seventy-five years. One day the nurse on his district noticed that he had a growth on his face and referred him to Dr. Kooser, who recommended that he be seen by an X-ray specialist. Railroad passes were

secured, and Jake in his freshly pressed overalls and coat went out of the mountains for the first time.

He came through the treatment in fine form, was taken to his room and left with instructions to go to bed and his dinner would be brought up to him. However, Jake, being a rugged individualist, had other ideas. These were discovered when I returned the next morning to see how he was feeling. Jake had disappeared. His bed had not been slept in.

Vivid pictures of this feeble old mountaineer going sight-seeing and getting knocked down by a car, raced through my mind. The captain at the police station said that no accidents had been reported, nor had a man of Jake's description been picked up. Neither could the ticket agents at the bus and railroad stations recall having seen him.

It was not until I returned to Wendover that I finally found out what had become of Jake. The high buildings had made his neck stiff and he had not wanted to sleep in a strange bed. He found his way to the bus terminal and bought a ticket to the nearest point home. However, the bus traveled too slowly for him, so he got off and walked the last twenty-five miles home carrying a "poke" of potatoes over his shoulder!

Sketch 3

"Nowadays a boy has to have book-larnin' to git a job. I'm fixin' to rub the skin offen my hands if it will help git Bobby to college."

Bessie is literally doing just that. Her gnarled, red hands are rough with hard work. Callouses have formed on her palms from constant scrubbing for she goes out to work by the day.

Every day, in all kinds of weather, Bessie trudges many rugged miles from her home to her work, and back to her home at night. Chilly winter mornings she gets up before the break of day, winds a huge red scarf around her head, lights her lantern and starts out across the mountains. Yes, Bessie will get her boy to college.

Sketch 4

"We're right poorly. We was burned out and our sheep squandered themselves on the mountains. Joe, thar, is too puny to work, but he's a good 'un fer company."

Little Joe, who had a tubercular hip, lived up Gander Creek with his mother and four brothers and sisters. Their log cabin was tiny but scrupulously clean. The rough split board floors were scrubbed daily. A wood stove with pipes made from lard cans occupied one corner. Near it was a spinning wheel, for Joe's mother carded and spun wool and then dyed it brown with walnut bark. Two hand-hewn chairs stood near the "brought-on" beds with their burlap lined patchwork quilts.

The only incongruous note in this pioneer household was ten-year-old Joe. It wasn't that he ever complained about his hip, but his mother could tell how very much he wished that he were out playing with the other children.

But one day arrangements were made for Joe to be taken to the Cincinnati Children's Hospital for treatment. He was thrilled with it all—the shades and the paper cups on the train, the taxi ride, and the Hospital with its lovely grounds. When he returned to Gander Creek, he still could not play with his friends because of a huge plaster cast on his hips. But Joe was happy. The doctors had told him that if he would wear the cast, and return to the Hospital, that in a year's time he would be able to walk without a cast. The doctors' prediction came true!

Sketch 5

"My cow died and the children are plumb foolish fer milk."

Lucy, thirty-five, is a widow who was trying to maintain herself and four children on the five dollars a month that she earned doing part-time work at one of our outpost nursing centers. Her brothers helped with garden and crop, but the five dollars monthly was her only money income. Her husband had died of tuberculosis. Tests on herself and children gave positive reactions. Lucy's condition was serious. Hospitalization with complete bed rest was ordered.

This was made possible by a Chicago woman's generous gift to the F. N. S. for Lucy. After ten months Lucy returned home feeling and looking much better. However, she is still unable to do hard work and must report to our Hospital every three weeks for re-fills of the lung.

It was not long after that when the old family cow died—a major catastrophe in a tubercular home. There was a great

deal of grief, not only because of Buttercup's milk, but also because Buttercup had been a pet.

It was on my last visit to this mountain home that eight-year-old Jean, while poling me across the river in the flat-bottomed boat, solemnly told me the sorry tale of Buttercup and how she "took up and died."

Now the friend who made Lucy's cure possible, and supplies the five dollars a month she can no longer earn, has bought Lucy and her children another Buttercup.

STAY PUT

FOREWORD: In one of Commander King-Hall's News-Letters from England he writes as follows: "A general back from France gave us a graphic account of his difficulties in 'fighting a battle with 50,000 refugees within four miles of my front line.' 'I did not,' he added, 'expect to have to deal with three German divisions, with my own troops immersed in a crowd of civilians.'" The comment of this General back from France gives point to the following circular issued by the British Ministry of Information:

You have a great duty—the duty of keeping the roads free for our troops, no matter what happens

Should parachutists land, or should enemy forces push inland from our coasts, some less-brave people may be tempted to flee from threatened villages and towns

Don't do it. Stay where you are. This is not just advice, it is an order from the Government. The greatest harm any man or woman could do to Britain at such a time would be to clutter up the roads, and so hinder our own troops advancing to drive the enemy out

In France refugees crowding the roads made it impossible for the army to bring up reinforcements. So France was lost!

This must not happen here. Remember, you will be far safer from bombing and machine-gunning downstairs in your own home than you would be on the open roads

Remember, too, the Home Guard will be defending your village, and the Army will be defending your country. They need the roads

. . . . that's why you must **STAY PUT.**

TO ELIZABETH
from
Mary Breckinridge

In the Charlestown News and Courier of April 1, 1941, under a section called "Backward Glances," I read the reprint of a marriage notice from the old Charleston Courier of April 1, 1841. I engaged Mrs. Alva B. Parry of 14 Logan Street, Charleston, for a bit of research, some of which I have included in this portrait of Elizabeth.

"April 1, 1841."

"Married, on Wednesday morning, the 31st March, by the Rev. Trapier Keith, J. Middleton, Esq., to Elizabeth, only daughter of Gen. James Hamilton."

For seventy-six Springs, Elizabeth, the azaleas have flowered on your grave, but a hundred Springs ago you were a bride in the shimmering white of your young loveliness. Was the wedding at the Big House, or in one of the old churches of Carolina? Did dusky hands that had tended your infancy fasten the bridal veil on your shining head?

So restrained is the reporting of a gentlewoman's marriage in that age of dignity that we know nothing of parties, bridesmaids, gayeties, guests. Did fond faces, white and black, bless you with their smiles, Elizabeth, when you left your girlhood home for your husband's Ogeechee plantations? Did a carriage bear you and him over the rutted, muddy roads—or a sailboat, through the marshes up the long river with the wind and tide?

So silent are old records about women that we know you, Elizabeth, only through your father, your husband, your son.

Your father was born in Charleston. At the age of twenty-six he volunteered for the War of 1812 and saw service on the Canadian border. He married your mother, Elizabeth Heyward, a daughter of New Jersey, a year later. He was Captain James Hamilton then. He was Brigadier General of the Fourth Brigade of South Carolina Militia during the nullification excitement of 1832-33. He was offered and refused the position of Commander of the Army of the newly-formed Republic of Texas. He was made a perpetual citizen of the Republic and sent by its President in 1839 to Europe to secure a large loan. We know

that he got the loan. We know that years later, when he was Senator from Texas, he was drowned at sea, after having given up his life preserver to a lady. South Carolina, Canada, New Jersey, Texas, Europe, Washington—he traveled far, your father, in those horseback and sailing ship days. Of your mother we know nothing except that she married him.

Your husband, Elizabeth, the "J. Middleton, Esq.," was twenty-four years old when you married him, a hundred years ago. He was a native of Charleston and a descendant of the historic family of that name. He had leisure and means for travel; but the War Between the States brought travel of another kind, an end of leisure—and ruin of estates and home. It was then you died, Elizabeth, in 1865.

You and your husband had an only son, and you named him John. You sent him up to Harvard for his education. Whether he went by sea or land it meant weeks of travel. Your son was but a lad in his teens when war broke over you, but not too young to volunteer. He was commissioned in the South Carolina Artillery of the Confederacy, and served at Fort Sumter and in the defense of Charleston. He was wounded at Averysboro. At the end of the war he married Adele Allston King of Charleston—but the wedding was not like yours, Elizabeth, for the times were grim, and you had died.

Your son John Middleton had three children—Henry, John, and Elizabeth—but it was not easy to raise children in Reconstruction days, and they all died in infancy. John Middleton died too, in his twenties in 1867, and so, Elizabeth, ended your line . . . A hundred Springs ago you were a bride in the shimmering white of your young loveliness.

THE DIGGER

(Excerpt from the story of a mare called "Thoroughbred," by H. Sefton)

"One summer I had the Digger out in a field with a couple of young bullocks. The farmer could not understand why the bullocks were not putting on weight. A few days later I saw the bullocks solemnly cantering down the hedge along one side of the field, while, close beside them, pranced the Digger, mane and tail flying. At the corner there was a flourish of her hooves just behind the bullocks' sterns, and the unfortunate pair started off again down the next side of the field. So it went on, round and round, the bullocks lurching along, vacantly puzzled, and the Digger thoroughly enjoying herself."

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

URGENT NEEDS

Our Spring Bulletin marks the close of our fiscal year. It is our custom at this time to list the special needs of the Frontier Nursing Service for repair, upkeep, and replacements on its many and widely scattered properties; and for new construction. The response annually to these requests gives us high confidence and deep gratitude.

The sum total of the things needed in our annual list amounts to a very great deal of money, but it is made up in the main of needs which are not overly large. Some requests which were not met last year are repeated this year. Certain requests (like plumbing leaks) had to be met as emergencies, but the money temporarily advanced by the general budget is needed to meet the regular demands on the budget. Whenever anyone makes a duplicate gift, we write the second donor asking if we may transfer his gift to a need that has not been met.

There is only one gigantic request listed in this year's Urgent Needs, and that is for a large new house at Wendover. If you will turn to the first paragraph under Field Notes you will see just why we need another house, desperately, and just what kind of a house will meet our need.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Indoor:

2 sections Steel Files for 5½ x 8 cards (Clinic Records).....	\$ 22.00
2 sections Steel Files for 3 x 5 cards (Hospital fees).....	15.00
1 section Correspondence File—4-drawer (Hospital orders).....	19.93
9 sections Steel Files for 6x9 cards to replace old cardboard files used by District Nurses @ \$11.75 plus freight.....	110.00
1 doz. Hot Water Bottles.....	20.00
1 set Restraints with Cuffs and Anklets.....	23.50
1 doz. Tycos Sphygmomanometers @ \$25.00.....	300.00
Surgical Instruments—Replacements.....	75.00
2 Hot Plates (Dr. Kooser's Clinic and Midwifery Ward)—Includ- ing installation.....	40.00
1 Bedside Oxygen Unit.....	30.00
1 Standard Gauge for Oxygen Cylinders.....	7.73
1 Wheel Stretcher for Dr. Kooser's Clinic.....	60.00
1 Incubator without Oxygen Tent.....	45.00
1 Spot Light for Delivery Room.....	18.50
1 Electric Clock, wall type, for Delivery Room.....	22.50
2 Linen Hampers @ \$11.50.....	23.00
1 Kick Bucket.....	7.95
2 Additional Bassinets, complete with Mattresses and Linings.....	25.00

2 Additional Bedside Tables @ \$16.50.....	33.00
1 Floor Lamp for Dr. Kooser's Clinic.....	6.25
1 Tomac Electric Centrifuge, Type No. 118, complete.....	335.71
1 Hopper for Midwifery Utility Room, including installation.....	35.00
Plumbing repairs throughout Hospital and Annex (stopping hidden leaks, etc.).....	63.99
Electrical Repairs (replacing broken outlets, changing lights, etc.)	61.00
7 Window Shades (For Living Room and Dining Room—Nurses' Quarters)	7.30
5 Bamboo Porch Shades for Closed-in Veranda off Midwifery Ward	10.95
160 feet Rubber Matting for Corridors.....	62.50
190 yards Battleship Linoleum—3/16" gauge—for all floors in Hospital bath rooms, wards, ward halls, operating and delivery rooms (including all materials and the laying; and repairing and leveling of floors).....	1,000.00
12 yds. Rubber Sheeting @ \$2.00.....	24.00
12 doz. Sheets @ \$9.46.....	113.52
6 doz. Pillow Cases @ \$2.92.....	17.52
6 doz. Hand Towels @ \$1.74.....	10.44
6 doz. Clinic Gowns—Material and Labor (made locally) @ \$10.40 per doz.....	62.40
6 doz. Patients' Gowns—Material and Labor (made locally) @ \$10.40 per doz.....	62.40
12 doz. Clinic Aprons—Material and Labor (made locally) @ \$2.57 per doz.....	30.84
12 doz. Bath Towels @ \$3.90 per doz.....	46.80
12 doz. Wash Cloths @ \$1.50 per doz.....	18.00
2 doz. Bedspreads (Nurses' Rooms) @ \$1.10 each.....	26.40
1 bolt (50 yards) Unbleached Duck for Cubicle Curtains (Duplicate Set); having them made and eyelets put in.....	18.05
7 doz. Unbleached Draw Sheets (Clinic).....	23.80
2 doz. Unbleached Sheets (Clinic).....	11.20
5 doz. Unbleached Pillow Cases (Clinic).....	11.25
2 doz. Scatter Rugs @ \$2.00.....	48.00
1 Electric Toaster—Heatmaster Automatic.....	10.50
2 Canner-Steamers 1 @ \$1.39—1 @ \$1.98.....	3.37
Kitchen Utensils.....	52.65
3 benches for clinic waiting room.....	14.00
Plated silverware (knives, forks, teaspoons, tablespoons, soup spoons)—requested last year but not given, badly needed.....	97.20
6 Venetian blinds for Dr. Kooser's office.....	40.00
4 additional Pyrene fire extinguishers for hospital @ \$8.50.....	36.20
12 pairs pillows @ \$5.69.....	68.28
12 cot mattresses @ \$5.50.....	66.00

Outdoor:

1 additional water tank for hospital—completely installed (estimate)	1,000.00
800 feet of 3" galvanized pipe and all fittings, including gate valves, fire hydrants and plumber's time in making connections; local materials and labor making two hydrant houses; digging 18" pipe line down rocky hillside (local labor); and 400 feet fire hose (200 feet for each fire house) to give fire protection to Joy House, Aunt Hattie's Barn and the new Midwifery Training School Cottage (estimate).....	1,500.00
85 feet Armco culvert pipe (draining water from around hospital)	53.55
1 extension ladder.....	12.40
Relining incinerator and repairing walls.....	86.00
Putting in outside entrance to Hospital basement to facilitate re-	

moving ashes, supplies, etc. (Stone, cement, haulage, and labor)—estimate	100.00
Storage house for hospital.....	160.00

WENDOVER**Indoor:**

New filing system (for Commercial Files).....\$	39.20
1 section Columbia File for 8 x 5 cards—2 drawers (Contribution Files)	9.00
3 sections Columbia Files for 8 x 5½ cards—2 drawers (Statistics Dept.).....	36.00
2 sections Steel Files (Bookkeeping Dept. and General Files).....	29.48
6 sections Columbia Files for 8 x 5½ cards—2 drawers (Midwifery Records)	72.00
1 typewriter desk (General office).....	47.25
1 Burroughs Adding Machine.....	144.00
1 L. C. Smith Typewriter.....	81.00
½ doz. waste paper baskets.....	2.54
Canvas to recover folding chairs material and labor (made locally)	8.00
Pillow ticking for twenty pillows—material and labor (made locally)	9.57
Comforter covers for ten comforters—material and labor (made locally)	21.48
1 heating stove for Cabin.....	6.35
Cementing fireplaces, resetting bricks, etc.....	8.00
Kitchen utensils—badly needed (cutlery, dish pans, pottery milk bowls, bread pans, aluminum ware, Pyrex baking dishes).....	30.26
Utility cabinets for porch off kitchen.....	30.00
1 doz. split bottom chairs made locally @ \$1.50 each.....	18.00
Repairs to kitchen stove—installing new set of grates.....	6.60
6 table cloths (cotton colonial checks) 22½ yards @ 59c.....	13.27
1 chest of drawers—unpainted.....	4.94
35 yards quilted padding for mattress pads (made locally).....	12.60

Outdoor:

A large new house, desperately needed—See Field Notes (Estimate)	\$20- to 25,000.00
Feed room off chicken house (Estimate).....	40.00
Re-roofing cow barn with local board shingles (oak, hand hewn)....	23.33
Repairing coal chute from mine—Relining, \$31.54; repair estimate, \$50.00	81.54
Re-roofing lower side of horse barn with local board shingles (oak, hand hewn).....	20.55
Foot bridge across Muncie Creek.....	124.00
Improvement of road between Muncie ford and Wendover (including seven chestnut culverts).....	559.00
Eaves troughs—replacement.....	32.00
Replacement of seven chimney caps—Big House.....	62.00
1 wheelbarrow spray pump.....	15.00
1 single speed self feed post drill.....	4.45
1 craftsman post drill set.....	1.70
1 extension ladder.....	12.40
Fire extinguishers (Pyrene)—heifer barn and horse hospital barn @ \$8.50.....	17.00
Chicken drinking fountains and feeders.....	10.34
Repair of broken water main (Emergency).....	63.22
1 Sewer rod 1/16 x 5/8 x 25' long.....	6.25
1 Sewer rod 1/8 x 3/4 x 50' long.....	12.00
1 push cart.....	14.75

4 wheelbarrows	30.00
1 drag road scraper.....	8.10
1 tent and 3 camp cots for Johnson children for the Summer.....	35.56

(See "The Invisible Guest" in last Winter's Bulletin)

OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

BEECH FORK

(Jessie Preston Draper Nursing Center)

Indoor:

1 doz. hand towels.....	\$ 1.74
1 doz. bath towels.....	3.90
1 doz. wash cloths.....	1.50
1 doz. sheets.....	9.46
1 doz. pillow cases.....	2.92
3 table cloths (cotton colonial checks).....	4.50
4 small luncheon cloths (Indian head).....	2.00
6 clinic gowns @ \$1.00 material and labor (made locally).....	6.00
1 doz. clinic aprons @ 30c material and labor (made locally).....	3.60
8 pairs curtains for clinic waiting room.....	17.60
3 pairs curtains for kitchen.....	2.37
Couch cover for living room.....	2.79
Bedspread for clinic.....	3.49
1 dining table (made locally out of walnut)—requested last year and badly needed.....	20.00
1 set of dishes.....	3.64
4 scatter rugs for bedrooms—size 36" x 63"—requested last year and badly needed.....	11.45
1 kerosene refrigerator (badly needed to keep milk and butter).....	149.50
1 kitchen stove.....	64.85
Repairing furnace and extending pipe to heat clinic waiting room (Estimate)	75.00

Outdoor:

Fencing for pastures—material and labor—requested last year and urgently needed.....	150.00
General Repairs: (material and labor)—Estimate.....	350.00
Replacing dilapidated porch with steps and platform to front door, putting up new guttering; building new cow barn; renewing sills, boxing in manure bin and sawdust bins, white-washing all barns, repairing barn roof; putting in drains and culverts and grading road behind barn.	

NOTE: Beech Fork is our oldest outpost nursing center and was built when it took the mule teams from four to five days to go to the railroad and return.

BOWLINGTOWN

(Margaret Durbin Harper)

Indoor:

1 doz. hand towels.....	\$ 1.74
1 doz. bath towels.....	3.90
1 doz. wash cloths.....	1.50
1 doz. sheets.....	9.46
1 doz. pillow cases.....	2.32
3 table cloths (cotton Colonial checks).....	4.50
4 small luncheon cloths (Indian Head).....	2.00
2 double blankets @ \$5.50 a pr.....	11.00

4 clinic gowns @ \$1.00 (labor and material).....	4.00
1 doz. clinic aprons @ 30c (labor and material).....	3.60
1 basket grate for living room.....	7.50
1 new furnace.....	360.00

Outdoor:

General Repairs: (Second request—urgently needed) Labor and materials estimate.....	500.00
(Repairing horse barn, cow shed, manure bin; building driveway; renewing pasture fence; putting new top on water tank and painting tank; and making new steps to porch of house.)	
Painting outside of house (materials and labor on contract).....	150.00

NOTE: This center has as yet no endowment income for upkeep. This is the second year in which it has needed extensive overhauling and we can not wait another year for any of the major items requested.

BRUTUS

(Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center)

Outdoor:

Renewing fencing—materials and labor—estimate.....\$	150.00
New entrance gate (Lincoln Automatic).....	45.00

NOTE: Members of the Hughitt family have been so generous with this center during the past year that the only things we are asking for Brutus this year are the fencing and the new entrance gate. The gate is necessary because the new W. P. A. road coming just below the center required the moving of the old gate and it couldn't survive the strain.

CONFLUENCE

(Possum Bend: "Frances Bolton")

Indoor:

1 doz. hand towels.....\$	1.74
1 doz. bath towels.....	3.90
1 doz. wash cloths.....	1.50
1 doz. sheets.....	9.46
1 doz. pillow cases.....	2.32
3 table cloths (Colonial checks).....	4.50
4 small luncheon cloths (Indian Head).....	2.00
6 clinic gowns @ \$1.00 (material and labor).....	6.00
1 doz. clinic aprons @ 30c (material and labor).....	3.60
1 Olson rug for living room, size 8' by 15' to replace 14 year old one	44.98
2 scatter rugs for bedrooms @ \$5.55.....	11.10
Painting kitchen, entrance, and clinic—paint and labor (requested last year—badly needed).....	25.00

Outdoor:

Renewing pasture and yard fences (wire, locust posts, staples; palings, nails and labor) estimate.....	125.00
1 Wheelbarrow.....	6.50

NOTE: The donor of this center, Mrs. Chester C. Bolton, gave the new furnace needed badly last year and the only substantial need of this year is the matter of fencing.

FLAT CREEK

(Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center)

Outdoor:

General Repairs: (Requested last year) Material and Labor.....\$	325.00
(Renewing sills and repairing boxing in main barn, manure bin, sawdust bin, creosoting outside, whitewashing inside; renewing top to water tank, painting tank and putting in overflow pipe; repairing pasture fence; and making bookcases and kitchen cabinet.)	
Repair to retaining walls—back of tank to side of house.....	15.00
1 new section of fire hose.....	18.75
2 pipe wrenches.....	2.34

NOTE: One of the donors of this nursing center has supplied indoor needs. Its major need is a complete overhauling outside, which has not been done since the center was built.

RED BIRD

(Clara Ford)

NOTE: This center got its complete overhauling last year from funds given by the donor. It has only minor needs, such as replacement of towels, clinic gowns, and aprons.

YOUR RECEIPT

Many friends who subscribe to the Frontier Nursing Service write "No Receipt Necessary" when they send their checks. We know they do this in order to save us trouble and postage, but our Treasurer has to send the receipt anyway, and he personally pays the postage.

In the early days of the F. N. S., our auditors put into operation the system of the duplicate numbered receipt, which they considered essential for the correct accounting of charitable gifts. When our accounts are audited, in May each year, the auditors check the duplicate numbered receipts with the bank statements. Where anonymity is requested, the auditors list the gift as from a friend.

Will those of you dear people who want to save us trouble and ask not to have receipts sent, please bear in mind that our Treasurer **has no option in the matter**, and that he personally meets the costs?

FROM "MONTHLY MESSAGES" BY THE BYRON-PAGE PRINTING COMPANY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

The track supervisor received the following note from one of his track foremen:

"I'm sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"

"What is your occupation?" asked the judge sternly.

"I haven't any," replied the man, "I just circulate around."

"Please note," said the judge, turning to the court clerk, "that this gentleman is retired from circulation for thirty days."

PUPIL MIDWIVES OBSERVE EASTER

By ROSE AVERY, R. N.

FOREWORD: The three nurses who are taking midwifery in our Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery this semester are the author of this story Rose Avery, Ethel Broughall, and Ethel Gonzalez (Gonnie"). The "Brownie" of the story is Miss Helen Browne, Hospital midwifery supervisor, and the "Eva" is Miss Eva Gilbert, instructor of pupil midwives. As to the patients,—we have put their names in quotes so that the reader can sort them out for himself.

On the eve of Easter Ethel and I went to bed with a few misgivings for she was watching a case in the Hospital that might or might not be starting into labor. It had been decided that I should take her calls after midnight so that she and Gonnie would be free to attend church on Easter morning.

Scarcely had midnight passed when the night nurse opened our door to say—"Fern" is having pains." I sat up to attention, for this was not Ethel's patient but one of my own. Dressing hastily I went over to the wards. While I was making routine preparations for "Fern" I heard sounds from the next room that made me suspect that "Stella" (Ethel's patient) was becoming active. When I had time I reported to Ethel, and she decided to get up too and go to "Stella," while I was busy with "Fern." "Stella" had had several babies and usually had a "quick time."

For the next two hours it was a question of who would need the delivery room first. Then progress for "Fern" came to a standstill as though she no longer felt it worthwhile to race a multipara. We gave "Fern" sedatives and went to bed for an hour, while "Stella" made slow but steady progress, with Ethel watching both patients. In an hour I returned to find things much the same with "Fern," but that "Stella" was making enough advance for us to call Brownie, the Hospital midwifery supervisor. It began to look as though there would be no Easter service for Ethel unless I caught her baby for her, but just in time "Stella" had a nice baby girl and off with Gonnie and the others Ethel went to church.

Meantime the telephone rang and I answered. A call from

the inn down in Hyden: "Could you send a nurse down here? We've got a woman bad sick."

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"She is going to have a baby," came the reply.

Eva, the midwifery instructor, had gone away for a weekend off, so I consulted Brownie. She said "You will have to go down and see about it. I'll watch 'Fern' for you."

So in the early hours of the morning I took the midwifery bags across my shoulders and put off to my first district case alone. Panting a bit I arrived at the inn to find a young girl, "Hazel," in distress. She had been bleeding freely although now the bleeding had about stopped. Taking a quick history between pains I found that she was unmarried, about at term, and had returned to town the night before after being away some time. Her family knew nothing of her condition. Because of the bleeding I decided she should be removed to the Hospital and that there would be time for this. Accordingly I reported by telephone, as instructed, to Brownie, who said that she would send down for us in the Service car. During the time before the car arrived I bathed "Hazel" and packed her things. The inn people were very obliging but obviously glad when the decision to move her to the Hospital was reached.

We arrived at the Hospital about nine a. m. and Brownie admitted "Hazel." As there was still no progress with "Fern" Brownie sent me for some breakfast and to lie down for a while. This I did, dressed for instant action.

A few short moments later the ward maid came to my door. "Miss Browne says to come quickly." Needless to say I did and found "Hazel" well on the way to have her baby. Within the hour another girl was born, and by the time I finished with the baby it was lunch time and the other pupil midwives were back from church.

Dr. Kooser had been consulted about "Fern's" lack of progress and had ordered sedatives and again Brownie sent me to bed dressed for a quick pick up.

About four-thirty in the afternoon came another district call, Gonnies this time. She went with Eva who had gotten home. About the edge of dark the third Easter girl made her appearance, up on Owl's Nest Creek.

Before dawn on Easter Monday we had two more baby girls to add up to five over Easter. Ethel was called for to admit another patient in very active labor. Then "Fern" really began to get active and, only a few moments apart, we (under Brownie's direction) had them both delivered.

After caring for the mothers and babies we stopped for toast and coffee before snatching a little sleep. Monday is Prenatal Clinic day and we must carry on. Thus we are getting our taste of midwives' responsibilities and learning to carry on with long cases or short, few or many, inside or outside the Hospital.

PRO AND CON

From the Superintendent of the Woman's Hospital in Detroit

(Written after a visit to the Frontier Nursing Service)

"I must voice my praise of what you have done in the short period of fifteen years. The work you have accomplished has been colossal to anyone who knows anything about nursing in outlying places. I cannot conceive of anything more heroic than your opening up that vast country, and not only giving a splendid medical service, but the type of nursing care of which you give a most magnificent example. You have done a grand job and it will long live. . . ."

From "Ex-Kentuckian, Oklahoma"—In "Grit"

"There is no such thing as the Frontier Nursing Service."

Is it not strange that Princes and Kings
And capering Clowns in sawdust rings
And common people like you and me
Can work with God for Eternity?

To each He gives a set of Rules
A shapeless mass, and a bag of tools
In each to fashion till life be flown
A stumbling block, or a stepping stone.

—Contributed from England.

TRAIL AND CABIN

REFLECTIONS OF A PUPIL MIDWIFE

By ETHEL BROUGHALL, R. N.

As I look back on the nine months I have worked with the Frontier Nursing Service, it seems as if I surely must have been here that many years instead of months, so numerous and varied have been my experiences in this short time. There is something new to think about and something new to see in every day that passes here in the mountains. For me, now a student of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, there has been a great deal both to see and to think about. Midwifery is a field with a wide scope, and when midwifery is applied to rural conditions, the scope becomes more than ever widened. The practical work in the Hospital and on the district has brought with it many interesting experiences. But, aside from our daily work, and still going hand in hand with it, the mountains have been for me, as they have for many others, fertile land for other things to see and to think about. Of only two incidents I shall write. Both of them have left rich, indelible impressions on my mind and are among the things which will make my time here unforgettable.

The first was something which I saw on my return from morning calls. I had just come around the corner of a hill. I reined my horse to a standstill and sat watching a picture which I have seen countless numbers of times, in color, in black and white, in sepia, but never before in real life. Before me lay a field, newly ploughed, in long furrows. Nearly in the middle of the field stood two people—a man and a woman. Her head was protected from the sun by a bonnet. His head was bare. They were standing quietly, their hoes in hand, their heads bowed. Perhaps they were speaking, perhaps silent—I was not within hearing distance. Could it be mere coincidence that it was twelve noon? I came out of my reverie, and gently nudged my horse into a slow walk, hoping not to disturb them, as I left behind me a reproduction in life of Jean Francois Millet's "The Angelus".

The second incident is one which brought back to my memory something in the life of one of the outstanding characters in the history of our Nation. It happened while Eva and I were on a district delivery. Eva, as midwifery instructor, supervises all our district deliveries.

We arrived at the patient's home late one evening and by noon of the next day the patient was progressing satisfactorily, but was still many hours away from actual delivery. I returned to the Hospital to get feed for the evening meal for the horses. I also took back to the cabin one of my textbooks, hoping to be able to read over one of Dr. Kooser's assignments while the patient rested.

As it grew dark and a bit cooler, we made a fire in the rough stone fireplace and it was by the light of this fire that I started to read. As the fire burned low we replenished it with wood from a nearby box. Then for a few minutes we would have a fine light, but the heat soon became so intense we had to move away in self-defense. In turn, we thus edged closer to see what we were reading or further away to keep from burning. At its best the light we had was a poor one. Before many hours we had forsaken the textbook for actual work and delivered a fine, healthy boy.

Many times since that night I have relived the short study period by the light from the fireplace. Nothing ever before brought so closely to my mind what we know from history of Abraham Lincoln's struggle for an education, gained for the most part at night, by the light from a fire-place

Shortest service on record is the one used on a British minesweeper, as related in **Bulletins from Britain**, published by the British Library of Information in New York. Before setting out on one of its dangerous assignments, the skipper of the trawler gathers his men about him and the "service" is held as follows:

Captain: Are we all here?

Men: All of us are here, under God's care.

Captain: What then are we afraid of?

Men: We are afraid of nothing.

—From **The Living Church**.

In Memoriam

Only the soul survives and lives for aye
And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that Death against her nature is:
Think it a birth, and when thou goest to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

—Sir John Davies, 1569-1626

- MR. JOHN WATSON BARR, Louisville
MRS. JOHN B. BOWLING, Hurricane Creek, Ky.
MRS. JOHN G. BOYD, Washington, D. C.
DR. OGDEN M. EDWARDS, Pittsburgh and Kentucky
MR. JAMES ELAM, Hyden, Ky.
MR. HOWARD HEINZ, Pittsburgh
MR. HARVEY HENSLEY, JR., Hyden, Ky.
MR. ALF LEWIS, Flackey, Ky.
MR. C. EMORY McMICHAEL, Philadelphia
MRS. MAURICE MANDEVILLE, Chicago
MISS ANNE JULIA PIERREPONT, New York
HON. FREDERIC M. SACKETT, Louisville
MRS. WALTER SEINSHEIMER, Cincinnati
MRS. HENRY G. SHARPE, Washington, D. C.
MR. WILLIAM B. STOREY, Chicago
MISS ELEANOR TOBIAS, New York
MRS. MITCHELL WOOTON, Dry Hill, Ky.
MRS. POPE YEATMAN, Philadelphia

At Montgobert in France, long years ago at the close of the last war, we were burying a baby which had not survived the hardships of the times. In the old gray stone church were a few men in uniform and many village women in the mourning most of them were always wearing then. The women were all

weeping and one of them said "You see, each of us is thinking of her own dead."

The immense heartache of the whole world today does not lessen by one whit the individual heart break of those who stand in the presence of their own loved dead. To the survivors of these old friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, friends from beyond the mountains, friends from the creeks and branches of the Kentucky hills, we send our tenderest sympathy.

"When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!"

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

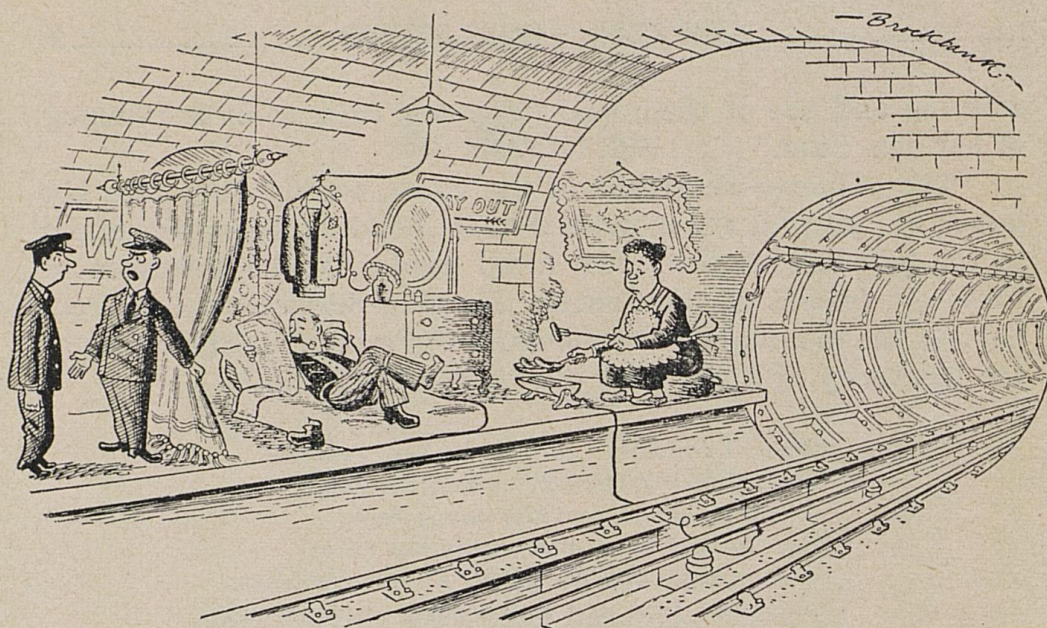
FROM A FRIEND IN PRINCETON, N. J.

"My father was a physician in the days when medical men did all sorts of work for their patients . . . before the days of specialists, and he was on call twenty-four hours at a time, every day of his long, busy doctor's life. So I know something of what the Nursing Service doctor and nurses are doing, under conditions infinitely more difficult, and my sympathy and interest in their splendid efforts and achievements is very real."

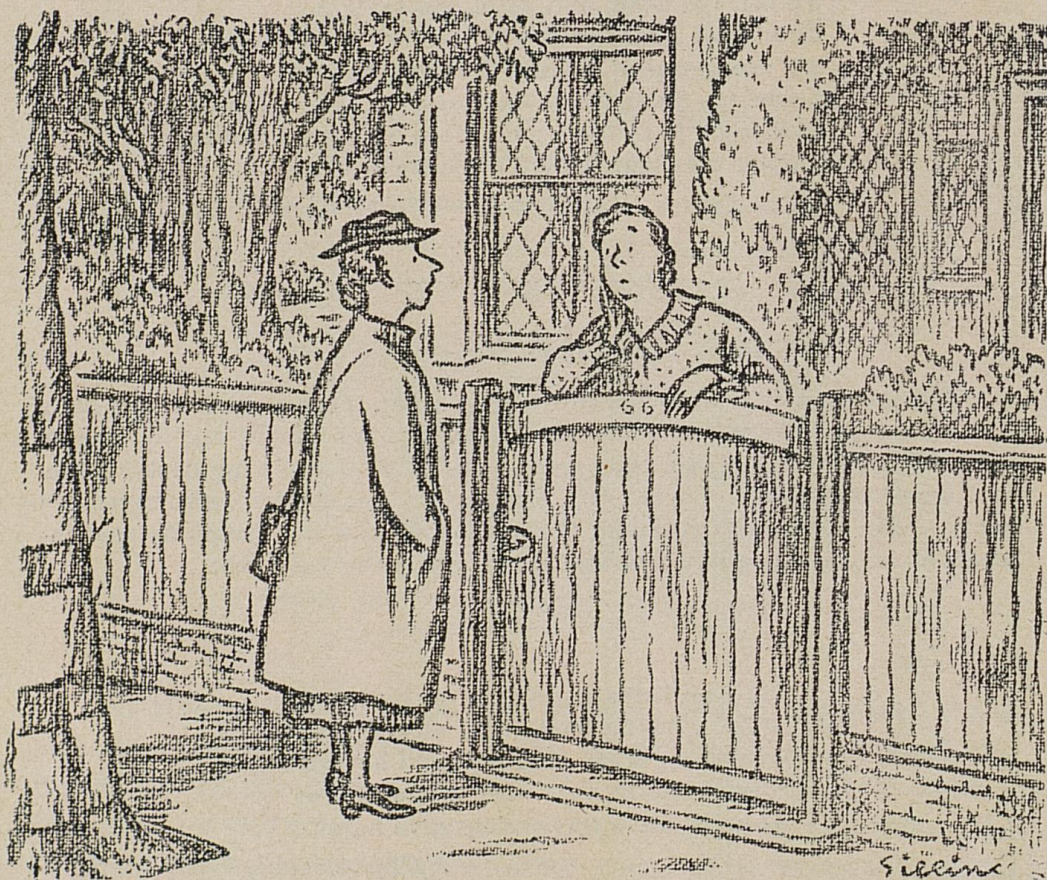
"He who helps a child, helps humanity,
With a distinctness, with an immediateness,
Which no other help given to human
Creatures, in any other stage of this
Human life, can possibly give again."

—Phillips Brooks.

Reproduced by the kind permission of the Proprietors of Punch



"What did I tell you? Give them an inch and they take a mile."



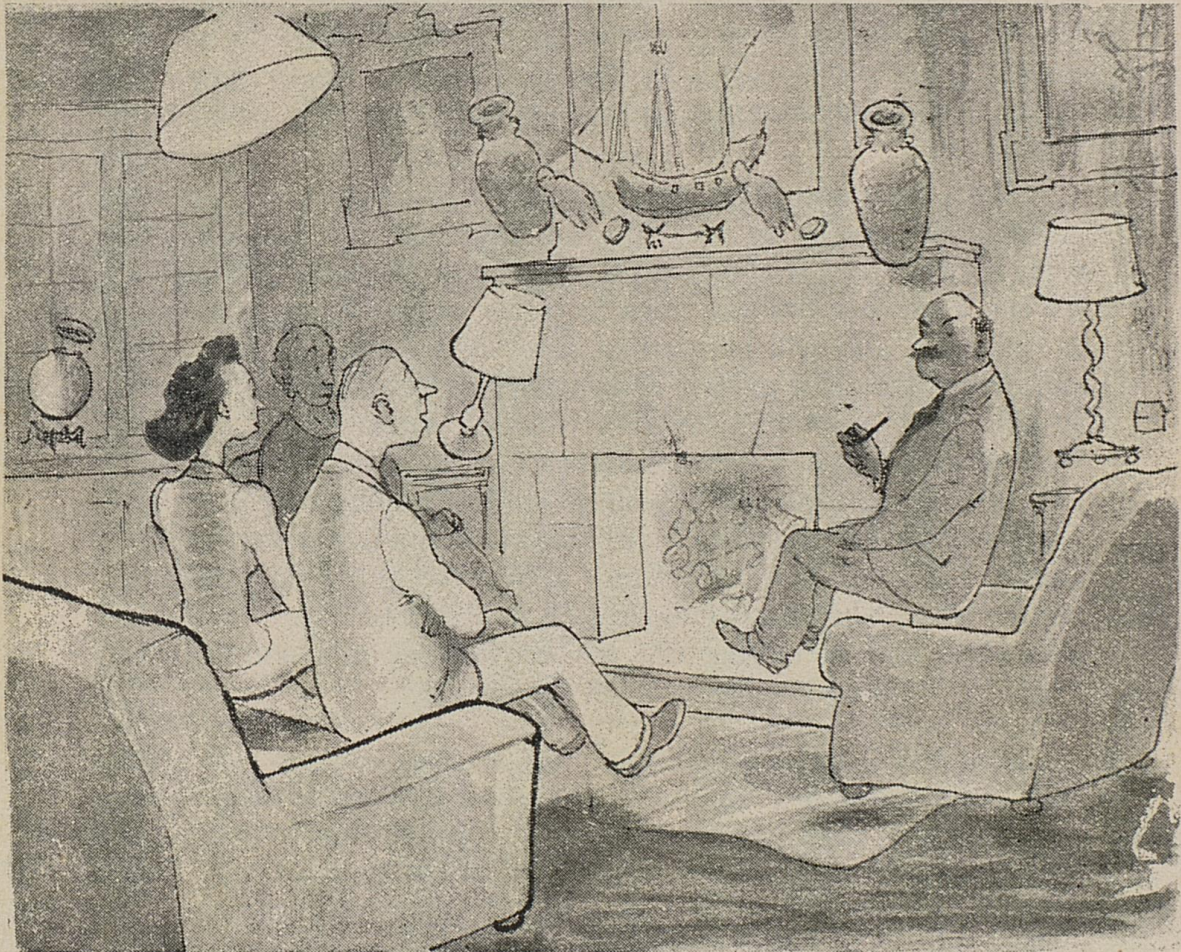
"And last night they dropped a bomb in Mrs. Thornhill's garden!"
"Gracious! Whatever were the wardens doing?"



"Very few in the Club to-day, Watkins."



"How do I know you're not a parachutist in disguise?"



"And is THAT just some of our own A.A. stuff as well?"

November 20 1940

GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPIES

(See illustration inside front cover)

On April 23rd we welcomed at Wendover ten of the bonniest, huskiest golden retriever puppies ever born in this or any other land. The happy father, Widgeon of Fernova (American Kennel Club 898,049), "Dair," is the son of Champion Alaisdair of Highstead out of Sherry of Tone. The enthusiastic mother, Wendover Ursula (American Kennel Club A364,253), "Penny," is the daughter of Champion Alexander out of Sherry. The litter of six dogs and four bitches will be registered with the American Kennel Club, thus making each puppy eligible for registration. Widgeon of Fernova belongs to our resident courier, Jean Hollins. Among other bench honors, he holds that of winners in a Morris and Essex Show. Wendover Ursula belongs to our Assistant Director, Dorothy F. Buck. Ursula came to Wendover at the age of four months, and is now two years old. This is her first litter.

Both Jean and Buck have given the puppies to the Frontier Nursing Service to be sold for the benefit of the Service. The price for the dogs is \$50.00 each, and for the bitches, \$25.00 each. By the time this Bulletin goes to press we will have pictures of the puppies, and will be glad to send them on to any interested enquirer. This is a golden opportunity to get a golden retriever as a pet for your child, or as a working retriever for yourself. With a superlative kennel pedigree behind them, these puppies have all the advantages of a home environment. Anyone who is getting a dog for his child knows what such a home environment means. Anyone who is getting a dog for retrieving purposes knows what it means to have such a pedigree. Our prices are moderate, and in buying one of our puppies you will help the Frontier Nursing Service to meet its budget.

Address inquiries to: Miss Dorothy F. Buck
Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Leslie County
Kentucky

OLD COURIER NEWS

The Courier Conclave this year is set to begin on Monday, June 23rd, at Wendover. Marion Shouse, Six Kalorama Circle, Washington, D. C., is writing all of the old couriers who are in the United States. If any of you fail to receive her notices, please write her direct for full particulars. We at Wendover extend you a royal welcome, and hope that all of you who possibly can will come down. Marion will be glad to tell you of cars leaving from cities near you with which you can join up.

.

**From Mrs. Willard Reed (Mary Cowles) in Java,
Netherlands East Indies—January 4, 1941.**

We left New York November 8th on American Airlines and arrived out here December 8th with five days on a boat, five days in Honolulu and ten days in New Zealand. Honolulu was extremely gay with all the Navy there.

We flew all the way out here except between San Francisco and Honolulu. As the Clipper was delayed because of storms we took a boat and in that way made connections with the Clipper for Auckland, New Zealand.

From Honolulu to Auckland there were only two stops. We left Honolulu at six a. m. November 21st and arrived at Canton Island at 5 p. m., where we spent the night. Canton Island is literally nothing but a sand reef in the middle of the Pacific and was very hot. It is a Pan American Airways base with only Pan American personnel there with the exception of one Englishman and his wife, who live there and fly the British flag. We were up at 4 a. m. the next day and off about 5:30 for the next stop, Noumea, New Caledonia, which is French and all the inhabitants followers of deGaulle. We arrived there about 5:30 p. m. and during this hop crossed the international date line. The weather was delightful in Noumea. We dined in the town with two Englishmen from the plane and had a very gala evening as a benefit to raise money for deGaulle was going on. It was a very

interesting place and we were sorry the Clipper could not be delayed there for a day. But instead we were off at about 8 a. m. for Auckland and arrived there about 2:30 p. m. It was very cool in New Zealand as it was just early spring there.

When we found we would have to be in New Zealand until December 5th, as there was no space on Tasman Airways until then, we decided to hire a little car and see something of the country as well as to get in a little golf. So we went up to Rotorua, which is famous for its hot baths and sulphur springs. It was a beautiful drive as New Zealand is well known for its rich pasture lands. Everything was a vivid green and for miles you would see nothing but beautiful green fields and hills dotted with sheep and cows.

On December fifth we were off at dawn for Sydney and arrived there early in the afternoon. It is a tremendous city and sprawls over miles and miles of territory as Los Angeles does. We only had that afternoon and night there so we drove around the city seeing what we could of it.

From Sydney to Surabaya, Java, we made the trip on K. N. I. L. M. and had only two overnight stops. We were off early in the morning and stopped at Charleville, Australia, for lunch where it was very hot. We were there about an hour and then on to Cloncurry, Australia, the jumping-off spot of the world. Such terrific heat and so sordid a place you wouldn't believe existed. It was a small mining town with a few horrible buildings and with such pathetic people (all white) that you would think they would rather starve than stay there in that intense heat. There were cots all over the porch of the hotel we stayed in as people could not even bear their rooms.

At dawn we were on our way to Darwin, Australia, the port city. We arrived there about 10:30 and went through the customs and again we were on our way to the island of Timor, the first Island of the Netherlands East Indies we came to. We had lunch there in the town of Koepang. It was spick and span and delicious cool food was given us served by natives. We all loved it and thanked heaven we were out of Cloncurry. After lunch we took off for Bali and crossed two or three very interesting looking islands before we arrived at Denpasar, Bali, about 6 p. m. Although Denpasar is very touristy, Bali is a wonderful

place and when Jess has a vacation we hope to go there and explore some out of the way places. A native dance was arranged for us all for that evening and was interesting although practically the same thing as is danced in Indo-China.

The next morning we were up bright and early for the last time and in two hours' time at 7:30 a. m. we were in Surabaya. This is a wonderful bustling city and Jess and I love it. We are a bit handicapped as far as languages go but we are studying Malay every day and carry a little vocabulary around with us so we get on quite well. Next week our Dutch lessons begin and then I am sure I shall not know whether I am coming or going! Most of the Dutch speak English but we feel we will get much more out of it if we can speak a little Dutch ourselves. The Dutch have done a lot along public health lines but there is still so very much to be done. Your pet hate is very prevalent out here—**hook worm** and because of the reasons you know so well.

How are things going for you? It must be terribly hard with so many of your nurses returning to England. I am sorry not to be in New York so that I might do my bit to help but I am enclosing a small check which I hope will help. My sister, Virginia Cowles, is still in London writing for the London Sunday Times and she plans to remain there indefinitely. Her articles are syndicated through North American Newspaper Alliance in the United States. I haven't heard from her for over two months and only hope she is all right. I saw a picture and article about her in "The Sketch" dated September 4th saying that she and another American newspaper girl, Helen Kirkpatrick, had been at Dover under frightful bombardments.

Jess and I are impatiently waiting for February 1st to come when we can move into our house as it is occupied until then. We are buying furniture here and there and I go to auctions which are all conducted in Malay and have a fine time.

Jess flies every day and has eight students he is instructing. He likes what he is doing and we feel it will be a most interesting time spent out here. With love to all.

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From Peggy Harrison in Scotland—February 3, 1941.

Your letter of December 10th just arrived today. It was such a lovely surprise. I've only read it over five times so far!

Yes, honestly if you want to put anything from my letters into the Quarterly Bulletin please do, because I like to read other people's accounts of their work. We have moved since I last wrote to Kentucky. We were in a lovely part of South Scotland. Then in October the camps moved north to winter quarters and a month later we, the Hospital, arrived at a huge castle, set in the wilds, six miles from a village, with no communication except by ambulance. Most of the patients come by train to the village as the camps are a long way off and the serious cases come by ambulances stationed at the camps or go to a small emergency hospital nearer at hand. Many of the men got incurable illnesses from conditions in France after the collapse when they slept many nights in damp forests, escaping from the Germans. Many regiments went on fighting after the collapse and six thousand men were lost in one area, the rest getting away with no equipment at all. Even now, several times a month, two or three men appear at the hospital in civilian clothes, having just escaped from camps on the continent. Besides Army men, Air Force and an occasional sailor are sent here. The Poles and the Scottish people get along amazingly well, for they seem to understand each other. I mean each others' characteristics, not language. You can't imagine what broad Scottish spoken with a Polish accent sounds like! In one district the troops were given permission to wear a badge—a bit of Royal Stuart tartan ribbon in their forage caps besides the Polish Eagle. The grandmother of Scotland's beloved Bonnie Prince Charlie was a Polish princess, so I read in the papers. There is now in Edinburgh, by the kindness of the University there, a "Polish University." One of the doctors from here has been working very hard on the scheme. It will be mostly medical and will be for students who had done at least half of their studies before War came. The aim is to train as many men and women as possible for post war work in Poland, because all learning in Poland and all people with any claim to knowledge are being "systematically exterminated" by the Germans, who wish to make it purely a serf state. I have worked with two armies now whose people have only been free twenty-two years. Their ideas, their hopes, their achievements and their failures are both pathetic and inspiring.

It's a queer life here. We three drivers are the only English

speakers in the Hospital. At first people in the village regarded us rather askance, but now every one is so friendly and so kind. They have got used to breathless drivers rushing in, asking for hair tonic for the barber, ribbon for a nurse, gift for an orderly's best girl, fruit (impossible now) for a doctor and so on. We are always in a hurry, for the out-going patients are nearly always late in getting their papers, so when we get to the station, the incoming ones have often arrived. If they have not, the train being late, we have a few minutes for errands. If they have come, probably several have drifted off into some of the three pubs or seven tearooms and cafes, so we have to make a search. All sorts of strangers help us and even the tinkers (Scottish gypsies, who are forced to winter here as their children must go to school a few months a year). Sometimes we get a trip to Glasgow for supplies or to a big British hospital sixty-five miles away and, after driving over lonely moors and hills, we feel rather like wild people from the caves on seeing town life again.

Once in a while we hear something about our work here which cheers us up and makes us feel needed and also I guess, being able to speak French and German is a help as nearly all Poles speak one or both. The Polish troops are guarding the shores of two counties as was announced in the papers after Mr. Churchill paid a surprise visit. Everyone expects invasion and they are encouraged in this, the British are, by the daily reports from America who seems certain of it. I hope the Germans do come for it will give the British a chance to have a crack at the Enemy, which otherwise they might not get for months. The successes in Africa are most heartening but the Italians are not the real enemy.

A few days ago I went and got measles of all silly things to do. Have been much teased by the doctors for getting a child's illness. It made me so furious to give the Hospital more work as there are not enough nurses for the wards yet and one was on special duty with me, being an infectious case. She is awfully nice, young and speaks a lot of English. She had done a sort of voluntary Red Cross training in home nursing before the War. It's been wonderful that she, Sister Danusha, speaks English because I have heard all sorts of strange accounts: Of the tremendous Fifth Column activity in Poland just before and after the

War, and of which Sister had experience; Of tragic battles when the crack Polish cavalry rode against German tanks, armed only with swords; and of amusing escapes such as of a party of soldiers and women from North Africa, in an abandoned ship, no one being an expert sailor, and of how they got from there to Gibraltar and Liverpool.

Sometimes I get wondering what I am doing here. Some force compels me to go on, with Britain and her Allies in their fight, which is for Freedom and other principles besides for their own safety.

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"OUT OF THE WEST"

From the Junior League Magazine of Washington, D. C.

—March, 1941.

From our roster, Marion Edwards Shouse, Second Vice-President of the League, has created a new high for the volunteer. Her sincerity, warmth of understanding, and native kindness have endowed her with the healing touch. Inherently, she is a humanitarian. Statistics of facts and figures never blind her to the truth that they represent human beings, like ourselves, but due to circumstances, less fortunate. Her attitude in helping is never one of burdensome duty, or sporadic generosity, but always of sincere human interest, and honest sympathy. She possesses the humility born of importance, in her knowledge and love of mankind. She is an example we all might emulate to advantage.

Out of the west, come Marion accompanying her family from Kinsley, Kansas, to Washington where her father was to serve as a Senator from that state. Her residence here was interrupted by a return to Kansas, and several years spent away at schools, at Miss Wrights', Dana Hall, and Wellesley College. Since her debut in '32, she has become a fixed and invaluable part of the Washington scene.

Locally, she serves on the Columbia Hospital, Children's Country Home, Family Service, and American Women's Voluntary Service boards. But in Kentucky, with the Frontier Nursing Service, she finds greatest fulfillment. There she spends much time, riding out among the settlements, bringing to the inhabitants, not only knowledge, but kindness.

At the League, besides her office of Vice-President, she heads the Invitation Committee, and has behind her many years of intense work, as past chairman of Scribblers, chairman of waitresses at the Horse Show, and captain of a Community Chest team.

Compatible with her humanitarianism is her great fondness for animals, particularly horses and dogs. Not only does she ride, but in Kentucky learned how to groom, and tend the horses, and she is rarely without a dog tagging at her heels. As a matter of fact, were she to find a stray cat or frightened rabbit, Marion would offer it succor and shelter.

Although sailing, swimming, attending races and playing bridge occupy many leisure hours, there are times when the Muse of Poetry goads Marion into action. Several of her chef-d'oeuvres have been published.

Junior League members of Marion's caliber do much to eradicate the unfavorable effect created by the thoughtless volunteer. We are fortunate for her example of integrity, and genuine interest and feeling. But Marion is the most rewarded, because inner satisfaction and growth are hers.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew White Houston have a daughter, Sally Child, born March 31st. Mrs. Houston was Mary Ellen Monohan, and we send her and her husband our warmest congratulations.

We are happy to announce the birth of a son on April 1st to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Leech of East Norwich, Long Island. Mrs. Leech was Emily Leshner. She now has three children—Spencer, Barbara, and young Stephen.

Lt. and Mrs. William G. Ludlow also have a son, born April 20th, after their return to this country from the Philippine Islands. He also is a third child and we welcome his advent with joy. Mrs. Ludlow was Cynthia Beatty.

Mrs. Frederick K. Heath (Betty Halstead) has sent us a picture of her year-old baby girl, Mary Elizabeth, Jr., taken in the snow at Poughkeepsie last winter. It is one of the loveliest baby pictures we ever saw.

The latest news about Babs' baby (Guido Verbeck, III)

comes from his adoring aunt, Edie Verbeck, who has just seen him. She says he is "truly a marvel—tremendously large and mature for his age—weighs nineteen pounds at three and a half months!" Edie writes that she attended his christening in Syracuse, and that he didn't scream or cry "so according to the superstition, the devil is still in him."

Mrs. Arthur H. Rice of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, announces the engagement of her daughter, Josephine Rice, to Mr. Harold Colvocoresses. Mr. Colvocoresses is associated with the division of press intelligence and is a first lieutenant in the Cavalry Reserve. The wedding will take place early in the summer. We congratulate Mr. Colvocoresses and wish the young people every happiness.

Miss Louisa K. Williams of Boston has been secretary this year in the Physics Department at Harvard. She writes us that she is getting married this summer and will be living at Cambridge, but she didn't give us the name of the lucky man.

Dorothy Caldwell of Cincinnati is Executive Secretary of the Cincinnati Branch of the American Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. She is profoundly interested in her work and we who know her can well believe how effective she is in doing it.

We are reading with interest the articles by Elizabeth R. Valentine which appear frequently in the Magazine Section of the Sunday New York Times. Mrs. Valentine was our courier, Elizabeth Duval.

All of the old couriers will grieve to learn that Alison Bray's brother, Jim, was wounded in action in Africa. For several days that was all the information his family had, and then a cable from a friend came saying the wound was slight and that he was in Hospital and doing well. From Alison herself we have no recent news.

From the New York Times, April 25, 1941: "The Pan American flying boat carried twenty-nine passengers from Lisbon, thirteen from Bermuda and 653 pounds of mail. Among those

flying from Europe were Jefferson Patterson, First Secretary of the American Embassy in Berlin and his wife, the former Miss Mary Marvin Breckinridge. They were married last summer in the Embassy. Mr. Patterson said he expected they would be here for 'the usual two months leave' but he declined to discuss conditions abroad."

A telegram from New York from Mary Marvin's mother:
"Arrived safe and smiling this noon."

VINEY'S BABY

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

Viney Banks was a patient who lived on Big John's Branch, outside F. N. S. territory. Her two previous pregnancies—attended by a local midwife, had been difficult and complicated. So anxious was she to have "the nurse" that she walked a distance of ten miles, stayed one night with a friend, and returned home next day, not once but many times in order to keep her prenatal appointments.

She refused hospitalization, but moved into district to her friend's home for confinement. No home could have been less suitable, for it was an extremely old, one-room log house, in poor repair, with no windows and enormous cracks in the floor.

However, Viney's friend was kindness itself, and the confinement was uncomplicated. But the day before mother and baby were to return to their own home, little Lem developed a heavy cold. Feeling that his own home was a far better place for the two-weeks-old infant than the cabin where he was staying, we bundled him warmly, gave simple but explicit directions for his care (which we knew Viney could and would follow) and with many admonitions to be sure to let us know how he fared, we allowed them to go the ten miles home by muleback.

The following letter from Viney and her husband (received several days after their return to Big John's Branch) reveals not only the mountaineers' great fondness for their children—but also their spirit of cooperation and consideration for those who work with them:

"Bright Shade, Kentucky
January 31, 1941

"Dear Nurse, I will now take time and pleasure to write you a short letter. We are all getting along fine and hop you are the same. I guess that you have wonted to here from the Baby, he is pert as he can be now he has quit being stop up in his brest now he just weight 8 pound now. He hant gron much but I think that he will go to growing now for he hant sick like he was so I guess that I had better close

"from Viney and Paul"

OLD STAFF NEWS

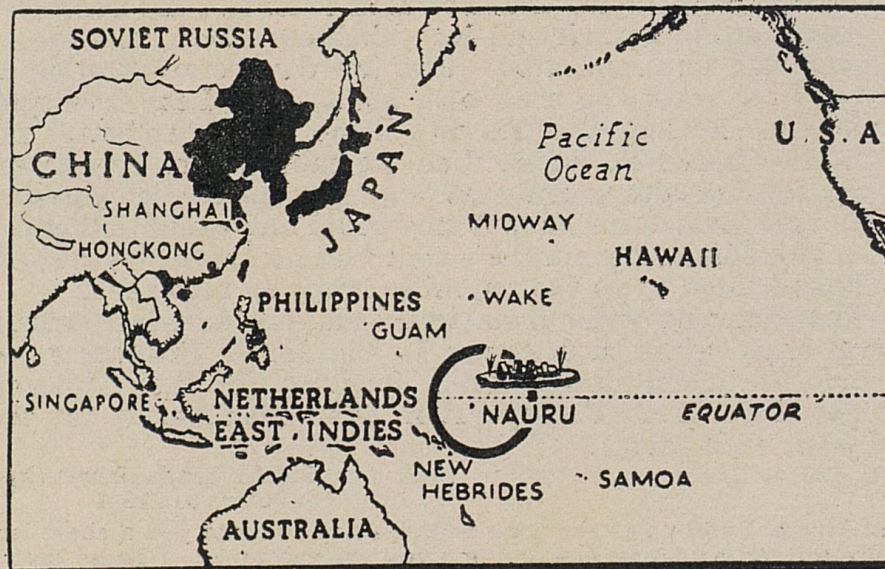
FOREWORD: We continue to print letters from our old staff. Our correspondence shows that no part of our Bulletin is read with deeper interest, not only by the old staff themselves, but by all of our readers. In a recent letter one friend said that she was particularly interested in letters from the Mickles, Major and Minor. Regrettably we have nothing recent from them. They are in the Palestine-Iraq area and mail from there is very slow and uncertain. These letters are written to many different people, including the Medical Director, the nurses, secretaries, and couriers.

From Bridget on Nauru, Central Pacific—December 4, 1940.

Delighted to get the Bulletin yesterday—learn more of European affairs from it and "Time" than from any other source.

Poor world—it seems as though we are all pawns being pushed here and there . . . mankind individually is so very nice. . . . What sort of nerves will people have? Here we are not affected and life runs very smoothly. . . . Well, let's leave war for a few minutes and talk of other things—my large family for example.

Map Taken from the Louisville Courier-Journal of December 28, 1940



AP Wirephoto.

CIRCLE MARKS British island of Nauru, reported shelled Friday by a sea raider of Japanese name and colors. Black area on map is Japanese-occupied.

Energy certainly isn't their most marked attribute, but I'm certain that is due to a definitely deficient diet. But they are happy, jolly souls—very good tempered. My Nauruan continues to progress very slowly. It is rather irritating to have to do so much work to master a language that is used by only 1600 people in 12 square miles!

From Bridget on Nauru—January 12, 1941.

Your round robin letter and the Bulletin were most welcome. I think we get as much news out of the Bulletin as anything. Vincent was interested in the Pellagra article as he has just had a very bad and very sad case of it.

We are both flourishing, though last month our island was by no means the peaceful little South Island atoll it is supposed to be. A westerly started which meant the ships could not load, so several of them had collected round the Island, and a Raider got the lot! It was especially hard luck after having been so near home. However, luckily, survivors are all back in Australia now. They were put ashore on British territory two weeks later.

The storm then increased till it became the worst in the memory of the Islanders, and in the midst of exams and concert preparations the schools were all closed temporarily. A quiet Christmas,—then two mornings later whilst we were still in bed a loud bang, and on going to the front of the house we beheld a Raider close in to the reef.

CENSORED

It was all over before breakfast with no casualties. The latter was really rather a miracle as bits of shell were all over the place—one piece hit a waste bin within thirty yards of where we were rolling bandages.

We've received several cables sympathizing about the bombardment. It was such a very baby affair compared with what the poor dears are going through in Europe that I feel we are taking sympathy on false pretences.

I see in the Bulletin you quoted the death of Miss Neave on the "Simon Bolivar." She was my assistant matron at S. Fido and a lovely soul in many ways.

I wish a miracle in the form of peace would come. One

can only hope that out of all this tragedy and destruction some really worthwhile philosophy of life will be evolved.

I wish I were nearer Kentucky and could lend my services to tide over the gaps in the staff.

Love to any of the old staff I know.

From Parkie in Surrey, near London—January 20, 1941.

What a blessing the Maltese women and children are here, for the enemy are hammering away at Malta. I suppose they need it for a base. I think our men are doing splendidly out East, and he will lose a few of his planes out there the same as he did here. Mostly the raids now consist of single planes with incendiaries to burn us up. . . .

We are waiting daily for the invasion. We are not fooled that it won't come, but we know what to do when it does come. . . .

February 8, 1941.

We are busy. My last babies are three boys and one girl. . . . The babies seem a fine lot. We are making them all take cod liver oil and fruit juice even if breast-fed, and the mothers get one pint of milk a day which is a great help. The mothers come first and are given extra, and the children up to five come next, and the schools have their own canteens now, most of them, and cater accordingly. . . .

The father of my September twins had to join up last week, and the mother is down at heart just now, but Peter and Paul cheer her up. One weighs fourteen pounds and the other sixteen pounds, so they are fine. . . .

Where the men are serving in the Forces groups get together and do the heavy garden work for the wives, who need the gardens turned up. We all work in every way and on a cooperative basis for everything. Now we have to sign a form and give two names and addresses on it and it's filed with National Registration,—in case of heavy air raids, people can be identified and next of kin found quickly. Every street has an organized party of fire watchers when the alerts are on so that menace is controlled. We are now waiting for his next menace, which I hope is not gas.

I'll write again soon after the invasion!

February 23, 1941.

I gave my blood donation yesterday, and am in luck tonight, —no evening work so I'm being lazy for a change. I had a whole night in bed. The night before the devils kept it up all night. We had five raids between nine p. m. and six a. m. They demolished the laundry up at the hospital and with it thousands of uniforms and other stuff. Love and cheerio.

From Sybil attached to No. 36 General Hospital in England

—February 10, 1941.

As you can see I'm "called up." By the time you get this I may be anywhere. We started on the first February and I'm now on seven days' leave, having such a time collecting uniform and kit, tropical. Great excitement. It will be best to write to the above address as the War Office will deal with mail. Don't forget the T. A. N. S. after my name and No. 36 General Hospital. It will be months probably until I hear from you again, so write soon.

Did you hear our Winston last night? Wasn't he grand? Isn't the news from the East splendid up to date? All the family are well and safe. My brother, the Commander, Frank and his family, got a packet from Jerry but no casualties. A lot of soot and dirt. Arthur is now Chaplain R. N. V. R. since his church was bombed flat! He is expecting an offspring.

March 30, 1941.

Very Dear Wendover,

Thank you Mrs. B., Bucket and Aggie for your letters. I have written to you Aggie, but as mail is so uncertain I want the children to know how delighted I was with their card which got to me near the end of February. I was so sorry to hear about the germ and hope all are well now. We've had that kind about here and also a nasty pneumococcal flu with complications.

As you see No. 36 are still waiting to go abroad. The Balkan situation may be the holdup but as we are quite in the dark as to where we are going except into great heat (poor me) there isn't much use wondering. I'm in charge of the nursing of the Medical Unit on night duty at present and quite like it.

Sleep is difficult as we room in a tower at the top, and every time the fighters go up they sound as if they were coming into the room, which is round and has echoes. A glorious view over the downs. You had better not put this in the Bulletin, the nasties might drop a bomb on the tower—sure to if they knew it was a hospital.

Frank has been pretty badly injured. Head injuries and bomb blast burns, nasty mess, but he will make a complete recovery in time, probably be out of action for three months, poor fellow, but it is a miracle he's alive. They never expected him to be when they dug him out, it must be the Holmes hard head! We have much to thank God for. I got a day off to see him. He got blown under a table (luckily for him) which stood up to a three-storied building collapsing on it. Jolly good piece of wood, that. Arthur has a daughter, the first. He is Chaplain R. N. V. R. in the Isle of Man, a rest cure after the Isle of Dogs, London, E. 14! Give my love and hugs to the brutes. How I'd love to have Tramp on the downs. (*Read the memorial to Tramp in this issue.*)

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From Flora Bennalack (Ben) in England—February 10, 1941.

Many many thanks for the Bulletin received the other day. Mother forwarded it to me here. It is so nice to be able to keep in touch with you all through the Bulletin.

I have been in the Army now for some time and have enjoyed it quite well although after the freedom of the mountains one feels rather like a prisoner. However I am now under immediate orders for overseas, destination unknown. So maybe in the near future I may have some exciting adventures to unfold.

At first I was rather disappointed to be leaving England so soon, but I have now become used to the idea and am looking forward to the thrill of exploring other countries.

The last few weeks have been one mad rush, rushing hither and thither looking for camp beds, spirits, stores, topees, mosquito boots, etc., etc. The tropical uniform is very attractive, white dresses with scarlet epaulettes and capes. Our home uniform as I expect you know is grey and scarlet. I carry a little bit of Kentucky about with me as I wear the grey sweaters

that once adorned my person as an F. N. S. nurse-midwife.

I was very glad to read that Pebble and Mary Wilson are back with you again. Quite recovered from their illnesses, I hope.

There are so many things that I should like to talk to you about but these days one is rather limited in topics for letter writing. Never mind, I am saving them all up. Meanwhile, the F. N. S. will go forward and accomplish great things, and on this side of the sea we are "carrying on" and also hoping and praying to accomplish great things. Lots of love to all my dear friends.

From Ben—February 15, 1941.

Most of my poor self is still with the F. N. S. You see, I am in the Army now and have been waiting for the past two months for orders so I have had plenty of time to think about you all. On Christmas morning I lived over again that lovely ride I had from Hyden to Wendover in the snow when I went to meet Lib Campbell to bring her back for breakfast. That was the happiest Christmas that I have ever had.

This last one was very different. I was a stranger amongst about eighty Army sisters, and as you know we English are very conservative re strangers. I felt at home directly I arrived at Wendover but it is rather different going to a strange place here. People say that the English are cold and reserved but I think that it is all due to a kind of shyness, for when once the ice is broken everything is fine. Maybe you could send over a few Americans with some ice picks?

How is my darling Penny? (*Buck's golden retriever*). Has she any babies yet? There are such hundreds of things that I want to say to you and can't. If only the Atlantic wasn't quite so big and I could pop over for a weekend. Oh well! such is life and there is always the glorious future to think about. Slowly but surely we are winning this great battle thanks to your help and some day, soon maybe, we shall all meet again—won't we celebrate!

I shall be going away soon over the seas and far away but I shall remember you all and all your goodness. So until the reunion, "Au revoir."

From Mac on Ambulance Train 22 in England

—February 27, 1941.

How glad I was to hear from you. "Mercy me." Well, here I am working hard and strange to say it agrees with me. A few days ago we had an awful Blitz here, started at 3 p. m. right over the train,—machine gunning. You would have laughed if you could have seen us sprawling on the floor with legs and heads mixed up and tin hats right over the backs of heads. I couldn't organize myself. I was in my own way somehow and really it was a very big thrill but alarming. The town got it and in a very short time everybody on the train was out helping. I hadn't my clothes off for two nights. It was a gruesome sight, and it took fully two days to get people out from under the debris. You see working at night in the blackout is awful and it happened to be very dark then and to make things more difficult still, there was a big fall of snow.

It is a sad place now as one side of the shopping centre got it and of course things are not too plentiful. Still we get what we need, but sometimes I regret all the good things I refused once upon a time.

I had two weeks' leave but was recalled on the ninth day. Still, I didn't mind as I was needed and thank God, I can do it.

The trip up to Edinburgh (*on leave*) was ghastly, the worst anyone could have in this world. I travelled during the night so that it would be daylight getting there. Well, there was a raid on nearly all night and the train crawled, no lights of any kind and you couldn't even use your torch. One place I had to change and the porter simply threw me into a carriage all pitch black and I sat down on a soldier who was sound asleep and oh boy, did he use language. I got up quickly and began to feel if there was a place for me. I put my hand on a rifle, then on a sailor's kit and thinking it was another body, I said "I beg your pardon." Finally I got squeezed in between two R. A. F. men and sat there for hours and when the lights came on everyone looked at each other and I had a squint at the man I sat on and he actually smiled. You can't book anything, not even a sleeper, and you must take a chance and instead of doing

that trip in nine hours it took exactly eighteen. I was fussed a lot when I got home and it made up for the bad time.

When the train is stationary we do mending and odd things for the Czech soldiers here and they do appreciate it and on Saturday afternoon some of them come on the train and have tea with us. They are so keen to learn English and believe me it's hard work trying to explain things to them.

Wallie is about fourteen miles from here and next week she is coming over here for the day in her little car if she can get enough petrol. She is very tired and having a rest for some weeks. Parkie is coming for Easter, D. V. and Hitler permitting, and I am looking forward to seeing them.

You will laugh when you hear that I am making a little garden around the train and I have ivy growing round the lamp-posts. I got some petunias for old times' sake but dear knows if they will struggle to grow. I loved the pictures of the children and the little boy is your image and how he has grown.

Shall finish this tomorrow, something going on now.

Tomorrow.

In haste, going on a trip. Write me soon again and give all the news you can. Remember me to old friends and especially Judge Lewis. My love to Hannah and the children. How is Dr. Collins? Give him my love. Hope Tenacity (*the Hospital mule*), still kicks.

From Mac—April 6, 1941.

My last letter to you was returned by Mr. Censor with instructions not to say so much. I doubt if you got the one before that, telling you of my Christmas party and there was one enclosed from our Medical Officer thanking you and all Americans who helped to give the Christmas Party to evacuee children from the East End of London.

The gift of money you all gave me before I left the hills, also what I got from my other dear friends, I spent on this party and there was never another party like it. You can imagine the pleasure it gave me and the joy you gave to the little children. Three of us spent days buying garments and

doing them up in parcels while another three went round buying things to eat and that was a problem. We arranged to have the party on Boxing Day on the train at 2 p. m. and the children were coming in lorries from a village about seven miles away.

Well, all was ready by noon, tables set, a lovely Christmas tree and a cave for Father Christmas all decorated and everybody excited. An orderly came rushing in and said word had come that we were to move in an hour and to have everything ready. We all flopped and when we came round started throwing buns, scones with jam, jellies and decorations into boxes, one rushing to telephone to stop the children and giving instructions to get the school teachers to open the school and have the party there. When all was ready word came—"Stay where you are, order cancelled." Another flop!

I sent an orderly for some conveyance to take us to the village at once, and he came back with an ambulance, and off we went and were in time for the party. As Mr. Baldwin once said "What a day," but it was worth it. They had a wonderful time and so had we and they were thrilled with their gifts and toys. The eatables were a bit messy but that didn't matter. There were about seventy children, ages 4-10 years, and you can imagine the noise. They got lovely sweaters, gloves, hose and caps and suits of underwear, and each had a toy and a "poke" of candies. They gave cheers for Kentucky, and I felt very full—you know what I mean. If you could only have seen them, it would have made you very happy and all the friends who contributed to the party.

My life is very full here doing all sorts of things. When the train is stationary I help in canteens at night after I leave the train. On Saturdays we have the Czech soldiers coming to the train for a little entertainment and we do their mending for them. The nurses go to the Military Hospital and relieve for days off so the days are very well spent.

Guess who came to see me the other day? Holly — she found out I was here and wrote asking if she could come. We had a few hours together and needless to say what the chief topic was—"Kentucky." She looks very well and quite happy.

I have a little garden here and two boxes with petunias.

I planted onions, lettuce and potatoes—"Digging for Victory."

There is so much I would like to say but must not. I know you think often of me and please go on. . . .

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From Madge on Ambulance Train No. 15 in Northern Ireland
—March 6, 1941.

Thank you so much for your letter and memorandum which arrived about twelve days ago. I was so glad to know you had received the "Punch" calendar safely. I was hoping it wouldn't go to the mermaids. Don't worry about your Christmas mail not reaching me—I guessed what had happened! And, as you say, guns and food are much more important than mail. By-the-bye, thanks a thousand times for all the fighting fuel you are sending us—we badly need it.

I was out to tea in Belfast the other day, and was introduced to a Miss Weir who is matron of a boys' school. She was Nancy O'Driscoll's life-long friend, and almost fell on my neck and wept over me when she heard I was ex-F. N. S. I have sent home for my copy of "Nurses on Horseback" so that she can read the special chapter on Nancy's work. Miss Weir herself was with the Newfoundland Nursing Service and was for a number of years at the station where Denny was before she returned to the Frontier Nursing Service. Isn't the world a small place?

Once more the threat of invasion is looming before us, we have felt more or less safe during the winter months. Thank goodness we are more ready than we were during the last invasion scare. One is filled with a great humble thankfulness, when one realizes how unready we were. There's a long, tough, uphill fight ahead of us, but with your continued help and sympathy, and the determination and cheerfulness of our boys, surely we shall triumph.

I was horrified to read of your 'flu epidemic. It must have been ghastly. I hope everyone is well again now. Please remember me to them all, and give them my love.

Margaret and I are still within call of each other. I passed on your letter to her. She is very well, although as long and as thin as ever.

Believe me, this waiting game is the hardest game I ever played in my life. I'd ten times rather be worked to death.

I am studying German o' nights—hoping that one day we will have an army of occupation. The grammar nearly kills me! I have made friends with the old horse that pulls the station truck—poor comfort I know after Cameron, but the best I can do. I snaffle bread from all of the cook-corporals for him, and he knows me quite well. My secret hope is that one day soon he'll just leave all and follow me up to the mess. Old Paddy who drives him told me "He is a foine bestie and is after loikin' a pace of o'bread." He hasn't lacked bread since! War or no war!

Is the dogwood out yet? I can just picture that lovely tree down by Jahugh's and Belle's cabin.

From Madge—March 28, 1941.

I was so glad to receive your little snaps dated 20th February. I wish you could have seen the envelope when it reached me, day before yesterday. There were about nine addresses on it, back and front. It has chased me pretty well around the British Isles. . . .

We are so glad that your Senate passed the aid to Britain Bill. We need arms and munitions badly. We were mistaken ever to allow our disarmament to go so far,—but we thought the League of Nations work was going to be successful. . . .

In a train we have a major and two lieutenants, a sister-in-charge, and two junior sisters, and forty nursing orderlies. We carry a complement of 360 stretcher wounded and about 100 walking wounded. The train is beautifully equipped, and fitted with an operating theater, dispensary, linen rooms, dining cars for staff, bed rooms for staff, kitchen, showers, and lavatories. It is like a compact hospital on wheels.

Buck sent me a lovely snap of Cameron (*her horse*) and I nearly wept over it.

. . . .

From Betty Lester in London—March 20, 1941.

I am quite sure lots of our letters must be getting lost somewhere or other, but I have received two from you at practically the same time. What a terrible flu epidemic you had!

I expect you'll wonder what I'm doing at home instead of being at work. As a matter of fact this winter has been rotten

for me. I've had cold after cold, and was in bed for a week with rheumatism in my back or else lumbago. I'll never laugh at anybody with lumbago again. I simply couldn't move for about three days.

At the moment the siren has just started to wail since I began writing but in these days we don't take much notice till the guns start. Last night we had a fairly hot time for a while. I went into the kitchen for a drink—the guns had been going for quite a while and the warning had been on some time—and I heard a bomb whining. I flew back into the sitting room and the crash sounded. Honestly, I thought the house across the road had been hit, but it was in the next street—two houses and a first-aid post. About ten people were killed and quite a number injured. Hello! there go the guns. What a to-do. The trouble is that the planes are overhead before you can get straight, and the nights are very dark just now.

The expectant mothers are a wonderful lot. Those whom I have delivered have been bombed out: their baby clothes destroyed, their homes demolished, and yet one does not hear many moans and groans. Just before I came home I did a month's relief work in an Emergency Maternity Home and was shown some layettes sent by the American Red Cross. They are so like those our friends send to us in the hills with the gowns, shirts, diapers, pins, soap, etc., that we know so well.

There goes an "Alert." It is afternoon of a beautiful Spring day. It seems unbelievable that death can be hovering overhead when all is so lovely on earth. More destruction and more people homeless and more innocents dead or suffering. One asks why does it go on and when will it all end. The Battle of the Atlantic is on and with American help, please God, we shall soon win—all the captive countries will be free and our own beautiful England freed from this awful destruction. I'm glad I came home, but I shall be very glad to see the hills once more.

We were so excited when the Lease and Lend Bill went through, especially me.

Give my love to everybody I know. Thank you for all your help and your prayers. Just about a year ago, at Wendover during Communion, Archdeacon Catlin prayed that I might have a safe voyage home. God bless you.

From Kelly in East London—March 26, 1941.

I can't tell you how pleased and cheered I was to have your long letter with all the news. It does help in these dark days to hear from the other side and to know that there is another side to life. How pleased and thrilled we all were when the Lease and Lend Bill went through, and I certainly think we shall need all the planes and guns, etc., that the U. S. can let us have before this ghastly business is over.

Last Wednesday was a fearful night here, the Alert went about 8 p. m. Quite soon huge flares were dropped lighting up the whole area, for miles I should think—then the planes droning heavy overhead—then the barrage and bombs began. It is quite the worst I have experienced—some people thought the worst since the war began.

There is a mobile gun which plants itself outside our gates and every time it goes off it verily seems to lift the roof up and drop it back again and the din is frightful. I tried to read and to write but finally gave up and went to bed. I packed a suitcase in case we should have to leave in a hurry and was very sorry to find I had my new suit here! I have been leaving it at home so that I should not lose everything at one go. Of course it was rank extravagance to buy it but I needed one so badly. It was just like Adolf to wait till I had it in London before he started a messy night.

I tried to sleep and couldn't. In spite of myself I could not help ducking under the bed clothes. There came one terrific explosion. The whole place rocked and everything seemed to be falling. Under the clothes I went again and waited for the roof to come down on me. After a few minutes the noise subsided and to my surprise the light was still on. When I peeped out from under the clothes, I then thought I ought to get up and see if I could help, as I felt sure some part of the hospital was hit, and was afraid it was the shelter.

However when I went down the wardens said "No, but it was a near one." Actually next day we found that the bomb hit the cinema which adjoins our shelter wall. It made a fifty-foot hole in the ground, and the blast was so great that several of the women in our shelter were thrown from their bunks, but no one was hurt.

Next morning there were holes in the roofs of nearly all the wards and corridors, in two of the dining rooms, and a huge hole in the roof of the operating theatre. A lot of the instrument cases and glass jars in the theatre were broken. A huge piece of brick work fell just outside my window. All the windows that were still whole from previous raids are now broken. However, no one was hurt.

The district all around here suffered terribly, shops gutted over quite a wide area and, again, people rendered homeless. I walked around the streets and it was nothing but pitiful to see people trying to save a few remnants from their homes. I looked at the faces of the men and women and was struck by the grim expressions. It is no wonder that they want Berlin to be bombed too, although myself I feel that will not help. In one badly damaged shopping district here the flags were hanging out on either side of the road. It almost made me weep to see them.

It makes me realize more and more how much we must all work for "Union Now." I was so interested to hear about the dinner you went to at the Waldorf. I have been talking a lot about it to people over here, and have bought quite a number of Curry's version "The Case for Federal Union" and given or lent them around to friends. Some time ago I had to visit a matron of one of our large training schools. I had never met her before and before I knew it I was talking about "Union Now." I am so thrilled to hear that you have the money for the house for the pupil nurse-midwives and the instructor. That really is a wonderful gift and will help out that over-crowded situation at the Hospital.

By the way I was walking along Kingsway last week and I saw a lot of cartoons in pen and pencil outside a large building, and there were crowds of people going in so I went in too. It was an exhibition of oil, water colours and drawings, some 120 of them, all done by our auxiliary firemen. They were wonderful and so vivid. There had been so many people to see them that they were to be on exhibit for another week. I wish you could have seen them. Quite a number of them had been purchased by H. M. Government. No one except the people of London know how much we owe to these A. F. men and the police. They are all so courageous and cheerful too. So much love.

Joint Letter from Betty Lester, Green, and Peggy Tinline—
Written from London on Easter Monday, 1941.

Here are Green, Peggy and myself at my sister's house for tea, and naturally the hills are in all our minds Things are getting a bit serious, but we'll come out all right. I don't know when any of us will get back to the hills—nowhere will ever be quite the same as those ups and downs and all the mud and then the sunshine and the flowers. However the war will be over some day. Now we have started planning how to rebuild London and where people are going to live; it's such fun. Peggy has marvelous ideas of coming to work in airplanes and coming down by parachute, but we haven't yet decided how we are going to get people back up into the planes. Betty.

Dear Everybody: Thank you so much for the lovely newsy letter received this morning. Here I am with Betty Lester and she too has enjoyed reading the news. Peggy Tinline is coming for tea, so I know she will be excited to read the letter also. I have been longing to hear how things are at Beech Fork (*Jessie Preston Draper Nursing Center*). How is the pasture after all the weeding by the Essie folk? Last Saturday I saw Dinnie and she is busy and happy. She is taking charge of eight hundred Maltese refugees. Thank you for all you are doing. Our mothers are so pleased with the layettes and clothes sent over, and they thank the Americans. We know you will help us all you can. Day will eventually come after this awful nightmare. God bless you all. Here comes Peggy full of life and pep. As usual the topic turns to food and how everyone manages and what fun we have in turning out mysteries of cooking. Peggy says she makes lots of pancakes like we used to have at the Kooser's Sunday mornings. Green.

Howdy all: I had a letter from Mrs. B. C. Bowling (*Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center*) a week or two ago and was thrilled to bits to hear all about their family. How is Gypsy King (*her horse*) and who has him now? Hope you all keep well and we here in England do thank you in the U. S. for all you are doing. Peggy.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

St. George was a knight . . . and is patron of this realm of England. Said the tyrant Dacian, "I shall die for anger if I may not surmount and overcome this man. . . ." Then began St. George to smile. . . .

—Old Legend.

Through the courtesy of Punch we reproduce elsewhere in this issue some of St. George's smiles. In the Baltimore Evening Sun at the time of the first all-out air invasion of England Gerald W. Johnson wrote a superb sketch from which we quote a few paragraphs:

"Goggle-eyed Americans, unable to credit their own senses as they watch the battle for Britain, must turn to a long-dead Englishman for anything approaching appropriate comment:

God of battles, was ever a battle
Like this in the world before?

"Outnumbered, outgunned, their backs against the wall the British have miraculously cast aside age and decrepitude, have set the clock back 300 years, and have suddenly become again the young and vibrant nation, the laughing daredevils that they were in the time of Elizabeth, when they stopped Philip of Spain just where Hitler seems about to stall now. . . .

"Nor have they won for England only, these who have died for her. All over the world there is a strange stirring, a revival, faint and tentative, perhaps, but unmistakable, of an old faith. Men, modern men, accustomed from birth to the enervating luxuries of civilization, are yet capable of going out blithely and dying for liberty! Who would have believed it?

"The miasmas of cynicism and materialism have been the breath of our nostrils so many years that many of us had almost forgotten that men once breathed a different and more exhilarating air. . . .

"Maybe our realism is not so realistic, after all. Maybe there is something more than empty rhetoric in *pro patria mori*.

"England brings us evidence that even in this generation men are capable of gathering the spears into their own breasts to make way for liberty. She enables us not to hope, but to know, that freemen can be valiant men, that honor still inspires, that there are men even of this generation who have won the right to say, like the master of the Revenge:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty, as a man must always do.
With a joyful spirit, I, Sir Richard Grenville, die. . . .

"Three centuries have passed since Sir Richard fell upon the deck of the Spanish galleon; but is he really dead? The shattered body that was consigned to the Atlantic so long ago was not the man. The man, the essential man, was the spirit that sustained the battle of the one and the fifty-three; and what other spirit is it that has been sustaining the unbelievable combat raging in the skies . . . ? 'But he cried "Fight on! Fight on!"' What other cry has filled the ears of Englishmen until they

do not hear the whistle of bullets nor the roar of bombs nor the wail of despair?

"England has proved that the heroes are not all dead. England has showed that there are also brave men after Agamemnon. England has taught us that even our generation can produce glory and honor and undying fame. England restores our belief that faith and loyalty are still able to lift common men to greatness. . . ."

Yes, truly, these nobler impulses of the human heart which have resisted tyranny in the past have not died out in the world of today; and people like those in Yugoslavia and Greece who put liberty above safety are not dead. In selecting "The Land of Ruins" for the first page of this issue we were thinking of them too and of Finland and others, as well as of England.

What of Greece? Lines written by Casimir Delavigne in 1826 in the second Messéniennes that I learned in my girlhood have haunted me for weeks past:

"O sommets du Taygète, ô rives du Pénée,
De la sombre Tempé vallons silencieux,
O campagnes d'Athène, ô Grece infortunée,
Ou sont pour t'affranchir tes guerriers et tes dieux?"

These lines may be roughly translated as follows:

"O crags of Taygetus, O shores of Peneus,
From the tale of Tempe, dust of heroic clods,
O country of Athens, O Greece broken hearted,
Where are they to free you, your warriors and your gods?"*

In a recent editorial the New York Times writes as follows:

"One would, if one could, keep silence with bowed and uncovered head before the tragedy and valor of Greece. There are no words worthy of this little people, seven million strong, living in a rough and arid land, who broke the armies of Italy and withstood for a splendid moment the tanks, the airplanes, the artillery and the overwhelming numbers of Nazi Germany.

"Nor are words any longer important. Britain sent the Greeks planes, fliers, and at the last, an army as brave as her own. We sent our best wishes and some few dollars for the wounded and the sick. We cannot send them anything that will save them now. The little was, as it has been, during nearly two years of fatal war, too late. . . ."

In a ringing call to action the Times says that self-reproach cannot help us now, any more than praise can help or hurt the Greeks. "Isolation!" says the Times. "There is isolation in cemeteries and in dead cities, not in this living, tortured world."

Tyranny or war? It is not a pretty choice, but it is one that brave men have had to make throughout the annals of history.

*Taygetus (7,900 feet) is the highest mountain range in the Peloponnes. The Vale of Tempe is the ancient name of a narrow valley in North Thessaly through which the river Peneus (modern Salambría) reaches the sea.

No peace-loving people, faced by tyranny, have ever had a choice between war and peace. The choice has lain always, as it lies today, between war and tyranny. The choice lies there again—here, now, today.

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We have often called attention to the kinship in their dangers of war and childbirth, and to the fact that we in America have lost more women in childbirth than men in all our wars. Now in London today, women face war and childbirth both. Because some of our old nurses are working as London midwives we reprint with special pride the following letter, written early in 1941 to the London Times:

"Sir,—Among those to receive well-deserved public thanks for their devoted work during air raids no mention has been made of the midwives.

"The arrival of a baby is a process which cannot be regulated to suit the convenience of the mother or her attendants, and many cases of childbirth are in progress when the raids commence and others are precipitated by the nervous shock. These patients cannot be moved to shelters and so the midwife is faced with the problem of remaining at her post in considerable danger or seeking safety for herself. Needless to say the latter alternative is not even considered, although the process of labour may be in the early stages when the midwife can give only moral support and has none of the excitement and absorption of mind which in the later stages obliterate the sense of danger. Even falling shrapnel has not deterred the midwives from answering calls to urgent cases, although it has not yet been possible to furnish them with steel helmets.*

To a woman in this time of supreme strain the presence of a highly trained, sympathetic midwife means much; how much more in the dangers and horrors of an aerial bombardment, only those who have endured it can tell. The work of these midwives is known, however, to those who receive their reports, the supervisors of midwives, and the doctors, who not infrequently share these dangers and anxieties, and it is they who have asked me to voice their appreciation of the gallant way the midwives have carried out their duties and to remind the nation of the debt of gratitude it owes them. Yours sincerely, W. Fletcher Shaw, President of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists. 58, Queen Anne Street, W. 1., Jan. 15th."

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We joyously announce the birth of a son, Philip Gilbert Bailey, on April 17th, to Dr. Virginia Clay Hamilton (now Mrs. Bailey) and to Mr. Bailey, in Maine. Virginia writes: "Biggest event in my life I hope to present him in person someday I had a normal labor and delivery. For the latter I

*The Midwives Institute has repeatedly made representations to the Ministry of Health in an effort to obtain steel helmets for the midwives' protection and we are much gratified to learn that these are now being issued." E. M. Pye, President, Midwives Institute. London, January 20th, 1941.

have my good non-meddlesome obstetrician to thank." In her letter Virginia goes on to write as follows:

"It seems simply marvelous that you can carry on with so many of the old guard gone to war. . . . I gave four talks to various organizations, the last in March. The audiences were apparently fascinated by the whole idea of the Frontier Nursing Service. I tried to make them realize that many parts of Maine are in just as great a need of maternal and infant care. . . . I have been appointed a member of the State Medical Association Committee for Maternal and Child Health. I hope something active will be done. . . . My year in Scandinavia only increased my belief in the necessity for providing qualified nurse-midwives for rural districts. . . ."

Virginia is not the only friend of the Service who has been making talks in our behalf this Spring. Our trustee in Louisville, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, has spoken about the Service this Spring to the women of the following churches in Louisville: Calvary, St. Paul's, and St. Mark's, and to the women of St. Luke's in Anchorage, Kentucky.

Mrs. Hertel M. Saugman spoke on March 17th to a group of women in Racine, Wisconsin.

Our nurse, Florence Samson (Sammie) presented the work of the F. N. S. to the faculty and students and staff nurses of Grant Hospital School of Nursing in Columbus, Ohio, while she was on vacation.

We are deeply grateful to the members of the Chalcedony Club, of Avon, Massachusetts, for the layettes and other supplies they so kindly send us. This Club is one of many formed by members of the Woman's Page of the Brockton, Massachusetts, "Enterprise." Our pupil-midwife, Ethel Broughall, is one of the members, all of whom write to the Page under pseudonyms. It is through her that they have become interested in the work of the Service, and we greatly appreciate the much-needed things we receive from them.

The Director of the Frontier Nursing Service has accepted a position on the Committee for Lay Publicity, of which Dr. Joseph L. Baer is Chairman, for the next American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology. This Congress will be held in St. Louis, Missouri, April 6-10, 1942, at the public auditorium. It is sponsored by the American Committee on Maternal Welfare,

with headquarters at 650 Rush Street, Chicago. To the April issue of their quarterly bulletin called "The Mother" we have contributed a short article called "The Frontier Mother."

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The Frontier Nursing Service has been honored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs in the choice of its Director as one of fifty-three women in thirty occupations representing pioneer achievements of women in the past fifty years. We are sorry that none of us have time to attend the Golden Jubilee Triennial Convention in Atlantic City in late May. This period, just before our own Annual Meeting of Trustees and Members, is our busiest in the whole year.

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We take great pleasure in the announcement that Mr. Roger K. Rogan of Glendale, Ohio, has accepted the chairmanship for our Cincinnati Committee. We also have the honor of announcing that he, Mrs. Herman F. Stone of New York, and Mr. Thurston B. Morton of Louisville, have come on our Executive Committee.

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We report with deep pleasure that our friend, Mrs. Frederick W. Watson, of Milton Abbas in Dorsetshire has joined the ranks of our beloved British trustees. It will be remembered that she came with her distinguished husband, the late Mr. Watson, to spend a week with us here in the Kentucky mountains and ride all over our territory. The horse they gave us then, "Llanvechan," is still active in the Service. The memory they left with us is fragrant yet.

All of our readers perhaps don't know that Mrs. Watson is the daughter of the famous orthopedic surgeon of the last war, Sir Robert Jones. Among our cherished possessions is his biography, written by her husband and sent both to Hyden and Wendover. Although Frederick Watson's books on hunting are more widely known, this biography of his father-in-law is one of the most beautiful books we have ever read. Frederick Watson, by the way, was the son of Ian McClaran.

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Our New York Chairman, Mrs. H. Harvey Pike, Jr., is recov-

ering nicely from an operation this Spring, which has held back for a little while her many eager and useful activities.

The New York Committee has done an amazingly good piece of work with the Bargain Box this year, under Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Bargain Box Chairman, and Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, Treasurer, and their sub-committee. Hundreds of friends have been generous with rummage and many of the Committee have slaved hard on our day at the Bargain Box. Those of you who have rummage to dispose of please remember the Frontier Nursing Service, and the Bargain Box, at 1175 Third Avenue, cor. 68th, phone REgent 4-5451.

All of the charities which derive income from the Bargain Box, and these include both New York and national charities, had a benefit performance of the Blue Hill Troupe in the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera in late April at the Hecht Theater. We have no details as we go to press.

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The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, as announced in our last issue, had the famous dramatic critic, Mr. John Mason Brown, as for several years past, give a lecture on Broadway in Review, at the Mayflower Hotel on March 1st. As always, this was a notable social occasion as well as mental delight. Those who took boxes included many of the great names of Washington. Mrs. Roosevelt headed the list of patronesses again this year, a list which included Mrs. Henry A. Wallace and Lady Halifax. Marion Shouse gave a brief talk illustrated by stereoptican slides on the work of the F. N. S. immediately before Mr. Brown's lecture.

Our splendid Washington Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, assisted by her three vice-chairmen, Madame Draper Boncompagni, Mrs. John W. Davidge, and Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, had her usual group of able women in charge of the various working sub-committees. From the Washington Post we quote the following:

"AND BY THE WAY: Those attending John Mason Brown's lecture for the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service at the Mayflower Saturday afternoon thoroughly enjoyed his quip that 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' had done a great deal for correct speech in America. They enjoyed it even more when at the sumptuous tea that followed, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, former chairman of the Tariff Commission, who has edited both

the Boston Herald and Boston Transcript, was found hiding in a corner with the book under his arm."

Our Boston Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Guido Perera and the honorary chairmanship of Mrs. Ernest Codman, chose for its benefit in April the "Magic Program of Bertram Adams" at Jordan Hall. Clippings have come to us from no less than a dozen Boston papers about this magic show and we have heard from several friends of the delight of the children, young and grownup, in the magician. Various members of the Boston Committee, took sub-chairmanships for the occasion and they and the groups with them divided up the work of handling publicity, selling tickets, etc. There is no way in which we can express, back here in the mountains, our deep gratitude for the fidelity of all our old friends.

All of the many friends of the Service, here in the field and beyond the mountains, are rejoiced that Miss Lyda Anderson is making a recovery, although a slow one, from her badly shattered wrist, and are sorry that she is still not really strong. She writes from her sister's home in Illinois: "I am glad the Hyden Hospital is going so nicely. I am still vexed with myself, taking that stupid tumble, but I am always thankful Vanda Summers could be made available . . . I feel as close to the F. N. S. as though I had been with you from the beginning. I envy the young things who can take part in all the services the F. N. S. offers."

We have been deeply touched to learn from friends in Riverdale and Milton, Massachusetts, that their little sons, who had read the Child's Prayer on our Autumn Bulletin cover, have been repeating it ever since at night as part of their evening prayers.

We wish gratefully to acknowledge the many letters we have received about the Quarterly Bulletin since we wrote "Amateur Editor" in the last issue—that is, I wish to acknowledge! Their writers will never know the help and encouragement each word of each letter brought to the harassed editor.

In the issue of April 12th of Country Life of Great Britain

there is an article by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the last of eight articles, on "London That is to Be." He is the chairman of the Parliamentary Reconstruction group. The scope of the work, which two cabinet ministers, Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Lord Reith, and voluntary committees are planning is simply stupendous when one considers that it is being worked out by day while London is systematically destroyed by night. Lord Balfour writes calmly of "taking advantage of the unexpected opportunity which rises before us to create a better London," He says: "If full employment can be effectively organised, the capacity to produce wealth will be tremendous. Germany organised full employment successfully in preparation for war, and it cannot and must not be beyond our powers to organize full employment for peace." The editor of *Country Life* writes as follows:

"The war is not won yet, and it cannot be doubted that London has severe trials in store for it. But the result of neither is in question. London will emerge, battered, but more glorious in fame than ever in its long history." He adds: "We do not want a new London, but a vastly improved old London; one retaining every architectural treasure that our fathers have left us, together with our own contribution which the present unexampled opportunity has made possible."

The editor of *Country Life* concluded his remarks on rebuilding London with the following sentence: "Architecture at present is in a transitional phase. If London That is to Be is to be worthy of its heroic present and venerable past, a standard of design has got to be evolved before re-building begins. Let architects be turned on to that task now, to settle their differences and evolve a general style, just as the Committee of Architects succeeded so well in doing after the Great Fire, but, in this case, while it is still raging."

"We all could do more than we have done
And not feel a whit the worse;
For it never was loving that emptied the heart
Nor giving that emptied the purse."

—Contributed.

FIELD NOTES

Our cover picture of this Spring issue was sketched by a recent guest, Miss Caroline Williams, who is in the Art Department of the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is of the old log house at Wendover and will be familiar to the hundreds of friends who have stayed there. This building was dedicated at Christmas in 1925 "To the Glory of God and In Memory of Breckie and Polly."

Many of the Wendover buildings are gifts and memorials. The upper log cabin was the gift of Miss Ruth Draper; the main part of the barn, known as Aunt Jane's Barn, was given by the late Mrs. Anson Maltby; the Garden House was given by the late Mr. E. O. Robinson in the name of his wife. There is only one guest room at Wendover, that in the Old House; the staff is housed in that building, in the upper part of the Garden House where the main offices are located, in the two log cabins, and in two buildings known as the Upper Shelf and the Lower Shelf. We have grown so big in our sixteen years that the over-crowding is rather desperate. In our column "Urgent Needs" we are asking for another house at Wendover, to be built this summer.

For some time we have brought before our friends the need of a nurses' home at the Hospital. The recent generous gift of anonymous friends in New England of money for a midwives' cottage will relieve the present over-crowding at the Hospital. The instructor midwife and the pupils will have their own building detached from the Hospital, and so we can wait another year for the Nurses' Home.

For another house at Wendover we can't wait. A good site is just across Breckinridge Branch from the Old House, to be reached by a small foot bridge over the Branch. It will be closer to the river than any of the other buildings, and will be the biggest house at Wendover.

We need, on the ground floor of this house (in addition to the furnace, coal bins, and a lavatory) a nurse's clinic room and a very large recreation hall to serve the following purposes: Waiting room for the clinic patients, which is desperately needed; recreation hall for our folk dances, sewing, knitting,

cooking, singing classes and pageants, and our big rallies of men and women. These can no longer be accommodated in the living room and dog trot of the Old House.

We need a second floor and a large attic in the new house. On the second floor we want eight small bed rooms and two bathrooms, and one small sitting room. Five of our present bed rooms are in the Lower Shelf—which was thrown together years ago as a temporary summer shelter only, and has no heating. We have eked out this situation with small oil stoves in the winter, and this system is alternately cold and stuffy, and subject to explosive flames. Only recently one of these stoves (a new one) burst into flames. The Lower Shelf should be pulled down as, aside from everything else, it is in need of repair and not worth the money for repair. Five of the bed rooms in the new house will replace those of the Lower Shelf and the three extra ones will enable us to take care of our guests.

The Frontier Nursing Service entertains guests from all over the world, and we love to do it. Our trustees and friends should see their own Service at first hand. Fellow workers from far and near should be welcomed for periods of study and observation.

Hospitality is our duty as well as our joy, but the strain on our housing resources needs to be relieved. For instance, during the first weeks of Spring, before our guest season is really under way, we have entertained thirty-six people, for periods of from overnight to two weeks—and we have only one guest room!

Please somebody give us another house.

The new X-ray plant at the Hyden Hospital, given by a Kentucky trustee, is in full operation, and of more help to us than we can begin to express. Its housing in the re-conditioned maids' dining room was made possible through the gifts of New York and Cincinnati trustees, which enabled us to build a new dining room, larger and better, for the maids, back of the Hospital. In connection with the installation of the X-ray plant, we quote from a letter from Mr. W. F. Murphy, representative of the Kelley-Koett Manufacturing Company, written to the nurses at our Hospital: "Dear Ladies, Long will I remember the courteous treatment shown me by your staff during my recent visit in

Hyden Particularly did I note the friendly spirit which existed among the members of this staff."

In connection with the X-ray, we want to express our deeply grateful thanks to Dr. William M. Doughty and Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati for reading our first X-ray films, and sending them back to Dr. Kooser, with kind praise as to how well he had done and useful suggestions as to making the next ones better. They wrote: "Whenever we can be of further help, come ahead!"

Dr. and Mrs. Kooser have been ardently working with the spring planting around Joy House. In another year the shrubs and garden beds will be a dream of loveliness around this particularly lovely building.

We have chosen the site for the new midwives' cottage—above the barn, and handy to the horses. We are now perfecting the plans for building it, and expect to have it occupied before the end of the summer.

Several of our staff have had recent holidays. Florence Samson and Anne Fox were entertained on their holiday by our courier, Katherine Bulkley, of Cleveland, and her parents. Our clipping bureau sent us pictures from the Cleveland Press, showing them in the Bulkley box at the opera, and their faces were beaming. Another courier, Eleanor Stineman of Pittsburgh who was in Cleveland for the opera, said that she walked past the box and failed at first to recognize Sammie, Foxie, and Kay, in evening dress, as she had never seen them before except in uniform and blue jeans.

Vanda Summers and Helen Browne spent two weeks at Virginia Beach. On their return to the hills they stopped off with our friends of the Chatham Hall School. Mr. and Mrs. Lee were lovely to them, and they were enchanted with the school and the girls.

The Director had a three weeks' holiday—her first since August, 1939, and got deep refreshment from a visit to her sister in old Charleston and her brother and sister-in-law at the big Marine Post on Parris Island, off the coast of South Carolina, of which her brother is in command.

Our senior courier during these past weeks has been Sheila Clark of Philadelphia, whose touching story on the death of Tramp is printed elsewhere in this Bulletin. Junior couriers were Catherine Louise Taylor (Kitty Lou) of Pittsburgh, and Barbara Brown, of Cleveland. The junior couriers for May and early June are Harriette Sherman and Elizabeth (Bubbles) Cuddy of Cleveland. All four are outstandingly good. Our dear senior courier, "Pebble" Stone, has just returned to us as we go to press.

Among our thirty-six guests of the last few weeks we have space to mention only a few, and several of these are connected with old couriers. Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter Bid-
dle McIlvain, came down for about a week on her annual visit, to drive back with Fanny. Edith Verbeck stopped off with us overnight, bringing her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Douglas, with her. Dorothy Caldwell of Cincinnati brought her friend, Miss Caroline Williams, for a week. Molly Hays of Pittsburgh induced her father and mother to stop overnight on their way to the Derby. Wendover will always be home for the couriers and their families, and it is a great happiness to us all when they come.

Mrs. E. Waring Wilson gave us two weeks of her time this spring, during which she gave volunteer office work and took over the menus for the Wendover meals. As we have no resident housekeeper, we take turn about in ordering the food, and it gets to be rather a heavy chore. Mrs. Wilson is one of our special joys. Her young daughter with her husband (Mr. and Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr., of Boston), came to us for overnight while they were visiting the Blue Grass for the Derby season. Young Mrs. Grandin is making a most effective member of our Boston Committee and, needless to say, we deeply appreciated the effort they both made to take twenty-four hours out of their all-too-brief visit in Kentucky to come up to us.

Among the Kentuckians who have been to see us was Mrs. Churchill Ford, wife of the Federal Judge, with her daughter, Alice. It was a special pleasure to have her and we have been wanting her to come up for years. We enjoyed an overnight visit

from Mr. Malcolm M. Arny of the Pine Mountain Settlement School and his horse, Sunny Jim. They rode the forty miles over in one day. Mr. Arny is so kind as to write that Sunny Jim conveyed his thanks for satisfactory hospitality in the barns. We can't resist quoting from Mr. Arny's letter to us: "Perhaps you may have some time experienced the feeling of apprehension about the unknown which awaited you after a long journey into a strange country. This describes in a sense the uncertainty which I felt in approaching Wendover; since the hour was late and I was unfamiliar with those who awaited me. And then—upon arriving to have experienced your warm greeting of welcome, relieved me not only from the tension of fatigue and uncertainty but also revived me more than food and drink. My first impression of Wendover remains most vividly in my memory—the flickering fire light, the cheery and colorful atmosphere of the living room, and the friendly sincerity of those who made Wendover feel like home."

All of our readers know of the high admiration in which we hold the U. S. Forest Service. We had the pleasure of an all-too-short visit from Mr. Harold Borden, Regional Forester for this area, who brought with him Mr. Henry S. Graves, Dean Emeritus of the Bureau of Forestry at Yale University, and one of the early chiefs of the Forest Service. This wasn't Mr. Borden's first visit, and after darting up and down some of our promonitories, he declared he would soon qualify as a citizen of Switzerland.

The British-American ties of the Frontier Nursing Service are so deeply known and shared by its friends that we need hardly tell what a pleasure it has been to us to have visits this Spring from British refugees. Mrs. Noel Rawnsley stayed for two unforgettable weeks with us and won the hearts of all who met her. Because she is rather a frail person, she and her husband had made their home on the sunny island of Capri for the past sixteen years, and were deeply attached to their Italian neighbors. It was heartbreaking for them to leave when and as they did. After an extraordinarily difficult journey through Southern France and Spain and Portugal, they came to this country in a two-thousand-ton Portugese cargo boat. Since their arrival they have lived in New York, where Mr. Rawnsley is working as a volunteer in Federal Union. Three of their four chil-

dren are in England, but the youngest is an airman in Libya.

Mrs. Rawnsley is a gifted painter in water color. She gave us a charming picture of Wendover when the dogwood and redbud were in bloom, and painted pictures of Tommy and Old Blue, the mule, and of Tramp the day before his death. She also sketched for us the dogwood blossom shown elsewhere in this Bulletin. Lastly, she did something of which we have dreamed for years. She made sketches from nature of all the medicinal "yarbs" or herbs in bloom while she was with us, and so began the set of illustrations for the collection of "yarb" lore we are so keen to make and print.

As we go down to press, two English refugees are spending ten days with us—Lady Blennerhassett and her baby, Sir Adrian, whose father was killed on a destroyer in the Navy at the time of Calais and Dunkerque. They have been in the Blue Grass through the winter and it was delightful to have them come up here for a visit to us. We brought over one of the Hospital cribs for Adrian, who is one of the friendliest and bonniest of babies. His mother has thrown herself enthusiastically into our life and work and has helped in the things we are doing in more ways than we have space to tell.

We have been deeply impressed by the clippings that have come to us from our press clipping bureau from all over the United States about Dr. Blankenhorn's (of the University of Cincinnati) and Dr. Kooser's (Medical Director of the F. N. S.) Study on Pellagra. It is rare to find a strictly scientific article attracting so much general attention. An intelligently written resumé of it by Dr. James A. Tobey has come out in the following papers: Ossining, N. Y. Citizen-Register; Mamoraneck, N. Y. Times; Tarrytown, N. Y. News; Mount Vernon, N. Y. Argus; Carbondale, Pa. Leader; White Plains, N. Y. Reporter-Dispatch; Norwich, N. Y. Chenango Union; Sumter, S. C. Herald; Philadelphia, Pa. Germantown News, and more are coming in nearly every day.

In addition to Dr. Tobey's syndicated article, a long and interesting review by Jane Stafford, Science Service Medical Writer, has come to us from the Evansville, Ind. Press, the Memphis, Tenn. Press-Scimitar, and the Houston, Tex. Press. Unsigned

articles have come in from the Niles, Mich. Star; the Monroe, Mich. News; the Detroit, Mich. News, and the Cincinnati Post. An able article called Pellagra and National Defense, also discussing Dr. Kooser's and Dr. Blankenhorn's paper and the research upon which it is based, has come out in the Cleveland, Ohio Press.

Lastly, the Cincinnati Enquirer printed an extraordinarily good article by Mr. James T. Golden, Jr., to which it gave several columns of space, and which it was so kind as to entitle "Frontier Nursing Service Highly Praised for Fight Against Pellagra in Kentucky."

In the immemorially old collection of mediaeval tales "Englished" by William Caxton as The Golden Legend, there is a description of a meeting between Alban and the Emperor Vespasian, then governor of Galatia. In those times, as now among the dictators (whose system of government is anything but new) it was "the custom of the country" that a man situated like Alban "should be at the will of the lord, body and goods."

When Vespasian saw Alban and heard he was from Jerusalem, he exclaimed: "Ah Lord God! in that country were wont to be good masters and much good surgeons; my friend, said he, canst thou anything of surgery? This said he because he had in his nose a botch of worms from his youth and never might man be found that might heal him of it."

This yearning of so long ago for the blessings of surgery wells up from the human heart today and in countless instances is answered to the full. The kindness, the beauty and the rewards of a surgeon's life are nowhere better shown than in the autobiography of Dr. J. M. T. Finney of Baltimore, which he recently sent us. Autobiographies are of two kinds. In the one

"Lives of small men all remind us
Each should write his life himself;
And departing leave behind him
Two octavos on the shelf."

In the other kind a man reveals his greatness as it were by paradox. In Dr. Finney's case one knows why so many people love him, because his book shows that he loves many people; one knows why the rewards of great ability have come to him, because in his early life and ever after he worked long and hard;

one knows why he reaches the height of his profession, because he neglected no detail of surgical advance that turned up anywhere in the world. "A Surgeon's Life" is a good book to read. We can recommend few as good for young people who would master one of life's great secrets—only in the giving lies the getting.

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For many years Mr. T. D. Raider has been the day operator for Western Union at Krypton, Kentucky. Over twenty-five miles of primitive telephone service we communicated through him and always met with unfailing courtesy. To our regret he is now transferred to another station, and we wish him God-speed. Mr. Shade Combs, the equally kind night operator, succeeds Mr. Raider in the daytime, and they have a new man on at night. We feel sure that he will measure up to the traditions of Krypton service.

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We take pleasure in announcing the marriage of Miss Ruby Shell to Elmer Brashear, the son of our Wendover neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Fawbush Brashear. We are so deeply attached to both young people and have so high a regard for them that we extend wholeheartedly our best wishes for them both in the years to come.

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Mr. Fawbush Brashear, our neighbor and game warden, has quite recovered from his serious accident of some months ago, to our joy.

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We regret to learn that Miss Mary Jane Pattie, who left us to take a place at the University of Kentucky, has been badly hurt in a motor accident. We welcome Miss Meta Klostermann of Louisville on our staff in her stead.

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The young graduates of our midwifery course are doing excellent work on the districts, although their youth does occasion some surprise. One old woman remarked the other day to Burt, "You sure are young to be ketchin' babies."

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The whole Service extends its deepest sympathy to Ethel Gonzalez ("Gonnie") in the recent death of her father.

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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.

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.

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."

