

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 19

AUTUMN, 1943

NUMBER 2

When the pines
forget to whisper,
When the winds
forget to blow,
When the dear old
fashioned greeting
Speeds no more
across the snow,



And when memories
cease thronging
And old days
come not again,
Then old friends
may be forgotten
And old ties—
but not till then!



THE CHRISTMAS DOLL

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

VOLUME 19

AUTUMN, 1943

NUMBER 2

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

Copyright 1943 Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Letter to Santa Claus		38
A Sequence for Advent		34-37
Beyond the Mountains		55
Encounter with a Serpent	<i>Rose Avery</i>	51
Field Notes		67
From a Sergeant in the R.A.S.C. (a letter)		40
General Clark Eulogizes	<i>Journal of the A. M. A.</i>	14
Glimpses of Our Christmas Secretary (drawings)	<i>Vanda Summers</i>	42-43
Handbook of Obstetrics	<i>A Book Review</i>	53
I Wanted A Christmas Baby (illustrated)	<i>Ruth Peninger</i>	19
Journeys of Study	<i>Doctora Tagualda Ponce</i>	9
Mrs. Bolton's Message to Nurses		2
Old Courier News (illustrated)		44
Old Staff News		21
Report of a Student Nurse-Midwife	<i>Catherine Lory</i>	15
Shots on Bull Creek	<i>Hannah Mitchell</i>	8
The Kingdom (verses)	<i>The Oxford Book of Carols</i>	78
The Story of Joe	<i>Mary Breckinridge</i>	3
Victory Shrine, poem and illustrations		Inside back cover
Welcome to the Doughboy (verse)	<i>A. P. Herbert</i>	18

BRIEF BITS

A Christmas Interlude	<i>Anne Fox</i>	41
A Friend of Man	<i>British Journal of Nursing</i>	13
A Surgeon's Prayer	<i>Col. John J. Moorhead</i>	54
Ednie and Eva (A Picture)		66
Just Jokes, Soldiers, Horses, Children		39
Just Jokes, Water		20
Keep It Dark!	<i>Rotary Bulletin</i>	13
News from Georgia		33
"Not Only for Christmas" (verse)	<i>Whittier</i>	77
Sacrifice	<i>The Outpost, London</i>	7
"The Mother of the Son"	<i>The Outpost, London</i>	13

MRS. BOLTON'S MESSAGE TO NURSES

"In the world that lies ahead, no one will live in idleness. The unimaginable needs of all the people of the earth will demand the constructive effort of each one. Nursing offers the discipline, the training, the rich experience of renewing life in recreating the desire for constructive living. Nursing, as no other training that I know, prepares you to meet the shock of the devastation man has wrought in God's world and fits you to take your part, your woman's part of re-creation in the world that we must build upon the ashes of that which has been destroyed. To all nurses everywhere I would say: The people of America have no words with which to express their appreciation of your courage, your steadfastness, your faith. Wherever you serve, with the forces, or on the home front that needs you so sorely, too, know that our grateful hearts are with you. And may the infinite and eternal God constantly recharge you with His energy, His gentleness, His fortitude, and His divine love, that you may be upheld and strengthened in the work you have chosen to do. And may He give us all courage to uphold decency, and honor and truth, until in His own time we come again to peace."

—The Honorable Frances Payne Bolton,
"Nursing Streamlined," *Tomorrow*,
Vol. 3, pp. 56-58, (Sept.) 1943.

THE STORY OF JOE

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

It was the Christmas season in 1926 in the heart of the Kentucky mountains. A twelve-year-old boy named Joe was homeless. His mother had died in childbirth and his father was a moonshiner serving a term in a Federal jail far away "in the settlements."

There wasn't much about Christmas, as he knew it, to appeal to Joe. A friendly neighbor had taken him into his cabin. This meant a bed stretched to accommodate one more child; a supply of corn bread, potatoes, sorghum and salt pork stretched to feed one more child; the warmth of an open fire in a stone-and-mud chimney stretched to warm one more child. The spirit of Christmas had come to that cabin. The neighbor had never read "The Vision of Sir Launfal" so he didn't know how well these words described him:

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

Joe and his host, whose name was Clarence Jones, lived on the banks of the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River some forty horseback miles from the nearest railroad which Joe had never seen. The Frontier Nursing Service had just built one of its outpost nursing centers in that area. It was a job to build because it took the mule teams from three to four days to go to the railroad and return with "fotched-on" supplies. There were several hundred children in this country who had never had a Christmas present or seen a Christmas tree or heard of Santa Claus. Most of the little girls had never owned a store doll or even seen one. A number of the children (among them Joe) had never had a pair of shoes. They tied up their feet during the winter in sack-
ing or used a pair of heavy grown-up boots passed down to them.

The Frontier nurses heard that Joe "warn't doin' no good" and went to see him. They found his feet badly swollen, his face

bluish with dark circles under the eyes. They found that he was always tired and didn't want to play. Clarence was worried about Joe.

The Frontier nurses got Dr. Heim from the Red Bird Mission thirty miles away to come and look over Joe and the doctor said he had a heart disease called endocarditis. This was before the Frontier Nursing Service had built its own Hospital, and had its own doctor. The Children's Hospital in Louisville said they would take Joe in. The only problem was how to get him out of the mountains.

All November and December it had rained, or snowed and thawed. There were three "tides" in ten days before Christmas and our Nursing Centers (we only had three then) were marooned from one another by a waste of river twenty feet above its banks and angry torrents tearing down the mountainside. There wasn't any telephone connection and rarely could the United States Mail Service, mounted on muleback, get through.

The Frontier Nursing Service had planned Christmas for all of its children with knives and balls for the boys and dolls for the girls, warm clothing and shoes for many, and candy for everybody; all sent by friends from "the settlements." For ten days before Christmas no second-class mail could get through anywhere, so the Service had to plan for its Christmas parties to take place when travel was possible again. But there was Joe, and there were some other patients, who needed to get out of the mountains for hospital care. How could we get them out?

There came a lull in the storms and, although it wasn't possible to get mule teams through, a man could ride along the trails and ford the rivers if he was careful about quicksand. I lived at Wendover about fourteen miles down the same river on the banks of which Joe was living. I was planning to go out of the mountains and wanted to take the patients with me. As soon as horses could travel, I asked a neighbor named Elihu Mosley to go up the river and get Joe and bring him down to me on horseback. I sent a heavy coat with Elihu for Joe to wear, a coat given us by another Joe from "the settlements."

Late one gloomy afternoon, Elihu came riding through the gates of Wendover with Joe on the horse behind him. As soon as he saw me, Joe smiled and said, "That was a nice warm wrop

what you sent for me to wear." Thus Joe's first word of greeting was one of courteous appreciation. Where had he learned it, I wondered. Joe stayed with me in the Log House at Wendover for a few days of rest before he could stand any further traveling. The second day he came to me and asked if I could write. When I said I could, he asked, "Will you back a letter for me to Clarence? He was kind to me." Again I marveled. For the first time in my life it came to me that the bread-and-butter letter was not just a thing of social etiquette. Joe had taught me that it is the outcome of a grateful heart.

But Joe had more astonishments in store for me. He pulled out of his pocket five cents that Clarence had given him, and that was all the money he had ever had in his life, and presented it to me. Said Joe, "If you bust this nickel, you can pay for a stamp for that thar letter." The waif of twelve years old who had depended on the charity of a neighbor for the bread he ate, had not been beggared. He wanted to pay his way.

I was confronted with the problem of how to get out of the mountains. I had an expectant mother, whose condition was not normal, to take out with me for hospitalization in Lexington because our own Hospital was still an unerected dream. Neither she nor Joe could ride horseback the twenty-four miles from Wendover to the railroad. While I brooded over this problem, my nearest neighbor, Taylor Morgan, told me he had some planks and could make a boat. I had pitch. In one day, he built and caulked a flat-bottom boat which we named "The Ambulance." We turned the floods to our advantage and, on the thirtieth of December, floated down the river from Wendover. In the bow of the boat stood my neighbor Taylor Morgan, builder of "The Ambulance," guiding our destinies with the branch of a pawpaw tree. Next, on a plank, sat Mallie, age three, and Hannah, age eight, sisters that I was taking out for treatment and had picked up along the river banks. On the next plank, I sat with Joe snugly wrapped up in woolens and blankets. The third plank held the expectant mother and a crippled, cross-eyed child of six, named Jean. Lastly, in the stern, on the luggage, which included supplies for any emergency, sat my secretary Martha Prewitt, alternately baling out our leaky vessel with a tobacco can and steering with a shingle.

Thus we made twenty miles with the current downstream. Twice we landed our precious freight, to portage the worst rapids, while we took the boat through—at the mouth of Hert's Creek, and again in that foamy bit of water near the mouth of Bettie's Branch known as Judy's Whirlpool.

There is a branch called Trace that runs into the Middle Fork opposite Possum Bend where we built a nursing center a year later. We abandoned our boat at Trace and got hold of a mule team. Only four miles and one mountain were between us and the coveted railroad but it took us three hours by mule wagon—the hardest lap of all—to cover these four miles in the dark. There was no road—just rocky, flooded creeks on both sides of the mountain and almost incredible mud at the gap. We had left Wendover at eight in the morning. At eight that night we stood by the tracks at a way-station when the long train came thundering through. I felt Joe's hand and Hannah's tremble in mine, for they had never before seen a train. "Won't hit git us?" gasped Joe. Later, in his Pullman berth, sinking back on white pillows, he added: "I thought hit was goin' to be like a waggin." The impression made by a train upon a child who has never seen one was explained to me once by another mountain boy who said, "I wouldn't have been so scared of gittin' into the middle of hit if fust I could have seen the end of hit."

When I tucked Joe in for the night, he turned his big, sad brown eyes up to mine and said, "I stood this better'n I thought I could," and I whispered under my breath, "Indeed, Joe, you did." As the train thundered down out of the mountains we counted our little boatload over—everyone of them safe—with grateful hearts.

Joe only lived a few weeks at the Children's Hospital which had gathered him in. During this period, his heart disease ran a varying course. At one time he was better and needed shoes. His kind host, Clarence, sent a dollar to add to our dollars to pay for the shoes. Joe had one of the nurses take a snapshot of him in a wheel chair with his feet stuck out so that the shoes loomed large in the foreground of the picture. After that he became rapidly worse and I never saw him again.

During the few days that Joe spent at Wendover, he stayed pretty close to the big wood fire in the stone chimney in the liv-

ing room. Because of his heart condition, his circulation was so poor that he felt the cold bitterly. Once when I stopped to speak to him, he raised his big, sad eyes to me and said, "Do you reckon when I git back from the settlements I could go to a home with room near a big fire? There's allus so many children at Clarence's there hain't much room near the fire." Well, we had a big fire at Wendover and I promised Joe that when he came back from the settlements his place would be at our hearth.

But Joe died, and has left in my memory an unfading imprint. This homeless boy of twelve whose mother had died in childbirth, whose father had been a moonshiner and was serving his term in a Federal jail, this boy who thanked you for sending a warm wrap to cover him, who thought of a thank-you letter to a host and paid for the stamp out of the only nickel he had in the world, who bore uncomplainingly the pangs of his mortal illness and twelve hours of traveling of a character so exhausting that strong men could well have complained of it, this waif neglected of civilization, whenever I think of him I recall the divine promise: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

SACRIFICE

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Perhaps 2nd Lt. Harvey D. Johnson remembered those words from the Bible in the few seconds before his bomber crashed into an empty football field near London, for he deliberately sacrificed his own life to save those of unnumbered unknown British civilians. With his ship afire, Lt. Johnson had ample time to bale out and save himself. Other pilots before him faced by the same problem have jumped and prayed the plane crashing into the homes below would kill no one. But this American pilot made his own decision, a deliberate decision, one which he knew would result in his own death. He flew his ship to the first clearing in a sea of houses, then drove it straight into the ground.

Just as Lieutenant Johnson had planned . . . no one else was hurt. "No greater love hath any man."

In the House of Commons, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, told the story. He related how Johnson, who is unmarried but leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Johnson, Philadelphia, hedge-hopped over rows of houses despite flames which licked at him from the disabled ship.

"I am sure the house will wish to join with me in paying tribute to his gallantry," said Sir Archibald.

The members did. They stood and cheered Johnson's memory.

—*The Outpost*, London.

SHOTS ON BULL CREEK

by

HANNAH MITCHELL, R. N., Certified Midwife

"I reckon I'm goin' down to git my fever shot" was the answer Marthy Napier gave to all the queries as she walked the three miles down Osborne's Fork to the Bull Creek Clinic. She stopped often and advertised at each resting place, "Mis' Mitchell says, hit's good to have these vaccinalations and I *am* feelin' a heap better, seems like my rhematiz ain't hurtin' me so much, sides I don't want to die with the fever like they did fore the nurses come." Seventy-four years old, she spread the propa-ganda on the virtue of typhoid immunizations each week she came until ten came from her vicinity (out of district) to have their shots. She even brought her daughter, weighing almost two hundred and "terrible hard to git about."

"I want more parents to have typhoid serum. You can have more children, but the children can't get another mother or father" was the selling point this year to the older folks, and wherever I saw them I urged 'the shots.' In spite of the fathers being away in war or in war work and the mothers busy with canning and crops, they responded beautifully. There were seventy-eight mothers and thirty fathers who answered my plea.

There were three hundred and thirty-eight complete typhoid immunizations in my district this year out of a count of four hundred and fifty-eight people. Seventy-three came from out of the district to be immunized.

A family now living in Cincinnati came back to their old home and brought their children with whooping cough. The next Wednesday, I had several mothers waiting with their babies for "whooping cough shots." Fifty-six children were immunized against pertussis and thirty against diphtheria.

They're still coming—some whose children are taking the combined Diphtheria and Pertussis toxoid, others for the straight Diphtheria and Pertussis toxoid and even an occasional typhoid vaccine because, "I shore want hit and I didn't git hit this summer when you were vaccinating everybody."

We're not one hundred per cent immunized on Bull Creek yet—but by the way, have you had your shot?

JOURNEYS OF STUDY THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

by Doctora Tegualda Ponce

Published in *La Union*
Valparaise, Chile, Sábado 26 de Diciembre de 1942

Translated by Vanda Summers

Abridged

I have in my program of work the study of the attention of the parts of rural areas. In these terranes, and thanks to the Kellogg Foundation who served to portion out these areas, I visited the Frontier Nursing Service, a service of nurses of the frontier which has its center at Wendover, State of Kentucky.

After Johns Hopkins and the Maternity Chicago Lying-In, the experience most important of my life was here, and in spite of a place so new and unique. Never could I have imagined that this Service of nurses could be hidden in the heart of the mountains of Kentucky, in an isolated region to which nobody has to go; and, it is for this, that this journey merits a brief story of the sight and study of it.

I started my journey at Battle Creek, Michigan, where I resided before going to establish myself at Ann Arbor. I took the train at Detroit. In this big city of millions of inhabitants, I took the night train to Cincinnati. I occupied the Pullman coach. Cincinnati, 500,000 inhabitants, offers gifts and remembrances of silver made by Indians—their equal cannot be found anywhere. Here, I wrote my first letter recounting this visit. A third train was taken to reach Winchester in the center of the State of Kentucky. From Winchester to Hazard the conductor gave me these pointers: we went through seventeen tunnels; we crossed the same river twenty-six times; in the last forty-seven kilometers, the train stopped at ninety-six stations. The way is tortuous throughout its length to such a point that there are not two kilometers in a straight line. This gives you the idea of the geographical formation of the extensive territory occupied by the Appalachian Mountains. We enter regions even more difficult—so much so, that it is impossible to construct canals and open up State roads.

The part we went through is marvelously beautiful between low mountains, reminding me at each instant of the South of Chile, with the same little houses and the poor cabins in which exist the same rural problems with which we are confronted. I arrived in Hazard. A maiden in clothes of an Amazon waited for me. She was a "courier," a person who is charged with the duties of awaiting and accompanying travellers. Even the word of French origin, suggesting the idea of running, could be called "guia" (guide) in Castilian. She is one of the girls that come from very good families and give voluntary work in the mountains. Her mission is to look after the horses and to go with the nurses on their travels when necessary. They are maidens young and beautiful, and they love their work and they are always ready to be of service. It was about six in the afternoon; she invited me to eat in a hotel at Hazard before going on to Hyden. It was a "sad" day and a good part of the way it rained and after some time, the rain came down heavily.

Hyden is about fifty kilometers from Hazard. Here is the Hospital, sitting on a shelf of the mountain. At nine o'clock at night, we were received by the Directress of the Hospital and a nurse-midwife—both English. The following day, a Monday, there was a weekly clinic of "embarrassed" women (P. N.'s), in charge of the medico, Dr. Kooser, an excellent person. Dr. Kooser is very well informed on all recent procedures. He practices detailed examinations for all the diseases, just as efficiently and well done as in Johns Hopkins or any other hospital of good prestige. The clinic functions all day; the midwifery students assist, learning the theory and practice, insuring them a good preparation for their work. I obtained the necessary material, literature and technique, to be repeated here with us; a grand opportunity for our people.

On the following day, Tuesday, they operated on an eighth day postpartum—a rapidly growing ovarian cyst which now showed signs of twisting very appreciably. A surgeon from Hazard arrived to conduct the operation for the doctor of the F. N. S. Results were good.

After five days of observing things in Hyden, we went to Wendover—five kilometers more into the interior of the mountains. We arrived at the headquarters of the Service, which was

founded in 1925 by Mrs. Breckinridge—a very interesting and charming woman sixty years old who lives with all her personnel in the middle of the mountains, working for the numerous population around her. For twenty years, she has known the region and its problems. From her marriage she had two children who died when they were very small. She resolved to dedicate her life to this work which grew and was realized.

The proposition of this beneficial work was to obtain aid for these people where there was no medical aid. There was founded a school of midwives, the observation of which was the motive of my journey, which, as I have said before, has been an exceptional privilege. The Service is divided into districts; each center serves an area of ten kilometers around. The total area covers eighteen hundred square kilometers. All this has to be attended to on horseback. It was not long before the opportunity came to me to do a round on the district. There was a prenatal and a postpartum visit. The work is carried on with supplies in saddlebags, which hang on the horse. . . .

Arrived home little realising we would be called out again. A hot bath was indicated and during this healthy occupation, I was deep in thought when suddenly came the call to a sick girl we had seen that afternoon. It was ten o'clock on a dark night when we mounted our horses. We had big flash lights but did not use them because some horses are not used to them. Everything resulted well and when we returned to Wendover it was two-thirty a. m. It was an indelible experience, working in similar circumstances as ours, encountering the same problems, equal to those that are presented in our home services with one sole difference—that here they speak English. We encountered the same dismantled beds without sheets, under-clad children, and a lot of poverty of which we see so much! But here, working with few resources, using what they have at their disposal with an excellent technique of asepsis and knowing very well what they should do, or not do.

The following day, we were in the dining room at seven-thirty with an excellent breakfast which everybody enjoyed very much. An hour later, we went to an outpost center situated at Bowlingtown—eighty kilometers. We arrived at eleven-thirty and had lunch. In this center, there is a clinic in which this

nurse-midwife does her prenatal examinations and discovers any abnormalities. On the return after one hundred and sixty kilometers in the car, I was so exhausted that we asked permission not to be present at dinner. They waited on me with great delicacy in every way.

The following morning they made me acquainted with the offices, recently installed in a new building, constructed after a fire, which they called the Garden House. Here are the offices of the secretaries, the couriers, nurses. I visited with the social worker, a young woman whom I had met at Reading, Pennsylvania. We experienced the agreeable surprise of meeting again in the middle of the Appalachian Mountains. Here goes the tenth day of the month. I went to a reunion of the nurses of the second district of Kentucky. It was all full of inspirations and interesting sights. It is difficult to understand how a group of young women, of such valour, intellect and morale can live here, away from everywhere.

They are all young with the exception of Mrs. Breckinridge who is, as we might say, spiritually as young as the rest; the explanation being that the work is full of interest, is above all human. She is loved by all who come in contact with her and everything is done with kindness. She merits much admiration because her work is unique in its kind and has no parallel.

Nobody can believe how Mrs. Breckinridge started the work of this mission. Without any road facilities the work was very difficult; but there are all the comforts that anyone could wish. Her ever-increasing correspondence was the reason the government started a post office adjoining her work. True it is, that there is no electric light, but numerous oil lamps illuminate the rooms. There are candelabra which give such beauty to the corners. With this luck and these surroundings so beautiful, is effected the desire to work in this atmosphere. Each person carries her flashlight. The drinking water comes from springs and a well. The visit to the spring is a walk promising a sight of natural beauty. There are many hens and roosters, the pastime of the few free hours of Mrs. Breckinridge. My room opens on to a porch near the nurse's room where everybody lives in the grand free air and sleeps with the doors open.

The nurses practice preventive medicine and teach hygiene

so well that infectious diseases have visibly diminished. Extraordinary data in this Appalachian region—they have one of the best maternal and infantile mortality rates in the United States and also of the world.

The parting was painful in saying goodbye. They had been so attentive and cordial and given me so much to remember that I will never forget them. The return journey was made from Hazard at six in the morning to Lexington, arriving at the city at mid-day. Six hours afterwards, I took the train to Cincinnati and arrived there at nine and the following morning found me in Battle Creek.

A FRIEND OF MAN

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sends some compulsory instruction in the care of the horse, and writes: "We are deeply concerned because the standard of treatment of horses in this country shows a certain deterioration, largely because of war conditions."

The shortage of petrol has resulted in much hauling of heavy loads for horses—keep an eye on them. When ribs are plainly visible have a word with the driver and "ask for more." We once followed an injured, overburdened, starving horse **four miles** to its fair and reported its owner, with the result that its sufferings were terminated by order, and its cruel master heavily fined.

—*The British Journal of Nursing*, London.

"THE MOTHER OF THE SON"

Lady M. Montgomery, mother of the British Army's famed General Bernard Montgomery, was a recent visitor in an American Red Cross club. Asked to write in the visitor's book, she inscribed the following verse, sent her by a friend after the triumph of the Eighth Army in Egypt:

"I'm the mother of the son who made Rommel run.
There's no personality left of my own.
As soon as the Battle of Egypt was won,
I became the mother of the son who made Rommel run."

—*The Outpost*, London.

KEEP IT DARK!

If you've news of our munitions—Keep it dark!
Ships or planes or troop positions—Keep it dark!
Lives are lost through conversation, Here's a tip for the duration,
When you've private information—Keep it dark!

—Rotary Bulletin, Montoursville, Pa.

GENERAL CLARK EULOGIZES MEDICAL SERVICES AT SALERNO

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY
Office of the Commanding General
A.P.O. No. 464, U. S. Army

In the field
25 September 1943

Major General Norman T. Kirk
Surgeon General, U. S. Army
War Department
Washington, D. C.

Dear General Kirk:

I desire to express the highest commendation for the wonderfully fine work performed by the medical units of this Army. Their devotion to duty under the hazardous and trying circumstances of the landing in Salerno Bay and their skill and efficient administration reflect the best traditions of the Service. Many wounded officers and men, who will eventually be restored to full health, would have died but for the effective work of the Medical Corps. I am especially well pleased with the performance of the Surgeon Fifth Army. He has done a magnificent job.

From the first landing to the date of this letter, 3,335 casualties have been admitted to Fifth Army hospitals. The first hospital opened within 3 to 5 miles of the front lines. The next hospital began to function the following day still closer and under the most difficult conditions. Neither hospital had any nurses when opened. Thus far there have been only 42 deaths in the hospitals. Thirty-two of these cases were those of U. S. personnel who died from wounds. Five were U. S. personnel who died from diseases or injuries; 5 were enemy who died of wounds. Many of those who survived would never have reached a hospital alive had the hospitals been located at a normal distance from the front.

Two thousand and sixty-one cases have been evacuated to North Africa by air and sea.

The beach medical service was superior. One medical battalion distinguished itself on the beaches under heavy fire early in the operation. I shall recommend that the unit be cited for its gallant work under terrible conditions.

The medical supply system began to function according to plan with the assault wave, and despite the most difficult conditions it rapidly developed to the highest state of efficiency.

Among the difficulties with which the medical services have had to cope were the loss of the entire equipment of our third evacuation hospital and the bombing of a hospital ship which was bringing the nurses. Fortunately only one nurse was injured, and all are again on their way to Italy to rejoin their units.

The whole performance of the Fifth Army medical services has been most heartening to me and has been of incalculable aid in the operation. I have been so favorably impressed with their performance that I cannot forbear to write you this personal letter to tell you of my gratitude and admiration.

Mark W. Clark,
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

Courtesy of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

REPORT OF A STUDENT NURSE-MIDWIFE At the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

By CATHERINE LORY, R.N.

(Abridged)

Published through the courtesy of
District Health Department of the Indiana State Board of Health.

I've been here over two months, and it's time I was making a report to the other nurses in the District Health Department.

The set up is roughly this. Any family living in the district (there are seven centers with resident nurse-midwives, besides the Hospital center here at Hyden) gets medical and nursing care. Maternity care is five dollars and includes excellent prenatal care, hospital delivery if the midwife or doctor anticipate trouble, and daily post-partum care if they live within three miles of the center, otherwise first, third, seventh and tenth days. For patients outside the districts, only hospital delivery is available, with prenatal care as they come in to the clinic. A very nice layette can be obtained for two dollars. We're suffering from a shortage of diapers. Mrs. Breckinridge, with friends all over the country has put in protests in various vital points to get more. Hope she does something about the safety pin situation too. She did put in a protest to the proper war board for horse shoes and got them.

During our course we have a series of lectures under the midwife supervisor and others under the medical director. We must have at least twenty deliveries. These are deliveries we do ourselves with a supervisor present. If we only assist the medical director they don't count. I've had two like that. We must also get the patient in time to do a rectal exam. or they don't count. We have a joke on one of the students. On one call she felt it was a hurry-up case. So on the way she got out a rectal glove, put it on and wrapped her hand in a towel. On reaching the home, she dashed in all prepared for her rectal. For a long time the minute we saw her we held up an index finger—not the V sign either. The bane of a student midwife is the BBA (born before arrival). There you have the mess and the post-partum care, but it doesn't count [as one of your twenty cases]. I've had two of those too—the only ones we've had so far.

After delivery the lochia is "wasting." Safety pins are "latch pins" and the nurse's equipment is known locally as the "nurse's tricks."

Prenatals register early here. They first go to the lab., where a student nurse-midwife (we take turns) does a hemoglobin, a blood coagulation test, a Kahn and if they live near enough so it can be read, a Mantoux. Next another midwife tests urine for albumen, takes temperature, pulse, respirations and blood pressure. Then the patient comes to the midwifery room where her history is taken, covering all her full term pregnancies and "bad lucks." We inquire into childhood diseases, dental and general condition, stressing proper diet and advising as to rest, etc. The patient is put on a table, outside pelvic and abdominal measurements done, breast and nipples examined, position of fetus determined, vaginal smear taken and feces tin given to test for worms. They nearly all have worms, and that probably accounts for the extremely low blood pressure we find here. I'm continually amazed by them. A blood pressure of 140 is considered toxic and visits must be made to such a patient every other day. Recently I found one of my three weeks post-partums with a blood pressure so low that at home she would have passed out! But here she was up and about, did feel a little weak but reckoned that went along with having a baby. I gave her feosol to increase hemoglobin and she's to come in to clinic Monday.

To get back to our registering patient. She goes in to a dressing room where she removes her scant clothing and puts on a gown. Very few of them wear anything but a slip and a dress. She's put on a table in the doctor's room where there is another student nurse-midwife to learn from him. The student determines fetal position and fundus height and figures the expected date of confinement. Then the doctor checks it. He does a rectal and whatever internal measurements he thinks necessary, takes a cervical smear, and does a general examination. He usually decides at this time whether the patient is for home or hospital delivery. All of this is dictated to a secretary and put on the patient's record. We have very complete and exact records on every patient. All of this is at our Monday Clinic. Each patient is told when to come back: once a month for the first six months,

twice a month during the seventh and eighth months, and then once a week until delivery. If a patient develops albumen she must be seen every other day—also edematous ones.

We take our turn on delivery call. I was on a case last night—a hospital delivery. But a district call is a call to action, and no mistake. The last one was a good example. Supper was over, and we had scattered to various pursuits. When the phone rang, the student and supervisor on call got into their out-door uniforms, one other nurse rushed to the barn to saddle two horses, another collected delivery bags, while I fixed sandwiches and drinking water in thermos bottles. Of course we don't dare drink water in a patient's home, and if you are there for twenty-four hours or so, you get pretty thirsty. They were off in nothing flat, to ford the river in the dark and climb the mountain. Then at the end of an hour and a half ride, take down a rail fence (did you ever do that? But that's another story!) and lead your horse down a hillside that is too steep to ride. Take down the bars twice more, and you come to a cabin. Dogs bark and neighbor women heave a sigh of relief. "The nurses are here." The men folks gather up the "least ones" and go over the hills to grand-ma's, and the field is ours. Observe your patient and calculate your time. Get your layout ready, boil up your instruments, hypo, cord ties and gloves, give your patient a bath and an enema, collect clean sheets and a clean dress to put on patient afterwards. You've probably brought the layette with you. Then proceed from there!

After a hard night, you come dragging in and get a few hours sleep. Thank goodness, one more prenatal is delivered safely! It's after a long night like this I wonder why in the world I ever thought I wanted to be a nurse-midwife. But a hot bath, and a good sleep change your point of view entirely.

I could wish for all low economic groups such comprehensive maternity care as the Frontier Nursing Service offers its families.

Now as I write this it is "the edge of dark." The usual mist creeps down in the valleys with the mountains standing guard above. Here on our hillside the evening sounds from the town come to us softened by distance. Cow-bells and sounds of laughter, a dinner gong from the hotel and singing from the church.

Enjoying the peace of evening it is hard to realize that somewhere boys from these very homes are fighting, and longing with homesick hearts to come back to their mountains.

WELCOME TO THE DOUGHBOY

Welcome, Doughboy! Once again
Freedom's peril brings you over;
California—Kansas—Maine
Face the same old foe at Dover.

All the past, and all the pleas,
All the braying, all the blame,
Could not keep you from the seas—
Freedom beckoned and you came.

China's weary, Russia's worn,
You are young, and we are small;
But the bully is not born
That can stand against us all.

Yet we are not through the wood;
Therefore, Doughboy, thanks a lot!
You have given us all you could;
We must give you all we've got.

Pumpkin pie? Iced water? Nay,
But a heart that's tough and true,
And, whatever people say,
Slightly democratic too.

Welcome, Doughboy! Hand in hand
We will tour Berlin and Rome;
And till then this ancient land
Hopes that you may feel at home.

A. P. Herbert
In the *Sunday Graphic*, London

I WANTED A CHRISTMAS BABY

by

RUTH PENINGER, R. N., Certified Midwife



THE AUTHOR

Florrie was due December sixteenth, but mightn't she wait until Christmas? It was her first baby, and she just might wait. She was my only hope for a Christmas baby, and I was looking forward to a Christmas one in a cabin here in the mountains.

It was Saturday night, December fifth. The luxury of Saturday night! Just looking forward to Sunday morning and a chance to sleep late. I can knit a little later on Saturday night too. How good the bed felt when I crawled in at midnight. I was asleep almost immediately.

Knock! Knock! Knock! One eye open. Was that someone at the door? Knock! Knock! Knock! So out I crawled. Gone were the illusions of a Christmas baby. Well, this was almost as good. The ground was covered with snow, and maybe I wouldn't want to go out on Christmas Eve anyway.

I mounted Blackie and two-thirty a. m. found us on our way up Little Flat Creek to Florrie at her mother-in-law's cabin. Many trees had blown down in a recent wind storm and in dodging one branch I was hit in the face by another. The ride seemed endless. A light in a house by the roadside told us we were only

half way to our destination. The night was not cold or the ride too unpleasant over the snow covered trail, but it just seemed we'd been riding for hours. Could it be only two miles up to Florrie's? We must have come more than that already.

At last we came in sight of the light from a log house, and were greeted by Barnabas, a fifteen year old brother of Florrie's, and a lantern. "We thought you were never coming." How long had we taken? It seemed hours to me too. I hoped we were not too late.

Inside, Florrie sat on a chair by the fire, so I knew we were in plenty of time. A look at my watch told me we had been only forty-five minutes on the road. Another look at Florrie and I wasn't so sure we had too much time. Her family was quick with the assurance that there would be more "noise" before I need worry, but it seemed best to me not to tarry long in getting things ready.

"What is this to be, Florrie, boy or girl?"

"I don't know."

"What do you want?"

"I don't care."

"How about a six and one-half pound girl?"

"I'd like that."

Well it's a good thing we got that all settled. In a few minutes, with still no "noise" but with as much cooperation from the eighteen-year-old wife as I've ever had from any patient, everything was over, and everyone was overjoyed with the arrival of a six and one-half pound girl!

Everyone happy, everything cleaned up, saddle bags packed, breakfast over, now I had only to wait a few minutes for daylight. Then would come the ride home, and that luxurious Sunday morning nap. But I had to wait another year for a Christmas baby.

JUST JOKES, WATER

Science Prof: What happens when a body is immersed in water?

Co-ed: The telephone rings.

Guide: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest cataract in the country, and if the ladies will only be silent for a moment you will hear the deafening roar of the waters."—Rotary Bulletin, Winchester, Ky.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Mary L. Hollins (Holly) "at a Port"—July 17, 1942.

I saw in the Summer Bulletin that you knew I was bound for Abyssinia sometime. Well, now that time has arrived! I expect to be off quite soon. I am really thrilled, it has been put off so many times.

It sounds as if there will be plenty to do, lots of babies to catch and clinics and surgical nursing in the hospital. Outside riding is the only means of locomotion or relaxation so I'll keep fit for the Mountains.

I've seen quite a bit of Kelly lately. She is going to be very busy getting the new maternity block of the South London Hospital for Women ready for opening in September. Kelly seems to be "liason officer" for all the F. N. S. over here. She gives us all news of one another and seems to manage to fit us all into her time table.

A "Good luck" telegram has just arrived from Mac. I was very sorry not to be able to see her some of the few times she has been in London lately.

I haven't heard from Scottie (*V. Isabel Milne*) for ages but think she's in the Middle East. Denny seems to be in India still.

Please thank Mrs. Breckinridge for the Bulletin. I do enjoy it so!

I send my love to all I know there.

.

From May V. Green in London—July 27, 1943.

I came to the University College Hospital early this month to take my Housekeepers certificate. You will no doubt be interested to know the Hospital is o. k. and suffered very little damage though directly opposite and around suffered terribly. It is just miraculous how U. C. H. escaped! The Hospital is still not in full swing as some of the wards on the top floors are not yet open. I believe the private block is in full swing as they have over 120 patients. I'm enjoying my course very much. Would you like to come and help me serve from 190 to 210 breakfasts tomorrow?

I am sitting on the grass in Regents Park enjoying the lovely sunshine and fresh air and—more enjoyable still—an apple which tastes especially nice as we have been so long without them. There are crowds of mothers and children in the park and every nationality under the sun. I wish you could hear all the different languages! From here I can see lovely beds of flowers and lovely beds of beets in place of the flowers.

Kelly came and had tea with me yesterday.

Do remember me to all I know. I'm often with you all in thought and how I enjoy the Bulletin!

.

From Edith Mickle (Mickle Minor) with the Middle East Forces—August 12, 1943.

Robbie and I have just returned from a gas course—very intensive two weeks. Our poor stagnant brains were fairly shaken up but we managed to wallow through this sea of learning and came out qualified instructors. It was grand to be away from the nursing world for a spell and we came back really tough guys. I'd like to tell you all about it but that must be an after the war story.

Life is appallingly quiet here just now—in fact I'm afraid we are just sitting pretty. It's very bad indeed for the energetic ones. I do hope it won't last much longer. It's very hot during the day and very sandy except for the orange and olive groves. These dull olive trees are very lovely especially in the moonlight when the hardness of their surroundings is softened by the moon. We shall miss these lovely warm tropical nights if ever we are destined to return to our own chilly clime.

.

**From Annie P. McKinnon (Mac) in Essex—
August 21, 1943.**

While my mind is off "higher things" I shall write you a wee note as I have been meaning to do for a long time but, mercy me, it's so hard to get down to it. The Bulletin arrived, and I have read it from beginning to end and over again. I just long for it; and it's a joy!

I had a visit from Kelly the other day which we both en-

joyed while talking over the "good old days." Kelly looks very well and seems happy.

I have just had a phone message from a Sergeant who is married to a Louisville girl. As far as I could make out he is a great guy and we have arranged a meeting.

Next month I am going to Scotland for two weeks to buck me up for the winter and whatever is in store. Things are looking pretty good and now we're waiting for the next show down. I wish to goodness it was over—"I am doing my best." My love to all.

.

From Ruth Jolliffe (Jolly) in Buffalo, N. Y.—

September 8, 1943.

Now life is pretty hurried and rather hectic at times. I work six days a week and eight hours a day. In the two months I've been here I've worked one Sunday and seven or eight evenings. Since the plant is fifteen miles from my residence my day is pretty full.

We seem rather close to the war here with the test pilots flying the Airacobras all day long as they roll off the assembly line here. This is a very fascinating plant. It is one of the new government-owned ones—very modern and large.

Next week two men from the department and myself have been chosen to attend an intensive seven-day course in Quality Control at the University of Buffalo. Quality control is one of the things I wanted to work on if I obtained a position in industry so it looks like this is my chance.

I have a small apartment. So far I haven't attempted much cooking but at least I don't have to go out for breakfast. It has a fireplace which I know this fall and winter will be a reminder of you all gathered in the living room of the "Big House." I'm celebrating my first raise at Bell Aircraft by a check for a year's subscription to the Bulletin.

.

From Betty Lester in London—September 9, 1943.

I'm on a vacation for two weeks and it's so lovely resting up. My sister and I are going into the country for a long week end. It's a bit hopeless to plan a holiday these days what with banned areas and rations and difficulties of travel.

I am sending you my re-entry permit again. Somebody laughed at me awhile ago for keeping it going every six months. However, I asked at the Consulate yesterday whether it was to my advantage to do it and the man told me if I have it up-to-date I can just step on a ship and come without any trouble. Expect me by the earliest ship I can get after the war! What a day!

This is not a newsy letter, is it? Still—I've no news. Babies still come and I still want to come back.

.
From Edith Anderson (Andy) in Tennessee—Sept. 12, 1943.

After school I got a job in a Girl Scout Camp 30 miles from George's (*her husband's*) camp, so that he was able to visit me twice a week. We have a small Ford jalopy called Leaping Lena as her shock absorbers are about gone. She is the drinkingest gal this side of the Rockies and consumes more oil than any decent lady should—and oh, the way she makes eyes at the jeeps! But Lena has a charming personality and a good coat of paint, so we love her.

Now that George and I have a room in an old (1792) farmhouse eight miles from camp, we pamper Lena because she brings "him" home every night. Three lieutenants and their wives live here so we co-op on food and cooking. It works out very well and we do have some grand times. Occasionally I go out for a game of tennis and every week end we go dancing. Some time ago at a ball game a man boomed out behind us: "So this is the wife, Lawrence!" It resulted in my meeting eight generals and a grandstand of colonels. We were the only 2nd lieutenants there and all the brass scared me skinny.

George was in hospital for a week with kidney stones but, fortunately, did not need an operation. He would have stayed longer except that he got bored with me trying to improve his mind reading parts of "Psychotherapy in Medical Practice."

.
From Elisabeth Holmes (Betty) in Johns Hopkins Training School, Baltimore—September 24, 1943.

Tuesday morning promptly at 7 a. m. I arrived in the operating room—supposedly as a nurse but feeling like the most apprehensive patient. First we struggled into sack-like garments

known as utility dresses and guaranteed not to fit, then into scrub caps which look like diving helmets and make your neck itch. Then, after adding a mask, we were marshalled into a gallery and told to watch operations for four hours, observing the nurses. This was a blow after expecting to at least make a more intimate acquaintance with instruments or to **do something**. However, later we **did** something all right—dried about ten bushels of rubber gloves, folded an equivalent amount of towels, etc.

Finally we had a scrub lesson. I was dutifully scrubbing the designated area of my upper appendages when a doctor using the next sink yelled: "Great Guns, Girl, use a little **vigor!**" This terrified me so I scrubbed the skin practically off for the next eight minutes and then plunged my arms into alcohol feeling sterile right down to the bone, but when I withdrew them they were the color of Santa's suit and covered with hives.

Today after a great many classes about sutures, instruments, *et al*, I was told to "circulate." A big operation was posted and I was all set to hand things to the scrub nurse and be extremely useful. But no—they set me fixing up some contrivance consisting of two large flasks suspended way over head into which I had to pour lysol, then boiling water—this by the pitcher method, while going up and down the stepladder hoping I wouldn't scald myself. Finally, after filling the things with distilled water and covering the works with a sterile towel, at great danger to life and limb, the whole procedure having consumed an hour or so of my time which I was dying to devote to more important things, they informed me the operation was cancelled and the apparatus wouldn't be needed!

Somewhat later while trying to observe another operation but being unable to see anything but the very broad back of a doctor, the operator muttered something completely unintelligible so I paid no heed, remembering that Surgeons **are** odd and probably talk to themselves. A minute later he emitted this gargling sound again. Fortunately the medical student assisting was a friend of mine and interpreted. I then discovered that the surgeon was asking me to **please** get him a left glove, size 7½. I finally remembered where they were kept and started. On the way I tripped over something but didn't connect that mishap with one of the lights going out until the same friend implored

me to put the light back on—then I humbly connected the cord I'd tripped over back into the wall.

Then they wanted the "elevator" lowered—I figured that one out quickly and decided they meant the table. After elbowing three visiting army men out of my way while trying to get under the drapes without contaminating them, I found a large wheel and turned it. In shocked tones the surgeon announced that the patient for some reason or other was going into lithotomy or some such queer position. Since he was on his side, this was wrong. Fortunately the head nurse arrived back just then and fixed the table!

.

From Ruth Waterbury in Syracuse N. Y.—October, 1943.

You asked me to tell you about my job. The trouble is where to begin. Mrs. Towne, the Building Manager, is an English woman and very attractive. She loves her job and her enthusiasm is catching.

Our first concern is keeping the building filled. It is about 95% filled at present, which is very good. That part of the work involves work with leases and blue prints. Then, there is the job of rent collections—keeping a ledger, making a daily deposit and getting bills out. We have a weekly payroll of about sixty and that is quite a job these days with social security and withholding tax deductions. Not the least of my duties is answering the telephone!

A week ago today a terrible thing happened here. Our church was ruined by fire. The service had just begun when puffs of smoke came out the cold air returns. Everyone left quickly, but we all thought the fire could be controlled. This didn't prove to be the case. It's heart-breaking to see the bare stone walls standing. They remind me of a stone chimney standing in a clearing where a cabin has been.

.

**From Anne George Nims (Georgie) with the ARC
at Seymour Johnson Field—October 11, 1943.**

I was delighted to get my Bulletins at last and I enjoyed reading them from cover to cover. Whenever anyone asks me what I was doing before I came into the Army I am always

proud to say I was with the F. N. S. My experience there has stood me in good stead and I enjoyed it a lot.

I am now operating room supervisor and am very busy but enjoying it immensely. This is a very interesting post. I was up for my first plane ride not long ago and loved it. I can't wait to go again!

It's amazing how many old friends I have run into. I keep looking for any Kentucky boys but so far have not come across any from the districts covered by the F. N. S. My, but those hills would look good to me now! It's very flat here and the trees are few and far between.

Please give my regards to all I know. Tell them I'll do my best to "keep 'em flying".

. . . .

From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—August 15, 1943.

Omagh is a bit like Kentucky reproducing babies. They seem to be arriving all the time. I had three last week—all boys.

I had ten days off in July and went home. The weather was ideal. I pulled gooseberries, black currants, raspberries and strawberries, and we made some jam.

The other nurse has gone for a four weeks' annual holiday, so I am doing both districts. I expect to get two weeks in September with the August week-end thrown in. I've been taking a week-end every month (Friday until Tuesday morning). I was lucky to get a district so near home. The patients call me the Kentucky nurse.

We have a small flat and do our own cooking by electricity. Everything is so clean! Just now I get vegetables galore from my patients, also homemade jam, flowers, and eggs. Then occasionally a parcel arrives from home so I'm faring very well.

October 12, 1943.

By the time this reaches you Thanksgiving Day will be in your thoughts. You may be sure I shall think about you all.

I have just returned here after three weeks' vacation which I spent at home. I often helped with the milking and fed the baby calves. The chicks were so frightened of me they ran away. Have you seen or heard anything of Bridget and Peter (*the Brutus geese*) and their 1943 babies?

I delivered eight babies in August—all boys—and another boy in September. It looks as if I am really doing some national service work!

Best wishes for Thanksgiving Day. My thoughts will be with you all. Love to everyone.

.

From Ada Worcester in Sussex—October 13, 1943.

I loved having your letter this a. m. I was on the verge of writing you anyway, as I've several little things to tell you. The Maternity Home is about to materialize, and it is to be run as an annex to the hospital. This next week I go for a short course to rub up my midwifery a bit, and to be instructed in the administration of gas and air, as an analgesic. After that I'm to return to the Hospital until the home opens, then take a sestership there. I've been very thrilled about this for some weeks, but now it's so near I feel decidedly squeamish. I shall not like being away from home for the course, I know, but I'm looking up my books and I hope to make a good job of it.

All nurses over here are controlled until they are sixty, so I've got a long way to go yet. Any change of job is subject to the approval of the National Service officer, but my transfer will present no difficulties, as midwifery is one of the urgent priorities.

My ward Sister is away today, and its been "one of those days." The police rang up quite early to say an accident had occurred, then the St. John's men telephoned to say they were bringing in a girl, and finally she arrived with an obviously fractured femur. As she was a war worker we tried to get her transferred to the official fracture unit, but nothing doing. She has an extension up, and one of our precious beds is tied up for the next three months.

October 22, 1943.

It's just a week since I came here and they are going to push me through a strenuous course. One week almost done in the nursery to get back into my stride with feeding, etc. I've learned quite a lot and I just pester the tutors with questions.

The two tutors have an office actually on the ward. They watch the pupils continuously in addition to the ward sisters. Next week I start my gas and air course—two weeks for that certificate. During that time I shall see all the labour ward cases and give gas too. I'm also to do a few deliveries. After that, abnormal work and toxemias.

David (*her husband*) is a little lonely but he writes every day to say all goes well, and I shall get home on my day off. My love to you all.

.

From Josephine Green (Jo) "Somewhere in England"—
October 19, 1943.

Here I sit munching an apple and enjoying the comforts of a nice round coal stove—or should I say coke as that is what we are using? This evening I spent a most enjoyable time having coffee and cakes at a grand old home here with an entertaining family. I still am amazed at the way these people are making out after four years of war. I never believed that when I was with Vanda and Brownie that I was being educated for a stay in their country. Tea at odd hours during the day and some other things make me wish they were here to show me around.

We have been lucky to be able to purchase bicycles so we can get around at a little faster pace than walking. I have been anxious to try some of the horses here but they are so much in demand that it is necessary to make reservations a week or more in advance, so for the time being I will have to give up that pleasure. We hope to spend Thanksgiving in London. I hope, too, that I may sometime see the folks I knew in the F. N. S. who have returned here.

Right now you must be having grand walks through those gorgeous hills. The colors must be really grand at this time. This is the time of year I never saw in Kentucky, but sometime I hope I shall get a chance to enjoy it. I sure do like that country and the people in it!

I get quite a kick out of the trains here. They are small, but how they do speed!

From Ann Martin with the American Red Cross in India—

October 23, 1943.

I have been at my present station only about a month and a half, and it's quite a contrast to my previous one. I was at the last post about eight months—the busiest and most interesting and enjoyable eight months! The first part of May I started working on a club-mobile—the first American Red Cross mobile unit in this theater. It's a large truck with the body painted gray and trimmed with the red cross insignia in red, white, and blue. The tail gate opens out and to each side to form a side wall and on the other side is a door for entering with a little portable ladder to climb in. Inside are a small piano, a victrola, public address system, and facilities for serving doughnuts, cookies, coffee, and cold drinks. We went out every night and sometimes in the afternoon, to a different organization each time, serving refreshments and providing entertainment. We planned our schedule in advance, which gave the men an opportunity to work up their own entertainment, if they had men who had talent and wanted an opportunity to express it. Sometimes we had a quiz program or bingo or just played music. It's proving a great success and is thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the troops. To give you an idea of the scope of this activity, in the month of July we served 18,050 doughnuts, 14,650 cookies, and 675 gallons of coffee or punch to 5,135 soldiers.

We were very much understaffed and had to work long hard hours. As a result of getting little sleep, not eating properly, etc., I developed anemia. Luckily, about that time we received additional personnel and I could take things a bit easier. Along with this I was given vitamin, iron, and calcium tablets, and injections of liver serum twice a week. After a month I had improved considerably and was ordered into headquarters for reassignment. Upon arrival here it was suggested that I take a couple of weeks to recuperate completely. Then I reported back on duty and was assigned to a job here in HQ. After working one day I contracted dengue fever and was hospitalized for ten days. Now I am back on duty feeling fit as a fiddle and gaining weight. I'm starting on my twentieth month overseas

and feel that I'm good for another twenty. Best of good wishes to everyone.

.

From Margery Tait (Madge) with the Middle East Force—
November 1, 1943.

This is just to wish you all a merry merry Christmas and a healthy, happy, and prosperous New Year. Margaret Watson and I will drink a toast to you all on Christmas day. The Micks are a sea journey away, but I am sure they'll remember you all too.

The cool weather is here at last, thank goodness. I wasn't built for heat!

We are all terribly busy—all sorts and conditions and tongues of men! The language problem leaves me unmoved now. After frantically buying French, Arabic, and Polish text books, I refuse to purchase any further languages so have to resort to the good old sign system, but we rub along quite well.

Watson had sandfly fever and I sunk as low as dysentery, but we are both hale and hearty at the moment. We are going to sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem" to your tune on Christmas day. Love to all.

.

NEWSY BITS

Katherine Ratcliffe Armstrong announced the birth of her daughter Mary Charlene, on August 29th in Anchorage, Alaska.

Eva Delaney Vanover recently had a visit from her husband. She writes from Lexington that this was the first time she had seen him in seven months as he was first at Miami Beach, Florida, then to Camp Ripley, Minnesota, and now at Camp Berkeley, Texas. Eva's young son, Earl, is doing nicely.

We all wish to express our sympathy with Leona Morgan over the illness of her daughter Joanne, who is confined to bed with tuberculosis. Our best wishes are with them both.

We have heard that Gene Stout, who was graduated from

the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery last May is now resident nurse-midwife at the Walton County Hospital in Georgia. Congratulations, Gene!

NEWS FROM THE KOOSERS

**From Lt. Com. John H. Kooser, USNRMC, at Cabaniss Field,
Texas—September 19, 1943.**

Well, four weeks ago today I "came aboard" in the midst of semitropical heat clad in my heavy blues. Since then I have been in gray most of the time.

I spent most of my time at the central dispensary at the main base until four days ago when I was transferred here. As you may know the medical services in the Navy are divided into two departments, hospital and dispensary, each separate. I have been assigned to the latter. Much of our work is preventive medicine. On "shot" days with the mass immunizations, I feel as though I were back in the hills.

The general area in which we are located is very different from the hills. I find that, in this type of flat country, the "edge of dark" is no more. I am now in a better position to appreciate the messages from Mac and the Mickles and the rest—especially their reactions to the hills. I can understand and heartily join them.

My quarters, which are comfortable and very convenient, are in the B.O.Q. This means Bachelor Officers' Quarters. Since I stand the watch every other night, this arrangement is necessary. I also eat at the B.O.Q. mess. You see I have undergone an about-face and am now associated almost exclusively with men.

I have had some good opportunities to learn a bit about aviation. The medical aspects are intriguing. I enjoy the hops I can get in my off duty time. Yesterday I had a plane trip to Austin to see my first football game in years. The pilots are really the cream of American youth and are well trained to mental and physical efficiency.

From Mrs. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa.—September 24, 1943.

Danny Boy (*the pony*) arrived about noon on Wednesday. He was in good shape except that he was very dirty and a little stiff. John's brother, Frank, came down this evening and cleaned out his feet and fixed him up.

They delivered him at our house and uncrated him in the back yard. He knew us all and seemed pleased to see us. He doesn't seem any the worse for the trip. In no time at all, all of the children of the neighborhood were here for rides. Some of them brought money to pay for rides. We gave them all a little ride until Danny Boy seemed tired, then we let him rest.

We took him up to mother's where he has a big yard to graze. I planned to take him out to the farm but everyone is so fond of him that I have decided to leave him there until all the children get to see him. Mother and my sister have done nothing for the past two days but take care of Danny. He is such a pet.

Nancy and Johnny are thrilled to have him and they haven't forgotten how to ride. There is a nice place near mother's where he can get plenty of grass so I think he's very happy. I went up to see him today and he whinnied when he heard my voice. I didn't know there were so many children in the town until Danny arrived. I wish you could see the expression on their faces when they are riding him.

**NEWS OF GENE STOUT FROM THE GEORGIA "PUBLIC HEALTH
NURSING BULLETIN"**

Miss Gene Stout, formerly a public health nurse in Thomas County, has been appointed resident nurse-midwife by the Walton County Hospital. Miss Stout received her training in midwifery at the Frontier Nursing Service last winter. She will deliver normal obstetrical cases under the immediate direction of the physicians on the hospital staff. Miss Stout is the first nurse-midwife in Georgia to be entrusted with the actual delivery of patients. This service was established through the cooperation of the State Department of Health, the Walton County Department of Health and the Walton County Hospital.

A SEQUENCE FOR ADVENT SOURCES

John Pulsford: *The Supremacy of Man*, London, out of print.

Second Peter, 1, verse 19, King James version.

Boetius, A.D. 480-524.

Thomas Traherne, 1636 (?) -1674.

Romans, 8, verse 22, King James version.

Ann Anchor.

Logia—Sayings of our Lord, from an early Greek papyrus, discovered, edited, translated by Grenfell and Hunt; Egypt Exploration Fund, 1897.

Laurence Housman: *A Prayer for the Healing of the Wounds of Christ (For Advent)*.

The Lady Julian: *Revelations of Divine Love*, A.D. 1373, edited by Grace Warrack from the ms. in the British Museum.

Canticle of the Three Children, Book of Daniel, Chapter 3, in Douai version, Book of Common Prayer translation.

Thomas Traherne, 1636 (?) -1674.

The word creatures is used with its ancient comprehensive meaning of all created things: "These thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine."

A SEQUENCE FOR ADVENT CREATURES

He is the morning star, wearing the night, but
bringing in the day.

... until the day dawn, and the day star arise
in your hearts.

To Him all creatures are wending

He is the means of them, they not of Him.

... the whole creation groaneth and travaileth
in pain together until now.

All life is His, not as His property but as His
being. All nature is vibrant with Him.

Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me,
cleave the wood and there am I.

... to His Feet

The timid, sweet

Four-footed ones of earth shall come and lay,

Forever by, the sadness of their day ...

All thing shall be well ... all manner of things
shall be well. For He willeth we know that the least
thing shall not be forgotten.

O ye Mountains and Hills, O ye Ice and Snow,
O ye Winds, Seas and Floods, O ye Fowls of the air,
O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord: praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

Can He become the End, to Whom all creatures tend?

The end in Him from everlasting is

And Holy, Holy, Holy is His name.

A SEQUENCE FOR ADVENT SOURCES

Prime and Hours, Anglican.

Psalm 90, verse 3, King James version.

St. Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226.

Psalm 96, verses 9, 13, version in The Psalter of The Book of Common Prayer.

Cynewulf: The Christ, A.D. 750-825. Sarum, an Advent Antiphon.

Book of the Revelation of St. John, 11, verse 15, King James version.

Frederic W. H. Myers: St. Paul, in Collected Poems, Published 1921.

Part III of A New Prayer Book (The Grey Book), Oxford University Press, 1929.

A Gelasian Collect, Fifth Century A.D.

Archbishop Godier: The Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, London.

St. Luke, 2, verse 14, Great English Bible of 1539.

Isaias, 54, verses 11, 14, Douai version, Sixteenth Century.

A SEQUENCE FOR ADVENT MAN

Come, ye nations,
Worship the Lord.

Return, ye children of men.

Render thanks to the Lord, and serve Him with
great humility.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.

For He cometh . . . with righteousness to judge
the world, and the peoples with His truth.

O rising Brightness of the everlasting
Light, and Sun of Righteousness:

Come Thou and enlighten those that sit
In darkness and in the shadow of death.

There were great voices in heaven saying, The
kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of
the Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for
ever and ever.

The flaming of thine advent feet

Thou, who art heroic love, keep alive in our
hearts that adventurous spirit, which makes men scorn
the way of safety, so that Thy will be done . . . Keep
us from trying to serve Thee and escape the cost.

Cleanse us from our ancient stains

Men do not merely learn from Him something;
they are transformed by Him into something very
different from that which they were before.

Glory to God on hie, and peace on the
yearth, and unto men a good wyll.

O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without
all comfort . . . thou shalt be founded in justice.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

From a Frontier Nursing Service Midwifery Instructor

Dear Santa Claus:

Thanks for the nice group of students you send each six months; you find such "surprise packages" to send along in each one. But, you know, jolly whiskered friend, we have a few little wants that if you can fill out of your knapsack, I'll be a much better and happier "granny" teacher.

1. Please hold back the stork from getting ahead of the horses so there'll be no B. B. A.s [Born Before Arrival].
2. To prevent B. B. A.s, could we have the horses on little trolleys so when the call came they could run out fully equipped with saddle, bridle and even the saddle bags?
3. Or when the call is on the pike and we use "Heidi," could we have a specially high-powered tonic for her, to use a day or two ahead of time?
4. We want uniforms made all in one piece with dickey in front complete with tie, pin, and all shirt buttons buttoned.
5. An inclined railway for transporting horses to the top of the Ridge.
6. Antennae for horses to keep them from running your knees into trees, and some system for electrification and heating in the winter time.
7. This cold weather it's hard to hold a flashlight and reins and still keep your hands in the pockets of your coat, so can you provide lights for each of the horses' hoofs and eliminate carrying flashlights?
8. We want some way that horses' legs could curve into a scow so we won't get our boots wet.
9. Pedometers for the horses so that the nurse lost will know how big a tale to come back and tell.

10. Long tongs as part of the saddlebag equipment so if you drop your glove you won't have to get off in the mud.
11. As we six Amazon horsewomen ride forth in the morning to battle with the elements, can we have tin helmets to wear in the rain and find musical entertainment as we ride along?
12. Or, have a music box playing "Donkey Serenade" on the saddle. I believe the horses would go along better.
13. I want, also, students who are piano players so they'll be sure to have four-inch length fingers for exams.
14. Students that are lexicographers—being able to decipher the doctor's handwriting without coming for the instructor's bewildered interpretation.
15. Students a bit taller and broader to fit the uniforms we now have on hand.
16. Equipment like a rotary dish washer that you can put in the dirty Midwifery bags and that will not only scour but rinse, dry, and do up in little white packages.
17. Finally, seriously, please bring the happiest kind of a Christmas to every one of the present and past F. N. S.-ers.

Truly yours
An F. N. S.-er

JUST JOKES

SOLDIERS, HORSES AND CHILDREN

Artillery Rookie (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship):
"Sergeant, please pick me out a nice, gentle, peace-loving horse."

Stable Sergeant: "D'ja ever ride a horse before?"

Rookie: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah! Here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can start out together."

—Los Angeles Times.

Mother: "Who ever taught you to use that dreadful language?"

Wallace, Jr.: "Santa Claus when he fell over my bed Christmas eve."

FROM A SERGEANT IN THE R.A.S.C., DATED
10TH SEPTEMBER 1943

Dear Mum and Dad:

To appreciate victory to the fullest extent, one must have been on the losing side at some earlier time. I spent three years in a losing army—the joke of the forces—and now, although I have to take a spectator's part in the latest operations, I no longer feel ashamed to wear khaki. I am beginning to realise the significance of being a member of the Eighth Army for, in my mess, new arrivals from England have told me of the astonishingly high opinion that the folk at home have of this Army. The past few days have found me in the company of both American soldiers and sailors, and if a Yank can spin a good yarn about himself, I must say that he can be generous, too, in his praise of others.

My experience of Americans as soldiers I will discuss at some other time; it is as men that I wish to talk of them now. They are in one instance a race of fanatical souvenir hunters and will pay enormous amounts for things which are substantially German, such as Iron Crosses and revolvers, and a case has been brought to my notice of one of our lads selling a Yank two bags of some very doubtful El Alamein sand for five pounds. This is just one of the eccentricities of our allies—they, no doubt, must consider some of our ways a bit queer too.

His sense of humor is very strong; his sense of wit is rather less than ours. His outstanding feature, however, is his generosity. He would give his heart away. It is not possible to walk through a Yankee camp without receiving a friendly word, an invitation to eat or some cigarettes.

We have built a mess at the camp and last night I took along a Yankee bo'sun and five of our own R. N. petty officers. While we were there, two American sergeants arrived and asked if they could buy some whisky from us. Our stock was by no means large enough to permit this, but we invited them to join us in a drink of wine. They were grand company and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We had some singing—individual and community—and one of our visitors wanted to hear some old London

songs. All eyes pointed in my direction and I knew it must be me. I sang "Any Old Iron" and the Yanks loved it and I had to sing all the Cockney songs I knew. They were far from satisfied even then, so I had to go right through them again. I really can't describe their pleasure; even our own lads were laughing, although it must have hurt them.

It was close to midnight when we broke up. I drove the bo'sun back to the docks where he insisted upon me meeting his friends. I departed with about 10 pints of grapefruit juice and when to his question "Do you like cigars?" I replied "Not 'arf" he handed me a dozen beauties. Yes, the Yanks are O. K.!

*Editor's Note: This letter from a Hackney Wick London Cockney to his parents was sent us by one of our British Trustees. I am sure he won't mind our sharing it with the Bulletin readers, because, as he says, "It pays a very genuine tribute to an American quality which every traveller knows—their great hospitality to strangers and their readiness to make them welcome."

A CHRISTMAS INTERLUDE

by

ANNE FOX, R.N., S.C.M.

We were having our Christmas party on December twenty-third. Grace Campbell had been expecting her baby, Joseph Junior, on December fifteenth. She lived near the Margaret Durbin Harper Nursing center here at Bowlingtown, and I used to pop in to see her every day. We would joke about Joseph Junior, because he kept us waiting. Finally on the morning of the twenty-third, when the Nursing Center was filling up with children and their families, Joseph Senior came to call me for the arrival of Joseph Junior. I went at once to Grace, but, as she wasn't doing much, I returned to the Center to see how the Christmas party was coming along. I reached the Center just as Mrs. Will Gay arrived. She had heard about "my call" and had come over to see if she could help. With her were eight or nine more little girls, and we filled them up with hot cocoa and cookies. These little girls were very frank. As I collected the empty cups, one said, "It was too sweet," another, "It was too hot," and still another, "It wasn't sweet enough." Finally, one tiny girl handed back her cup with this remark, "It was very nice; thank you very much." When I went back to Grace, I told her what the children had said, and amused her. Joseph Junior was taking his time. It was not until early on Christmas Eve that he really got a move on. He arrived shortly before noon, and weighed seven and one-half pounds.

Glimpses of Our Christmas

Unpacking Shipments

8 A. M.



Elusive Balls!



"Telephone!"



*Unravelling
Twine—*



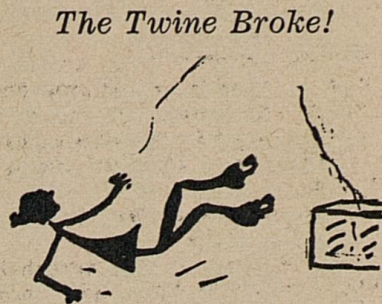
This Won't Break!



*Hurrah!
Another
Shipment!*



Secretary at Hyden



Packing for a Center



Can't Read the
Sender's Address!



Thank You . . .



12 P. M.!



Vanda Summers

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Nancy Dammann at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia—September 11, 1943.

Not long ago our section went on a boat trip down part of the Tennessee River on one of those excursions. It looked so much like the Kentucky River and made me so homesick for Wendover that it nearly drove me nuts. What wouldn't I give for a chance to spend a couple of months back with the F. N. S.! I just hope that I'm not too old and infirm after the war to come back.

Since I last wrote you I have moved around quite a lot. After I finished my basic I went up to Des Moines for more training. We had to march a mile to the drill hall every morning, before it was light, when it was twenty below zero. In March I came down here where I have been working ever since as a Classification Interviewer.

Oglethorpe is a nice fort. It's beautiful in the spring and summer, even if slightly on the hot side. I wish people would stop staring at us and realize that we are at least trying to do a job that very much needs doing.

They have passed a new regulation allowing us to go 150 miles on a three-day pass. Rumor has it that they soon will allow us to go any distance we want. I figure that Hyden is about three hundred miles away. On my next furlough I am thinking of driving my car down here as it looks as though I may be here for the duration; and I hope to drive up to Wendover some week-end. It certainly would be wonderful but probably it is only a pipe dream. I keep thinking of Wendover. Did you have bad tides this summer? How are all the horses? And how are the pump valves?

Nancy wrote us again on October 28th, as follows:

It was a wonderful thought coming to Wendover, but all of a sudden we have become busy and all furloughs, including my Christmas furlough, have been canceled; and so I am afraid Wendover is out for a long time.

Recruiting in the Wacs is now doing a rushing business which, of course, is wonderful except that it is a little hard on the poor girls who interview the recruits.

I wish like anything that I could dream up some way of coming to Wendover. Unfortunately everything is against me. I have no car as I hoped to have. It would not be possible to come to Wendover on a pass, and I am naturally saving my furlough for my family who, like most families, are pretty lonely now (I have a brother in the Navy about to go overseas).

From Helen (Pebble) Stone who is with the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, Ferrying Division—Air Transport

Command. Pebble was "weathered in" at Atlanta, Georgia, and started a letter to us on September 19th, as follows:

I doubt very much if I ever get to fly over F. N. S. territory, as it is bad country, but if I do, you will hear from me! The cows may not give any milk for a bit afterwards! I wish we had trips to Corpus Christi so I could stop in and see Dr. Kooser. Unfortunately we do not deliver to Navy bases as they use different planes than the Army mostly, but if I get fairly near, I might try to call him up.

The previous trip I went solo. Of course, we always are alone in the plane but usually go in flights of several in formation; but I went all by myself all the way to Oklahoma and loved it. The only trouble was I had 'stinking' weather, getting off late every morning and having to quit early every afternoon. I learned more about weather, reading it and flying around it, on that trip and the day I could not leave the home base, than I would learn in weeks of ground school.

Pebble continued her letter from Brownwood, Texas, on October 3, 1943:

I warned you I could not guarantee when this would be finished and lucky it was I did, because today is Sunday, October third. The next two days in Atlanta I spent sleeping. We finally got out Wednesday afternoon, delivered Thursday and got back to base Friday morning. Saturday morning off again on orders and we are now stuck in Brownwood, Texas, where I put in yesterday afternoon again on account of bad weather.

This is my first trip as Flight Commander. I have two new girls on their second trip. It is an awful responsibility and they are not really familiar with ways yet.

I forgot to mention that I flew over part of the Ozarks on my solo trip and wondered if it were any of the country Mrs. Breckinridge was interested in. It was the Western part of Arkansas and eastern part of Oklahoma, and the southern end of some mountains. The towns nearby were Fayetteville to the north and Tulsa to the northwest. The country was barren with a few scattered houses and trees but not as wooded as Kentucky. There are parts of Louisiana and other sections that look like the F. N. S. district, and reminded me of Kentucky. Maybe after the war I will take you for a ride and you can see what Wendover and the districts look like from the air.

From Ann Preston of Lexington, Kentucky—October 2nd.

I'm working as a secretary in the Trust Department of the First National Bank and Trust Company where I have been employed since April. I find it very pleasant but do miss being outdoors as much as I used to be. We sold all our luxury horses but two, Betty's pet and mine. However, yesterday we turned them out for the winter as I imagine it will be quite sometime before I will be back in the saddle again. I have ridden less this summer than at any time in my life. While reading the Quarterly Bulletin tonight, I felt a wave of homesickness for the Kentucky hills and the feeling of freedom I used to have when riding along the creeks with the big sky above me.

From Mrs. Leonard Bughman (Kitty Lou Taylor) of Ligonier, Pa.—October 6th.

I have just received word today that Lennie is a German prisoner, and needless to say, I guess I'm just about the happiest and most thankful girl alive today! Even though I never lost faith these past two months, I'm just realizing I've been sort of numb all along and it's the most wonderful feeling to know he is all right now.

Since I've been married a little over a year now, I've lived in seven different homes, traveling with Lennie all through Texas, Arizona, South Dakota, and coming home just in time to have my baby, rest and join Lennie again. He finally got to see Pam when she was four months old, but only for four days before he went overseas. I wanted to take the baby to South Dakota but Lennie was being moved back and forth to Nebraska and the conditions were so bad that we both felt it would have been selfish of us to make her suffer. I have been nurse ever since my fourth day out of the hospital, purely because I didn't want to miss one little antic, and I must say I wouldn't have missed those moments for the world. I nearly died the six weeks I was away from her with Lennie, and yet I wouldn't have missed being with him either. It was wonderful when I finally had them together, and Lennie spent his entire leave holding her.



KITTY LOU AND PAMELA

Molly Hay's husband left for Cornell University last month, training for the Navy. Molly joined him last week to stay during his training—four months.

The new Bulletin came yesterday and I scanned every page. It made me very homesick and I hope some day to bring Lennie and Pam down to see my beloved Frontier Nursing Service, where I hope Pam will be a courier some day, too.

We have enrolled Pam in the Courier Service for 1962! She could not be her mother's daughter and not be an outstanding courier.

From Katharine Clarke of Bronxville, New York—October 6th.

There is such a shortage of men now that I'm going to have to stay on our farm and take care of the live stock. I'm sure you've been faced with the same problem. You know I'd love nothing better than to come down.

.

From Mrs. Donald Moore Skinner (Eleanor Stineman) of Pittsburgh—September 20th.

My life since last fall has been spent in following the 5th Armored Division. We spent five months in California, then Donald went on maneuvers in Tennessee for three months so I went home. He was next sent to Pine Camp, New York, and I joined him there, but came home about three weeks ago to await the arrival of our little bambino towards the end of next month. I certainly loathe being away from my wonderful husband, but he expects any day to be sent to officer's school or else to an embarkation point. He's been waiting over eight months for a quota at Medical Administrative O. C. S., and feels now that one will be coming along any day. As I can't be with him there, I plan to spend the winter here in the Smoky City and join him with Bambi after he is commissioned. I consider that we have been extremely lucky in having as much time together as we have so I really should not complain. Pine Camp not being too far away, he gets home occasionally on three-day passes which is just nifty. I hope some day you will be able to meet Donald. And if Bambi is a girl, she will most certainly have to come to you as a courier some day.

No doubt you have heard that Kitty Lou Taylor's husband is missing in action. He was last seen parachuting down over France, near Paris, and everybody feels that Lennie will undoubtedly appear some day safe and sound, thanks to the underground. [See letter from Kitty Lou on page 46.]

.

From Carmen Mumford, with the American Red Cross in Iran—November 4th.

One of the most interesting sights around here to any member of the Frontier Nursing Service is the horses. They are without doubt the most dilapidated beasts that were ever put into harness—skinny and lame and galled and blind. It is not uncommon to see them fall and die between the shafts of a "drosky" as the local taxis are called. I'd feel more distressed about it except that their drivers and most of the rest of the people in this land are in a similar condition. Bread, hard and black, is the main means of subsistence—Oh, if you could see the children! Four out of five die before the age of ten. To get back to the horses though, some of their paraphernalia is most resplendent (for this is a land of contrasts)—harness made of beautiful carpet strips, turquoise necklaces to keep off the evil eye, and sometimes whole blankets of jingling gold stuff. Saddlebags are made out of carpeting, too, and are really lovely.

I've been considering buying some, but don't know what I'd do with them or how I'd carry them. To top it all off, many of the horses have hennaed forelegs and/or withers (the prophet Mohammed had a red beard and it is considered good luck to use henna—men who have gone to Mecca always use it and have a right to paint their animals, too, so that sheep and goats are frequently thus decorated). Mostly the droskies are old and black and rickety, with wheels that seem able to do the most marvelous manipulations considering that they look as if they had been tied on with a safety pin!

In case you didn't know it, this is the land where polo originated (played first with human skulls for balls) and where horse flesh was once famous. Unhappily the horses are a fairly good symbol for the country as a whole, which has fallen from a state of glamour to one of degradation, looked at with western eyes.

My own eyes frankly have bulged with excitement watching the current scene, for besides being a place where east meets west, it is a place where the feudal age meets the modern—the result is a seething cauldron of conflicting ideas and modes of life—I trot down the street in a gray uniform and a short skirt, while my eastern sister holds a chuddah (veil) halfway across her face by dint of holding it in her teeth. A whole family lives on the sidewalk and washes in the jube (gutter) which is used as both fresh and sewer water, while back of a mud wall is a 'palace' furnished in Europe, inhabited by Persians educated there—Oh, you could go on forever with examples. And over and above all hangs a ticklish political and economic situation, for everyone is wondering who will control Iran after the war, and in the meanwhile inflation is practically uncontrolled—you can pay \$24.00 for a pair of stockings if you've got it.

Give my love to the Kentucky mountains—they must be beautiful these days. There are lovely ones here, too. The main camp is situated in a magnificent setting, ringed on three sides with great, bare, snow-capped peaks, but my love goes back to the U. S. A.

.

From Mrs. David Alexander Bridewell (Celia Coit) of Winnetka, Illinois—November 7th.

David finally got a break and some good news. He was the only man in the whole battery chosen to go to Officer's Candidate School, and happily (being a lawyer) he is to go to the Judge Advocate General School at Ann Arbor (I can get up on week-ends) which has good quarters and is a first-rate law school. He goes in about two weeks and will be there until the middle of March. As you see, I'm back with the family, as is my oldest sister with her two little girls. Her husband, a doctor, is in South Italy. I'm doing Motor Corps still—this is my third winter of it and I'm still enthusiastic. We are now doing all the chauffeuring and trucking for the Navy, too. Also, we go on convoys out of state and drive vehicles—it might be and has been a cement crusher or bus—to wherever the Navy sends them. These trips take from three to five days. The Red Cross has gotten me, with two other girls, to help teach a class of sixty-four new members in mechanics.

From Dorothy Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio—October 17th.

Caroline (Williams) and I have been working for the Red Cross Motor Corps in every spare moment we have and that's been interesting and a certain amount of fun. These days it consists almost entirely of heavy truck driving for the Army—a ton and a half truck that runs as a shuttle taking mail and officers and men back and forth from the airport to the Ferry Command Headquarters. Two weeks ago I got a leave of absence for four days to drive in a convoy for the Navy, taking trucks from Southern Indiana to Chicago. It was a fascinating experience, and I'd love to go on others. A convoy is no vacation. It's real work, and it took most of the rest of the week to recover from the last one.

.

From Margaret Osborne, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York—November 6th.

I have just had word from Yale that my application for their Nursing School has been accepted. I wanted to tell you because in many ways being at Wendover this summer helped me decide to be a nurse, and I think it will open up a whole new life for me, as well as being one of the most useful things a woman could do.

I enter in April for a two years and four months' course. Then I have no plans, but the future is rather exciting when it is uncertain, and there are infinite possibilities. I do know in general the kind of work I should like to be doing—again this summer helped.

Margaret will be the third courier taking nurses' training: Neville Atkinson is in training at St. Luke's; and Doris Sinclair is at Johns Hopkins.

.

We send our love and understanding sympathy to Joan McClelland in the recent loss of her mother.

.

WEDDINGS

On September 24th, Louise (Scoopie) Will to Mr. James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr., both of Rochester, New York. Mr. Woodruff is a student at the University of Rochester and they are living at 33 Wilmer Street. We all send our love to Scoopie, and our warm congratulations to Mr. Woodruff—he is indeed a lucky man.

On October 13th, Barbara Ingersoll to Lieutenant Ernest Arthur McClintock, United States Army. We wish them every happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Moore Skinner (Eleanor Stine-
man) of Pittsburgh, a son, Donald Moore, Jr., on October 30th,
1943, in Pittsburgh. Eleanor writes us:

Just a note to tell you that our little boy has arrived and
what a winning little fellow he is! He was born in Saturday,
October 30th, and weighed eight and a half pounds when he
was born, and is now nine pounds, three and a half ounces.
I was sure we were going to have a little courier for the F. N. S.
but I missed my guess. We've named him Donald Moore, Jr.,
and he's well named because he's the living image of his father.
Lady luck was with us and Donald was home to welcome his
little boy.

Born to Capt. and Mrs. Carl F. Shelton (Betsey Heath
Schadt) a daughter, Lynne Heath, on November 5th, 1943, in
Detroit. Capt. Shelton is overseas—somewhere in the Pacific,
when we last heard.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lowry Watkins (Barbara Bullitt), a
daughter, Barbara Porter, on November 16th, 1943, in Louis-
ville. We expect Barbara Porter to begin training for the Courier
Service as soon as she can sit on a horse! We have reserved a
post for her in 1962.

Born to Lieutenant and Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin (Cather-
ine Mellick), a son, McGhee Tyson, Jr., on November 18th, 1943,
in New York City—weight seven and a half pounds. A boy: He
can't be a courier. Perhaps he will be our doctor by 1970.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dane (Jane Ewell), Chestnut
Hills, Massachusetts, a fine boy, their third. His mother writes
that "He is very husky and very cute."

.

NEWS RECEIVED AS WE GO TO PRESS

Mary Elizabeth Rogan ("Mary Lib") of Glendale, Ohio,
sailed from California (ship and port unknown) around the six-
teenth or seventeenth of November under the auspices of the
American Red Cross. The Red Cross sent a letter from Long
Beach, California, to Mr. and Mrs. Rogan after she had sailed and
gave this as her address: In care of American Red Cross, A.P.O.
465, Postmaster, New York City, New York. Mary Lib was
thrilled and happy and prepared for hard work.

ENCOUNTER WITH A SERPENT

by

ROSE AVERY, R. N., Certified Midwife

In three and a half years of trail riding I've seen lots of snakes. Ordinarily, I don't get excited at them any more. In fact, I've come rather to enjoy the beautiful motion of a snake swimming through the water, or a shining black snake gliding swiftly off the road or over a limb as I pass.

But this time, as I was returning from a call in the late afternoon, I noticed ahead of me something lying across the road, sort of dark-mottled as I first saw it. Hadn't been there as I went up! As I came nearer I realized that it was a snake and I was riding by and not intending to disturb it until I was struck by the unusual size, and my eye following on down from the rather small head and thick body saw, to my interest and horror, a rattle-tipped tail!

I rode on by, then stopped to think—in a quandary—what to do? I had never seen a rattlesnake but there was no doubt that this was one of that dangerous variety. Here on the public road with a steep bank on one side and the river on the other! It was getting late. I didn't feel I dared just go on and leave him there. I was afraid nobody would come by for sometime to help me "do him in." The nearest house, I knew, had only a mother and three small children at home.

I dismounted, took my horse on down the road and hitched him. Then walking back I cast my eye around for a weapon. Not a limb of any size or strength seemed available. The rocks just here were shaly and soft. I fired a couple of medium sized ones at him. They missed and broke up without disturbing him. The third, however, hit its mark but only woke him. He coiled, stuck up the tail, and, for the first time I heard its whining song as he waved the tip back and forth. His little tongue darted out angrily. A larger rock missed and he coiled behind it with the steep bank on the other side.

Rather frantically now I searched about for better weapons and in my zeal got back on the far side of him. To my horror I saw him begin to glide away towards my horse on down the road! I realized in a moment though that he was scared and intended to get clear away—for he headed across the road down towards the river—a worse menace than ever for he would be in a bad mood if anyone else came upon him.

I felt civilization drop from me and the urge of old Eve possess me. My breath came rather short and quick, as I grabbed a stone of about ten pounds and pitched it towards him with all my force. I caught him on the head just as he was going over the outer bank of the road. The body writhed and twisted and the tail kept singing as I piled on more rocks.

I stood now more calmly looking at my captive and wondering if he were really safely anchored. The shoulder of the road was soft. Could he get away? I piled on another stone or two till he was half covered, then, mounting my horse, I started down the road towards home.

Soon I met Kermit going home for the night and told him what I'd done. Together we went back to see about it. He could shoot the snake if necessary.

Kermit took a look and said, "You've shore killed him."

We now got a stout long stick and carefully moved the stones. A few convulsive movements still, but he was dead all right. We stretched him out. He measured 42 inches by my pocket tape and had ten rattles—an old king rattler!

"Hit's skin would make a mighty fine belt," said Kermit. "You want him?"

I shivered a little at the idea of having it so close to me as a belt and quickly replied, "No, you can have him if you like."

With a piece of bandage we made a noose and slipped it about his neck. This Kermit tied to the stout stick, and started off with the rattler up the road towards Camp Creek. I rode on back to Wendover, late for dinner. Little tremors of excitement still bubbled up in me now and then. It's not every day I do battle in just this fashion with the original enemy of woman!

A BOOK REVIEW

HANDBOOK OF OBSTETRICS. By Louise Zabriskie, R. N., Director, Maternity Consultation Service, New York City, and Nicholson J. Eastman, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics, Johns Hopkins University. Seventh Edition. Pp. 714, with 376 illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1943.

Completely revised and reset in these war-torn times, the new seventh edition of this textbook of obstetrics for nurses shows the influence of the present war in several places, such as the list of necessary preparations for emergency wartime delivery. This textbook, which has long been an accepted authority on obstetrics for nurses, when authored by Miss Zabriskie, in collaboration with a number of leading persons in obstetrics and associated fields, has now become an even more valuable and worthwhile book than ever before, with the addition of Dr. Eastman as co-author. The fact that this is the seventh edition of this widely-accepted text, in a period of fourteen years, is good evidence of its popularity as a text for students and teachers.

The general outline of the text has been preserved as it was in previous editions, with the very practical "unit" division of subject matter, the "self-evaluation" tests at the end of each unit, and the most useful glossary at the end of the book being retained. A very apt new frontispiece has been presented, and an introductory section giving the aims of obstetrical care, its great importance, public health aspects, and a graphic portrayal of maternal mortality figures. The statement is made that, "The most important advance which has been made in obstetrics during the present century is prenatal care," and very kind mention is made of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service in this field. The complete table of maternal and fetal death rates which was present in the last edition is again found in this revision, the figures being brought up to date through 1941, showing a very striking drop in mortality rates for both mothers and babies in the past three years. Other improvements which are seen in the text are the creation of a separate chapter covering anesthesia and analgesia dealing with all the standardly-accepted methods, briefly describing the new caudal analgesia, noting that it is being used widely, but still needs the test of time. The subject of the

care of the newborn has been greatly enlarged upon, while infant-feeding has been covered more briefly and concisely.

Other changes have been made, which improve the general structure of the book, but the aim of the text is, as was so well stated in the preface to the first edition, ". . . to provide teachers and pupil nurses with a concise, present-day, practical picture of the underlying anatomic and physiologic facts, and the approved routine principles and practice of the nursing arts, in relation to this specialty of medicine, both in hospitals and in homes." This aim has been well accomplished, and this edition of Zabriskie and Eastman's textbook is a valuable addition to any obstetrical library.

JAMES M. FRASER, M. D.

A SURGEON'S PRAYER IN WARTIME

God of Battle, grant that the wounded may swiftly arrive at their hospital haven, so that the safeguards of modern surgery may surround them, to the end that their pain is assuaged and their broken bodies are mended. Grant me as a surgeon, gentle skill and intelligent foresight to bar the path to such sordid enemies as shock, hemorrhage and infection. Give me plentifully the blood of their non-combatant fellow man, so that their vital fluid may be replaced and thus make all the donor people realize that they, too, have given their life's blood in a noble cause. Give me the instruments of my calling so that my work may be swift and accurate; but provide me with resourceful ingenuity so that I may do without bounteous supplies. Strengthen my hand, endow me with valiant energy to go on through day and night; and keep my heart and brain attuned to duty and great opportunity. Let me never forget that a life or a limb is in my keeping and do not let my judgment falter. Enable me to give renewed courage and hope to the living and comfort to the dying. Let me never forget that in the battles to be won, I too, must play my part, to the glory of a great calling and as a follower of the Great Physician. Amen.

—Col. John J. Moorehead,
Tripler Hospital, Honolulu

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Frontier Nursing Service wants its members and friends to know that the Service is not responsible for the broadcast over CBS Sunday evening November seventh, under the auspices of Campbell's Soups on their *Radio Reader's Digest* program. This is the second time that the Service has been exploited over the air under the guise of giving a book review of *Nurses on Horseback* by Ernest Poole. On the first occasion, Myrna Loy was used in a dramatization which had nothing whatever to do with the contents of the book. We decided to ignore this as we feel that silence is the best defense under most circumstances. This second dramatization, however, is so incredibly foolish and untrue, and of course not even remotely connected with the contents of the book, and we have suffered such a wave of unfavorable comment, that it seems advisable to put the matter straight.

The story as broadcast was an unusually silly love story and gave a most misleading impression of the Service. First example: A new nurse arrives at Wendover and is allowed to go immediately alone to a maternity case. Fact: No new nurse who is not a midwife ever goes alone to a maternity case until she has taken six months in midwifery at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; during these six months, she attends a minimum of twenty cases with an instructor. Our mothers are not at the mercy of strangers. Second example: A dam has burst and killed one of the members of our staff. Fact: There is no dam in all of our territory and consequently no nurse has been killed by the bursting of one. Needless to say, none of these and other fabrications are in the book the program purported to review.

It is difficult to see how any individual or public agency can be so lacking in ethics as to exploit a charity for personal gain. On this occasion, the broadcast was shrewd enough to avoid naming the Frontier Nursing Service; but if you speak of mounted police in Canada, you mean the Canadian Mounted Police. If you speak of nurses on horseback in Kentucky, you mean the Frontier nurses on horseback since there is no other mounted nursing service in Kentucky or indeed, so far as we know, anywhere else. However, the broadcast left no doubt that it meant the Frontier

Nursing Service by mentioning Red Bird River on which two of our outpost centers are located, Hazard, which is one of our shipping points, and Wendover, which is a group of houses in a forest that are the property of the Frontier Nursing Service and serve as its administrative headquarters.

What can the Frontier Nursing Service do to protect itself from this form of exploitation, and will this denial ever catch up with the harm that has been done us? It leaves us topsy-turvy.

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney piece;
He looked again, and found it was
His sister's husband's niece,
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police."

We are glad to report that we have had some rather nice publicity lately where the intention was true and kindly. The Chicago press reported our meeting on November fourth at the Casino Club with exceptional accuracy and gave us quite a lot of space in their crowded pages. *Harper's Bazaar* had a picture in its October issue of our courier, Frances Baker, with a brief write-up which they were so kind as to allow us to check in advance and for which they accepted our corrections. The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, in its issue of Sunday, November fourteenth, reproduced a pen and ink drawing of Wendover by the artist Caroline Williams who had lately been our welcome guest. The caption under the picture was suitable. Tallu Fish, in a recent issue of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, spoke of our need for diapers, with gratifying results. To sum up our experience in recent weeks: We have had in publicity, all of it unsought, a number of reasonably correct statements made about the Frontier Nursing Service—and only one rank exploitation. "Gentlemen, we haven't done too badly," as the British Captain said after the fight, from the bridge of his sinking ship.

We were delighted to learn that our own Nora K. Kelly was asked to speak in London at a conference on "The Place of the Public Health Nurse in the Public Health Service of the Future" with Dr. H. Joules, M.R.C.P., medical superintendent, Central Middlesex County Hospital, in the chair.

In her talk, Nora K. Kelly made suggestions for the better co-ordination of the work of the nurses who are midwives and the nurses who are health visitors in England, saying they were the outcome of her practical experience. She spoke of her ten years in the Frontier Nursing Service of America where, as a district nurse-midwife, she had cared for approximately a hundred families in midwifery, in sickness, and in public health. She did not think that a mother and her newborn baby should be switched over from the midwife to the health visitor at the fourteenth day after delivery, because that was the most critical time in the establishment of breast feeding, which by its success or non-success would affect the child for the rest of its life—also the mother. She thought that the nurse who had delivered the woman in labor was the person who not only could get breast feeding established, but also could “put across” the correct weaning procedure because she had been successful in establishing the breast feeding. She also said that women were more apt to take advice on vaccination and diphtheria immunization from the nurse who had brought them safely through their deliveries than from the health visitor who did not have this intimate contact. She said that the program she advocated would lead to more health visitors taking the graduate training as midwives, so there would work out a natural combining of the work of the nurse-midwife and public health visitor.

In reporting this most interesting address by Nora K. Kelly, we have reworded it somewhat as regards nomenclature because the average American nurse does not know the respective functions in England of the nurse who is a health visitor and the nurse who is a midwife.

.

In an interesting letter from Aida M. Pietri in Ponce, Puerto Rico, who will be warmly remembered in here whence she came to us for a period of observation, she writes as follows:

“I am shouldering a tremendous responsibility with my new job. My mind is always filled to the utmost with reports, time schedule, programs, policies, rules and regulations, etc. I am dealing with over three thousand assistant midwives, and fourteen nurse-midwives. It is far from being an easy job.”

.

Miss Lillian Hudson, Professor in the Department of Nurs-

ing and Health of Teachers College, Columbia, and a member of our National Nursing Council, was so kind as to act as our representative at the annual meeting of the American Committee on Maternal Welfare this autumn in New York. She writes that the main decisions taken by the Committee were in regard to the next Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology and were as follows:

1. It is wise to plan for a next meeting.
2. It should not be held before 1945 nor sooner than one year after the close of the war.
3. St. Louis would seem to be a most suitable place from the point of view of transportation, delegates and exhibitors.

Emphasis was placed upon the meeting being arranged to meet special needs of practitioners in the obstetrical field rather than specialists; and interest being directed towards the reduction of infant and maternal mortality as the main concern of the Congress.

.

Our courier, Nancy Cadwalader, spoke on the Frontier Nursing Service before the Baltimore Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority on October 10, 1943 and we are sure that she made a good job of it.

Mrs. Edna Gould, Instructor in Nursing Education at the University of Indiana, spoke of her visit to the Frontier Nursing Service, and on the work of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, in Bloomington, Indiana in October before the monthly meeting of the Registered Nurses Club. Mrs. Gould is one of those guests who gave us more than we could possibly have given her on her welcome visit to us.

.

Our distinguished Medical Council member, Dr. Paul Titus, has brought out a second edition of his *Management of Obstetric Difficulties*. Dr. Fraser tells us that, from the doctor's point of view, it is an enthralling book. We deeply appreciate Dr. Titus' making favorable mention in his introduction of the low maternal mortality rates of the Frontier Nursing Service.

.

Our John Mason Brown has written one of the most entrancing books of the year, *To All Hands*, An Amphibious Adventure, brought out by Whittlesey House. He has sent us a copy and in it is this message:

To Cousin Mary Breckinridge
Sent with my love

Many people will have read the reviews of the book in the Saturday Review of Literature and other publications and many people will be reading the book itself. There is no other quite like it. To have the job of broadcasting to the men during the long trip across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean in convoy, and then broadcasting the invasion while sharing in it, is something of a privilege. It is almost as great a privilege to get at second-hand the aliveness of these broadcasts with their humorous references to what is close at hand and their geographic and historical context. One can just see the men rocking with laughter and wrinkling their brows. The success of these talks in meeting the desires of the men goes to prove that any cross section of American people can be spoken to on the level of the speaker. The trouble with some of our public speakers is that their own level is lower than that of the cross section.

.

Our Trustee, Mr. Bethel B. Veech of Louisville, and his daughter, Mrs. Otter, attended the launching at Charleston, South Carolina, on October twenty-third of an Escort Destroyer which is named for her son, the late Bethel Veech Otter. Mrs. Otter writes: "The sky of deep blue, the magnificent ship, the band playing Anchors Aweigh, the poignant memories. . . ."

.

Will those of you who live in and around New York please remember to send rummage this winter, marked for the Frontier Nursing Service, to the BARGAIN BOX, 1186 Third Avenue (Sixty-eighth St. and Third Avenue) or call REgent 4-5451 for free pick-up service? Everything you send marked for the Frontier Nursing Service will be sold for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. Bless those of you who have been sending so constantly. We received in our last fiscal year \$2,358.07 from these Bargain Box sales. There are loads of things that are of no use to needy persons overseas or in this country, and that all too often are white elephants to their owners, but which somebody wants and will pay to get. Please let these be sold at the Bargain Box for the Frontier Nursing Service.

The Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service under the auspices of the New York Committee and its Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, will take place at the Cosmopolitan Club at 11:00 a. m. on Wednesday, January 12, 1944. All of the members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will receive invitations. The same afternoon, there will be a rummage tea at the home of Mrs. Langdon Marvin and invitations to this will be included in the same envelope with the invitations to the meeting. Admission to the tea is procured by bringing or sending rummage, for sale later at the Bargain Box. I hope it will be my very great pleasure to meet loads of you on both occasions.

.

Will any of you who wish to give the Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service to a friend for one year, please send us \$1.00 for each such subscription? We will send a gift card to the friend in your name.

.

TOWNS AND TRAINS

For the first time in over six months, I left Kentucky with my secretary, Wini Saxon, for engagements beyond the mountains. After an Executive Committee meeting in Louisville, we reached Chicago early on Tuesday, November 2nd and went to one of the nicest hairdressing establishments in America, that of Suzanne King at the Drake Hotel. I had been cutting my own hair for months, and was I ragged! At Mrs. King's place, there was a bathroom which we occupied in turn and then I was made over from head to toe. Meanwhile, our Chicago Chairman, Miss Naomi Donnelley, had come in to see me and a little girl photographer in slacks came to take pictures. Everything seemed to be going on at once and to cap the climax, Mrs. King served coffee to all hands. It was a terrific rush but we were ready when Hamilton Noyes called for us at noon to take us out to the country where his wife, our former courier Adelaide Atkin Noyes, had our first engagements all lined up. We met her at Mrs. Rafferty's Little Traveler Shop, an enchanting place at Geneva, where we had lunch with her and Mrs. J. McWilliams Stone. After that, we went to The Robin Bookshop and then to Mrs. Stone's place

where we met her spontaneous and charming younger son. Then we went on to Top Farm, the Noyes place, and had a visit with Adelaide's delectable children, the twins Margot and Mary and baby Gwendolyn, and visits also with Adelaide's mother and Hamilton Noyes' mother. That evening, the Noyes had a delightful group of men and women to meet us for dinner at the Dunham Woods Riding Club. After dinner, I spoke in the old Coach House which was full of the nicest people. A thing that is deeply moving to me is that nobody comes to a meeting in the country like that who hasn't quite definitely given up something else that might be done on the rationed gasoline. To have so many people give up their gasoline to hear about the Frontier Nursing Service when they might have used it for something else was a tribute to Adelaide's standing in her community as well as to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Wini and I had rooms that night at the Dunham Woods Riding Club and the next day we went in to Chicago with Adelaide and baby Gwendolyn. First, we stopped for lunch at the Drake which gave us a room hours ahead of time because of the baby. There, Miss Donnelley joined us and we all had lunch in the Camellia House room where Chicago girls often make their debuts. Gwendolyn was provided with a high chair by two attentive old waiters who met her wants some years in advance of her debut. Then we went to the Children's Memorial Hospital to see Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich who is Gwendolyn's pediatrician. She took some shots heroically and I had a chance to talk with Dr. Aldrich who is so kind as to add his distinguished name to our National Medical Council.

That same night, we had dinner with Miss Sallie Jeffries, Director of Nursing of the Office of Indian Affairs of the Department of the Interior, at her apartment. She had invited three of her delightful colleagues to dine with us and the conversation was stimulating. It ranged all over the Indian reservations and, indeed, all over the habitable globe. Because the Frontier Nursing Service has trained young Indian graduate nurses in widwifery, district nursing and public health, we have the closest and friendliest ties with the Indian Service.

That evening, when we went back to the Drake Hotel to bed, it was hard to believe that we had only reached Chicago the

morning before because our two days had been so crammed with places and scenery and people and events.

On Thursday, the fourth, Mrs. Frederic Upham had a luncheon for me to see and talk with the past chairmen and present Chairmen of our Chicago Committee. Besides Mrs. Upham herself and Miss Donnelley, there were Mrs. Charles W. Dempster and Mrs. Donald McLennan. All four of these dear people have each carried the burden of chairmanship over a period of years. I was particularly touched that Mrs. Dempster, who is going nowhere socially at all because of the death of her only brother, attended this luncheon and the meeting afterwards. She said that she would "do anything for the Frontier Nursing Service." After lunch, we went over to the Casino Club for our big Chicago meeting where one hundred and ninety-six came to get the report of the Frontier Nursing Service in wartime. Miss Donnelley introduced me and gave a tea following the meeting over which Mrs. Upham, Mrs. McLennan, and Mrs. James Ward Thorne presided. This gave me an opportunity to talk with old friends, with nurses from the V. N. A. and the hospitals, and with our couriers. The couriers who dropped their busy lives for a few hours to come and see me were Mrs. John B. Morse (Margaret McLennan), Mrs. David A. Bridewell (Celia Coit), Mrs. Sterling McMillan (Elizabeth Mather), Mrs. George M. Fenollosa (Elizabeth Sutherland), Mrs. Edward Arpee (Katherine Trowbridge), Miss Virginia Watson, and Miss Doris Sinclair. Doris is a nurse cadet at The Johns Hopkins Hospital now but was visiting her sister in Chicago on her first leave. Two other old F. N. S.-ers attended the meeting, Bobbie Sitton Berentson and Genevieve Weeks. Doris and Genevieve went back to the Hotel to dinner with us afterwards. Our Minneapolis courier Patricia Pettit (Mrs. Raymond J. Kelly, Jr.), who is living at Racine, Wisconsin since her marriage, telephoned me she would love to come to the meeting but that she was having a "least one" in about two weeks and it didn't seem advisable. I was particularly moved to have friends, in these difficult days of travel, come from outside Chicago to the meeting. Mrs. Hertel Saugman came from Racine and Mrs. Karl Schmidt from that dear St. Paul's Community Church in Homewood, Illinois where I had the privilege of speaking once years ago.

Friday the fifth was a busy day. Wini and I called on Dr.

Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association to thank him for his courtesies in trying to locate a doctor for us this summer. He honored us by coming on our National Medical Council and he gave us permission to reprint in this issue of the Bulletin, from the Journal of the American Medical Association, General Clark's eulogy of the Medical Services at Salerno. After that we went to see Mrs. Karl Richardson, Executive Secretary of the American Committee on Maternal Welfare, where we had a pleasant chat about the Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology to be held when the war is over. The Frontier Nursing Service is one of the groups which compose the membership of this Committee.

Next, we had lunch with my cousins Lucy, Mary, and Waller Marshall at the University Club—a delightful hour. Following that, we called by appointment on Dr. Malcolm T. MacEachern at the American College of Surgeons. This visit was one of the most interesting experiences of my life. Dr. MacEachern talked to me about his own frontier work in Australia and how medical and nursing services had been organized in the Bush Country. He took us in to a meeting of his associates which was attended by Dr. Vargas, son of the President of Brazil, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Starkloff. Dr. Vargas is an enchanting man and it was fun to talk over with him our mutual frontiers. It was also a privilege to meet so outstanding a citizen from our sister republic of Brazil. We had dinner that night with Miss Naomi Donnelley who gave another of her many instances of personal kindness in arranging for me and my dear cousin Sophonisba Breckinridge to meet at her home.

Saturday morning we got through some accumulated mail and then parted. Wini had an invitation to spend the week end at Wayne with Adelaide Atkin Noyes and I went to Madison to stay with my cousins, the Walter Raymond Agards, to be with whom is always a solace and a joy to me.

Monday the eighth found us both back in Chicago. I had an engagement to speak that night to some three hundred nurses at the Michael Reese Hospital School of Nursing. Miss Donnelley came for me and took me to the Fortnightly Club for dinner. Then we went to the Michael Reese Hospital together. Miss Margaret Carrington, Superintendent of the School of Nursing,

and her associates were most kind to us. I spoke in the auditorium of the School, introduced by Miss Donnelley who was introduced by Miss Carrington. It was a happy time because there is no group to whom I love to speak as I do to nurses.

Tuesday morning the ninth, Wini and I again did a spot of work and then lunched at the Athletic Club with Adelaide's father, Mr. Atkin, with Adelaide herself, her sister Margot Atkin, and with our old courier "Tips" Stevenson Magnuson. We had a good time which was the purpose of the lunch, but I want to add here that, with "Tips" as ambassador, we were able to add the distinguished name of Dr. Paul Magnuson to our National Medical Council. We saw Miss Burneice Larson of The Medical Bureau in the afternoon and that night I made my last speech in Chicago. There was a meeting of the Chicago Alumnae of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority at the home of Mrs. P. G. Peterson. As all know, this Sorority has for years supported the Social Service Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service as their national field work. It was a privilege to meet over sixty of the Chicago alumnae and give them a report. I also had the special joy of a long conversation with my special friend, Mrs. Warren C. Drummond.

On Wednesday the tenth, Wini and I parted. Dear Naomi Donnelley came down to the Hotel to say goodbye to us. Wini took a train back to Kentucky and I went to Milwaukee for a night with my blessed Carson kin who live there.

On Thursday the eleventh, I took the "Hiawatha" for Minneapolis and was met at the station by that fine friend of mine and Trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. George Chase Christian, in whose hospitable home I spent the next two days. Unfortunately, I had picked up a cold which made it necessary for me to cancel purely social engagements and to endeavor (successfully I hope) to protect other people in public engagements. One of the best ways in which to protect people when you have a cold is never to shake hands with them. That also keeps them at arm's length! As for the cold, Mrs. Christian and her household took such dear care of me that I threw it off in two days.

My first engagement the next morning, Friday the twelfth, was the general meeting arranged by the Minneapolis Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service at the home of Mrs. Lyndon M.

King, who (as Betty Washburn) had worked years ago with us as a volunteer nurse. Miss Frances Janney took us to the meeting in her car and Mrs. Christian had given me a wee "poke" into which I could put my Kleenex. At Betty King's, I spoke in front of an open fire into which I could throw my Kleenex. It was all very sanitary. It was also very delightful. The people who used their gasoline to come to this meeting were a most representative cross section of the most useful people in Minneapolis: women on the boards of the hospitals and the V. N. A., nurses and social workers, and women who take the lead in worthwhile public causes. Mrs. King is as delightful a hostess as she is a person.

Miss Caroline Crosby came to lunch at Mrs. Christian's. In the afternoon, I was invited to the meeting of the Colonial Dames of Minnesota as a guest from the Colonial Dames of Kentucky. Mrs. Christian and I both thought the only kind thing for me to do was cancel this as at a social gathering I could hardly avoid exposing the Minnesota Dames to an infection. That night, Mrs. Christian had some of my special friends for dinner: the Lyndon Kings, Miss Elizabeth Wallace and her brother, Mr. Thomas Wallace. The symphony came after that but this I gave up, went to bed for a long night which completely restored me. At my bedside, Mrs. Christian had put the perfect book for me to read, *The Little Locksmith*.

Saturday morning the thirteenth, we drove to St. Paul where I spoke to the Woman's City Club. Mrs. Christian had saved up the gasoline so that we could make the trip. Our St. Paul Chairman, Mrs. Edwin White, introduced me to the Club with her customary grace. It was a rare opportunity to talk about the Frontier Nursing Service to an outstanding group of women. Then we returned to Minneapolis and I took the night train for Chicago where I arrived Sunday morning the fourteenth and left on another train for Cincinnati. Sometimes one has lovely, refreshing bits in life's crowded thoroughfares. Who should get on my car in the train but the Kenneth Boyds of Winnetka and their daughter Peggy whose husband is in the South Pacific. They were on their way down to see a son at one of the Army camps. This unscheduled meeting filled the hours happily.

I stayed from Sunday evening to Tuesday evening the six-

teenth out at Glendale with those dear friends, the Roger K. Rogans. I hadn't any work to do and got two days of almost incredible enjoyment and rest. Our courier, Ann Danson Muhlhauser, brought her delectable baby girl to see me—one of our future couriers and a grand one. Two young prospective couriers also came to see me. The Rogans had the British Consul, Mr. Tandy, and his wife to dinner and my dear friend and Frontier Nursing Service Trustee, Mrs. Edward Danson. Again, there was the perfect book for me to read, *Burma Surgeon* by Dr. Gordon Seagrave. It makes Burma a real country and I shall follow Lord Louis Mountbatten's campaign with a clearer insight, because of *Burma Surgeon*.

Tuesday night the sixteenth, I took a train for Lexington, where I had several things to attend to, and Thursday the eighteenth, I took a bus at 8:30 a. m. for Hazard. This is a trip of about six hours but not too fatiguing. For a long time past, I have been using the public conveyances in and out of the mountains instead of driving, so as to save gasoline for our patients. I was met at Hazard by some of my own crowd—and so to Wendover and a mass of work, including the editing and publication of this Bulletin!



EDNIE AND EVA
TWINS
AT THE MARGARET DURBIN HARPER
MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER
AT
BOWLINGTOWN, PERRY COUNTY,
KENTUCKY

FIELD NOTES

So the minutes slip away:
We get older, every day:
Soon we'll be too old to play.
(Honey, there'll be dancin' in the sky!)
'Nother night we'll both be dead:
'Nother couple dance instead:
Honey! Lift your pretty head—
(Honey, there'll be dancin' in the sky!)

The World's Classics, Oxford University Press
Crump Folk Going Home by Constance Holme

We thought last Christmas that we couldn't have our regular Christmas dance at Wendover because nearly all the young men were soldiering. We ended by having three dances in ten days, and we have never had so many dances as during the past year. Loads of our young men have not yet been sent overseas. They come home on furlough and the first thing they want is "a square dance." We used to have more men than girls at these dances but now there are more girls than men and partners are eked out with small boys. A lot of our music has gone to war but we still have a few fiddlers and guitarists. These young soldiers and their girls will dance to any music. We are lucky in that our new Medical Director, Dr. Fraser, is a violinist and, unlike many violinists, he is willing to fiddle. Since he has an ear for music, he has caught the mountain folk tunes to which the young people dance, sometimes singing as they dance. Our most successful dance of the autumn was one when Dr. Fraser came over to Wendover and fiddled for us. The most utterly charming of all our dances was one held in the loft of the great new log barn at Wendover just after the barn was finished and before the hay had been put in or the logs chinked. The lights from the storm lanterns, hung around the inside of the barn, glowed through the chinking between the logs and the whole thing looked like a Christmas card.

.....
Speaking of Christmas, we are deep in preparations for it

as this Bulletin goes to press. For volunteer Christmas Secretary, we are lucky to have our friend Mrs. Sinclair Armstrong of Providence, Rhode Island, whose husband is overseas. She is one of the most effective people as well as one of the most companionable. It always takes a mixture of brain and brawn to cope with Christmas in here for our thousands of children. This year is exceptionally difficult but old friends have stood by magnificently. More checks are coming than toys, but we knew that would be the case this year and placed orders early through wholesale houses for hundreds of extra toys. They aren't as durable as in former years (example: cardboard trucks instead of red metal ones) but they are gay and the children will have their Christmas. We find that oranges which were \$3.25 per crate last year now cost between \$5.00 and \$6.00 a crate! Thanks to the generous check from E. R. Bradley, the horseman in Central Kentucky, which he sends each year, the children will have their five thousand oranges. Thanks to another generous check from a Trustee in Delaware for candy, the children will have their little "pokes" of candy—hard candy from Cuba. The hundreds of pounds of this bought candy is supplemented by retail shipments from a number of other friends—as far apart as Detroit and Baltimore.

.

A present you said was taboo—
And we didn't know what to do,
But at last came the light
When we thought some could write,
And perhaps do a drawing or two.
So here's the result by main and by might
For a bright, Merry Christmas to you.

This poem came to me last Christmas from our Hyden crowd with original articles, notes, drawings, all done up in Christmas style. Among the drawings were the ones called *Glimpses of Our Christmas Secretary at Hyden* which fill the center pages of this Bulletin. They are the work of our Hospital Superintendent, Vanda Summers.

The inside cover picture of the Child and the Christmas Doll was taken last Christmas by Mrs. George Lawrence ("Andy") when she was back on a visit to us.

The outside cover illustration and poem are both anonymous. They came to us years ago on a Christmas card from a friend in

Arkansas, with nothing to indicate who did the painting or wrote the verses. We are sorry that we can make no acknowledgment for something so lovely.

.

We take particular pleasure in printing in this issue of the Bulletin a report on her training in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery by Mrs. Catherine Lory from Brown County, Indiana. Mrs. Lory is one of the ablest graduate students who has ever come to our School from the State Boards of Health and she has thrown herself wholeheartedly into her work with never a word to indicate the anxiety and strain of a mother whose nineteen-year-old boy is with the Marines in the Central Pacific. We are glad to report that her daughter is training as a nurse at the Grant Hospital in Chicago and has applied to become a cadet. The following reference to Mrs. Lory appeared in the *Bill O' Health* of the Indiana State Board of Health on November twentieth:

"Catherine Lory, R.N., but soon to be a C.M., couldn't resist the hills of Brown County. To translate: Mrs. Lory, who was the public health nurse in Brown County but who will soon be a certified midwife, recently was home for a short visit. When she completes her training at the Frontier Nursing Service at Hyden, Ky., in December, she will be the *only* C.M. in the State."

Another outstanding nurse in the Graduate School is Miss Alberta Morgan from West Virginia. We take pleasure in giving a brief history of Miss Morgan from the *Fayette Tribune* which was printed just before she came to us:

"Miss Alberta Morgan, for the past two years a public health nurse for Fayette County, leaves this week for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery at Hyden, Ky. The State Department of Health is sending her there to take a six months' course preparatory to introducing a new department of nurse-midwife consultation service throughout the state. The appointment is considered a singular promotion, inasmuch as Miss Morgan will be under contract to return to this state to organize and supervise this new service.

"Miss Morgan will, during her training period, become one of the widely publicized "Nurses On Horseback," visiting the homes in the rough mountain areas of Kentucky. This will prepare her for organization work in the remote rural areas in West Virginia.

"Previous to coming to Fayette County, Miss Morgan was health nurse in Brook County. She received her public health training at George Peabody College in Tennessee. She is a graduate of the Ohio Valley Hospital School of Nursing at Steubenville, Ohio, and also took a course in advanced pediatric

nursing at the University of Cincinnati. While in this County she has become widely known through her volunteer work in teaching classes in Red Cross Home Nursing, as well as her public health service."

The other two students in this class at the Graduate School are our own Doris Reid and Jane Rainey who will work with the Frontier Nursing Service after graduation. We have arranged to expand the district area covered by the School so as to take six students in the class that starts in late January, 1944.

We are privileged to quote from the letter written us by Miss Elsie Crosby of Georgia after a visit to Wendover. The nurses Georgia has sent us to train as midwives have been an exceptionally fine type.

"I still recall the quiet beauty and peacefulness of Wendover. To me, the structures are visible signs of courage and determination to face and overcome obstacles. In addition to creating a thing of beauty, the Frontier Nursing Service has inspired all those who come in contact with it with a sense of obligation to do one's best. We have seen this in the nurses who have returned from Kentucky, and I saw it in the faces and comments of the other people, including the secretaries and couriers.

"Mrs. Weaver joins me in thanking you for your contribution to the thorough training of our public health nurses."

The Frontier Nursing Service is honored and privileged to include on its staff, as Research Director, Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph.D., lately retired from the Institute of Educational Research, Division of Psychology, at Teachers College, Columbia University. For many years as a Trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, she gave volunteer work of a high order to the Service and even so recently as last July she spent a month in simplifying our central record system to meet the short-handedness of war. In addition to the multifarious jobs she is doing for the Service, she will give lectures at the Graduate School in her own special field. As an active woman who had not lost a day from sickness in the nearly fifty years she has been working, there were many fields with high remuneration open to her upon her retirement from Columbia. She chose the Frontier Nursing Service instead. What she will mean to all of us in the Kentucky mountains is expressed in the following lines she wrote after attending a meeting of the Hyden Committee in July:

"I think I never got round to telling you how much I liked the group at your Hyden Committee meeting and how much I was impressed by it. . . . I'm anticipating a deal of genuine pleasure from knowing some of them better and longer."

.

Our Alice Ford, Quarterly Bulletin Secretary in charge of the files, and post office assistant for the past two years, is leaving us in December and is another one of our gifts to the war. She has not decided yet just where she will enlist but she feels that she wants to serve in that way. Those of you who have grown familiar with her good humor and charm and ability, through correspondence or by meeting her, will miss her in somewhat the same spirit as we shall miss her here in the mountains. We are glad to be able to say that her post has been taken over by Hazel Meyer of Cincinnati who will have had two months of training under her for one of the most difficult administrative jobs in the Frontier Nursing Service. You will like Hazel too!

We have lost with regret Catherine Uhl, one of the nurses trained in midwifery at our own Graduate School, who has been with us for the past two years. However, she has gone to serve with the nursing service of the Office of Indian Affairs, in Alaska, where she will use her midwifery to excellent advantage and under conditions of work as arduous as ours.

We extend a warm welcome to the new nurses at our Hospital at Hyden, Beatrice Miller and Jean Bradley.

.

Our junior couriers early this autumn have been Edith Hall of Cambridge, Massachusetts and Eleanor Thorn of Ardmore, Pennsylvania. We had no senior so that Jean Hollins had to carry senior courier duty as well as resident courier duty. Edith Hall was so kind as to stay on for two weeks after her junior courier period was over to act as senior and break in to some of the trails the new junior couriers, Frances Baker and Phyllis Long. "Franny" and "Fifi" are both from Boston and in the fine courier tradition of that city.

Jean Hollins and Edith Hall are both fully qualified Nurse's Aides and have been helping out at the Hospital as Nurse's Aides with such success that Vanda says that she now wants a continuous supply of Aides "if they are like Jean and Edie."

The guests at Wendover this fall "drindled," as we say in the mountains, to a warlike trickle. We had a visit of a week from our delectable old courier from Cincinnati, Dorothy Caldwell, and her brother Jack, from the artist Caroline Williams, and Miss Alberta C. Schmid, an Army Red Cross nurse. They all came bearing as a gift for us one dozen diapers each!

We had a charming visit, unfortunately for a day only, from Miss Ruth Doran of the Children's Bureau in Washington and Miss Helen Crockett, Superintendent of the Hospital at Oneida, and the former staff member of the Frontier Nursing Service, Miss Ellen Halsall.

Other guests who came for what seems like only a few moments were the following Foresters: Mr. Lyle F. Watts, Chief of the U. S. Forest Service, from Washington, D. C.; Mr. R. M. Evans, Regional Forester, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mr. Richard E. McArdle, Director, Appalachian Forest Experiment Station, from Asheville, North Carolina; and our own Mr. H. L. Borden, Area Forester for Kentucky. As all who have followed the work of the Frontier Nursing Service over the years know, there is no group in all America to whom we ever extend a bigger welcome than we do to the Foresters. There has never been a time since our earliest days when we haven't urged them to come to see us, given them mounts and couriers as guides, and profited enormously by their profound knowledge of the forests whose welfare we have so at heart.

Other guests who came for the day only to meet with the Frasers at lunch at Wendover were Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hollis Caffee, of Oneida, and her sister, Mrs. Heinzelmänn. This was Saturday, the concluding day of the Leslie County Fair, with the horse show, which we all attended at Hyden after lunch. For our overnight guest, in connection with the Fair, we were so happy as to have a visit from Dr. Thomas P. Strittmatter, from the Department of Animal Pathology of the University of Kentucky, who was a judge at the horse show and one of the most delightful guests Wendover ever entertained.

.

This brings us to the Leslie County Fair which was held at Hyden on the last day of September and the first and second of October. Our County Agent, Mr. S. M. Cook, deserves the high-

est praise for having put over this Fair in wartime with astounding success, and secured the money for prizes for a wide variety of exhibits. There is no doubt about it, such a Fair does stimulate increased production of garden stuff, poultry and livestock. We ourselves sent our best pumpkin and cushaw from the Wendover gardens! Among the most entrancing exhibits to us were some of the old quilts and other heirlooms of early Kentucky days. A number of prominent citizens contributed to these and other exhibits.

Of course there was an exhibit on public health and infant care in which Mrs. Augustus Cornett and Miss Gladys Moberg (of the Frontier Nursing Service staff) cooperated with excellent success.

The Frontier Nursing Service sent several cows for the cattle show and our "Goody-Two-Shoes" won second prize and our "Petunia" won third prize. The first prize was taken by a Jersey cow, sired by "Elmendorf Frontiersman," belonging to Mr. Will Hoskins.

The highlight of the Fair for us was the horse show on Saturday, October second. The Wendover couriers, Jean Hollins and Edith Hall, rode in the horse show as did a number of Frontier Nursing Service nurses. The effect of the gleam of their blue uniforms in the sunlight on the school parade ground, the movement of the horses and the grace of the riders made a delightful picture. Here is the result in prizes for the F. N. S.:

Five Gaited Horses	— Heather	2nd	Edith Hall Up
	Tommy	3rd	Jean Hollins Up
Running Walk	— Tommy	2nd	Jean Hollins Up
Best Women Riders	— Jean Hollins	1st	on Tommy
	Edith Hall	2nd	on Babette
	Rose Avery	3rd	on Billy
Gaited Mule	— Tenacity	3rd	Alonzo Howard Up

The following letter addressed to the Superintendent of the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden speaks for itself:

November 23, 1943.

Dear Miss Summers,

Just a note to say that I am sending two dozen diapers to the service to use as they see fit. I send these with my appreciation for what the Hyden Hospital and Frontier Nursing Service has meant to me personally. Twice my baby had to be

in the hospital—once at two weeks old, and again at four months. Both times he received excellent care.

What a lucky county Leslie is to be blessed with such a capable doctor and nurses.

One dozen diapers have been used—but I understand you can use these too. If other babies have to get along with fewer diapers, mine can too. They have been washed in a disinfectant, boiled, and ready for use.

Gratefully yours,
SIGNED: Martha Beddow.

.

We are enchanted to be able to report that at last the Shovel from the Rural Highway Department, for which we have been waiting for two years, arrived at Hyden and proceeded in an amazingly short time to remove the appalling debris that lay at the foot of what once was the great Hospital slide. Friends may remember that a Shovel was on its way to us last summer when it went berserk and fell in the river! Happily, the second Shovel made the trip uneventfully and has done a piece of work for which all of the patients of the Frontier Nursing Service and their friends will be grateful for years to come.

.

Friends will remember that years ago we received the anonymous gift at Wendover of one of those amazing refrigerators that generate ice through the mechanism of a kerosene lamp. We never knew who sent this refrigerator and now, long afterwards, we learn that it was the gift of Dr. H. G. Case of Syracuse, a friend of our Eva Gilbert. Eva knew about it all along but she did not tell us until she learned of the regrettable death of Dr. Case in August this year. It is good to know that she thanked him. He will be held in grateful remembrance at Wendover.

.

We wish to express our profound sympathy to our Hospital nurse, Esther Thompson, in the death in Minnesota in late September of her father. "Tommy" had gone to him and was with him through the last days of his illness and at home for several days following his death.

We wish to express our tenderest sympathy to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Lewis of Hyden in the death in an airplane crash of their nineteen-year-old son Everett, a Private First

Class in the U. S. Army Air Corps. This makes the fifth gold star on the Service Flag for the young people in our communities who have gone to war.

.

Now we announce with great happiness another Service wedding. Our Meta Klosterman was married at the Post Chapel at Fort Washington, Maryland, on Thursday, November fourth to James J. McGuire. Her mother was able to go to the wedding and our "Jerry," Mrs. Arthur Byrne, went as matron of honor. Meta is back with us again for a bit but she will take a leave of absence while she can be near her husband. She makes the third war bride in the Frontier Nursing Service. We give them all furloughs whenever their husbands get furloughs. We are wishing Meta all the good luck in the world.

.

I made my usual autumn rounds of the six outpost nursing centers all in September this year. Because of the difficulty of getting refreshments, we didn't have rallies, but we had most successful dinner-Committee meetings everywhere. Members of some of our Committees said that we must have the rallies next year even if we couldn't get anything to put inside the sandwiches. The Brutus Committee said that they could get a shoat and fatten it and butcher it for the meat, and the other Committees indicated they were willing to struggle with this problem of feeding some hundreds of people. The cooperation and dearness of our outpost center Committees mean more to me personally than I can ever begin to express.

.

This Bulletin has an exchange with the weekly published at Hyden by Mrs. Olive M. Mendell, called *The Thousandsticks*. The paper gets this picturesque name from a mountain behind Hyden and the mountain got its name from the Indians. We want gratefully to acknowledge the gift of free advertising in *Thousandsticks* recently for a cook for the Hyden Hospital. Mrs. Mendell wrote:

"The small advertisement—I don't charge anything for that. Glad to do it free of charge. I only hope they got them a cook."

We did!

Our Mattie Radcliffe, for so many years the marvelous cook at the Hospital, wanted to be a WAC after her husband Glenn, the Hospital chief barn man, had become a soldier. There was nothing to do but let her go but the situation without her was desperate for a while as she did all the planning as well as the cooking of the meals.

We had our Service reunion as usual on Thanksgiving Day. The weather was magnificent and we had the largest attendance of nurses that ever came in for a reunion at Wendover. As always, we sang "Now Thank We All Our God." As always, we had a moment for silent remembrance of those absent and dear to us. Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, who had been on a visit of immense help to us just before Thanksgiving, had ordered and planned the dinner and Miss Woodyard helped with it. Belle Morgan, who is on a leave of absence with Jahugh for a winter's rest, came down the day before and cooked the pumpkin pies. The rest of the Wendover crowd divided up the work among them, the considerable work of feeding and serving fifty-two people. We had turkey, cranberry sauce, vegetables, and pumpkin pies made from our own pumpkins. After the dinner, nearly two hours were taken up with the Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives which has the tradition during its fifteen years of existence of meeting on Thanksgiving Day. Last year several nurse-midwives from other parts of the country had come for the meeting, but this year only one from outside the Frontier Nursing Service could make the trip, Aase Johanesen, now working in South Carolina. The complete minutes of this meeting are multigraphed and mailed to the members.

Everyone who came on Thanksgiving was taken to see the Victory Shrine in the log cabin and was shown the book containing the names represented by the figures on the Service Flag. Our nurses had gathered these names on their various creeks and branches. In the Flat Creek area, the names had already been gathered by the "Singing Class," a group of girls who meet every week with Mrs. Bascom Bowling and Mrs. F. C. Rohrer. These girls gather all the local news from all the creeks and branches around Creekville. They put these news items in let-

ters and mail them each month to every soldier from that section. There are fifty-eight of these soldiers, a number of them serving now with the Fifth Army in Italy. One can imagine what it means to them to get this news-letter monthly from their home community. They write back in reply letters like these:

From a Sergeant:

"I'm certainly glad to receive the news from Creekville. The letters from home helps to keep my mind from concentrating on things here that I shouldn't. I'm sending each member of the committee a five franc note for a souvenir. I'd send them a camel if I could get it in an envelope."

From a Private:

"Am glad to know that you think enough of the boys thousands of miles away from home to write. We boys have a hard job to do, but if you folks back home stand by us we will handle the little men, God helping us."

From a Marine Air Corps Corporal in the South Pacific:

"I'm sure all the boys are glad to receive your letters and I feel that it is a fine way to help keep up the morale of the boys in the service."

We have just received from our nurse, Second Lieutenant Josephine M. Green, now overseas, a Christmas card with the following message:

The Stable was warm on that Christmas night
And glowed with a beauty rare,
For under its roof was the one true Light
And the hope of the world lay there.

For somehow, not only for Christmas,
But all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others
Is the joy that comes back to you;
And the more you spend in blessing
The poor and the lonely and sad,
The more of your heart's possessing
Returns to make you glad.

—Whittier

THE KINGDOM

"Oh, I have seen a King's new Baby,"
 Susan she said,
 "Joy upon His bright, dear birthday be
 And His bright head!"
 Catherine, her kindly comrade, then did
 Say, "Show me too—
 Son of a King must lie so splendid
 All gold and blue!"

"O the King's Son He lies so sparely,"
 Susan she told,
 "No lace to lappen Him so fairly,
 No blue and gold."
 "Prince—and He ne'er has fine adorning?"
 Catherine cried.
 "Prince, and the Sun, my girl, at morning!"
 The maid replied.

"Where, then's His mighty Kingdom, say you?"
 "Everywhere."
 "So! and how may I know it, pray you?"
 "Kindness is there."
 "Kings have bright swords to follow after,
 Bugles to ring?"
 "Nay, here is only children's laughter,
 Here thrushes sing."

"Whom, say now, shall He rule anon? He
 Coming to reign?"
 "Both bird and beast and man, my bonny,
 Mountain and plain."
 "These shall He hold and have securely—
 How? Tell me friend?"
 "Only by being a servant, surely,
 Unto the end."

"Susan, who'll herald Him, this stranger,
 This kingly boy?"
 "Just a lit star above a manger
 Laughing for joy."
 "Still, gossip, I might doubt Him, maybe,
 Knowing no thing?"
 "Dear my heart, would you doubt a Baby
 To be a King?"

Angevin

(Pr. Patrick R. Chalmers)
 The Oxford Book of Carols

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-ChairmenMiss Mattie A. Norton, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich. Mr. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio**Treasurer**

Mr. C. N. Manning, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. M. C. Begley, Hyden, Ky.

Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

Lt. Thruston B. Morton, U.S. Navy

Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.

Judge Edward C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.

Mrs. Wm. C. Goodloe, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio

Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York

Mr. Bethel B. Veech, Louisville, Ky.

AUDITORS

Hifner and Fortune, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Mrs. Walter R. Agard, Madison, Wis. Mrs. William L. Harkness, New York
 Dr. A. J. Alexander, U.S.A.M.C. Mrs. George L. Harrison, New York
 Mrs. Charles Allen, Louisville, Ky. Judge Roy Helm, Hazard, Ky.
 Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky. Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
 Mrs. Walter S. Ball, Providence, R. I. Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb, U.S.M.C.
 Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. Mr. C. Walter Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.
 Dr. P. E. Blackerby, Louisville, Ky. Mr. Elmer Huff, Confluence, Ky.
 Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del. Dr. William J. Hutchins, St. Louis, Mo.
 Madame Draper Boncompagni, Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio
 Washington, D. C. Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. Henry S. Booth, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. Mrs. Henry James, New York
 Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Edward Jastram, Providence, R. I.
 Mrs. Arthur Bray, Yorkshire, England Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Paul M. Justice, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York Mr. Clarence L. Kerr, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. George P. Brett, New York Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
 Mrs. William E. Brigham, Providence, R. I. Mrs. Polk Laffoon, Covington, Ky.
 Major-General Preston Brown, Mr. Eugene W. Lewis, Detroit, Mich.
 Vineyard Haven, Mass. Judge L. D. Lewis, Hyden, Ky.
 Mrs. Wm. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Stacy B. Lloyd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Judge Francis G. Caffey, New York Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Chicago Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
 Mrs. George Chase Christian, Minneapolis Mrs. Francis C. McMath, Detroit, Mich.
 Mr. George H. Clapp, Sewickley, Pa. Mrs. J. Wm. McMillan, Baltimore, Md.
 Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass. Dr. Frank L. McVey, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Albert H. Cordes, Cincinnati, Ohio Mrs. Frank L. McVey, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I. Lady Leslie MacKenzie, Edinburgh, Scotland
 Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Cleveland Marcum, Big Creek, Ky.
 Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio Mrs. Milward W. Martin, New York
 Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
 Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, Chicago Mrs. Roger D. Mellick, Far Hills, N. J.
 Mr. Malcolm Donald, Boston, Mass. Miss Anne Morgan, New York
 Miss Naomi Donnelley, Chicago Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York Mrs. George W. Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
 Mr. E. W. Edwards, Cincinnati, Ohio Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon, Baltimore, Md.
 Mr. W. E. Faulkner, Hazard, Ky. Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Lima, Peru
 Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky. Mrs. Guido Perera, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Henry Ford, Dearborn, Mich. Mrs. Henry Harvey Pike, Jr., New York
 Mrs. Edgard C. Franco-Ferreira, Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, Detroit, Mich.
 Philadelphia Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Charles S. Frost, Lake Forest, Ill. Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Margaret Gage, New York Miss Louisa Rawle, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mrs. Ralph C. Gifford, Louisville, Ky. Mr. Ray Roberts, Hyden, Ky.
 Brig. Gen. A. R. Glancy, Detroit, Mich. Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J. Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
 Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere, New York
 Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Frederic M. Sackett, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky. Dr. Preston P. Satterwhite, New York
 Mrs. Samuel H. Halley, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. James T. Shaw, Knoxville, Tenn.
 Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio
 Mrs. Norman M. Smith, Washington, D. C. Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio

BOARD OF TRUSTEES (Continued)

Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New Canaan, Conn.
 Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Henry Matson Waite, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Frederic Watson, Dorsetshire, England
 Mrs. James Ward Thorne, Chicago Mrs. Edwin D. White, St. Paul, Minn.
 Mrs. Warren Thorpe, New York Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Milton, Mass.
 Mrs. Owen J. Toland, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
 Miss A. E. Trumbull, Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, New Haven, Conn.
 The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

Dr. Irvin Abell, Louisville, Ky. Dr. W. T. McConnell, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Fred L. Adair, Chicago Dr. J. R. McCord, Atlanta, Ga.
 Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, Chicago Dr. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago
 Dr. P. E. Blackerby, Louisville, Ky. Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, Cincinnati, Ohio Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky. Dr. W. Barnett Owen, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Charles B. Crawford, Washington, D. C. Dr. Walter R. Parker, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Washington, D. C. Dr. Thomas Parran, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Walter E. Dandy, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. L. E. Daniels, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie, Boston, Mass. Dr. E. D. Plass, Iowa City
 Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky. Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio
 Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C. Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Haven Emerson, New York Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago Dr. Sterling Ruffin, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. A. W. Freeman, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. Gavin Fulton, Louisville, Ky. Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Washington, D. C. Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. Nathaniel Gifford, Providence, R. I. Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Louis S. Greene, Washington, D. C. Dr. R. Glen Spurling, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. Marcia Hays, San Francisco Dr. Frederick J. Taussig, St. Louis, Mo.
 Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. Dr. James E. Thompson, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C. Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Dr. Frederick C. Irving, Boston, Mass. Dr. F. W. Urton, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Charles E. Kiely, Cincinnati, Ohio Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Jr., Baltimore, Md. Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo.
 Dr. John H. Kooser, U.S.N.R.M.C. Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York
 Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn. Dr. Carnes Weeks, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. John Lloyd, Rochester, N. Y. Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. H. H. M. Lyle, New York Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y.
 Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.

Inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Dr. A. J. Alexander, U.S.A.M.C. Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky. Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky. Dr. F. W. Rankin, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. John Harvey, U.S.A.M.C. Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. Dr. F. Carlton Thomas, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky. Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

Miss Lyda W. Anderson, DeKalb, Ill. Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky. Miss Honor Murphy, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Mary Beard, Washington, D. C. Miss Helene Olandt, New York
 Miss Ida F. Butler, Hartford, Conn. Miss Winifred Rand, Detroit, Mich.
 Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago Miss Katharine Read, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Hazel Corbin, New York Miss Ruth Riley, Fayetteville, Ark.
 Miss Naomi Deutsch, Washington, D. C. Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York
 Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York Miss Emilie Y. Robson, St. Louis, Mo.
 Miss Margaret L. East, Louisville, Ky. Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich.
 Col. Julia O. Flikke, Washington, D. C. Major Julia C. Stimson, New York
 Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I. Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass. Miss E. C. Waddell, Detroit, Mich.
 Miss Annie W. Goodrich, New Haven, Conn. Miss Marguerite A. Wales, Battle Creek, Mich.
 Miss Ruth W. Hubbard, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Abbie R. Weaver, Atlanta, Ga.
 Miss Lillian Hudson, New York Miss Mary E. Westfall, Chicago
 Miss Florence M. Johnson, New York Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, New York
 Miss Sally Johnson, Boston, Mass. Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Louise Zabriskie, New York

FIELD WORKERS

(Executive)

AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**Director**Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,
S.C.M., LL.D.**Assistant Director and Dean****Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.**Executive Secretary**

Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Research Director

Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D.

Statistician

Mrs. Arthur Byrne, B.A.

Bookkeeper

Miss Audrey Collins

Secretary to the Director

Miss Wini Saxon, B.A.

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY**Medical Director**

James M. Fraser, M.D.

Hospital Superintendent

Miss Vanda Summers, R.N., S.C.M.

Hospital Head Midwife

Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

Instructor**Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**
Miss Eva Gilbert, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.**Assistant Instructor****Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**
Miss Hannah Mitchell, R.N., C.M.**Social Service Secretary**

(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Miss Clara-Louise Schiefer, B.A.

Hospital Clinic Nurse

Miss Audrey Dyer, R.N., C.M.

Alternate Resident Couriers

Miss Jean Hollins

Miss Fanny McIlvain

Resident Wendover Nurse

Miss Rose Avery, R.N., C.M.

AT OUTPOST NURSING STATIONS**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Mary Patricia Simmons, R.N., C.M.; Miss Marian Cadwallader, R.N., C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss Ethel Gonzalez, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creeksville, Clay County)

Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Miss Ruth Peninger, R.N., C.M.; Miss Nola Blair, R.N., C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Miss Anne Fox, R.N., S.C.M.*

* S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' examinations of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

C.M. stands for Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse who qualified as a midwife under the Kentucky Board of Health examination and is authorized by this Board to put these initials after her name.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send supplies of clothing, food, toys, layettes, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE and sent either by parcel post to Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky, or by freight or express to Hazard, Kentucky, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center or to be used for a special purpose and will send a letter to that effect his wishes will be complied with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by truck or wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington, Kentucky

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1943.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., publishers of the Quarterly Bulletin and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

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

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1943.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires January 16, 1947.

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

The following are some of the ways of making gifts to the Endowment Funds of the Frontier Nursing Service:

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.

2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.

3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.

4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.

5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.

6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

.

The principal of these gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

“He shall gather the lambs with his arm
and carry them in his bosom, and shall
gently lead those that are with young.”

Its object:

“To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to co-operate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

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



VICTORY SHRINE LOG CHAPEL
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
at Wendover, Kentucky

Here is hung an official Service Flag, behind the Cross, and here is enshrined a bound volume with 641 names of those who have gone from our communities to the war.



Here is a quiet room—
Pause for a little space,
And in the deepening gloom
With hands before thy face,
Pray for God's grace—

Let no unholy thought
Enter thy musing mind,
Things that the world hath wrought,
Unclean, untrue, unkind,
Leave them behind.

Pray for the strength of God,
Strength to obey His plan,
Rise from thy knees less clod
Than when thy prayer began—
More of a man.

Written in 1917 by Donald Cox
for the Upper Room of Talbot House
at Poperinghe in Belgium.

Wh

W

Wh

S