

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 20

AUTUMN, 1944

NUMBER 2



Morning Blessing

Margaret W. Tarrant



"Fifi" on "Puck"

Courier Phyllis Long of Boston, Massachusetts,
Crossing the Hell-fer-Sartain Ford of the Middle Fork
of the Kentucky River.

The cover picture is published by the Medici Society of London.
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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

by

ANNA WORK SHAWKEY

The light's in the window, the wreath's on the door,
The tree is a-glisten as always before;
That wreath is our love and that candle our prayer;
That tree is our loyalty, steadfast and sure.

Time was when the mistletoe hung in the air!
Time was when gay whispers and laughter were there!

O boy in the foxhole! O girl on the sea!
Our message will reach you wherever you be;
No clime and no language but there shines The Star,
Then PEACE to your heart, Dear, wherever you are!



CHRISTMAS BABY

by

DORIS REID, R.N., C.M.

Illustrations by JANE RAINEY, R.N., C.M.

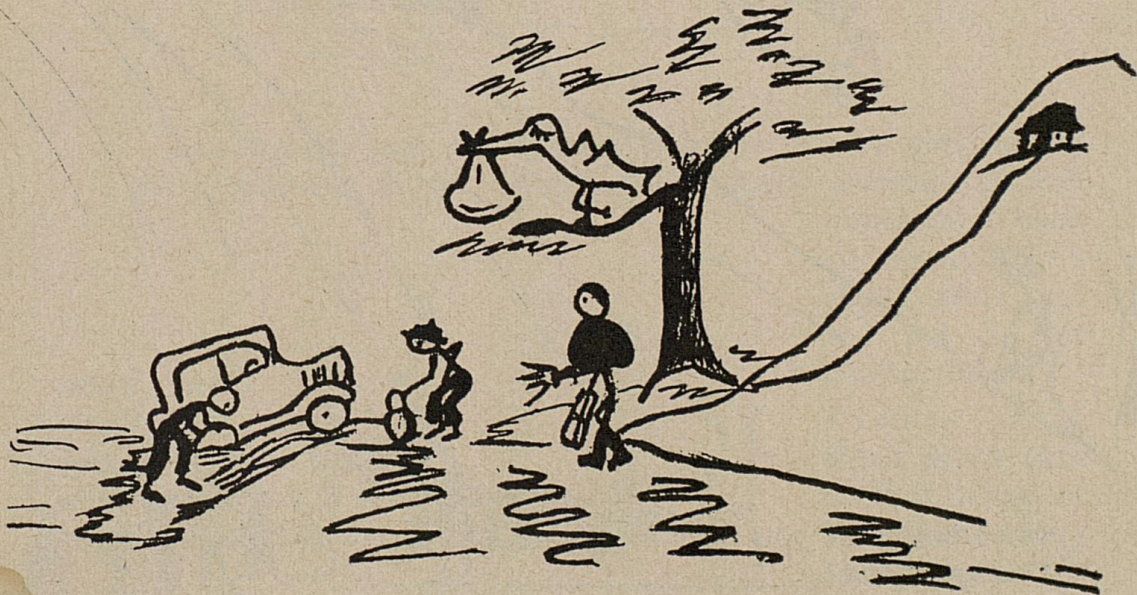
On a cold stormy day shortly before Christmas I called on Laura, one of our prenatales, who lived on a branch off of Short Creek about three miles from Hyden. Laura had four small boys and was trying to get them a baby sister.

The boys were pleasant and well mannered while I talked to them and asked them if I might come and stay all night sometime soon. They finally said they "reckoned hit" would be all right. I told them I would try to come soon, and maybe I could talk to Santa Claus and get them a baby sister.

Now I had begged every mother-to-be that I saw to get me a Christmas baby, and on December twenty-third I was called out and delivered a nice baby girl; but that was beating Christmas by a little.

Jane Rainey and I were so busy riding our faithful horses hither and yon I quite forgot I wanted a Christmas baby, but God didn't forget, and neither did Laura.

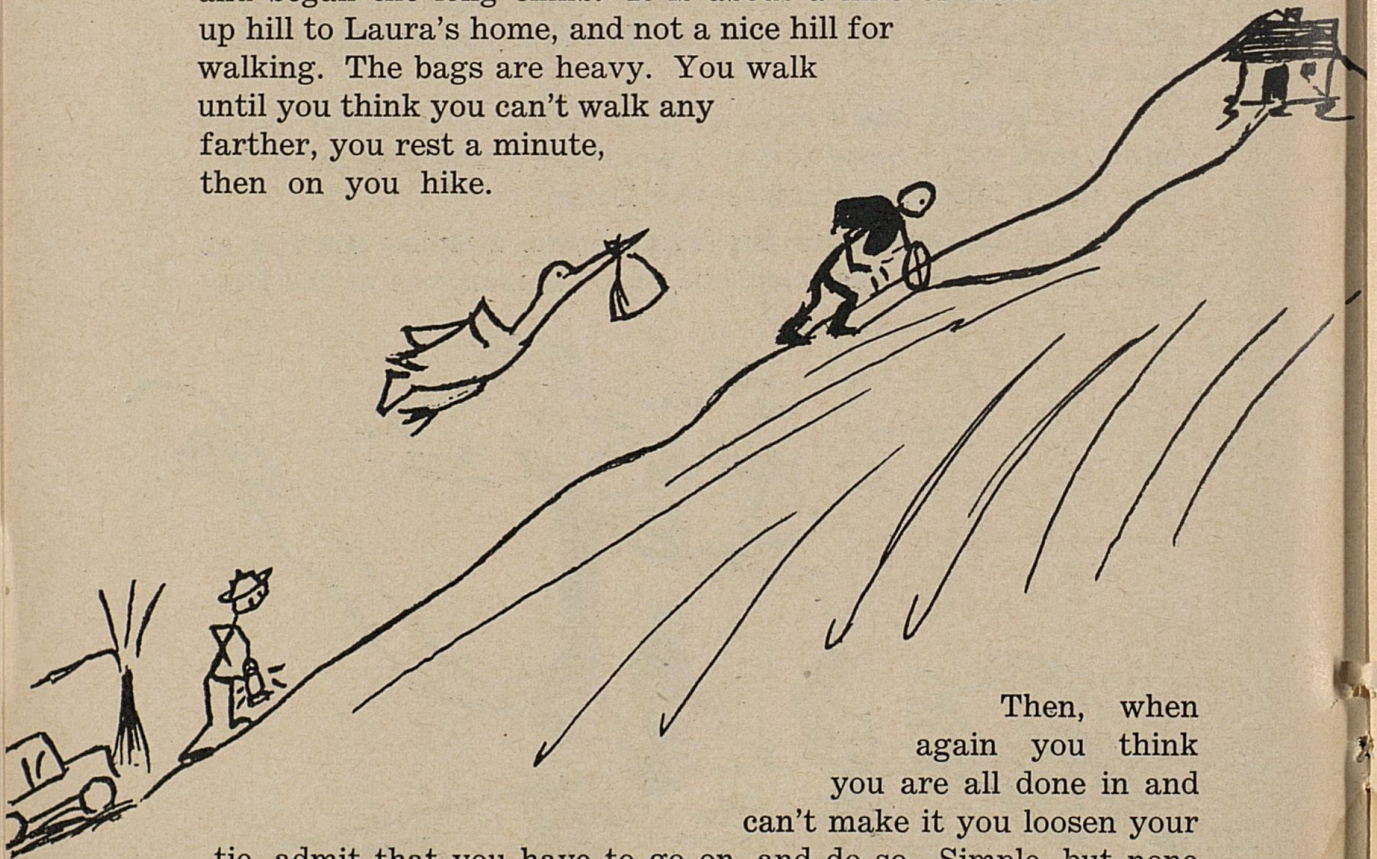
Christmas eve about ten-thirty I was sleeping soundly at the Quarters when the telephone rang. A man was at the Hos-



pital for me to go to Laura. She was bad off! I dashed into uniform, grabbed my flashlight and ran to the Hospital, picked up my delivery bags and a baby bundle, and into the car I jumped. Too much ice in the creek for a horse, the man told me. We were to go as far as we could by car, and then on foot.

Up and over the hills we traveled—up the creek, over and through the ice. We were stuck once for a few minutes and another man kindly helped us out. Then we drove to the mouth of the branch where Laura lived. Here my driver said: "Now sit a few minutes and Ewell (*Laura's husband*) will come along to carry your bags up that awful hill." But Laura had a history of having her younguns in a bit of a hurry, and so I, thinking perhaps Ewell was stuck in the ice, and knowing how fast Mr. Stork travels sometimes, decided to get on the move.

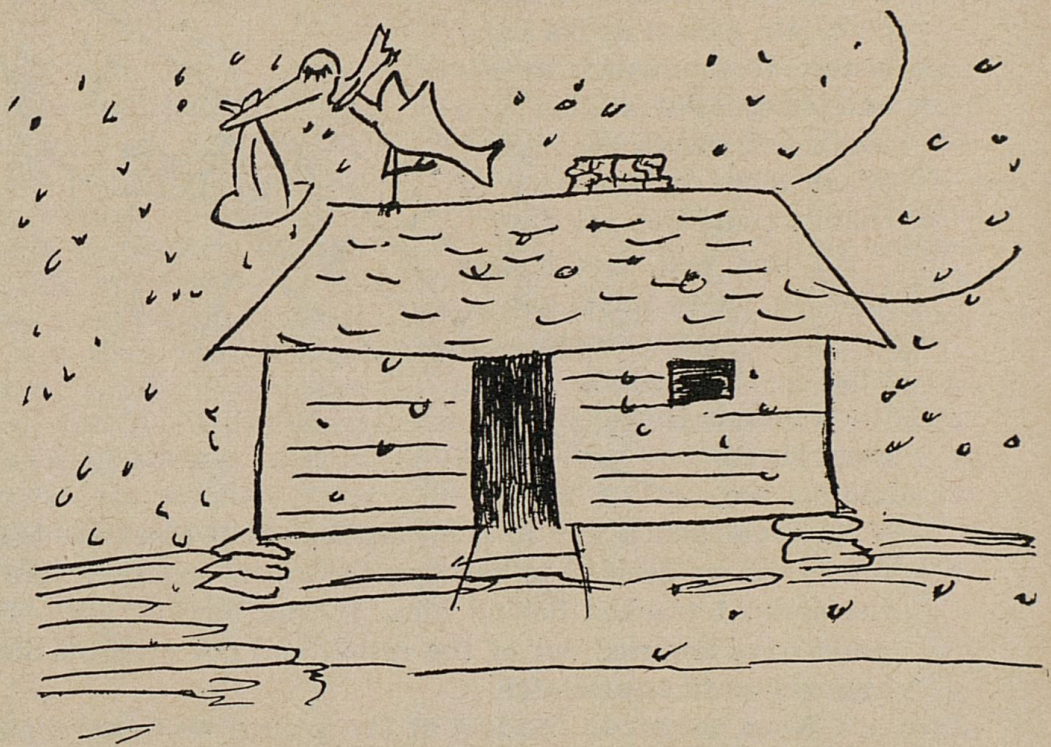
I shouldered my bags, grabbed my bundle and flashlight, and began the long climb. It is about a mile or more up hill to Laura's home, and not a nice hill for walking. The bags are heavy. You walk until you think you can't walk any farther, you rest a minute, then on you hike.



Then, when again you think you are all done in and can't make it you loosen your tie, admit that you have to go on, and do so. Simple, but none the less tiring!

I beat the stork by about six hours, and Ewell by twenty minutes.

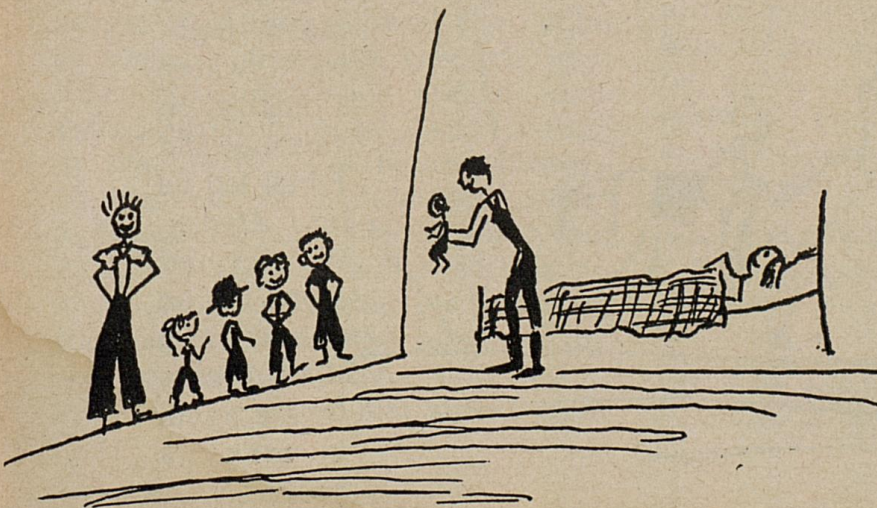
Laura greeted me with open arms. She had no one with her except her four boys who were sound asleep. I made Laura as comfortable as possible, and then made ready for my reception of Mr. Stork's Christmas package. When the father came, he woke the boys and moved them to the kitchen. They seemed much surprised to find I was there.



About three a. m. our weather changed, and we were having a very bad sleet storm. Ewell went outside occasionally and

would come back and report, "Hit's plumb slick out and not fit fer man or beast."

Laura and I didn't much care at that stage of the game, as long as Sir Stork didn't slip and break a leg. However, he came through



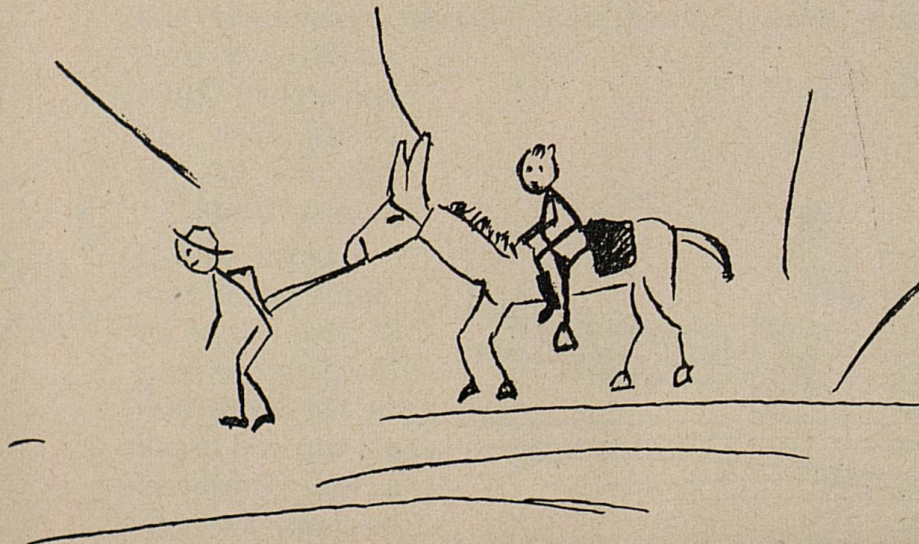
the storm in grand shape and delivered our Christmas baby about six a. m.—a baby sister for four eager boys. All were very happy, including myself. After the baths, et cetera, were over we had the boys come in to see their sister. They were shy or “shamed” as our people say here. One of the small boys always wore a huge hat and was extra cute. He looked at his baby sister, then turned to me and said, “We’re glad you com’d and stayed the night.” What more in the way of thanks could one ask for?

All was well, and it was time for me to leave, but we didn’t quite know what to think about the weather. However, Ewell had to see

if he could find a girl to come up and help him look after his family, so we decided to weather the storm together. Ewell led the mule; I tracked behind him. It was terribly slick—no car could have traveled out of the creek, and not even on the main highway until hours later.

When we got to the foot of the branch we found a girl who would go up and help Laura. Then down Short Creek we walked

until we reached the main highway, where I climbed on the mule and Ewell led us into Hyden. We covered more ice on that trip than I care to see again in many a year!



A happy family, a healthy baby, God’s gift on a Christmas day.

Reprinted from November, 1927, issue of the American Journal of Public Health

THE NURSE-MIDWIFE—A PIONEER *

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, R.N.

Director Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, Wendover, Ky.

Foreword: Seventeen years ago when this paper was written the Frontier Nursing Service, originally organized as the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, stood alone in the pioneer field of nurse-midwifery. This paper, slightly abridged, is reproduced through the courtesy of The American Journal of Public Health in answer to hundreds of inquiries about our early beginnings.

THE MIDWIFE is not a pioneer, but the nurse as a midwife. The midwife's calling is so ancient that the medical and nursing professions, in even their earliest traditions, are parvenus beside it. Before the pastoral age, in the springtime of the race, there was need for the midwife. As a calling it is more than primaeval; it is primordial. In the continental countries of the Old World where the calling has kept abreast of modern developments, the position of the midwife is dignified and assured, and something of her long descent is kept still in the names by which she is known—"wise woman" and "earth mother".

A NAME IN DISREPUTE

I am not one to quarrel with the good English name of "midwife", fastened on us by centuries of venerable usage. We have allowed the calling to become degraded through ignorance and superstition, and the name suffers unjustly, much as did nursing in the Gamp days before Florence Nightingale. In the late 19th century in England, when midwifery had sunk to as low an ebb as it is with us today, a group of English gentlewomen, founded the Midwives' Institute, and started the ball rolling that was to eventuate in a national status under

the Central Midwives Boards of England, Scotland and Ireland. The word "midwife" there, too, was in such disrepute that Miss Louisa Hubbard once said to Miss Rosalind Paget: "My dear, I wish there was another word for you; it would be so awkward if we used it just when the footman came in to put on the coals."

In the Kentucky Committee we have accepted the term "midwife" and grafted it on that of "nurse". To the people we are serving it is the term in use, and any other, such as "obstetrical nurse", would only confuse them.

THE RURAL MOTHER

In this discussion my point of departure is not going to be the medical profession, greatly as I honor it, or the nursing profession of which I am a member. My point of departure is the rural mother, because once I was a rural mother and I understand her position—that is why I became a midwife, feeling that the midwife only could reach the rural mother's deepest need.

PLACENTA PRAEVIA CASES

This position is not academic or theoretic with those of us who live

* Read before the Public Health Nursing Section of the American Public Health Association at the Fifty-sixth Annual Meeting at Cincinnati, O., October 19, 1927.

in the heart of the country districts. In July, one of our prenatales, a woman with six little sons, living on Bad Creek, 32 miles of muleback travel from the railroad, began bleeding slightly. This was reported by the nurse-midwife living in that district to the supervisor and to me. Meanwhile she sent a man on horseback over to Bell County for the nearest doctor. He was away on vacation. I might add that the only Leslie County doctor was also away on holiday. The doctor nearest in Harlan County (another day's ride away) could not come; so we tried a fourth county, Perry, on the opposite end of Leslie from Bad Creek, and one of the Hazard doctors put aside his practice to answer our call. He rode 7 hours on horseback to reach Wendover, our nearest center. There we gave him a fresh horse, some sandwiches and a guide, and he rode through the night 3 hours longer and reached the patient (a placenta praevia) and saved her life.

Ten days later another prenatal in quite another district, on Bull Creek, began bleeding. The nearest doctor this time was the one in Hazard, 24 miles away, on horseback. When we sent him word we thought we had another placenta praevia, he said: "Good Lord, you are having an epidemic of them," and began riding in our direction. But this mother did not hold out so well as the other. The loss of blood was terrific. She went to pieces, so the nurse-midwife had a neighbor give chloroform, and she went in and got the baby. The mother lived. The doctor wrote me later: "If that nurse had not had the courage to plunge in and take hold, there would have been a dead patient before I got there."

OBSTETRICAL GENIUS REACHES BUT A FRACTION OF MOTHERS

These true stories illustrate why those of us who live in country districts feel as we do. Our point of departure cannot be other than the rural mother herself. And of what avail is it to her that we pile Pelion on Ossa—erect costly buildings in cities, and perfect the obstetrical genius of a few great men—to reach with super-perfect care a fraction only of our motherhood? These buildings and these men are not used in the training of the only people who can reach the rural mother. That is why our maternal mortality rate is the highest of all [in 15 countries that keep vital statistics] according to the Children's Bureau, January 1, 1927. That is why in our history as a nation we have lost more women in childbirth than men in battle. That is why two hundred thousand of our weakest and most defenseless citizens pass annually from one dark cradle to another with hardly a gap between.

It is not the big things we are doing, but how many mothers we are saving, that matters. It is as though in war we expected ten thousand wounded, and arranged our resources so as to give perfect care to three thousand and no care at all to seven thousand, leaving them on the battlefield just as they fell, to die or to creep home mutilated and unbefriended.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S BATTLE

Maternity is the young woman's battlefield. It is more dangerous, more painful, more mutilating than war, and as inexorable as all the laws of God. There is no escaping it. But for her there will be no drums beating or trumpets blaring. Off on the

lonely farmstead where the true heart of America is beating—for always in its peasant population lies a nation's true heart—the young mother is facing her agony and danger that the hope of America may come into life. It is not what we are doing in cities that counts for her, but the service actually available way off there.

Every day and night at our four centers of the Kentucky Committee in the two hundred square miles, which is all the country our service covers as yet, we have expectant mothers registered. Any hour may come the call: "Hey, woman, my woman is needing you," and the nurse-midwife of the Kentucky Committee gets her lantern and rides off to the little home on the creek bed, where life is struggling to enter and threatening its toll of life. By the bedside of the mother who needs us—that is where our work must be done. Only there will the death rate be cut down. Who is taking care of Alabam Sizemore on Hurricane Creek tonight when her baby is born? On that answer, and only on that answer, hang the vital statistics of America at their most vulnerable point.

STATE SUPERVISION OF OBSTETRICS

What have those fifteen other nations with lower maternal death rates than ours in common that we lack? No better medical or nursing services, if as good, in the great centers of civilization! But they have each and all one thing which we are missing altogether, and that is skilled midwifery, trained in the obstetrical centers and supervised by the state, for each peasant mother in Highlands and Alps, Tyrol and Apennines.

May not the conjunction be more than haphazard? Those of us who have supported the venture of the Kentucky Committee stake our all on that throw.

COMBINING NURSING AND MIDWIFERY

A word as to our methods. We think the Anglo-Saxon plan of combining nursing and midwifery in country districts fits better into our American tradition than the continental system of specialization. It is economically more feasible in rural work. The famous Queen's Nurses of Great Britain, under the generalized system, have year after year a maternal death rate half that of the national, and one-fourth that of ours in the United States.* Their midwifery service cares for some forty to fifty thousand women annually in England alone.

HEBRIDES PLAN A GUIDE

We have arrived at our plan of organization in Eastern Kentucky after a study in the Hebrides of the plan followed by the Scotch Highlands and Islands Crown Commission, of which Sir Leslie McKenzie is chief.

Each of our nurse-midwives lives at a center† in the heart of her district of not more than a radius of 5 miles, which is about 78 square miles. Each such district has its own local district committee, with chairman and secretary, which meets monthly.

* I refer those interested to an article in the *British Medical Journal* of January 8, 1927: Observations on the Maternal Mortality in the Midwifery Service of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute, by John S. Fairbairn, M.A., B.M., B.Ch.Oxon., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., obstetric physician to St. Thomas's Hospital.

† These centers to date are the gifts of Mrs. Nathaniel Ayer of Boston in memory of her Kentucky mother, Jessie Preston Draper; Mrs. Chester Bolton of Cleveland; Mrs. Henry Ford of Dearborn; Mrs. Thruston Ballard of Louisville in memory of her daughter, Mrs. David Morton; and Mrs. Mary Parker Gill's Estate of Louisville, through the United States Trust Company; and my own home, Wendover.

at the center to get the nurse's report and advise with her. In every county, however isolated, there are to be found leading citizens capable of directing affairs. Words fail to express our gratitude to those on our local committees for a coöperation which has made our work possible.

CHARGES

In fees we again follow the Scotch Highland system of making a yearly charge of \$1.00 which covers all services but midwifery. Where this has not been paid, 25 cents is charged for a nursing visit. Five dollars is our midwifery fee and we will take produce in payment, such as hay and fodder for our horses, or the husband's labor. For this fee we give prenatal care (the earliest possible), delivery service, and full postpartum nursing for 10 days. In the case of the two placenta praevia cases, we speialed both patients day and night from the time bleeding began until delivery. Otherwise both patients would have died.

The midwife never leaves her patient once she is in labor, staying 2 days and nights in the home if need be. We think the support and help given through the long hours of the first stage has a bearing on the outcome. Because we have been trained in midwifery, we are able to see the normal cases through and also to recognize the abnormal and get medical aid at any cost, from any distance, when it must be had, carrying on with courage until it comes.

MANY GIVE THEIR SERVICES

In our general policies and finances we are guided by a state committee, which is a sort of a Who's Who in Kentucky, of leaders in professional and social and educational life. The

metropolitan physicians and surgeons in our group, and many others beside these, have given their services for special cases of all kinds which we have carried down to them out of the mountains. Several doctors have come up to us and held clinics, again giving their services. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad, most public spirited of corporations, issues passes for all indigent cases and their nurses. From the State Board of Health, whose chief, Arthur T. McCormack, M.D., has been our big friend from the beginning, we receive our licenses to practice midwifery and more kindness and help than we can ever repay.

TRAINING FOR NURSES

Our nurses are all required to pass the English, Scotch or Irish Central Midwives Board examination in midwifery, with its prerequisite in training, to qualify on our staff. Several American nurses have done this and we have also English nurses. This gets our demonstration under way. Similar training must, however, be provided in this country to nurses as midwives, or to midwives as such, before the need of Alabam Sizemore is met on every Hurricane Creek.

Our nurses are either trained or experienced in public health before coming to us.

At the request of the State Board of Health we give typhoid vaccine and toxin-antitoxin. Such has been the response that typhoid and diphtheria (that most terrible scourge of isolated children) have been almost wiped out of the districts we cover. We have given thousands of inoculations in the two years of our existence. In one district alone we gave over five hundred in a month. One

nurse has given as many as 140 in a single morning.

BEDSIDE NURSING THE ENTREE

We believe the reason our preventive work has been so successfully received is because we also give bedside nursing care, with emphasis of course on its teaching values. To illustrate, nearly a year ago we opened up a new area where no modern work had ever been done before, not even from a mission station. We formed our district committee of leading citizens and planted two nurse-midwives there with horses and saddle bags, and began.

Only two or three people came to the first health clinics. Then there came an epidemic of influenza with some pneumonia. We nursed the sick—only that—but it was good nursing and they all got well, even the desperately ill pneumonias. Then they began coming to the clinics, seventy and eighty strong.

All the arms in that area are shot up with vaccines; and we have our chairman making public addresses for sanitary toilets and advising hookworm treatment, and many other activities. We believe in bedside nursing. We think it humane, and then, too, in public health it is an open sesame.

All summer the babies are ill with "summer complaint" from dirty water and milk and flies and fried food. We nurse them; we go endlessly to sponge them and give high salines. Now, many homes are screened, also the cribs; and wells are chlorinated; and potatoes and eggs are baked and boiled.

EDUCATION THROUGH THE CHILD

The Sadhu Sundar Singh tells how in the Himalayas he met a man trying to drive a cow and calf over the river, but they would not be driven. Then he tried coaxing with hay, but to no purpose. The Sadhu said to him: "Take up the calf in your arms and carry it and the mother will follow"—which was done. When we have restored a baby, we hold its mother forever after in the hollow of our hands.

The object of what we are doing is to get light. In Kentucky we have a race horse named "Fair Play". That is the spirit which we invoke in those who differ from us as to methods, and we ask them to remember, as William James reminds us, that it is by our fruits we are to be judged, and not by our roots.

Here we all are, we puny human beings "with our weak endeavors after good" rushing through space together on this one little planet, each of us with a wish to help a bit in our generation, as we can. We have in common all the things that are bigger than ourselves. The largest telescopes through photographic plates, after several hours exposure, take an impression of distances beyond any the eye can reach. It is estimated that the farthest nebula in the heavens which may be photographed is so distant that the light has taken a hundred and forty million years to reach us. We of the Kentucky Committee have hitched our wagons to these stars, believing that "whatever doth make manifest is light".

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Minnie Meeke in Northern Ireland—August 13, 1944.

I am sorry that I cannot attend the meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives at Wendover. My re-entry permit is in order but the barrier is this awful war. I am sincerely hoping that next year I shall be able to attend. I hope you'll have a very interesting meeting. I am sorry to miss the luncheon too—the picture of the dog trot in the last Bulletin almost made me hungry. How I loved those pickled peaches!

I am carrying on with the good work in Omagh and ushering lots of babies into the world. Omagh is very quiet since the American soldiers left. We have all great hopes that the war will end this year. Then the F. N. S. nurses will be rushing for a boat to take them back to their Old Kentucky Home.

Wishing the Frontier Nursing Service success, Love to everyone.

From Catherine Uhl in Alaska—August 27, 1944.

In April I was asked to take the field nurse assignment at the Kuskokurim River station for this winter. At that time I expected to come up here in late August or September but due to an emergency came up in early July. That meant in less than seven and a half months I had seen a large area in Alaska.

This country is pretty and the Eskimos are friendly and cheerful, but I would never live in this part of the country by choice. When I was asked to take this assignment, they said that, as I was of an adventurous nature, they thought I would adjust to this territory and enjoy it. It takes something like that to enjoy life here! I am beginning to have my winter clothing made and am looking forward to winter's arrival. My very best wishes to each of you.

From Betty Lester in London—August 19, 1944.

I went to the Consulate yesterday and had my re-entry permit renewed again. Now it can be all signed and settled in Lon-

don. Isn't that great? I expect they are doing it because it won't take long and everything will be in order on this side if the great news comes soon, and we who are ready can get back at once. Oh, suppose I can come back this year!!! Get my room and my job and everything fixed for me, and when I am free I'll send a cable. Meet me in Lexington!

I'm afraid I made rather a lot of fuss about our hospital incident, especially as so much more damage has been caused since by the flying bombs, but we were one of the first places to be hit and we knew so little about them. I saw one of them on the first night they really came over and thought it was a plane on fire. I still cannot help quaking inwardly when they are overhead. My heart just jumps, and I wait for the crash—but it's not nearly as bad as it was.

.

**From Margery Tait (Madge) with the British
Middle East Force—September 17, 1944.**

Alas! Alack! The job (*with Unrra*) has been cancelled, and we are posted here. However, we are both quite happy about it. Bless my Cameron (*her horse*), I am so glad he is still in circulation.

Isn't the news grand? But those laddies on the Western front must be having a tough time.

Margaret Watson and I are both well and going for leave shortly to Syria. Bennallack was down for this job too, but has been sent back to Palestine.

Remember me to everyone, please. It won't be long now!

.

From May Green in South Devon—September 24, 1944.

I am sorry not to have written sooner, but life has been so very difficult that it really is necessary to relax a little at times. I relax by knitting for the merchant navy in my spare time.

I am in Bournemouth staying with my friends and enjoying a two weeks' rest. Since D-Day the tension has been lessened and the arsenal around us removed. No doubt in the near future we may return to our own hospital at Dartmouth. There has been a battle training area right by us and now these villages are being restored where possible, and in time the people will

return. Two or three villages not much damaged are already inhabited, but by us there is quite a lot of repairs necessary. The roads are not opened yet and are still guarded. The whole area around us was taken over by U. S. forces and I used to enjoy going to the barrier and talking to the boys. I was only sorry I could not invite them to the hospital.

I think I told you we were evacuated from Dartmouth to an emergency place which was an old rectory. It does very well but has a good many drawbacks. The operating theatre was a kitchen and smaller than the theatre (*operating room*) at Hyden. I have been disappointed from a midwife's point of view as there has been only one Caesarian. The grounds around the house are beautiful and of great help to convalescent patients. Here in Bournemouth they have the "dim out"; in and about Dartmouth the "black out".

I have not heard from Kelly, Betty, or Mac lately. I do hope they are all right. The flying bombs have been so terrible! I've had to pay flying visits to Kent in the Buzz-Bomb-Alley to a sick friend who has now passed on. Looking after sick ones in that terrible ordeal, you wished those you loved were away from such terror and nightmare.

The evacuees billeted around Dartmouth are anxious to get back. The kiddies are lovely, though the farmers don't think so when they pinch the apples and dig up their potatoes and roast them in the fields.

I shall be thinking of you, especially at Thanksgiving time. Give my love to all I know.

. . . .

From Ada Worcester Tubman in Sussex—September 28, 1944.

No, the doodle bugs haven't got us yet. Of course, like Batten we "died a thousand deaths", but we are still quite intact. I learned to throw myself flat, without feeling too silly, about four times a night for awhile. It was pretty horrible, but we are not in the worst part by any means.

My brother is home from Burma. He was with Wingate's second expedition. He has nothing much to say about the business but lots of affection for the mules! Why mules I cannot think, but he says they saved his life at least twice and, of course, I fully understand about that!

I left the hospital on August 5th. After an interview with the National Service officer, I started private visiting nursing. After two months I have to report to her and, in the meantime, I am to book some maternity cases.

From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Nevada—October 6, 1944.

Of all the girls who have read the Bulletin in crazy places, I think I take the prize—I read it enroute to my wedding! I was so excited that I said to myself: "I'll have to be calm." Then, just before I left, the mail came and I made myself read it and act normally. The Bulletin sure was a life saver!

I don't know what to tell you about my husband except that he is nice and so popular that I think at times I married a company instead of a soldier! We met when I was West before. We planned to get married in September during his furlough, but they gave all the girls vacations, and I had to hold the fort alone. We were so disappointed! When they all got back, he couldn't get another pass so I came up here and we were married at the Baptist church here in Los Vegas. When the C.O. heard it he sent my husband a three-day pass by special messenger. He had to go back to camp tonight, so I am writing letters.

November 11, 1944.

The army has really got me in high gear now. I work 8 hours a day, six days a week and every other Sunday. If it were not for soldiers' wives I don't know what they would do. We know every time they ship the boys, because the girls check out and new ones come in. Last Sunday I had an accident and got my right hand burned seriously. I worked on, but did an inspection job where I didn't have to use my hands much. The hand is better now.

This time I am in a big gunnery school where gunners for the big Fortresses, Liberators, and B 29's are trained. Last week we got 200 cadets from pilot schools, and the whole crews will eventually be made up here.

From Laura Noodel in New Guinea—October 14, 1944.

Life in the jungle is quite similar to the F. N. S. and living

here makes me feel at times that I'm treading familiar paths.

We live, work, and eat in Quonset huts. They are open on the sides, well screened, and fairly comfortable. We are quite busy, but not with war casualties—at least not with battle wounds. We're expecting some in, but just where we'll put them, I don't know. We have patients in tents right now. We're about twenty-five times as large as Hyden. The linen detail was willed to me. I didn't realize it was such a job just to keep track of linen and keep it mended. The weather now is quite pleasant. It's our springtime here. The cocoanuts are getting ripe and the poinsettias are a riot of red.

To the remaining staff, please extend my best wishes; and to the far-flung old staff carrying on in the four corners of the earth, may God bless them.

From Dr. Kooser with the U. S. Fleet in the Pacific—

October 16, 1944.

Just a note to let you know that I am still hale and hearty. Since my last writing I have more than doubled the distance between my last letter and Wendover. Travel was by air and water.

At present we are with the natives. They are rather primitive, but very friendly and cooperative. Of course communication is a problem. At present there is a language class in progress in the rear of our tent.

Actually at the moment we are trying to keep dry for our protection is not complete. We welcome the rain for it is a relief to have fresh water for washing hair and clothes. This area is quite picturesque—coconut and other palms, and the sea near by on two sides. We subsist completely on the canned provisions we brought with us. My personal problem is the mosquito, but fortunately he seems to be chiefly the pest type.

We have had our mail problems. Went one month without letters and, needless to say, had a gala day when they did arrive. Had a nice letter from Frances Fell inviting me to visit them, but—received it in Pearl Harbor!

At the moment I am in the shell business in my spare time, chiefly with the children in mind. I hear they are doing well and that Hannah has the local situation well in hand. Regards to all.

From Margaret Tinline McQueen (Peggy) in Kent, England

—October 16, 1944.

I had a grand visit with Ed Bowling from Flat Creek. We gossiped like two old women. It seems every baby and preschool that I knew at Flat Creek are in one or other of the services. He told me of all the girls who had got married—how many children they had, etc. Ed himself is married and showed me the photo of his wife (a very pretty girl) with great pride. Poor Ed was wounded going into Paris, but the last time I heard from him he was better and was waiting to be sent overseas again. Troy also is in France; I do wish I could see him too. Mrs. Bascombe Bowling keeps in touch with them all and sends addresses to them. It must mean a lot of writing for her.

I am still at work. The nursing organizations tried to get me nursing posts in factories but as night duty is entailed in all of them, I can't accept them so still keep on at my old job which is a full time war one and quite hard work.

You probably hear from the old nurses more often than I do. Kelly came out just before she and her hospital were evacuated and we had a grand visit together. We seem to have lots in common. I also visited her. She seems very happy in her job. Sybil Johnson wrote me recently from Rodesia and so did Bridget. I saw Dinnie last week. She always looks very smart.

London is a mess. What destruction there has been! One wonders if it ever can be rebuilt.

Mary (*her stepdaughter*) and I both attend a dramatic class at Woolwich, so just look out for my name as a film star!

Give my love to anyone whom I know.

. . . .

From Peggy Brown in Devon—October 17, 1944.

Here I am at home again, and thoroughly enjoying seeing all the family after five years. My brother is now a lieutenant in the Royal Navy and my youngest sister, a very charming young lady of twenty-two. The crossing was pleasant and quite uneventful. We crossed in a small ship that in times of peace carried bananas from Jamaica to Holland. We were carrying fresh pork, I believe.

From our port of arrival in the north, we were sent down

to London under the Ministry of Labour and escorted to all the various places to get identity cards, ration books, gas masks, then to the Labour Exchange to register. From there I had to go to the Nursing Section of the Labour Exchange for a job.

London isn't nearly as battered as pictures and reports would lead one to believe. Of course I didn't have much time to do much sight seeing, but from what I saw, life in the old capital goes on very much the same. People are still sleeping in some of the underground stations, as there are frequent alerts at night. I was in town one night and heard the siren several times, but nothing else.

In parts of London, the total blackout has been lifted, or so people tell me—it still seems very dark though. In other places it is still pitch black. I had to go through such a district to get back to my lodging in town the other night. It seems almost like walking blindfolded. You walk carefully, yet nearly trip over uneven stones in the sidewalk.

I "caught" a baby last week for one of the Vicar's daughters-in-law. She had come to the village as the baby wasn't expected for about two weeks and she thought she had plenty of time. Her nurse was due to arrive this week. However, the baby decided to put in an earlier appearance, so I went down to help. I ended up by having the case, as the doctor didn't arrive.

Kind messages to all.

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From Annie P. Mackinnon (Mac) in Essex—

October 29, 1944.

Although you do not hear from me very often, it is not because I am not thinking of you. It is very difficult to get down to letter writing here. There is not time during the day, and when you think you can sit down to it in the evenings—well, sirens go, and your mind is on other things. After this war is all over the first thing I am going to do is to sleep for 24 hours. I had to go to Scotland in a hurry as my sister had a very serious operation, but she is feeling much better now, although I am not too easy about her.

I expect you will be in the throes of Christmas boxes when you receive this. Gosh, wouldn't I like to have a raid in the

attic for some of the children around here. Often and often I see myself back there, and it helps a lot when I am a bit down. The war news is good, and one hopes that it may be over before Christmas; but if not, it will be soon after. I wish I could write about many things, but all that must wait until we meet.

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**From Flora Bennallack (Ben) with the British Middle
East Force—October 26, 1944.**

I have been in the Holy Land since January and the heat has just about finished us. My horse and my dog are a great comfort though. Mummy died very suddenly last month. It was a terrible shock to me as she had never been ill before and was only fifty-nine. She overdid her war work and would not give in until forcibly put to bed. Daddy had in one of the biggest heart specialists, but to no avail. She died of acute rheumatic pericarditis.

The Yanks out here are still as cherry as ever. One dark night as we were returning from a day on the coast, we suddenly saw in the distance the glare of the many headlights of a convoy. This was strange as the lights of most English trucks are still very much dimmed. When we got there a perfect avalanche of Yanks descended upon us, yelling as they came: "Say, Buddy, can you tell us where we are?" We told them, but it didn't mean a thing to them. They wanted to get back to camp 25, but none of them knew in what part of Palestine it was. They had come from Persia the day before and gone straight to this camp 25. They had just been sight-seeing in Jerusalem and didn't know how to get back. We had no idea where their camp was, so sent them to the nearest big town to get directions from the military police. As they drove off, we heard: "Let's go, boys. I always wanted to see that town" and "Guess if we drive long enough we might reach Brooklyn."

Lots of love to anyone I know.

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**From Nora K. Kelly in Yorkshire, England—
November 5, 1944.**

As a result of the flying bombs the Government evacuated our maternity department and we came up here on the 25th of

August. Unless you saw the horrible devastation one of those flying bombs could make you would not think it possible. How our hospital missed being hit, I don't know. All around streets and streets were laid waste and rendered uninhabitable. The shelters were crowded and many people just came up for air, sat on the corner of Clapham Common, and rushed down to the shelter the moment the warning went. Other people just carried on. I must say my women were marvellous. We had no air raid shelters at the South London Hospital, as we had at the Mother's. They just had to duck down under the bed clothes, first putting pillows, one of which I always kept beside each mother, on the babies' cots.

I am pleased to say that we return to London on November 8th. The worst is apparently over, and it is very hard having pupils here doing hospital work and in London doing district work. My first class sat their examinations in September and all eight of them passed. My next class sits in December.

The last we had heard from my sister in Holland she was living on an island not far from Flushing. With all the flooding at the dykes and general devastation out there, I could not get them out of my mind; water everywhere, and sea water at that; homeless, no food and no coal; and we have had a very wet and cold fall. Last week mother had a letter from an officer in the Highland Light Infantry saying that, as he marched his men into a village, Madge and her husband and child ran out to meet them and asked him to take a message out to mother. They wrote a little note on a leaf out of his pocket book saying that all three were well, and happy in the thought of coming home soon. They had lost everything except a few clothes and were living in a cellar. I hope, now the British are there, the problem of food will not be so bad. Please give my love to all I know.

NEWSY BITS

Alice Ford wrote in August that she had recently received her commission in the Waves. Congratulations.

Audrey Collins, with the Spars, has been transferred to the West coast. At present she is working in the Post Office Department—Lucky Department!

We regret to learn that **Wini Saxon** has for the time given up her work at Columbia Law School to remain home with her parents. Our best wishes to her wherever she is.

We wish to express our sympathy to **Rosalie Edmondson** and to **Flora Bennallak** in the recent deaths of their mothers.

After leaving us, **Margaret Eimon** (*Eimie*) worked picking apples in Maine. She is now on a vacation—when last heard of, in Boston.

Hazel Dufendach seems to be busy. She writes: "I am the Colonel's secretary, the Lieutenant's secretary, get out the pay roll cards, bonds, etc., and the last few days have had to take over the mail.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Gene Stout in Georgia—August 10, 1944.

I expect Kenneth to come home in September or October for a month—perhaps permanently—and I am planning on staying with him and that means going up North. We will be married and I'll do public health work there for a while. I already have completed my reciprocity arrangements.

I was at Monroe for about eight and a half months and have never worked so hard in my life. I did deliveries to my heart's content—sometimes 4-5 in twenty-four hours—but I was glad to do it. Besides that I took care of babies, bathed mothers and general patients, and helped generally. I lost over fifteen pounds and decided that my idea of heaven was a bed, but I learned a lot there.

Now I am doing straight public health with considerable emphasis on maternal and infant hygiene. The Health Officer is nice, the staff fine, and I always have loved my negro patients.

Please give my regards to all the F. N. S. staff.

From Minnie Hobbs in South Carolina—August 27, 1944.

I am glad to be able to relieve for Rosa Clark as she has been very sick and I had to wait for a while anyway before starting

my work in Sumter. Miss Clark is on a vacation at present somewhere in Tennessee.

Last Monday—at three in the morning—I delivered a ten-pound boy, the patient's first baby in six years. She was in second stage for over two hours.

My shoulder is much better, but still gets sore after a hard delivery or driving all day on these bad roads. However, I am very thankful I can use it. I guess the doctors were right and heat and time will cure it.

(We have since heard that Minnie is to work in Sumter County, partly supervising the grannies and partly on a direct delivery service.)

From Ruth Herron in New Mexico—September 15, 1944.

Business is picking up: I have had my third delivery in a little less than three weeks. One was a 16-year-old mother with her first baby who had intended to go to town and to the hospital, but did not go down soon enough. Last month I had four early registrations. Two of these live 13 and 15 miles away and for over a week I had to drive once a day to see one or both of these patients.

Frances Fell brought up Miss Goggans, nurse-midwife from the Children's Bureau, and Miss Allwardt, nurse from the U. S. Public Health Service, one day in August. They had dinner with us and spent most of the afternoon talking over things. Then last week, Miss Int-Hout came up with Miss Ammison of the Vital Statistics Department of the State Board of Health. They stayed all night with us. Inty and I did most of the talking that evening. Best wishes to all.

From Ruth Davis in a Naval Hospital in South Carolina—

September 27, 1944.

I have been very busy these past weeks as I am in charge of a 53-bed medical ward and you can guess the work that requires. Hospital ships come in frequently now, bringing wounded men from the invasion. The last one brought in over 200 patients.

Thirteen of the nurses have gotten orders in the past two weeks—five to California, five to Virginia, two to Washington, and one to Idaho—and as yet we have had no replacements, so that we are very short of nurses. Leaves seem to be cancelled for the time being and I don't know whether I'll get a leave this year or not. My love and best wishes to those I know.

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From Catherine Lory in Indiana—October 9, 1944.

I had such a grand visit at your place in Kentucky (*At meeting of American Association of Nurse-Midwives.*) It was really something to remember.

Bill (*her son*) finally arrived home. He's looking fine but wheezes. I don't know about his malaria, but he hasn't had a chill lately. He clanks as he walks from all the "expert" bars and medals he wears—he says they give them out with the rations. There's a purple ribbon for the Purple Heart, the Asiatic ribbon with one star for Tarawa, the American theatre ribbon, and the Presidential Citation ribbon with one star.

Our maternity work just now comes second to the immunization program, but we had two patients come in the other day and register without us looking them up. That is swell!

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From Josephine Kinman in Georgia—October 9, 1944.

When I got back on duty last Monday the graduate nurse called me from the Maternity Hospital and said she was leaving at 10 a. m., so it was back in the same harness again. Miss Smith, the other public health nurse, is in charge and on call this week and thus we will alternate until we find another graduate for resident nurse. Do you have any available? I know you don't, of course, but if you hear of any, please mention us to them.

I shall never regret taking the bus trip to the American Association of Nurse-Midwives' meeting because it was so worth while after I arrived at Wendover. It was a big help to hear what the other nurses were doing and to exchange views. Then I liked so much seeing those I'd known before.

From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—October 29, 1944.

I wish you could have been here today for Tamasee's Silver Anniversary celebration. It was a beautiful day and the programs were inspirational as well as interesting. There were many guests from far and near. Our mountains were in full dress for them. The colors have been lovely this fall.

I celebrated an anniversary, too, today. My first Tamasee baby is two years old today, my youngest is two weeks old, and I'm expecting a call for another before the day is over.

. . . .

OUR FORMER CADETS

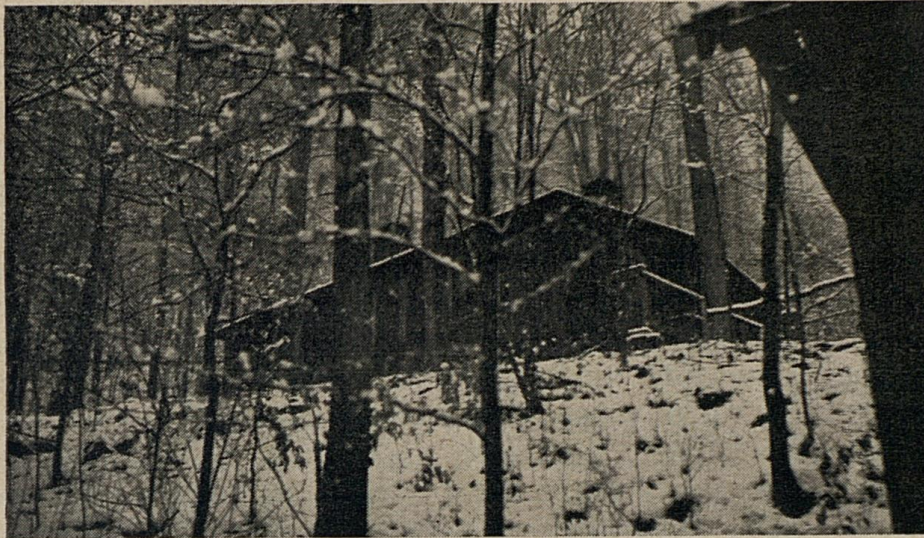
**From Ruth Alexander in The Johns Hopkins Hospital—
October 10, 1944.**

My work here in the Dispensary Visiting Nurse Service is more of a teaching position. I am assistant instructor, helping to assign students and assist them with their problems in the office and on district. Thus far the work has been mostly of an office nature, but I am to go out with the students and at times will make visits myself. I like contact with the patients and feel sure that this experience will be good for me—I really like the job very much.

The Dispensary Visiting Nurse Service is ten years old this fall and was organized to give the students experience in that field as well as to be a benefit to the dispensary patients whom we follow up. The calls come through the doctors in the different services here. Pediatric, morbidity, and maternity calls make up the majority of our work.

Madge (*Madge Cyr*) is enjoying her operating room work. She is getting both experience in administration and in actual scrubbing in general and specialized fields. We spend our spare time together talking F. N. S., and are making the others envious of our affiliation.

I have heard from Chappy (*Louisa Chapman*) and Bertha (*Bertha Bloomer*), and am glad they are having such fun "catching babies" in your midwifery school.



THE UPPER SHELF IN WINTER

THE UPPER SHELF

by

CLARA-LOUISE SCHIEFER, B.A.
Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Put on your mackintosh and sou'ester, get your flashlight and come along; it's a black drizzle-y night in the woods but we're having a party at the Upper Shelf. We who live up here say we live outdoors as much as indoors, and perhaps you'll see what we mean by the time you've climbed those one hundred and one steps (count 'em yourself, sceptic!).

The feature of the Uper Shelf, aside from the woodsy atmosphere, is—a fireplace in every room. These fireplaces are definitely utilitarian, being the sole heating system, but their facilities for entertainment are limitless, so we find. Each one is equipped with a hob which fits on the grill-basket front, and which can support the tea kettle or frying pan or popcorn popper or fudge pot or chestnuts roasting.

Last night one of the girls invited us all to her room for a popcorn party. The invitation appealed to us and the room was crowded with guests sitting on the bed and chairs and stools and floor—each taking turn before the fire with the popper

while others shelled the corn and the rest gave advice. Hazel made some fudge, a double recipe at that but so tempting that it didn't last for many rounds among twelve of us. It all helped to put us in a very merry mood for then we played "Who Am I?" and "Ghost" which is a spelling bee sort of game and isn't spooky at all—except that it kept us spellbound until midnight when finally we all became "ghosts".

For about two months this winter some of us had leisurely Sunday "bruncheons" by the Upper Shelf fireplaces. My radio happened to work better than the others so most of the parties were held in my room—with a musical background. My little old skillet is just right for frying eggs and bacon (when we can get the bacon) and you can toast bread to perfection balancing it on the poker or holding it with fire tongs over hot coals. That leaves just enough room in the same fireplace for the cocoa to cook in its pot on another hob. When the writing desk is set for "bruncheon" who could doubt but that this room is indeed a self-contained, residential flat: bedroom, kitchen, dining room and surely a living room.

Several months ago when one of my young charges was



A PARTY AT THE UPPER SHELF

staying at Wendover for awhile, I suddenly found myself with a considerable amount of sewing on my hands: overall legs to be mended; shirts with buttons thoroughly removed; socks seemingly chewed up; new trousers to be shortened. My plight resulted in holding a "sewing bee" for anyone who cared to come and bring their own sewing—or else to help me with mine, please. Fancy making a game of turning up pant legs and sewing on buttons and darning dreadful socks! But such was the case for, with everyone's help, it didn't take long to get the job done—and to be about the refreshments. One of us had received a wonderful gift of marshmallows and someone else had Hershey bars, two rare treasures these days. We toasted the marshmallows with fire tongs and with twigs from the forest; then we put them, with a square of chocolate, between two graham crackers. Ah—Heavenly Squashes!

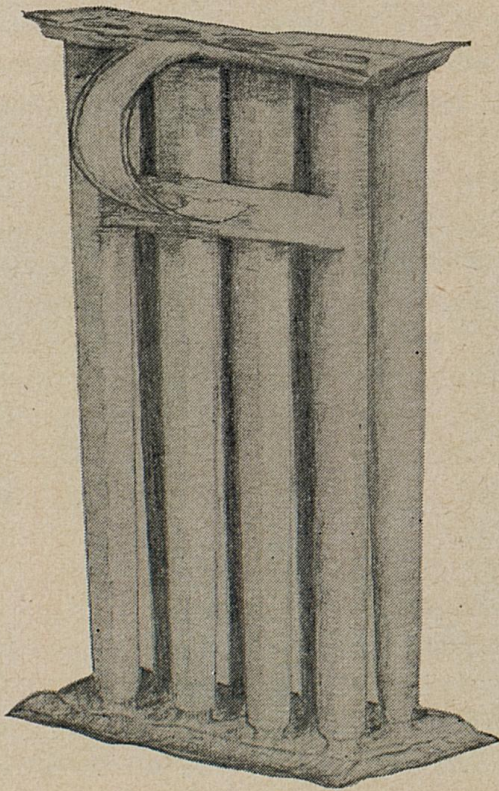
After Lucille had been a patient in the Hyden Hospital, I was a patient in the Upper Shelf. Of course, if it hadn't been something contagious I would not have been allowed to stay in my room; for a mountainside is not the most convenient location for the sweet nurses, who carried my trays and other room-service niceties. Mumps or no mumps; it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

The Upper Shelf is at its best in April, and my room was a flowery bower with numerous bouquets of tulips, spirea, japonica and lilies-of-the-valley decorating my dresser and bedside table and radio and mantle and each window sill—and my tray. On the hill outside my window a wild iris blossomed and just above it were several jacks-in-the-pulpit, growing in the midst of purple and yellow violets, purple phlox, white and red trillium, wild columbine, wild delphinium and many others whose names I don't know. While lying in bed I could look out the window up the hill to see the lovely huge trees and the bushes with their brand new leaves in ever so many shades of delicate green; and the dogwood trees with blossoms like huge shiny white saucers. A couple of thrushes would stop by; their reddish-brown backs making them appear like fallen leaves skipping up and down. A little beige chipmunk, with his black stripes, was a frequent caller and perhaps a clue as to why Penny and Lizzie (the retrievers) dug holes in the pretty patch

of iris up the hill. But there was one unwelcome visitor: a great long black snake slithered across our front porch (Sally discovered him when her screen door caught against his back), obviously trying to reach one hypnotized baby rabbit that was frozen under a rhododendron plant. (Jahugh tightened all the screen doors the next day!) Sitting up in bed and looking out the door, and down hill through the maze of leaves, I could see the Middle Fork River. It is rather difficult to see that far when the leaves are out, but the water can always be heard falling over the rapids.

You probably wouldn't be impressed by the sight of our four-room board cabin; it looks much like many others along the nearby creeks. But the atmosphere is friendly, and everyone is invited to climb the hill for a taste of "Upper Shelf Society".

CANDLE MOLD



This old New England mold for making candles was given us by Mrs. Henry B. Joy and is in frequent use at Wendoover. The drippings from the cheap candles we buy by the case, and from the colored candles friends sometimes send us, are melted down and poured into this mold to make new candles. The new candles come out in varied blends of color and have almost no drip. There is no waste.



"MAJOR" AT WENDOVER

This picture was taken of the late Clifton Rodes Breckinridge, affectionately known to all as "Major", then in his eighties, at about the time he wrote the following memorandum for the guidance of the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service.

A CHILD WELFARE NURSE AND HER HORSE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY

PREFACE

1. This article is to help a Child Welfare Nurse who, knowing nothing whatever about a horse, is called upon, for the first time in her life, to practice her profession in a remote and rugged mountain district.

2. To meet the situation just stated we deal with only the elementary parts of the problem. This is most needed by the rider; and, much beyond this, I would not feel competent to advise.

3. The first matter to be considered is the selection of

THE HORSE.

4. In the matter of *age*, whatever kind of horse you get, it is better that he be not less than four years old and not older than eight years. Within this limit, as a general rule, is the best

assurance so far as age is concerned of good action and continued service; and this is especially the case with a horse that has not been accustomed to mountain roads and trails.

5. As to *size*, the horse should be of medium size and build, as otherwise he is apt to lack strength or action.

6. Then look the horse over more in *detail*: see if he is free of *scars*, especially on the knees, back, ankles and feet; if he is well *chested*; if he has good *hips* and *legs*, neither too *light* nor too *heavy*; is not too long in the back; but of good *belly* length and of good spread of the *barrel*; and then see to his head and eyes:

7. His *head* should be flat and broad between the eyes.

8. His *eyes* should be rather full and with not much white. Also *test* them by the motion of your hand.

9. Now as to the *color* of your horse. I never knew a *dun* horse that was especially good in endurance or action. A *black* horse is said to be apt to fail in his sight at an early age. A *white* horse is very difficult to keep clean. A *gray* or "flea-bitten" horse partakes somewhat of the last named objection; but, upon the other hand and in a general way, the grays stand very high for good qualities of every kind. These are all of the exceptions that I have ever found prevalent.

10. In regard to the *gaits* of your horse, those of most value to you are first, a good "flat-foot" walk. Then comes a *running walk* or *fox-trot* of from four to six miles an hour. After that comes the *canter*; and beyond that for practical purposes we need not go.

THE EQUIPMENT

11. Now let us take up the question of the horse's equipment. We begin with the *saddle*. This should be any one of the standard military or cowboy types, though for mountain use the generally preferred kind is one with a pommel and a moderately high cantle.

12. In any event it is essential that your saddle should *fit* your horse. This is as important as a well fitting shoe or knapsack is to a soldier. See that the plates bear equally all along, and that they do not at any point pinch or bear down on the backbone.

13. In case you are compelled to use a saddle that *does not*

fit your horse, you need, of course, to resort to some ingenuity to remedy the *defect*. Don't delay this until you find your horse's back in bad condition. You need in such case to do some padding, by increasing or lessening the thickness of your blanket in places, so as to *equalize* the pressure.

If the trouble has been permitted to begin, then cut out a properly shaped hole in the blanket where it presses on the sore spot. You may need also to keep the blanket from *working out* of position by strong tape straps tied at the front or back, or at both, and made fast to the saddle front and rear. Often the trouble is remedied by a *fold* in the blanket, or a carefully fitted pad. You can readily see that a case like this calls for ingenuity. Be sure that you watch it closely and that you do not delay preventive or curative measures.

14. The *blanket* should be one or two gunny sacks with all knots and seams *carefully removed*; or an ordinary gunny sack, treated as above, with a blanket on top of that.

Let the blanket be large enough to extend out a little both before and behind the saddle; and also to extend below the lower girth fastenings, unless the saddle pads go far down.

15. The *bridle and halter* best suited to this service call for a few words. Here also we need to adopt the army style. That is a combination of the two. It is a simple and strong affair; and I leave you to look at it and talk about it with the dealer, which you can easily do. Attention to this will save you much trouble and some expense.

I should add that the bit and curb should be the kind that your horse has been accustomed to, provided it was the kind that suited him; and here too you need to make personal inquiry and judge by your experience.

16. The *girth and straps*, and how to fix them, call for attention. Having determined the proper length of the *girth* proper, have one side for the *permanent* fastening—preferably the right side of the horse—and the other side (the left) for the daily fastening and unfastening.

In this mountain country you may need to use a second girth. Handle this one in the way just described for handling the front girth, though it is not usually necessary to draw it quite as tight as the front one.

This, however, is not all of the riding equipment that you may need. You may need both a breast strap and a crupper to prevent your saddle from slipping either forward or backward. But I need not do more than state this, for you will readily know, or can learn how, to fix and adjust either or both of these attachments.

17. Now as to the

CARE OF THE EQUIPMENT.

In general terms, keep all of your leather well *oiled* and your equipment so *placed to itself* that you can get it any time, day or night, without either confusion or delay.

18. As to oiling: the saddle seat and flaps may be given less than the other parts. This is to save your riding clothes. The general principle is to give the leather all it can absorb when dry, warm, and well worked in. Beware of oiling when or where the leather is wet.

Repeat this process every three or four months, according as the leather has been used and exposed.

See that your buckles are well oiled, to prevent rust; and also oil carefully all loops in the leather.

19. A good oil to use is Neat-foot (Calf's foot) oil. Next to that is lard, or lard oil; but any lubricating oil will do. The grease obtained from wool is best of all; but it is seldom used except by tanners.

20. Your equipment should be distinctively *marked* and *kept separate* to itself. Any other way leads to confusion, misfits and trouble.

21. Every rider should have a separate *curry comb* and *brush*. They will take but little room in the saddle bags. They also should be marked for identification.

22. We pass now from the care of the equipment to the more important matter of the

CARE OF THE HORSE.

Here personal attention and attention to and performance of details are much more necessary than where trained assistance can be had.

23. To begin with we will take up the matter of the horse's *feed*:

Beware of "*mixed feeds*". They are generally compounds

of more or less decayed materials. They are utterly unreliable and are both unnutritious and dangerous.

24. What then is the best and *safest feed*? (a) Plenty of good *hay* or fodder; (b) as for *grain*, eight to ten sound ears of corn for a meal, the ears to be of good size. If it is "brought on" grain, and the oats or corn is not ground or cracked under your own sight, then mix bran with the grain. This is especially to act as a "dryer" to make the horse chew his grain and not swallow it whole. The danger and the waste of swallowing grain without chewing is too obvious for comment. An average feed is six quarts twice a day.

25. We pass from the feeding of the horse to that of his *shelter*.

This, of course, is of chief importance during the cold and wet months. But always see that he has *dry* shelter—both from above and a dry, clean place to stand.

The horse needs good *ventilation*, both winter and summer; but see, especially, that he is protected from winter drafts.

To provide for contingencies keep a *cover* for your horse. I do not say a blanket, for it does not, in this climate, have to go that far. The horse, as winter approaches, acquires a close under-growth of very fine hair. Such as this is a very common resource with nature. The main thing is to keep this natural cover from becoming wet or being blown about by the winds. Therefore, your cover does not need so much to be heavy as it does to be waterproof, windproof, durable, and light.

In case you have to make this cover yourself (which is quite probable in view of its special requirements) we will now consider that matter.

Get your *pattern* by looking at any picture of any ordinary horse blanket; by measuring your horse you will learn how much material you will need to conform to the usual style of cover.

The material need not be over 6 or 8 square yards; but this, after being made, should be soaked in any approved waterproof liquid, say linseed oil if no lighter one can be procured, and be wrung as dry as you can and hung out to become perfectly dry. There are lighter waterproofing treatments; but I do not recall them now.

The horse cover should be duly bordered along all of the edges and the customary straps and fastenings provided.

26. We have gone over the care of the horse, his selection, and other matters; but, after all, the good of these things and of all things concerning a horse will depend very largely indeed upon your own personality, or what we will call your

TREATMENT OF THE HORSE.

You cannot be too good to him; but you must not spoil him. Perhaps it may be likened to the treatment of a child. One must be kind, consistent, and just. "Horse sense" is an expression you need to ponder. Avoid passion; avoid heat; be prudent; but avoid every appearance of fear; be firm, if need be, in both voice and action; but avoid even a shade of bravado. A horse knows his master, not instantly always, but soon. Let it be also that he shall love, respect, and trust you.

ADDITIONAL

A few points arise which should be added to the foregoing:

27. If your horse *rears*, instantly slacken the bridle reins, as otherwise you are almost certain to pull him over backward—a most dangerous thing to do. As he rises, lean forward to his neck, and straighten up as he comes down.

28. A *swimming* horse needs a free rein, except that you may pull reasonably on one rein, to the right or left, as you may need to guide him; but never on both reins at the same time.

29. When a horse *jumps*, loosen the reins gently and lean forward. Straighten up as he lands and regulate your pull on the reins as usual.

30. If your horse *shies* or gets excited, you need to keep perfectly cool. Speak to him, but speak quietly. Don't try to force him. But stop him and speak gently to him. Soon you will find that, when in doubt, he will turn his head and look to you to tell him what you think or want done about the matter.

31. I have been asked to state the chief value of bran in feeding a horse. It has been advised to go with shelled corn or oats, and it may well go with corn on the ear. While bran is good as a roughage, like hay, etc., yet its chief value is as a "dryer"—that is, it absorbs the saliva and compels the horse to crush the grain, which is safer and better in every way.

Signed: CLIFTON RODES BRECKINRIDGE.

TOM WALLACE FARM FORESTRY AWARD

Through the courtesy of The Courier-Journal and The Louisville Times of Louisville, Kentucky, we take pleasure in printing a Tom Wallace Farm Forestry first prize award. Two awards are given annually in the name of Tom Wallace, editor of The Louisville Times—the first for \$200 and the second for \$100—for reports of about 300 words on forestry practices that have been carried out on the farm during the year, and plans for continued forestry development during the coming year, together with the extent to which returns from the farm woodland have contributed to improvement of the family and farm home. All residents of Kentucky and Southern Indiana are eligible to compete. We suggest that our readers in these areas should enter the competition for the 1945 award which must be received by November 15th, 1945.

Here follows the winning 1943 entry which was made by Robert Amick, of Scipio, Indiana:

Our farm of 200 acres was purchased in 1936. For several years little attention had been paid to the woods on the farm. It had been heavily grazed and in 1930 suffered considerable fire damage. After purchasing the farm, a real effort was made to get all the land into its proper use. The first item that received consideration was the woodland.

In 1937 a half-day was spent in company with one of the Purdue Foresters going over the 110 acres of timber and woodland pasture. Afterwards, the 110 acres were surveyed, and placed in Classified Forest land. An eighty rod fence was constructed so that further grazing could be prevented.

Signs were erected to help make the public conscious of fire prevention. One time when a fire set by a neighbor got out of control, it was necessary to call on school boys and the County fire warden. By so doing, we were able to keep the fire out of our woods.

For the past several years, we have tried to improve our woods by cutting damaged timber for wood and in some cases having damaged trees sawed for lumber to use on the farm.

There were several open spaces in the two wood lots and so a planting program was necessary. Since we needed post timber, we started planting black locust. Nearly 10,000 black locust have been planted on the rolling drier land, and 2,500 soft maples on the level wetter land. The maples were planted for the future furniture market. Also a small planting of six kinds of evergreens was started to see which would do best on

our type of soil. Poplar, Walnut and Osage were also planted in small numbers.

We have sold trees on several different occasions. We try to sell them only as they reach maturity and as the market justifies. We have had some trees sawed for gate material, and have sufficient lumber on hand to build a machinery shed.

We are planning this winter to cut some more trees—some that were damaged by fire. They will be cut into firewood for our own use and perhaps we may have some to sell to folks unable to buy coal. Most of the open land that has been planted to locust has also been seeded to Lespedeza. It thus makes a splendid cover for all kinds of wild life and especially quail and rabbits.

It is always a pleasure and a source of inspiration to walk through the woods and see the fine growth the trees are making—and to hear the occasional bark of a fox squirrel or the cheery call of a "Bob White." Well might our woodland motto be: "Let's do more, in '44."

BUZZ-BOMBS

. . . At the hairdresser's yesterday I asked what had happened when a buzz-bomb fell nearby and broke their windows. "Oh we were quite all right, Modom. The lady in the middle of the perm had all the curlers pop off, and the others fortunately were under the dryers so their hair didn't get dirty when the ceiling fell down."

. . . Yesterday I heard about a prophecy that the end of the world was coming next week-end. I repeated this to R. (a friend with three children under seven, whose one maid had just left) and her only answer was "Good!"

. . . I overheard our Annie talking to the Char next door. The latter was brushing herself off saying, "This is the third time I've 'ad to lie down in the gutter during my shopping." Annie said, "Oh, I don't pay no 'eed to them; it only encourages them."

—*The Outpost*

Published by Americans in Great Britain.

THE BABY AND THE NEW HOUSE

by

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

The Tim Gays were going to buy them another baby; Tim and Milda have one boy, Tom the eldest, and then six little girls in a row. Milda sure did want another boy.

All these had arrived in the one-room cabin and Tim at last started the extra room he had meant to build ever since Tom was a baby.

Tim Gay's place is at the top of one of the many branches of Bowling's Branch. There is just a narrow path after you leave the creek bed, that rises very rapidly and passes the barn at a forty-five degree angle. This angle is easy going up, but when Robin, my horse, is in a hurry the descent is difficult.

However, the logs for the new room were soon in place and Milda was hoping the new baby could arrive in the "New House". Watching the house grow on the side of the hill so slowly I wondered if it would be ready. Alas, the mill could not get the floor boards cut in time and when Tim came to tell me that Milda wanted me, the new room was not ready. Robin and I started off. Milda's weekly visit was due that day and so I had not seen her progress for one week. Up the hill went Robin just making the turn by the barn. Then I realized that Tim had built over the path. Well, I had to get into the house, so through the log walls I pushed the baby bundle and the midwifery bags, then underneath the logs I crawled, getting out over the foundations of the doorway.

Milda was "lingering," but she felt sure "hit would be here soon". There was a little bleeding, but not enough to be worried over as yet. Routine treatment and good pains soon had the bleeding stopped. Finally at 4:30 p. m. the hoped-for boy arrived. Straight away Milda told me "Hit's Tim Junior". Tim was not going to put her off about the name this time. All the little girls were thrilled and excited but not nearly as excited as Tom the big brother. He said: "Miss Fox is sure a clever nurse. T'other nurses could not have washed the bags out, always bringing girls."

With Milda and little Tim comfortable I started home. Robin decided that it was past his feed time and he was going to get to his barn as soon as he could. Away down the hill he started and raked Tim's barn in passing. Zip went my left uniform riding trouser leg. I rode the rest of the way home with one hand on the bridle reins, and one hand holding onto my pants.

THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

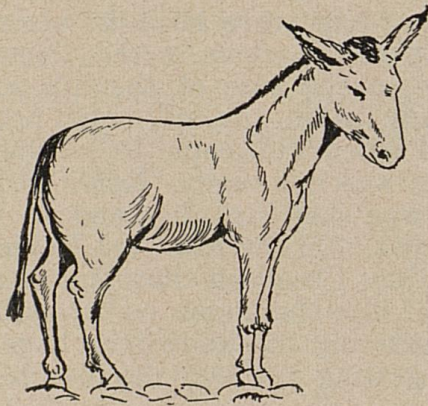
CHRISTMAS CAROL

French XII Century

G. Darlington Richards

Drawings by Rose Evans

Jesus our Brother strong and good
Was humbly born in a stable rude,
And the friendly beasts around Him stood;
Jesus our Brother strong and good.



"I", said the donkey, shaggy
and brown,
"I carried His mother up-hill
and down,
I carried her safely to Beth-
lehem town,
I", said the donkey, shaggy
and brown

"I", said the cow, all white
and red,
"I gave Him my manger for
His bed,
I gave Him my hay to pillow
His head.
I", said the cow all white and
red.



THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

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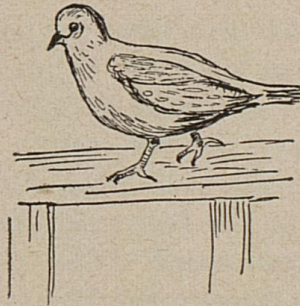
"I", said the sheep with the
curly horn,

"I gave Him my wool for His
blanket warm.

He wore my coat on Christ-
mas morn,

"I", said the sheep with the
curly horn.

"I", said the dove, "from my
rafter high,
Coo'd Him to sleep that He
should not cry;
We coo'd Him to sleep, my
mate and I,
"I", said the dove, "from my
rafter high."



Thus ev'ry beast by some good spell
In the stable dark was able to tell
Of the gift he gave to Immanuel
The gift he gave to Immanuel.

A STORY OF SHOES

In the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service, we had hundreds of children without shoes. In winter their feet were tied up in feed sacks, or they used handed-down grown-up shoes, leaky and old and much too big. There was hardly enough cash money in their families to meet taxes and the barest necessities. Shoes for the father of the family were a necessity so that he could work at felling timber in the forests to float out as rafts on the spring tides.

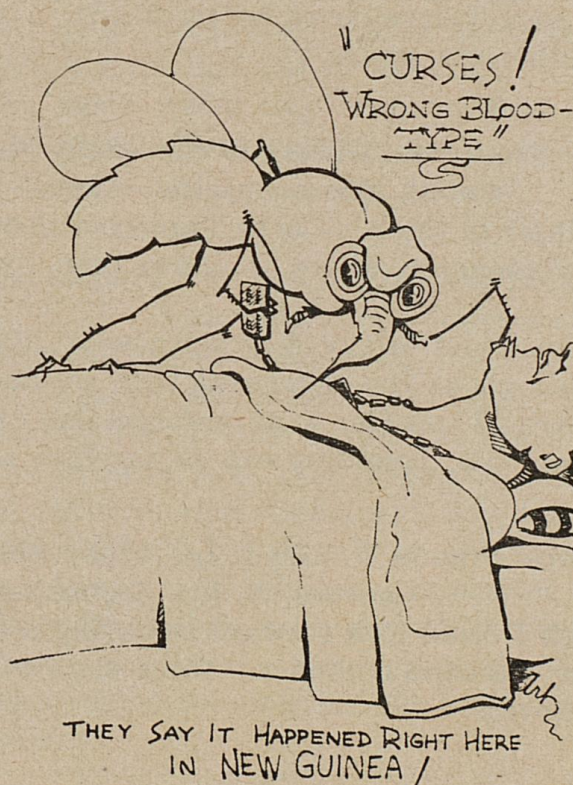
With the onset of each winter we nurses were terribly concerned about the children's feet. A few pairs of shoes given here and there were as nothing in the face of a problem of such magnitude. It wasn't until the Christmas Season of 1929 that this problem was met in full. One of our trustees, the late Harry French Knight of St. Louis, came in to spend Thanksgiving with us, and asked us what we wanted for Christmas. In a full-throated chorus we answered: "Shoes!" He promised a pair for every barefoot child, if we could assure the fit. That didn't baffle us, and the shoe problem was handled after this manner.

At that time we had six nursing centers covering thirteen nursing districts in an area of about 400 square miles where travel was entirely by mule-team or on horseback. Each of the thirteen district nurses was told to visit her shoeless children and make a drawing of the little feet on paper. Inside the drawings of the feet, each nurse wrote the child's name and age and her own name. These papers were collected and sent all at the same time to the Brown Shoe Company in St. Louis. This company set aside a clerk to spend hours choosing the shoes for the children. The drawing of each child's foot, with his name, was thrust into the right shoe of his pair. Then the Brown Shoe Company shipped all of the shoes by freight to us at Hazard, Kentucky. From there they were hauled across to our Hospital at Hyden. Here the shoes were unpacked and sorted according to the name of the district nurse, written below the child's name on the paper stuffed in each pair. When the mule-team wagons were packed with Christmas toys and candy and warm clothing for the outpost nursing centers, with each team went the shoes.

When a nurse's wagon arrived and she unpacked its contents she found the shoes for her children, and in each pair the name of the child. The shoes fit. There was nothing more to do but to put them on the children.

That Christmas of 1929 was the happiest one we had spent in the mountains. No little feet clumped along in leaky, grown-up shoes or were tied up with sacking. No little feet were frost-bitten and cold.

Our dear trustee, Harry French Knight, long ago crossed the Great River. "I was naked and ye clothed me." He is living in the place prepared for him "from the foundation of the world."



Drawn for the Quarterly Bulletin by Lt. Arthur D. Byrne, whose wife ("Jerry") is the chief statistician of the Frontier Nursing Service.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Willard Reed, Jr. (Mary Cowles) c/o
Postmaster, N. Y. C.—August 24, 1944**

Many of my friends have already gone to France and I hope not to be too far behind. Virginia (*her sister*) was in Corsica and at the briefing for the fliers before the invasion of Southern France. She won't be back in Rome for another two weeks so I suppose she is again in the thick of it. All I've been doing is lying in a hospital for three weeks (had to have a major operation on my insides) with buzz bombs whizzing around. The closest one landed two hundred yards away and such a shattering of glass I have never before heard! I shall be back at work in another two weeks.

.

**From Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin (Sally Morrison),
Cotuit, Massachusetts—August 28, 1944.**

Gil is a Major in the Air Corps Transport Command and is stationed in Washington where we have been living for over a year.

Isn't it nice about Miggy Noyes Knowles' little girl? Mig and I often talk about the wonderful time we had with all of you at Wendover. I consider it an unforgettable experience and something I hope our daughters can do together some day.

.

**From Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd, Jr. (Libby Boardman),
Concord, N. H.—September 8, 1944.**

I only wish I could look forward to having a daughter who was a courier. Perhaps one of my three sons will marry into the Courier Service!

.

**From Mrs. Guido F. Verbeck, Jr. (Babs Van Duyn),
Cazenovia, N. Y.—September 13, 1944.**

Guido is still overseas, now being a resident of Guam, his latest scene of combat. He recently was promoted to a Lieu-

tenant Colonel in the Marine Corps, which makes me fairly swell with pride. December sees him out of the country for two and one-half years and, like so many other wives, I have my fingers crossed that he may get home then. In the meantime our son has grown from babyhood to man's estate being nearly four years old and about to enter school. So life goes along. Isn't the war news encouraging? I can't begin to imagine the feeling of the English, the night the lights were turned on.

.

**From Mrs. G. F. Dailey (Barbara White), Camp
Van Dorn, Mississippi—September 15, 1944.**

We are indeed doing our best to live rurally—no rooms for rent in town so we are twenty-two miles from camp in the woods—boarding in a plantation home—no electricity or modern plumbing but many other compensations! Excellent food, pigs, chickens, cows, goats, cats, dogs; and a horse for Pam, which keeps her mighty busy and out of mischief. It's grand to be back with Gib again under any circumstances and we know this is just an interlude to settling down on our "farm" in Connecticut.

.

**From Mrs. Richard S. Storrs, Jr. (Frinny Rousmaniere),
New York City—September 15, 1944.**

Those Bulletins are so fascinating and stimulating that I pass them out to people like a Readers Digest. When I was at the hospital having David—our third child now, to keep you up to date—I was reading it at odd moments, and three nurses noticed it and asked to read it too, so I left it at the hospital, where it's probably been the rounds of all the floors by now.

We have a hectic household now, as besides our two older children, we have two babies, ours and my brother's six-month-old boy. Between cuts on the finger, poison ivy, guests of all ages, and babies yelling for exercise, the household is kept constantly entertained!

.

**From Mrs. William S. Kemp, Jr. (Rosemary Crocker),
Fitchburg, Massachusetts—September 18, 1944.**

We have all been fine, busy with the kids as always and

they're growing up fast—two and four years now—and the oldest goes to kindergarten this year. We've added a new Boxer puppy to the household and I sometimes think of her as a third child as she keeps up with the kids all day long, taking time out only to nap or chew some juicy shoe or rug!

I saw Lulu Ireland Humphrey in Boston in July and we had such fun catching up—hadn't seen her for three years. She looked so well and had pictures of the twins to make up in some measure for my not seeing them.

.

**From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Leesburg, Florida—September 22, 1944.**

Whenever I get the Bulletin I always suffer from acute homesickness for the mountains. It's fine to know that things are going along with the same grand spirit as ever. I can imagine the terrific difficulties you must all be having though.

I was especially interested in the letters from London. They made me think of something my sister wrote after she and the baby had been safely evacuated. "I know what Hell is now—it's grabbing your baby out of his bath in the midst of 'this little piggie' and throwing yourself flat on top of him on the floor as a bomb goes over." But she keeps assuring us that it's amazing how nature seems to take care of your nerves. The only trouble after a month like that was that she had to stop nursing her baby, which is certainly understandable, and the baby had a "slum pallor" from living in a corridor. But a week in the country, she insists, had the baby as rosy as ever and entirely breast fed again. She is very impressed with the English clinics. She says as soon as she and John enter everyone dashes up to see what clothes the "American baby" has on. She also writes that the war children are noticeably better nourished than the pre-war babies. The Government arrangements for milk, cod liver oil, calcium and orange juice for pregnant mothers and babies seem to be excellent.

.

**From Mrs. Andrew Yeomans (Betty Pratt),
Washington, D. C.—October 5, 1944.**

Andy got back September 1st and after his official business

was done he had three weeks' leave. Now we are in Washington awaiting his departure again in the easterly direction. He's fine and had a good two years' work on Typhus.

.

**From Mrs. John Fross Paton (Kay Bulkley), Lebanon,
Tennessee—October 5, 1944.**

We have had a wonderful time since we have been married. Though, as with most people today, permanence has not been the main feature. Frosty has been stationed in Detroit, Ann Arbor, and now Lebanon. It seems to be the same route taken by Celia Coit Bridewell's husband, and like his, I think it will soon lead to overseas duty. (I do not know her, but read about her with interest in the Bulletin, as Frosty is also in the Judge Advocate's Department.)

I wish we were in a part of Tennessee a little closer to Hyden. The trip down made me very homesick for the mountains.

.

**From Mrs. L. C. Vaczek (Kay Pfeiffer), Riverdale, N. Y.
October 10, 1944.**

I think of Wendover so often and hope that the war hasn't broken in on the life too much. This summer's Bulletin just caught up with us last week and it was grand to have news of everyone again. The F. N. S. certainly has friends in all parts of the world these days. I hope they will all be home safely some day soon.

We have hopped about as usual a good part of the time but I'm still incredibly lucky and happy in having Louis still in Canada. I have to pinch myself now and then to make sure it's really true.

He was at Service Flying School near Toronto all last winter and I had an apartment in New York with a college pal. I had a job in the Natural History Museum and managed to see Louis quite often when he came down on leave. In May he finished, received his wings and a commission as Pilot Officer. I went up to the ceremony which was awfully impressive and a bit choky, but the boys are all so hapy and proud that you forget the rest for the moment.

I can't believe that fall is here again already. But the prospect of this winter is very exciting. I was sure Louis would be sent overseas when he finished this last course in September but he is to be stationed in Ottawa for an indefinite period and being an instructor I don't think he'll be shifted as often. I'm trying to pack now and I'll probably arrive with all the wrong things. I'm in such a dither. Ottawa is as bad as Washington for lack of housing space, but something always turns up eventually and having a chance to live together for more than a few weeks makes everything seem possible.

.

From Charlotte Goodwin, Hartford, Connecticut—

October 14, 1944.

Just a note to ask whether or not the Nursing Service could use me during any period this winter? The Department of Agriculture for which I have been working (and am still), may see a change in the very near future in regard to The Land Army. I shall be sad if that is true. On the other hand, if the job is done, I want to be ready for the next step.

I don't know whether I have told you that I am engaged to Captain William B. Craig who is in the Southern Pacific with no chance of returning for some time. Consequently, I'm anxious to keep on the move. I'm not sure what your status is in regard to couriers but I am still strong, willing, and able—as well as enthusiastic.

.

From Helen S. Stone (Pebble), Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.—

October 14, 1944.

I resigned from the WASPs because there seemed to be too many pilots at all of the bases. I feel we went in when we were needed and there was a shortage of pilots; but the emergency is over. I said I would gladly return if another one arose.

October 3rd, General Arnold announced that the WASPs would be "deactivated" on December 20th, so I was not so far off. We did a good job when we were needed and I think we should hang up now, so I did it a little ahead of the others.

**From Louisa Johnson (Weezy), Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania—October 26, 1944.**

As I sit here at my desk, it just doesn't seem possible, that exactly a week ago today I was riding Babette down to pasture. I miss everything and everybody terribly and I keep pushing the clock back to see what you all are doing.

Am having lunch with Fanny McIlvain next Friday, before the orchestra. She is dying to hear all the latest news. She told me that she would be at Wendover right after Christmas. How I envy her.

**From Kay Byrd, of Boston, Massachusetts—
October 30, 1944.**

I'm still down here in Virginia with my uncle and I'm still grading apples! All my father's family live down here, so, outside of working, I'm having a gay old time roaming around the countryside seeing them. But we work every day except Sunday and except when the weather is bad! In a week or two the apple season will be over. Goodness knows what I'll be doing after that!

**From Rhoda Whitridge, New York, New York—
November 3, 1944.**

I want to tell you, though it is extremely difficult to find the words, how much I enjoyed my six weeks with the F. N. S. I know I will never forget the wonderful time I had there. The country, the life, and the activity were all perfect and what is more I feel that I learned something about a section of the country I heretofore knew little about, in a way that is unsurpassed.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Storrs, Jr. (Frinny Rousmaniere), in New York City, a son, David Kingsbury Storrs, on May 28, 1944.

Born to Lt. and Mrs. J. Harleston Parker (Sue Ayer), of Milton, Massachusetts, a daughter, Penelope Ayer Parker, on August 29, 1944. Sue writes:

"I hope she will be future courier material. I am so thrilled to have a daughter as well as a son and my husband is on his way back to the West Coast now with hopes of a leave."

We wish David and Penelope long lives of happy usefulness.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Phyllis Mather of Boston, Massachusetts to Mr. Thornton Stearns, of Barrington, Rhode Island. Phyllis writes:

"I have had a very exciting summer and fall this year, for I have just joined the ranks of the engaged girls. I announced it only a few weeks ago. My fiancé is in the Navy now, training in Florida. I was planning to spend the whole year here at college, but now I am going to leave to get married. We will live together in Florida as long as he is there."

Miss Charlotte Goodwin of Hartford, Connecticut to Captain William B. Craig, who is in the Southern Pacific.

To Phyllis and Charlotte we send our loving good wishes; and to the lucky men our warm congratulations.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Lt. M. Neville Atkinson of the Army Nurse Corps is now in an Evacuation Hospital at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi. Her father writes us as follows:

"We rather expect her to be sent 'overseas' at almost any time now, but exactly when, and to what battle front, we of course don't know. She spent her seven days' leave here at home, and we all had a happy time together. The weather was fine, and she was able to enjoy two good hunts. When here she remarked to me that as much as she loved being at home she wouldn't trade places with anyone. Naturally I am proud of her. Her experiences at Wendover were fine for her, and she often talks about them."

From T/S Nancy Dammann, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California, we have received our first Christmas greeting:

"Merry Christmas to F. N. S. I'm now in the jungles. It's not home but it's fun and interesting."

Lonny Myers is just starting her medical course at the University of Michigan. We wish her all sorts of good luck.

Mrs. Howard I. Wendell (Harriet Morley), Cleveland, Ohio, is living alone on her parents' farm with her three sons, ages six, three, and one and one-half years, while her husband is in the armed forces and stationed in Maryland.

Peggy Harrison, who has been in Europe since the war began in 1939, has been sent to the Middle East by the British War Office. We hope Peggy, herself, will write us soon.

Alison Bray, our British courier, is now Chief Commander (Colonel). This exciting news has come to us through her aunt and our trustee, Mrs. Arthur Bray of Yorkshire, England, who wrote us on September 5th, 1944, as follows:

"Alison was home for one day a week ago and is very fit. She is still at Chester. Did I tell you she is now Chief Commander (Colonel)? Her brothers write teasing her—they are both majors. Geordie is much better but not yet returned to a field unit. He is in Italy. Jim is still in Iraq. He is due for repatriation any time after four and a half years' service, which he has now passed and does really hope he might be home for Christmas. What a thrill! It will then be five years."

Alison volunteered for the Auxiliary Territorial Service in the summer of 1939. She has done a magnificent job and we are tremendously proud of her.

Mary Elizabeth Rogan of Cincinnati (address c/o American Red Cross, A.P.O. 689, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.), who has been stationed in the Burma theatre, has been ill with a virus infection at a Hospital in India. Our last news from her was that she had recovered, and was on leave at Calcutta. She wrote from the Hospital in August, the following description:

"I wish I could describe this place to you since I imagine it's rather difficult for you to picture what sort of set-up one could have in the Jungles in India. I can tell you that the area is a series of bashas, some bamboo, some cement, all of course, one story. The Nurses' ward is cement, including the floor, which makes it nice—most of them are now, I think. It's about as private as a gold fish bowl since the windows are large and there are no shutters or curtains, but then it doesn't seem to bother anybody, since—like me—no one has had a moment's privacy since he sailed and wouldn't know what to do with it if he had. The only animals that manage to sneak in are toads and lizards and nobody minds them—they're such clean friendly little jobs. The toads seem to like to live in suitcases and shopping bags and nothing will make them leave—the lizards prefer the rafters and the walls—there seem to be very few rats or mice—in fact I've seen no rats since I left Burma."

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to five of our couriers who have suffered tragic family losses in the last few weeks: To Patricia Pettit Kelly in the loss of her mother; to Frances Rousmaniere Storrs in the loss of her father; to Margaret McLennan Morse in the loss of her father; to Frances Baker in the loss of her father; and to Phyllis Long in the loss of her brother killed in France.



THE GRANDMOTHER

SO NEAT

While a young mother was bathing her baby, a neighbor's little girl came in and watched the process. The child was holding a doll minus an arm and leg, and much soiled and knocked about generally.

"How long have you had your baby?" she asked the mother.

"Three months."

"My, but you've kept her nice!" exclaimed the little girl.

—Mrs. Eldorene Cochran,
Ocala, Florida, Contributed.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Just the other day we received our first communication from France in over four years. It is a post card from Mlle. Elisabeth Rouffiac of the nursing service in the Aisne, of which I was the director, under Miss Anne Morgan, in the old American Committee for Devastated France. Since Mlle. Rouffiac wants me to deliver a message for her to as many people as I can reach, I give a translation of this post card.

Soissons,
September 23, 1944.

Very dear Madame,

It is with all the joy of our liberation that I wish through you to salute America, which has come to rescue France, and to express to Americans our unbounded gratitude. I know how much you threw into the effort to come to our rescue and for that we never can thank you enough. To the mothers, the wives, the sisters of American soldiers who fought for the liberty of France, and to everyone, say that French women are thinking of them with infinite gratitude. Our area was liberated, with nothing to deplore, only five days after Paris. It was marvelous. I hope that we will have the joy of seeing you again in France, and I beg you, dear Madame, to accept the assurance of my respectful devotion.

Gratitude for results that come out of a cause we have in common, the cause of winning this awful war, such gratitude is embarrassing to receive however ennobling the outpouring of it is to liberated hearts. To have France free and to know that the people and the country one loved, and served once, survive, is all any reasonable person could desire. What I like particularly about Mlle. Rouffiac's card is that her thoughts are with the wives, mothers, and sisters of the American soldiers who are wounded and dying in our common cause. There are few of us now who have not lost young men of our own blood—young men whose lives seem so terribly needed in the years to come, young men whom we will mourn forever.

Another correspondent of ours, Mr. Murdo Morrison of Scotland, expresses in a recent letter this sense of the common cause which will save each nation from self-righteousness if we will all remember it.

"I am glad to think that all your men and ours are as they are, a great team under your Eisenhower, whom we think the

acme of tact and inspiration. You are not helping us in our cause nor we you, in yours; we act together in one Great Cause which would go by default without us. This is true both of the Atlantic and Pacific."

None of our readers need to be told of how eagerly we follow the contents of *The British Journal of Nursing* because we have more than once quoted from it. In the October issue, we find the best summary we have read anywhere of the official report on "The Second Battle of London" and we wish we had the space to reprint it in full. The bare facts need no encomium in their testimony to the fortitude and intelligence of our gallant allies and kinsmen. Here are just a few of these bare facts.

By the end of June there were 81,000 people sheltering in the tube stations.

In public shelters of all kinds there were 462,000.

Just on 100 London Hospitals received damage.

Over 14,000 patients were evacuated.

Flying bomb casualties admitted to London Hospitals were 14,558.

The Government evacuated

228,000 mothers and expectant mothers

537,000 children and

53,000 old, invalid and blind.

The Civil Defense ambulance service carried 27,000 casualties.

The special ambulance service for transferring patients from damaged hospitals to others, and for the reception of overseas casualties, carried 52,000 in the ten weeks from June 15th to August 31st.

An average of over 400 houses was destroyed or damaged for each flying bomb.

Every hour during ten weeks, 700 houses were destroyed or damaged in Greater London.

A labor force of 75,000 was engaged on repairs to houses.

We have read with interest a description in the *Nursing Times* of a talk by Mrs. Chester C. Bolton (Frances Bolton) at the Royal College of Nursing, during her recent visit in London. We quote from this description as follows.

"To me all nursing is Public Health nursing. I should like to see a central nursing group—a salaried group—in every part of our country, which would provide nursing service for all alike, for me and for my laundry-maid, and which would provide for the nurse a salary which would give her peace of mind and a suitable place to live in. . . .

You have a midwifery service which is 'tops'. Mary Breckinridge came over here and trained as a midwife and established a midwifery service in Kentucky, at first served by British midwives. . . . Now we have started to train our own midwives on similar lines. . . .

"In some places you are leaping ahead and we are scrambling after; in others we are leaping ahead and you are doing the scrambling. We are ahead of you in appointing a nurse leader to the medical staff of SHAEF. I hope there will soon be a British public health nurse appointed to work with her.

"Together after the war we must go forward and explore every avenue which will promote the cause of public health in our own countries and throughout the world."

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We have been deeply moved by the gift of one thousand dollars as a memorial endowment in memory of Lt. John M. Atherton, U.S.N.R., killed in the Pacific in November, 1942. This gift is made by his sister, Mrs. John A. Serpell. God send that in the years to come many little boys will be brought safely into the world, and guided safely through their tender years, in the name of this gallant officer.

We have received from a dear Kentucky trustee a five thousand dollar endowment which she plans to add to, from time to time. The late lovely Miss Louie A. Hall of Rochester, New York, has left us a substantial bequest which will be paid when the estate is settled. Another friend, the second generation in her family of friends, has made a generous addition to our endowment fund. This fund now stands at well over \$400,000.00 and we are striving to reach the \$500,000.00 mark before too long a time. Endowments are essential to charitable organizations, and ours are extremely well handled by our Treasurer, in consultation with the men on our Executive Committee, and fully audited each year.

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We should like to call the attention of our readers to the "Giver's Guide to National Philanthropy, 1944-45" published by the National Information Bureau, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. People who give to international, and to national charities like ours, should send for this guide so as to direct their gifts through channels that meet acceptable standards of administration and accountancy.

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We are proud and happy that our trustee, Miss Linda Neville, has been honored by having the Leslie Dana gold medal of the St. Louis Society for the Blind conferred on her in recognition of her "long, meritorious service in the conservation of

vision and in the prevention and care of diseases dangerous to the eye."

Another trustee, Mrs. Henry Alva Strong of Washington, D. C., and Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has celebrated her eightieth birthday. When we use the word celebrated we mean quite literally that, because hundreds of people all over the country honored the birthday of this greatly beloved woman.

The Chairman of our Pittsburgh Committee, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, has sent us recent news of her son-in-law, Commander Carnes Weeks, U.S.N.R.M.C., who has been in the Pacific with Admiral Halsey for over two years. Mrs. Shoemaker's daughter, Mrs. Weeks, was one of the active members of our New York Committee until her husband went to sea. She now lives on her farm in Connecticut with her younger daughter. Both of her sons went from St. Paul's, the one into the Marine Corps, and the other into the Army Air Corps. Her older daughter is at St. Timothy's.

The Woman's Hospital in Detroit celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary on Friday evening, October twenty-seventh. We were invited to attend this celebration, and hated like anything to have to miss it. The Woman's Hospital is an institution for which we have a profound admiration. We extend our warmest congratulations to its superintendent, Miss Charlotte Waddell, who was admitted to membership in the American College of Hospital Administrators recently at their meetings in Cleveland.

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We extend our ardent congratulations to John Ralston Pate, Jr., who entered this world Tuesday morning, October tenth. We congratulate this young man on his choice of Dr. J. R. Pate and Dr. Alice D. Chenoweth for his parents. We congratulate Dr. Pate and Dr. Chenoweth also on the arrival of their first child, and send them our truly affectionate regards.

Another young man who has made an excellent choice of parentage is William Maynard Hutchins, born on October eleventh to Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Hutchins of Berea, Kentucky. Our eager good wishes go out to him and to his father and mother.

We only lately heard of the arrival of twin girls to the Bergland family in Baltimore, on August thirtieth. These babies, Mary Christie and Helen Mower, are the grandchildren of our beloved trustee, Dr. John Bergland and his wife, and are the first girls in two generations of Berglands. It can be imagined how enthusiastically their advent was received in the Bergland family. We congratulate these dear babies too, and wish them lives of joyous usefulness in the honorable tradition into which they have been born.

Our Ethel Gonzalez was sent as our representative to attend the meetings in Lexington, Kentucky, on October twentieth and twenty-first of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses, the State League of Nursing Education, and the State Organization of Public Health Nursing. Our Anne Fox went with her. Their reports on these meetings were of intense interest to us.

Our Medical Director, Dr. James M. Fraser, has an article in the November issue of the *Kentucky Medical Journal* on "Continuous Caudal Analgesia in Obstetrics", a paper he read before the Perry County Medical Society, Hazard, Kentucky, in March, 1944.

To Dragma, the official organ of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, in its October issue has an interesting article on the Social Service section of the Frontier Nursing Service by Mrs. Hannah Blair Neal, Second Vice-President of this dear Sorority, which has carried our Social Service Secretary, and a large part of her work, as their national philanthropy, over a period of many years.

We are always deeply gratified when our trustees speak for the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit spoke in October to the Ezra Parker Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Royal Oak, Michigan. The Program Chairman, Mrs. Roy B. Barnes, reports that her talk "keenly interested" the members of the Chapter.

A member of our Hartford Committee, Mrs. William P. Conklin of Farmington, Connecticut, also spoke on the Frontier Nursing Service this fall, to her literary club.

While Vanda Summers and Helen Browne were on a holiday in the East in early September, they spoke on the air with Bessie Beatty, in an interview about our work, over Station WOR.

Our former nurse, Jean Kay, who is taking graduate work at Teachers College, Columbia University, spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service at a meeting of the Phi Delta Gamma on October twenty-seventh.

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On the afternoon of December first, after we have gone to press, the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service is presenting the Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Dumbo" at the Hunter College Playhouse for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. Many of the children of our friends will give parties to attend this performance. The Sub-Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service handling this children's benefit are Mrs. H. Curtis Brown, Miss Marion Fitzhugh, Mrs. Breck P. McAllister and Mrs. Richard Storrs. The children who attend the benefit are asked to bring rummage to be sold later at the Bargain Box.

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As all of our readers probably know, the Frontier Nursing Service is one of the eight charities who share in that thrift shop in New York City known as the BARGAIN BOX at 1175 Third Avenue. The Frontier Nursing Service realizes a considerable sum of money quarterly from the sale of articles, donated in the name of the Frontier Nursing Service, to the Bargain Box. Tags with the address, to attach to parcels mailed, may be obtained from the New York Committee Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York. The Louisville Committee, through its Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, has been sending rummage to the Bargain Box now for some time, and the New York Committee write enthusiastically of the value to the Frontier Nursing Service of the Louisville shipments.

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The annual meeting of the New York Committee of the

Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year on Wednesday morning, January twenty-fourth at the Cosmopolitan Club. All of our subscribers in and around New York will receive invitations, but we give this advance notice so that you can put it on your calendars. If any of you fail to receive an invitation, please telephone or write Miss Marion Fitzhugh, 135 East 74th Street, New York City.

We have lost some precious older friends in the past several months, and in our Winter Bulletin we shall gather their names together and say something about what each one meant to us in an In Memoriam column. At the moment we will only speak of some of the young things who have laid down their lives for you and me.

The grandson of our old trustee and Vice-Chairman, Judge Edward C. O'Rear of Frankfort, Kentucky, this grandson—1st Lt. John T. H. O'Rear, has just been killed in action in the Asiatic area of the war. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis, members of our Committee at Hyden—their son Lige, has just been killed in action in France. So wide apart are these deaths and so near is the common grief!

The twin sons of our Louisville Committee member, Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, and step-grandsons of the Chairman of our Louisville Committee and member of our Executive Committee, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap—these twin sons were both killed in action in Normandy in the summer months. Morris Belknap Moorman was killed in July 18th, and Charles Harwood Moorman, Jr. was killed on August 10th. They came into the world together, and they have left the world almost at the same time. They were their mother's only children, and the last male children in the family. They were just out of school, and so very young.

As we approach another war-torn Christmas, these words of Edna St. Vincent Millay from her poem, "To Jesus on His Birthday," found in *The Buck in the Snow*, keep ringing through our minds:

O Prince of Peace! O Sharon's dewy Rose!
The stone the angel rolled away with tears
Is back upon your mouth these thousand years.

FIELD NOTES

To-night the winds began to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day;
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

And autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods, . . .

In Memoriam—Tennyson.

We can't remember a more beautiful Fall in the Kentucky mountains than the one now drawing to its close. A tapestry of crimson and gold spread across the hills and down the valleys. The tops of the mountains, with their earlier frosts, change first and as they pass their peak the valleys enter the sublime progression of color. The whole pageantry had gone, and the dead leaves were swirling in the wind, on November seventh when a group of us rode on horseback up to our precinct of Jeff on Camp Creek to cast our votes. This is always a friendly procession. Members of both parties ride together. The voting booth is a shed by the side of the creek, and the election officials (three men and a woman this year) are always old friends. This November it was so cold that the election officials had built a big wood fire on the bank of the creek outside the shed. In between signing the ballots and tearing them off for the voters, they warmed themselves by the fire. The voters lingered around the fire too, and exchanged bits of neighborhood news.

We hear much discussion these days as to whether the age of voters should be reduced to eighteen, as in Georgia, or kept at twenty-one. Our own opinion is that no one should vote who is not at least ten years old. We refer, of course, to the mental age, and hope to live to see the day when the grown-up six and eight-year-olds are given more protection and less responsibility. For the mental age, literacy is not a test. Some of the keenest minds we have ever known have been debarred from an education by the lack of opportunity. When there is a good common school education for all Americans then literacy might be a test, but not until then.

The Ridge Road from Hyden to Bull Creek became so dangerous for horseback riding, especially for students at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, who are not accustomed to our trails, that the head instructor of the School, Eva Gilbert, took the matter up with Mr. Charlie Woods of Bull Creek. Nothing is ever taken up with Mr. Woods that he doesn't handle. He said that as soon as the men on Bull Creek had finished with the foddering they would take care of the Ridge Road. Miss Gilbert told him that if he would let her know in advance of "the working" the nurses would get a lunch ready and take it over to the men. Alas, Mr. Woods forgot to mention the lunch, and so the nurses had no way to express their immense appreciation for the work the men did. They cleared away the fallen trees, over which the horses had been jumping, and the branches that had covered the path in places. At other places where the horses had to jump down rocks, the men either cut and cleared away the rocks, or made a new path around them. The Ridge Road is now a first-class bridle trail.

The ninth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery opened on September 5th, with six students in attendance as follows: Miss Esther Bacon, missionary from Liberia under the Lutheran Church; Miss Nancy Wilson of Louisville who is training to be a missionary under the Protestant Episcopal Church; Miss Olive Petillo from the State Board of Health of Arkansas who will return there as a nurse-midwife; Miss Anna May January from Texas; Miss Bertha Bloomer and Miss Louisa Chapman from The Johns Hopkins Hospital, who will remain with the Frontier Nursing Service after completing the graduate course in midwifery.

To enlarge the field of training, which already includes the Hospital and the three districts around Hyden, we are throwing the Beech Fork district (Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center) into the training area, and have Miss Rose Avery in charge as supervisor, with Miss Mary LeFevre to assist her. One or two students are stationed at Beech Fork in rotation, and come into Hyden for classes and the Medical Director's lectures twice a week. There is a heavy maternity service at Beech Fork.

The twenty supervised maternity cases provided each stu-

dent include a minimum of five on the district and five in the Hospital, which is a requirement of the British Central Midwives Boards. The other ten cases are optional and some are on the district and some are in the Hospital. During the last six weeks of training, the students have the opportunity to get further district experience at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence with Miss Rose Evans as the supervisor.

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Supervisors of the Graduate School of Midwifery are the only group in our nursing ranks where there is no shortage. We must keep the ranks of School instructors unbroken at all costs. But we have a serious shortage in the Hospital and on the districts. It must be remembered that for the Frontier Nursing Service, the war began in September, 1939, and in 1940 eleven of our seasoned nurse-midwives left us for the war. In all we have given twenty-one of a normal staff of twenty-six to the war. In addition, we have let one go for service with the Indian Bureau in Alaska, another to direct a midwifery school in the Republic of Panama, and four more to go to various other fields where nurse-midwives were needed. Two more left because of accident or illness. Then seven of our old staff have left us for the marriage state. Five others in the last four years have just naturally left. All of this adds up to forty-one nurses out of a staff of twenty-six. Except for some dear stand-bys whose presence with us through war and peace keep intact the traditions of the Frontier Nursing Service, we have almost turned into an agency for giving training and experience to nurses to serve elsewhere all over the world. This makes the problems of administration so difficult that those of us who handle them in the Hospital, the School, and on the districts, are frazzled grey.

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Because of the inability to staff Wooton, we have had to terminate our affiliation with the Presbyterian Settlement there for the time being. As it was the last thing we took up, it had to be, of course, the first thing to close down. Another reason lies in the fact that this Settlement is on the pike within easy reach of the Hospital which is open always to patients from this

area. We loved our association with the Reverend and Mrs. B. P. Deaton. In September they had a gathering of the neighborhood. We spoke to the people and reported on the work that had been done, with their immense cooperation, and explained why we could not carry on for the time being. Mr. and Mrs. Deaton served refreshments, and the afternoon was one of dear memories.

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The latest of our nurses to leave us for other fields are as follows: Miss Hannah Mitchell, who is Spanish-speaking, and has gone, under the auspices of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau to take charge of a graduate school for nurse-midwives in Panama City; Miss Marian Cadwallader and Miss Patricia Simmons who are joining the ranks of Army nurses; Miss Esther Thompson, the Hospital charge nurse whose devoted service endeared her to staff and patients alike, who has gone to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati; and Miss Peggy Brown, whose devoted work for five years at Confluence will be remembered always. As friends far and near know, Peggy is British and she has decided to go back to serve in the Mother Country.

When we say we let our nurses go we mean quite literally just that. There are none, no matter how much they and their work have meant to the Frontier Nursing Service, who ask for a release without getting it, and with its endorsements worthy of their merits. Those upon whom we most depended know that they leave us with our abiding affection and Godspeed.

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In September I made my usual rounds of all of the outpost nursing centers, with committee meetings at all points, and rallies at Confluence, Bowlingtown, and Brutus. I do love these rounds, the long conversations with the nurses at the centers, their dear hospitality, and the contacts with our wonderful mountain committees and other friends. I took a new courier, Louisa Johnson, on the Lower Rounds with me to show her the trails, and she kindly took care of both her horse and my mare, Babette. Time was when I saddled and fed and groomed my own horse, but now I do appreciate having a courier to do these things, as well as her companionship over the trails.

It was my last visit to Confluence before Peggy left for England. She and Cherry and the cadet, Madge Cyr, who had not yet returned to Johns Hopkins, the courier and I had a merry evening. The next day was the committee meeting under the chairmanship of Mr. Elmer Huff, and a rally to which all the people brought box lunches. The children and their mothers brought me gifts of apples, onions and homemade preserves.

At Bowlingtown I had the happiness of meeting Mrs. Moberg, widowed mother of our young nurse-midwife Gladys. Mrs. Moberg is spending the winter with her daughter. We had a committee meeting with the chairman, Mr. Will Gay, presiding; and I was introduced at the rally by Mr. Beverly Bowling who made a dear speech of welcome. Here too, the people brought box lunches.

In the course of his address of welcome at the rally, Mr. Bowling spoke to the children of the Bowlingtown grade school. He spoke with deep compassion of the fact that three of their former schoolmates had been killed in action in Europe within the past few weeks. He said that he knew of no other little school to suffer such heavy casualties. My rounds were saddened by the news of more than one man killed, or wounded, or missing.

After this rally Louisa and I took the trail, so familiar to me and so beloved, across the Middle Fork River, past Mrs. Barger's dear home (where I dismounted to see the new grandbaby and the son just back from the Pacific), up Leatherwood Creek, over the mountain and then down Panco Creek to Bull Skin Creek and the new WPA road that leads to the nursing center. There the warmest welcome from our nurses, Audrey Dyer and Hannah Mitchell, awaited me. "Mitch" had not yet left for Panama. That was another happy evening, and the next day another committee meeting, under the chairmanship of Mr. Jasper Peters, and another wonderful rally. The Brutus Committee had brought so many refreshments—fried chicken, biscuits, corn bread, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, preserves, cake—in fact so many delicacies that there was an abundance for the whole crowd.

The Upper Rounds were not made in the same week. On

one day I went to Beech Fork where we had a big committee dinner with an excellent attendance and our chairman, Mr. Albert Hoskins, presiding. The nurses who were leaving for the Army, Marian Cadwallader and Patricia Simmons, were there and the nurses who were taking over the center to run it as an adjunct to the Graduate School, Rose Avery and Mary LeFevre. Dear Uncle Wash Mosley and Sherman Cook's widow were there, and a host of other friends. A working was arranged through the principal of the Stinnett School to have the boys of the school clean up around the Stinnett Clinic, and the girls of the school clean up inside. This clinic, a charming two-room log building with a stone chimney, is a memorial to Mary B. Willeford. The money and supplies to erect it were given by seventy-four friends from Beech Fork to Hyden and over to the mining towns; and in addition, twenty-two other friends gave labor.

On another trip I made rounds to the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center at the mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River, and to the Clara Ford Nursing Center above Big Creek on Red Bird River, staying overnight at each place. Jean Hollins took me on these rounds, and, as Red Bird River was low, we were able to make the fords by car. I spent a lovely evening with our young nurse-midwife, Minnie Geyer, and the next day we had the committee for dinner, with a good attendance of men and women. Unfortunately our chairman, Mr. Bascombe Bowling, was unable to attend, but we had the pleasure of his wife's company, and the meeting was a most constructive one.

That same evening I went down to the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River, to be the guest overnight of our nurses, Ethel Gonzalez and Grace Reeder. It was a delightful evening, and Grace showed her wonderful colored moving pictures. The next day the Red Bird Committee brought the committee dinner, in its entirety, over to the nursing center, and what a dinner it was! From fried chicken to preserves and pickles, several vegetables, salads and desserts and hot breads—there was nothing lacking. After the dinner, we had a most interesting committee meeting, with the chairman, Mr. Leonard Adams, presiding. We discussed (with Mr. Chris Queen, the Ford engineer, Mr. Walter Green, the State forester, and Mr.

Jim Spurlock leading the discussion) telephones and lack of telephones over our area, forest conservation, and much else besides.

Mrs. Floyd Bowling, secretary of the committee, made a report on the Red Bird Sewing Circle. In addition to getting to the center for sewing, regularly, the women members of this committee take sewing home with them. Since they organized, they have mended all the center's bedding, linens, pillows and furniture upholstering. For our Hospital at Hyden they made 81 masks and several operating room gowns. For the district nurses they made baby clothes, little bags that we use for keeping the contents of the saddlebags separate and clean, and aprons from feed sacks. They are now getting to work on receiving blankets and wool-lined quilts for our layettes. It was a most wonderful report of a wonderful committee.

The Leslie County Fair at Hyden was an immense success—September 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. In the first place, outstanding citizens of Harlan, Laurel, Perry, Clay and Leslie Counties made the fair possible by buying advertisements in the fair program and by their attendance and exhibits. We haven't space to write in detail of the prizes given for quilts, farm produce, swine, sheep, cattle and chickens, or of the contests among the children and the prizes they won. The Frontier Nursing Service had the happiness of participating in many ways. I had the honor of making the address of welcome; four of our group, Vanda Summers, Esther Thompson, Lonny Myers and Lucille Knechtly sang, and won first prize for the best quartette; several of our cows were exhibited, and Petunia won a first prize, and Goody-Two-Shoes a second prize; and a lot of our nurses, couriers and secretaries rode in the horse show. In the women's riding class, Jean Hollins on Tommy won the first prize, and Louisa Johnson on Babette won the third prize. In the men's riding class, Kermit Morgan, our farrier, won the first prize on Convoy. Among the horses in the five-gaited class, Tommy won the second prize with Jean Hollins up, and Puck won the third prize with our statistician Jerry (Mrs. Arthur Byrne) up.

The Leslie County Agricultural Agent, Mr. S. M. Cook,

certainly deserves a thousand congratulations on the success of this fair.

The Garden House slide is under control, thanks to God and our friends, and we think forever. Men are working now on the sloping above the great retaining wall.

There are no words in which we can thank those who have done so much for us in this terrible emergency. To the lady who sent us a check for the slide instead of spending it on iris bulbs as she intended, and all the other donors of money, to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad who gave us the great steel rails to hold up the forest at the top of the cliff, to the Old King Coal Company of Tribbey, Kentucky who (through Mr. W. E. Davis) gave us 1,100 feet of 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch cable to tie these rails back to the great trees in the unbroken forest and lent us the reel and mining car axle without which we could not have handled the cable, to Mr. Chris Queen (the Ford engineer) and his assistant, Mr. Roy White, who came over again and again to organize and direct the work on the slide, to our own maintenance man, Mr. Oscar Bowling, and the stone mason, Mr. Bill Turner, and to the men who worked for us on the slide when men were so hard to get and so needed elsewhere, and especially to Mr. Marion Adams of Camp Creek, who rarely missed a day—to all of these people we feel more gratitude than we can begin to express. As to the steel railroad rails and the metal cable, those costly gifts, we could not have gotten a permit to buy them in war time at any price.

Almost all of the things we listed in Urgent Needs in our Spring issue of the Bulletin have been given us, and almost all of the repair work has been done. The Hospital has its new boiler, and the new kitchen stove and, glory be, the stone cistern with a capacity of 15,000 gallons, to hold the water from the sump hole in the mine as a reserve for the next time the pump and deep well engine break down. Confluence and Beech Fork have lovely new coats of paint, and Bowlingtown will get its coat of paint during the next dry spell. Meanwhile, Bowlingtown has a new barn roof. The Hospital and horses alike have their terribly needed new equipment, and the employees of the Service have their picks, mattocks, coal and dirt shovels, log

carriers, etc., for which we pled last spring and which have been given us. Most of the repair work at all of the outpost centers has been done, and there is money to do what couldn't be completed up until now. This has been a busy season for our Executive Secretary, Agnes Lewis, whose correspondence includes items like the following in a letter just received from the Fairbanks Morse people:

“How is the steel-flanged pressure cylinder holding up on the 902-C deep well head?”

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The American Association of Nurse-Midwives held its seventeenth regular annual meeting at Wendover on Thursday, September 28th, with twenty-two members present. These included, from beyond the mountains, Miss Jule Graves of the Florida State Board of Health; Miss Josephine Kinman of the Georgia State Board of Health; Miss Annunciata Lepore, VNA, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Catherine Lory, Brown County Board of Health, Indiana; Miss Alberta Morgan, State Board of Health, West Virginia; and Miss Margaret Thomas, Director of the Tuskegee School for Training Nurses in Midwifery. These members from outside Kentucky remained at Wendover as guests of the Frontier Nursing Service, some overnight, and several over the week-end. It was a fascinating meeting, with members from so many parts of the country in attendance. Five of the students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery attended the meeting as a courtesy; Mrs. Edna Kuhn, Maternity Consultant for the State of Indiana, came with Mrs. Lory; and Dr. Fraser attended as a member of the Medical Council. We were twenty-nine at lunch, not counting Wendover residents. Dr. Ella Woodyard, our Research Director, with committees of Wendover residents helping her, organized and served the lunch. Mimeographed copies of the minutes have been sent to all 85 members of the Association scattered all over the United States, and indeed all over the world.

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Aside from the members of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives the Frontier Nursing Service has entertained a great many guests during the autumn months. We had the

happiness of all too brief visits from Agnes Lewis' sister, Mrs. Mary Kate Duskin of Atlanta, Georgia, and Lucile Hodges' sister, Miss Dorothy Hodges of Huntsville, Alabama. Miss Katherine M. Justus and Miss Helen M. Howell, in charge of prenatal and home delivery service, and graduate courses in public health nursing, at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, spent several days with us in a study of our work. They were delightful. So was Miss Billy Jackson, from Longvue Farm near Lexington, Kentucky, who came up to judge the horses at the County Fair.

Three more greatly welcomed guests were Miss Lucile Perozzi of the U. S. Children's Bureau of Washington, and Miss Marion Ferguson of the U. S. Public Health Service in Chicago, and Mrs. Helen C. Curry of the State Department of Health in Louisville.

We have had the pleasure of having to lunch nine members of the Pine Mountain Settlement School (two at one time and seven at another time) and Mr. Hambleton Tapp of Louisville, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Begley of Hyden. We have also had the Reverend Sidney E. Heath of Middlesboro, Kentucky, who came to conduct Evensong for us and to dinner. He was brought by Mr. Earl Palmer and Mr. Hobart Reams, both of Middlesboro. These three men were, each in his own way, a source of very real pleasure to us. We have enjoyed more than one visit from Mr. Palmer.

Then we have had several of the members of the U. S. Forestry Service to lunch with us on two occasions. Our latch string always hangs out for the foresters, and there are none to whom we extend a more royal welcome. Mr. H. L. Borden came both times. Once he brought Mr. R. M. Evans, and the next time, Mr. M. A. Huberman of Washington, Mr. W. W. Van Alen of London, Mr. M. B. Bruce of Philadelphia, and Mr. Howard W. Dinkel of Washington.

The Twelfth District of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses has recently been organized out of the Eleventh which was too widely scattered for meeting in war time. Our Anne Fox (Foxy) has been made a vice-president of this District Association, of which Miss Maudella Combs of Hazard

is president. They all met the evening of November 13th, at our Hospital at Hyden, where reports were given by four members who had attended the meeting of the State Association in Lexington. After that Miss Gilbert, Instructor of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, gave a complete demonstration of the contents of the midwifery saddlebags, showing how they are opened and the contents set up in a mountain home.

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On Wednesday, October 4th, I spoke to the Hazard Rotary Club at their luncheon meeting, on the Frontier Nursing Service, and was introduced by our friend and trustee, the program chairman, Mr. W. Ernest Faulkner. On Thursday, October 5th, at lunch I spoke to the Lions Club in Hazard, and was introduced by the program chairman, my old friend Mr. Clarence Maggard.

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Our Vanda Summers, Hospital Superintendent, had to undergo an operation in early October at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington. She reports that nothing could exceed the kindness of Dr. Francis Massie, who performed the operation, Dr. Waller Bullock, who attended her afterwards in Dr. Massie's absence, and our beloved Dr. Josephine Hunt, as well as numerous friends like Mrs. Goodloe, Sarah Carter, Minnie Grove, and the Sisters of St. Joseph's. Because of the shortage of private duty nurses, we let Helen Browne (Brownie) go down for a week to special Vanda. When she was able to travel, Jean Hollins brought her up to Hyden for the first part of her convalescence. She is now at Virginia Beach, on the last lap of her convalescence. Although she comes back to us for another month, she is planning to leave about the middle of January for work less fatiguing than the character of work she has so devotedly done for us over a long period of years. Ethel Gonzalez (Gonnie) is Acting Hospital Superintendent, and Helen Browne (Brownie) continues to direct the midwifery section of the Hospital, and that part of the teaching of the students of the Graduate School which has to do with hospital patients.

Meanwhile, the Hospital is short two nurses and one or two maids, and Gonnie and Brownie pitch in and do something of

everything. In this crisis we owe more than we can express to those of our couriers who are Red Cross Nurse's Aides. Jean Hollins stayed at the Hospital almost continually, before she went back for a visit to her home on Long Island, working as a Nurse's Aide and superintending the riding of the students at the School. Her golden retriever, Lizzie, was a familiar figure in the hospital wards because she loved to stay under the beds when Jean was bathing a patient, and the patients loved it too. Now that Jean is away on holiday, Frances Baker (Franny) of Boston has taken over her work at the Hospital, and other couriers who are Nurse's Aides help out from time to time.

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Frederica Holdship (Freddy) of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, has come back again to our joy, and is relieving for Jean Hollins as resident courier. We have two outstandingly good senior couriers back with us, Phyllis Long of Boston, and Mary Gellatly of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Our junior couriers the early part of the Fall were Louisa Johnson of Philadelphia and Rhoda Whitridge of New York. The junior couriers for late November and December are Frances Hamlen of Boston, and Rosalie Bruce of Elk Ridge, Maryland.

Our Christmas Secretary this year is our former courier, Celia Coit, now Mrs. David Bridewell, whose husband is in France. You will, all of you, become familiar with her notes of thanks for the Christmas gifts which have already begun to come in. Whether you send the toys and candy for the children or send us the money to buy them through the wholesale houses, we are always more grateful than we can begin to express. The children, so it seems to us, are persons whom we cannot let down, even in war time. Shopping for toys is awful now, whether it is done directly from the shops as you do it, or by mail order as we do it. Never has there been so little for so much!

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This Bulletin will be in galley proof before Thanksgiving, although it cannot get into the mails until early December. After the galley proofs are corrected then the final proofs have to be proofread. After that it takes some days to run the Bulletins through the press. Then the envelopes we have sent

down from Wendover have to be stuffed, and all mailed at once from Lexington.

We cannot tell the old members of the Service, many now stationed from Africa to New Guinea, about our Thanksgiving reunion. It is the most intimate time of the whole year to the Frontier Nursing Service; the one time when, so far as our work allows, we always try to get together; the one time when the absent ones never fail to be with us in spirit. Before we eat our Thanksgiving dinner, we have a moment of silent prayer, in which we hold in our hearts all of those dear to us, whether in the body or out of the body, as some of them are. Then we have a lot of jollification.

Since few of us will be getting out Christmas cards or letters, we take this occasion to send a Christmas message of affection to our friends everywhere. The carol of the Friendly Beasts is our Christmas card to you.

JUST JOKES, SANE

Hitler visited an insane asylum. For weeks ahead, the inmates had been drilled in the Hitler salute. On the day of the visit they were all nicely lined up, and when the Fuehrer appeared they briskly shot up their hands, and shouted "Heil Hitler!" But at the end of the line stood a little man who did not raise his hand.

"What's the matter with you?" raged Hitler. "Can't you raise your hand?"

"I'm not insane," said the little man, "I'm the warden."

—Contributed.

TEST FOR A GOOD SPELLER

"A harassed pedlar met an embarrassed saddler near a cemetery to gauge the symmetry of a lady's ankle. This manoeuvre they performed with unparalleled ecstasy."—W. H. B.

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

THE GAY NINETIES

Women who are not sure of their hairpins carry their heads as carefully as a basket of eggs, and do not bend them if they have to stoop for anything.

From *A Rose of Yesterday*
by F. Marion Crawford.

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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.

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, 1944.

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 Editor of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., 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 owner is: 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., Judge Edward C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., 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.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1944.

HAZEL MEYER, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires December 1, 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-widwives 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.

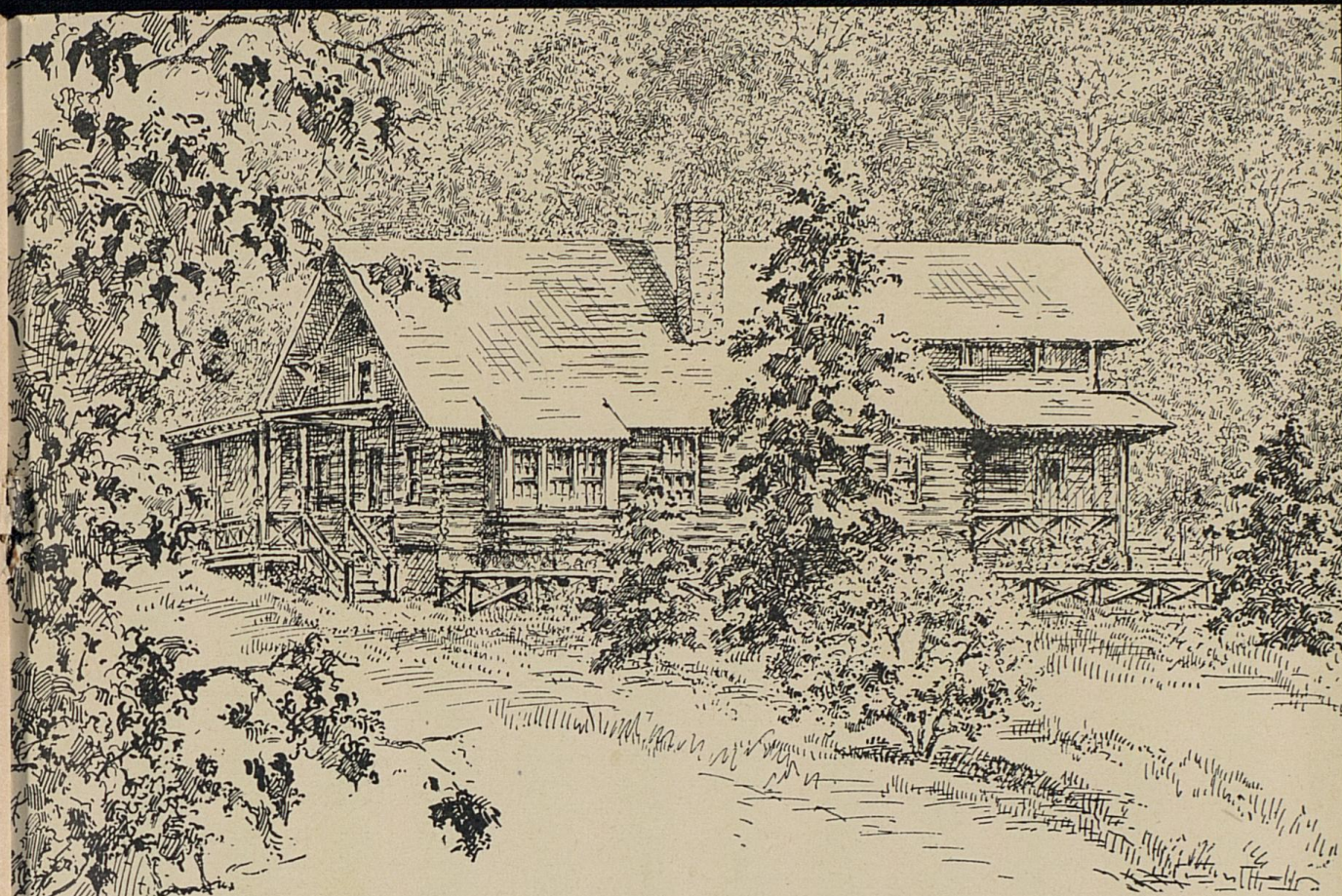
DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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 15, Kentucky



CLARA FORD NURSING CENTER On Red Bird River in Clay County, Kentucky

This outpost nursing center was the gift of Mrs. Henry Ford of Dearborn, Michigan in 1928 and is an extremely well constructed building of solid logs with a fire-proof shingle roof. It is the only one of our outpost stations with electricity. The center and its solid oak barn stand on a bench of the mountain above Red Bird River. The slope away from these buildings is so steep that it is impossible to get a photograph of the front elevation. We owe this charming drawing to Miss Caroline Williams of Cincinnati who has visited at this Center.

The house has a clinic and waiting room and accommodations for patients overnight as well as comfortable quarters for the nurses. The barn has room for horses and the Service cow. The place has a garden, a rose bed, shrubbery, and extensive wooded pasture for the animals. The water supply comes from a spring in the months of rain and snow, and from a deep-driven well with pump and engine in the dry months. From this Center, the Frontier Nursing Service has given midwifery, bedside nursing, infant care and public health teaching, over a period of sixteen years. Five hundred and eighty women, including 552 patients registered prenatally and 28 emergencies, have been delivered in childbirth without the loss of a mother.

