

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 20

WINTER, 1945

NUMBER 3





**ALISON BRAY, CHIEF COMMANDER
BRITISH AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE**
Former courier of the Frontier Nursing Service

We gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of Miss Edith Hall,
a courier from Cambridge, Mass.,
for permission to use the photograph on our cover.

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INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Beyond the Mountains		71
Conversation Piece (A Poem)		80
Diary of a Courier	<i>Patricia Pettit</i>	3
Field Notes		81
In Memoriam		53
In the Big City	<i>Clara-Louise Schiefer</i>	50
Old Courier News		31
Old Staff News		55
Petunia at the Fair	<i>Amy Poston</i>	45
Round-Up of Petunia	<i>Florence Samson</i>	
Cartoons by	<i>Vanda Summers</i>	46-49
The Little Black Dog		2
Time Heals Many Things	<i>Gladys Moberg</i>	69
Too Little But Not Too Late	<i>Helen E. Browne</i>	30

BRIEF BITS

A Day in the Life of a Nurse's Aide	<i>Rosalie Bruce</i>	70
Kermit and the Mail (Photograph)		52
Pitch Thy Behavior Low	<i>George Herbert</i>	44
Sayings of the Children		79
The Humphrey Children (Photograph)		29
True Tales	<i>The Outpost</i>	68
Washington Benefit for the F. N. S.		79
We Ask God For Flowers	<i>Verb Sap</i>	44

THE LITTLE BLACK DOG

A friend who sent us this poem said that it was written by a young boy, but she has been unable to trace the authorship. We are terribly sorry to be unable to give credit to a person or to a publication, if credit is due.

I wonder if Christ had a little black dog,
All curly and woolly like mine;
With two silky ears and a nose round and wet,
And two eyes, brown and tender, that shine.

I'm sure if he had, that little black dog
Knew right from the start He was God;
That he needed no proof that Christ was divine,
But just worshipped the ground that He trod.

I'm afraid that He hadn't because I have read
How He prayed in the garden alone;
For all of His friends and disciples had fled,
Even Peter, the one called a stone.

And, oh, I am sure that little black dog,
With a heart so tender and warm,
Would never have left Him to suffer alone,
But, creeping right under His arm,

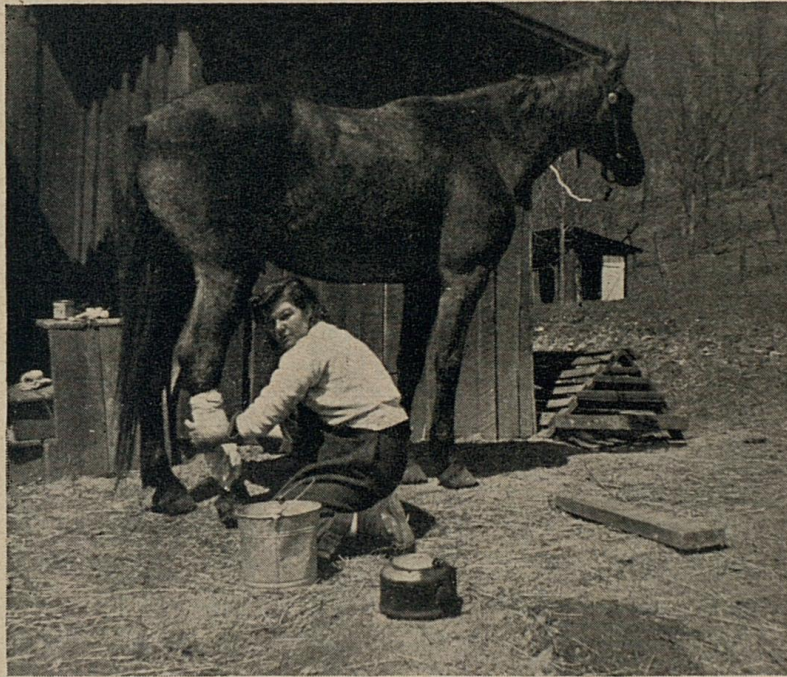
Would have licked those dear fingers, in agony clasped,
And counting all favors but loss,
When they took Him away would have trotted behind,
And followed Him quite to the Cross!

DIARY OF A COURIER

by
PATRICIA PETTIT

Selections from letters written in 1940 to her mother,
Mrs. George Kingsley of Minneapolis

Editor's foreword: The friendship between Patricia Petit (Pat) and her mother is shown throughout this correspondence, which we have been privileged to read and to use. The recent death of Mrs. Kingsley is a heavy blow to Patricia, but her life is sweetened now by a happy marriage and a daughter of her own. This child, Kathleen Marsh Kelly, will be writing her letters to her mother when she too is a courier in the Frontier Nursing Service some day.



PAT IN 1940
With Robin Hood at Brutus

MARCH 1, 1940

LAFAYETTE HOTEL
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Dearest Darling: Here I am in Lexington and it's too divine. Had a fairly vile trip down, what with long train hours and lengthy stop-overs—got a very depressed and deserted feeling, but all of a sudden when I got here I was South. Everyone was

so sweet, and polite and cheery—felt as if I'd lived here for years. My cab driver almost crooned to me, took me to the bus line, checked my duffle, and then literally tucked me into the arms of the doorman. The lobby is full of vets and horses, Man O'War, colts, saddle horses, and, Oh all! This is such a swell hotel—my room is all pink and blue and crystal—too, too for words.

MARCH 4, 1940

WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

Darling: Here it is Sunday morning, on which day we can do more or less as we please—and am I glad! I was certainly a tired puppy last night. Yesterday we got up at seven—breakfast at seven-thirty and then the fun began. We started grooming the horses, which is just about like grooming bears—furry-wooly coats a mile long. Seemed as if as soon as we'd get one done someone would take another one out and bring it in caked with mud. They have great long tails that drag in the mud and bushy fetlocks. It is really something. All of them went in and out three or four times. The ones that didn't were turned out in a mud lot a few times to keep our hand in. We also cleaned tack—i.e. soaping the saddles and scraping the girths; also washed out a few saddle blankets which are a foot thick. The horses themselves are an odd species of combination: plantation walking, gaited and mountain bred horses. Very sturdy and sure-footed and shuffling.

We had a gargantuan lunch at twelve and then Neville and I went out with two of the nurses. We forded the river, went about a mile up the road, tied the horses and proceeded to claw our way up a mountain. We were visiting two families who had had pneumonia. In one cabin the mother and baby had both been sick. She looked very young and pathetic. The nurses bathed both the woman and the baby, while we took out the blankets and tried to get some of the bread, beans and cracker crumbs out of them. The sheets were made of flour sacks. When we got back we rubbed the horses down and got tea. Then fed and watered horses till supper time.

After supper I came back here with Sheila. Soon Fanny and Neville came back and we sat around and listened to the symphony. All of the four couriers are hunting people—Neville At-

kinson hunts with Middleburg, Fany McIlvain with Brandywine, Emma Coulter with Uniontown, and Sheila Clark with Radnor. All have horses (plural advisedly). This morning we could sleep as late as we wanted to and then get our own breakfast. So I've finished breakfast and am now sitting looking out over the river. The most incredible thing is the mud; there is no dry land at all. Everything, at least here at Wendover, is mud. Of course all my footwear is wrong—I can't stand the hiking boots and simply won't wear them. What I need are rubber boots or cowboy boots. If you should run into a pair of size seven and one-half cowboy boots, with round toes, don't forget your darling daughter—I sure could use 'em. My moccasins are fine but not in mud; my own boots are of course ridiculous and the hiking boots an abomination.

MARCH 5, 1940

WENDOVER

Due to the rain the last few days the river has come up so high we couldn't get across on the horses so we went down the river in the funny little flat bottom boat to the ford—crossed and were met by the truck on the other side. Life in the mountains is never without some excitement or other.

This is the most fascinating country. Whether we go up or down the river we follow the river along a funny rocky trail cut into the mountain. It seems as if you'd come to a dead end, but the valley opens up in fold after fold and deeper and deeper. The river cuts in across the trail every so often. The mail comes out from Hyden on a tiny mule that carries the mail on a fifteen mile route, making thirty miles daily. Bed now. Love you, dear, Pat.

MARCH 6, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: This will be the last letter you'll have from me for a week because tomorrow morning I'm starting out with Fanny on upper rounds. This means we put a clean shirt and nightie in saddlebags and start out making the rounds of the nursing centers back further up in the mountains. We will probably be gone four days, getting back next Saturday. I'm awfully excited about it. Never have gone off before on horseback with my clothes in my saddle bags.

MARCH 7, 1940

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Left Wendover about two and started up the river further back into the mountains—Fanny rode Lassie, a black mare who is fine once you get on her, but who kicks like a mule when she is saddled. I was riding Kelpie, a chubby little mahogany bay mare with an angelic disposition and a divine running walk. We went through a lot of lovely pines and the combination of pines, mountains, deep green river which breaks into foamy white rapids around huge grey rocks makes the country beautiful and varied. The "road" crosses and recrosses the river. The fords were fairly shallow but very rocky. Every few miles along the way we passed cabins where the thin, cold-looking children stared at us shyly, but the older people all were friendly. There were always a few pigs and a mule at these places. The people ride the mules to go "outside" except when the people may be tide-bound, as they call it, i.e. when the river rises. At one point the road passed under a rock cliff which hung out over the river. This rock extended the length of a city block and not only completely covered the road but hung beyond it and over the river. We finally came up onto a fairly modern dirt road along which we rode about a mile to the nursing center. This center is the Beech Fork Center. It is a pleasant white frame house with a neat four-stall barn at the side. We came in through the inevitable "pull gates." The stalls were ready for our horses and after we had rubbed them down and put them away, we went up to the house. We were met at the door by Inty—one of the two Beech Fork nurses (from Chicago), who welcomed us with great cordiality. The center is very comfortable, having a living room with a big fireplace.

After a hot bath and a change of clothes from our saddlebags we had a huge supper: roast pork, browned potatoes, pickles, jam, carrots, cole slaw, baked onions and butterscotch pudding. All the outside supplies come from Lexington by parcel post to the little post office at Beech Fork by the postman's mule. Green, the other nurse had had a night call and so was resting but appeared later and is a very genial Britisher. After supper we listened to the radio, played Chinese checkers and tumbled into bed at 9:30. Up at seven and had another huge meal. Groomed our horses and tacked a few nails into a loose shoe

of Lassie's, checked over the center's three horses: Captain Pat, Erin and Senator; cleaned their tack and got Senator ready for Green. These nurses at the centers are not only graduate nurses but are graduate midwives. The fact that it is almost impossible to reach a doctor, the closest one being our medical director at Hyden, makes it necessary for them to be terribly well trained.

MARCH 8, 1940

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

Left Beech Fork about 2:00 p.m. Green rode a little way with us and then waved goodbye as we started up the Bad Creek trail. The ride was through slightly different country as we were climbing a good deal of the time; we passed fewer cabins and rode a great deal in the creek beds. The country is very rugged and everywhere are tiny rocky creeks and mossy rocks. We followed Bad Creek up to its head and then crossed a gap and followed Bowens Creek to the Red Bird River. When we reached the river the country changed quite a lot—the valley broadened out and for the first time we could really see a little way. The encircling hills were lower—or perhaps we were higher and closer to their summits. It was a pleasant change to be a little away from the weight of the mountains that have seemed to overhang and enclose us.

The center at Flat Creek is built on the plan which has been adopted for several of the centers: a large combination living room and dining room with a stone fireplace and bay window, two single bedrooms and a double room, the clinic and waiting room, a bath, a kitchen and a maid's room.

When we got to the house a warm fire and tea were waiting for us. Benny, the nurse who is young and English, was quite tired, but very cordial. The day before she had taken a patient, who had been carried by stretcher three miles out of the hills, in to the Hyden Hospital. When she finally got back and to bed she was called for a delivery. Just as she got on her horse a second harassed father arrived on a mule and begged that she come to his wife. The places were three miles apart and as her horse had been out all day, she walked or, as she says, ran from one cabin to the other over three miles of rough rocky mountain trail all night. She was afraid she'd miss them both but she did finally "catch" both babies.

Right after breakfast I rode out with Benny to make her nursing visits. We first called on one of last night's deliveries. We tied the horses at the mouth of a creek and clawed our way up an incredible creek bed, up over tree roots, boulders and fallen logs to the cabin on a small flattish spot.

The new "least one" was a lovely baby—purple-red and wrinkled with a mop of black hair. We rode back about a mile and a half down the road and then up another creek. All the cabins are on the various little creeks and so are comparatively easy to find. The next cabin we were going to was about two miles up the creek, and here lives the second of the two last night's deliveries. This is a two-room cabin housing about ten people. There were three beds, a bureau and a fireplace in one room; and the stove and a kitchen table in the other. The beds had clean spreads on them and clean pillows and the children were also clean. There were no windows but the fire made a cheery light. The walls and ceiling were completely covered with sheets of newspapers to keep out draughts, really a pleasant surprise.

As we were on our way back to the center we met Fanny who was looking for us to tell Ben of a message of another woman in labor four miles up Rocky Fork. We had lunch and started Ben on her way. Then we headed down Red Bird River for the Red Bird Center. It was a short and pleasant ride; the dirt road through deep mud in places was good and wound along the river through a twisting succession of overlapping valleys. When we got to the center it was early so we had lots of time to prowl around. The house is built on the same plan as Flat Creek except that it is made of logs. I forgot to say that two of the high points of Flat Creek are Tiger, the collie, and Mary, the maid. Mary is the envy of the Service. She is a beautiful cook, makes slip covers for chairs and lovely quilts, milks the cow and feeds the horses. We are now sitting around the fire, with two Red Bird dogs, drinking our coffee.

MARCH 9, 1940

WENDOVER

After a big breakfast at Red Bird we leisurely groomed and got the horses ready and about ten o'clock we rode down the hill from the center and out the pull-gate, and started back

towards Wendover. We followed a dirt road all the way and for the first time were away from the rivers. The country was less wild and the going good. We reached Wendover about 2:30 p.m. having covered the twenty-five miles in four and one-half hours. These little horses are marvelous. They never go out of a walk or running walk but cover miles and miles of rough country tirelessly. Kelpie and Lassie were still fresh and keen when we got in. It is amazing how quickly they cover the ground.

MARCH 14, 1940

WENDOVER

I'm weary tonight. Fanny and I have split up our six horses and this morning I really labored over mine. Babbette, the grey mare, was filthy. She stood out in the rain until eleven-thirty last night waiting for Sybil to deliver Alabam's baby. I washed her tail out and rinsed it with bluing. Big Joe is a swine of the first water. He wallows every night, but I did him and Blackie fairly well. It takes me twice as long as Fanny, but I just plod along. Then we did tack, washed all the muddy stirrups and girths, oiled some old leather, etc. We took Blackie and Traveler (they're being rehabilitated) out for light walking exercise. Right after lunch Fanny went up river to take a message and I carried a saw down to the ford where they are working on a foot bridge. When we got back we peered at poor Tramp's eye for awhile and decided to discontinue the hot compresses. We retired with an armful of vet books and decided it was ophthalmia and changed treatment accordingly. Then Aggie sent me back to the ford with a note for two girls who were going to a funeral, also bringing "Mrs. Possum," the Beech Fork collie back with them. Buckett is taking her on to Lexington with her tomorrow to see the vet. Fanny decided Babbette should be turned out as today is Wendover clinic day and the nurses don't go out, so I braided her tail up and wrapped it in rags so it wouldn't get dirty. Then it was time to get tea, and then water the horses and take a bran mash to Tramp down in the isolation stall. By that time I was mud, muck and manure from head to foot so I took a bath and then had dinner. Being dead tired I came right back home here to the Garden House and am sitting downstairs in Aggie's office writing. It is amazing the way livestock wanders about—we never go down the road that we don't meet a couple

of pigs and cows out for a stroll. However any cow loose in Hyden is put in jail and has to be bailed out for a buck. The Hospital cow spent a night in jail last week.

MARCH 15, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Had the first clear day we've had today and it was too lovely—brilliant sun and crisp air. It was such fun having Neville and Sheila back from rounds. They both sat on my bed last night and talked and giggled till all hours. We got the horses and tack done up in no time this morning with four of us working. The sun put us all in a pucky mood and we braided tails and rode bareback up and down in front of the stable practicing putting the beasts into their running walk.

At lunch Sybil Holmes (the Wendover nurse) asked me if I'd like to go out on district visits with her this afternoon and of course I would. We went up Hurricane almost to the head and it was so lovely with the stream rushing down over the rocks and the sun shining in patches on the trail. We visited two new babies and made four health calls. One of the new babies we saw was a fine three months' old lad named Wallace and his three year old brother was named Bruce. Their mother was very pleasant appearing. These people are extraordinarily self-possessed and courteous. They always put chairs next the fire for us and are very pleasant. Mountain traffic was quite heavy on Hurricane today and we met lots of people on mules or on foot. All of them greeted us with a pleasant "howdy" or "evenin." The hills are full of little one-man coal mines and we passed quite a few mules dragging sleds of coal.

MARCH 18, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Didn't write yesterday as the mail doesn't go Sundays. It was another glorious day and we finished work in no time—then Fanny and I rode in to Hyden to take a horse in to the Hospital. It was great fun because it was the first time I had really had a chance to see Hyden or to go up to the Hospital at all. The little town was simply a-buzz: mules and ponies tied all along the street and a million mountaineers laughing about in front of the tiny courthouse. The Hospital is way up the mountain, behind and overlooking the town. We got there

just at lunch time and tied our horses on the picket line with the district nurses' horses. The Hospital barn is new and is built on a larger scale but the same plan that the center barns are: a long aisle with big double doors at each end and stalls along each side. We had a pleasant lunch in the usual informal F.N.S. style: district nurses coming in all during lunch in riding clothes. After lunch we visited around and chatted.

MARCH 19, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Have a sinking spell tonight and am about to go to sleep here and now. Neville left at five this morning to take three crippled children to Louisville. She rode Big Joe down and across the river and tied him to a tree, where we got him later. Four horses went out at eight-thirty, and we couriers spent the rest of the morning doing some leisurely grooming. I went in to Hyden right after lunch on Kelpie to get some stuff at the Hospital for Sybil. Had a pleasant tea at the Hospital and started back with Gloria, a mare used by a district nurse. She had a sore back and we have to fix her up. On the way back a gorgeous thunder storm broke and Kelpie, Gloria and I scurried home through the mountains accompanied by great crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning. Didn't get back till six as I had to do a few errands in Hyden for the girls and had to ford the river higher up to go up Bowling Branch to get a specimen for Sybil. Had quite a time finding the ford as I hadn't been over it before and the storm made it quite dark—also riled up the river so the shoal water was hard to see. I forded back to the road and went down and forded again at our own ford at Muncie, for it isn't possible to follow the river on this side up from Bowling Branch.

MARCH 20, 1940

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER

Tacked up the horses right after breakfast and set out for Flat Creek. It was a perfect day, clear and sunny but cool enough to be fresh. I rode Kelpie, Sheila, Lassie and Green was on her old faithful Captain Pat; stopped along the way to take a picture of a woman with a red bandana on, who was making soap in a kettle under a hemlock tree. When we reached the State road, instead of turning left to Beech Fork we went up Stinnett

Creek. Stopped for a minute while Green picked up some things at her tiny one-room clinic which is for the patients at the edge of her district. About a mile up Stinnett Creek Green left us to our own devices. We found our way with no trouble. Sheila is a wonderful traveling companion, being cheerful, amusing and enthusiastic. We took our time and ambled along in the sun. About two we stopped for lunch, tied the horses up, unsaddled and climbed out on a grey rock projecting into a bubbling creek. As we ate and basked in the sun we watched four ducks come down the stream. They were like little canoes. They shot the rapids and steered with their feet and tails. When they reached the quiet pond below our rock they stopped to perform—circled and dove—literally standing on their heads in the water. About three we started on, riding along broad smooth trails banked deep with rhododendron, laurel and holly, and always with the water bubbling along below us or beside us or around us. The scenery is amazing—it is huge and grand in its larger aspect, and yet it is intimate and cozy. Every turn of the trail and twist of the river brought us to a new and different scene: little clearings and tiny vistas made up an ever shifting kaleidoscope of rocks, trees, fallen logs (so moss covered they look like great bars of green velvet); families of pigs or mountain cows all arranging themselves in exquisite pictures; glades in the woods; rapids, then deep, still pools under black-green hemlocks; cabins with smoke curling up, set deep in the forest or up on the bare side of a mountain.

As we reached the top of a mountain and turned a corner we found we had caught up with the sun and the big peaceful valley of Red Bird River was spread out before us, warm in the late afternoon sun. Reached the center about tea time and after grooming the horses, watering and feeding, we came in for a wonderful hot tea presided over by Charlie, a nurse-midwife from New Hampshire, and Tiger, the old collie. After a hot bath and clean clothes we ate a huge dinner and are now sitting around thinking of bed.

MARCH 21, 1940

RED BIRD

We spent a busy morning cleaning tack and horses, cleaning up the tackroom and hayloft, and generally making our-

selves useful. Right after lunch we started out for Red Bird, leading Tommy. It was a pleasant day though slightly overcast. The ride was short and provided an interesting contrast to the day before. At times we rode down lanes with fences on either side. Got to Red Bird about three to find Brownie also here—spending a night on her way to take over Flat Creek. With Tommy, Kelpie, Lassie and Brownie's horse the place is oozing, one horse in the cow shed and one in the runway between the stalls. Red Bird is most charming: flowers, plants, magazines, attractive pictures and well-served meals. Vanda is a refreshing, vigorous and charming person. Often it is hard to remember how remote we are, except when you are reminded by something like having no ice. Weighed myself on Vanda's clinic scales and find I weigh 145, fifteen pounds more than I did when I came here. I have gained five pounds a week. It's ten-thirty and bedtime and tomorrow is 25 miles home on the road.

MARCH 25, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Here it is Sunday and after a week of perfect weather it's snowing, really snowing and hard. The mountains are again deep under a white blanket and the river looks almost black. Yesterday Fanny went down to Dry Hill (half way to Confluence) to get a horse to bring in and Jean Hollins went to Hyden to the Hospital. Sheila, Neville and I had a field day. We now have twelve horses here and every stall full. Did them all up and spent extra time trying to clean up the ones that have just come in: Tommy from Flat Creek and Sunny (who is in foal) from Red Bird and Camp from Confluence. After lunch Sheila and I took a bag of seed and a message for Sybil up to Hense Mosely's. It was sunny and we rode up a creek bed. The trees were thick on either side and the bed was rocky. When we got higher we could look back down the creek bed for a very long way. It was too lovely, the sun dappled by the trees and the water splashing down over the rocks. Then we went on and climbed what looked like a precipice to a higher level above the creek and followed a trail high up over the creek to a clearing way back. It really looked like colonial days; a log cabin and long barn and corral in a clearing. I used to feel a little smothered by having the mountains so close all around

us, but I have gotten to love them now and feel protected by them. I feel as if I should be terrified when I have to go outside. I know a great expanse of country will scare me to death. These majestic mountains bring such a feeling of timelessness. Last night in the milky light of a full moon everything was silvery and the river always seems to be chatting to itself.

MARCH 28, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: This has been quite a busy day. When we got up this morning we found Sheila had gone out earlier with Sybil on a delivery. While we were grooming the horses we got a call to send a relief horse down to Confluence as Rogue had gone lame, so Neville threw toothbrush and sandwich in her saddlebags and went off on Babbette, leading Kelpie. She'll be back tomorrow sometime. After lunch Fanny went up Muncie with some messages and I wended my way up the river to John's creek. Had a lovely afternoon—rode Tommy whom I enjoy and the day was warm and sunny. Found the two houses without any trouble.

MARCH 29, 1940

WENDOVER

Today has been quiet as far as actual happenings went and yet busy. Cherry (the nurse from Possum Bend) has been ill here at Wendover for awhile and she and Fanny went down to Lexington today. They went down the river to the ford by boat as it was easier on Cherry. About noon Neville got in from Confluence quite tired. Around three we had a call that Mrs. Breckinridge was coming out from Hyden with an archdeacon who is to hold a belated Easter Communion Service tomorrow and baptize Dr. Kooser's baby while he is here. At five Aggie and Jean came in from Red Bird. So the day went by with the horses doing a continual gavotte in and out. Sheila leaves tomorrow at five in the morning and we are all, especially me, very sad. She is the life of the whole place with her squeals and shrieks and excitement. She is now frantically plunging around, packing, washing her hair and plucking her eyebrows in between sad farewells. That's about all for today. Am going up now to help Sheila pack. The Garden House will certainly be quiet without her.

APRIL 2, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Just as we were having lunch a terrific storm came up. It was really glorious. Turned black as pitch with a high wind and thunder and lightning. Could see the rain coming in great white clouds down on the mountain side. It cleared up about three and I took Camp out for a ride, got tea, took a bath, watered the horses and am now waiting for dinner. I think we are going on rounds tomorrow if Aggie gets word tonight that the fords are safe. She hasn't been able to reach Brutus yet. They never send us to Brutus unless they are expecting us because it's so far. The 'phone connections are so poor that messages have to be relayed and sometimes it is several days before a message can get through. Every day there are more and more signs of spring: little patches of green, a few buds on the trees, and more spring flowers every day.

APRIL 3, 1940

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER

Right after breakfast, about nine o'clock, Neville and I started off on the twenty-five-mile ride to Brutus. Neville was on Camp, a big, strong, rough-looking black horse. I was on Tommy, a fine, well-bred, black; and I was leading Puck, a big bay horse. Puck carried my saddlebags, raincoat, a rope for cow leading purposes and a pair of puttees for Foxie. We got to Hyden at ten and spent almost an hour buying things at the drug store and shifting our saddlebags to balance them better. Eleven o'clock saw us plugging up the Hospital hill on the real start of the trip. We struck back into the mountains back of the Hospital climbing a very steep and long hill, then followed a ridge through long-needle pines. It had been sunny until then, but as we started down it began to cloud over and thunder. It showered intermittently for the next couple of hours. The going was up and down hill and very rocky and rough for long stretches. A man on a white mule went along with us as far as the schoolhouse at Thousandsticks and seemed very sorry to leave us when we branched off up Bull Creek. Stopped for lunch about one. By this time the thunder had become quite threatening so we put on our raincoats and rain hats and got ready for a real storm and none too soon, as the old man of the mountains let loose with all his strength just as we started. There

was no wind but torrential rain and crashing thunder. By this time we had gotten into deeper and pinier woods, sometimes in the creek bed which would be sheer, blue rock for a long way—up rocky falls that were like shallow rock steps, along beside the creek over rocky and muddy ground; or at times the trail would broaden out into a flat dirt path. The last six miles or so of the trip was down Bullsken Creek. The country was flatter but the creek was broader and deeper than any so far and it got quite tiresome crossing and recrossing and wading up it with the water belly-deep in places. At Brutus Minnie and Foxie came up to the stable to help us. There was a small crisis while two “broody” hens were taken out of one stall and a large, strong bull calf out of another to make room for our horses. After supper we watered and fed the horses and cow and shut up the chickens. Minnie’s horse is a tiny chestnut called Heather; and Minnie croons to her: “The prettiest thing,” “The sweetest thing,” “Isn’t she dear,” “The wee one.”

APRIL 5, 1940

POSSUM BEND NURSING CENTER
CONFLUENCE

The next day we rode from Brutus to Bowlingtown Nursing Center, where we spent our second night. After a big breakfast this morning we went out with Eva on her district calls to see two prenatales and a postpartum. We rode miles up a rough trail to see a patient who had very high blood pressure. When we got there we found hordes of red-headed, blue-eyed children, but no patient. She had gone to the store! We met her on her way back and took her into the nearest house to take her blood pressure. The next one, the postpartum, was in a big house up a hill where three families lived. There were millions of pretty children and an old woman sewing baby clothes on a sewing machine. I combed and braided the mamma’s hair while Eva washed the baby. After that Neville and I rode back to the center and packed. Right after lunch we were ready to leave for Confluence. Our cow turned out to be a small and agile black heifer. Neville started out leading the heifer on a great, long rope while I went behind feeling like a Bengal Lancer with a mammoth stick. The heifer was ambitious however and bounced off down the road bellowing at every leap. She succeeded in completely tangling Camp and Neville up in no time.

We soon got shaken down to a working compromise and got along fairly amiably with a few minor skirmishes—even persuaded sis cow to swim the river without too much protest. Got to Confluence about two-thirty and rearranged the horses. There is a relief nurse here so there are five horses and our heifer, Hilda, in a four-horse stable. Peggy and Boxie met us and they couldn't be nicer or more attractive; both are English. I had orders waiting from Jean from Wendover to leave Tommy here and take Rogue in to Hyden. I shall hate losing Tommy. Doesn't pay to get attached to the horses, because they are all Service horses and have to go where they are most needed. Had a wonderful supper and now all five of us are sitting around the fire reading, writing, and listening to the radio. This is the most heavenly life: wind, pines, brooks, clean rain, log fires, and all around the great, quiet mountains continually carrying your eyes up. They have a nice lot of records here and a victrola: Pagliacci, Peer Gynt Suite, Beethoven's Sonata in G minor, some Gilbert and Sullivan, and others. Peter, the big, red-gold, collie is asleep in front of the fire and Yum-Yum, the black cat, curled in a corner. Early tomorrow we start home with our cow.

APRIL 6, 1940

WENDOVER

We ate a quick breakfast and got ready to leave in a flurry. Burt, the relief nurse, and American started off at eight-thirty for Hyden. We were ready at nine and then found Tommy was stiff. After a call, relayed to Wendover, it was decided—to my great joy—that he was to come back to Wendover until we were sure he was fit for district work. Nine-thirty saw us on our way: Neville on Camp leading Hilda and me on Tommy behind, prodding. It was a lovely day and the soft, dirt road along the river is level and pretty. Judas trees, burning bushes, pear trees, and service are out as well frezia, dogtooth violets, bloodroot, and anemones. People were out plowing in their fields along the way. We plodded along and got to the beginning of the W.P.A. road where we stopped and got off our horses awhile and poor, little Hilda lay down and rested. It began to get grim after that as we were on a travelled, hard road and the heifer was tired. She kept darting off the road and sticking her head under the overhanging rocks and we'd have the devil's own time dislodging

her. She walked slower and slower as the sun got hotter. Finally at four-thirty we dragged her across the Middle Fork River and gratefully dumped her in the calf barn at the ford. We were certainly glad to ride in the Wendover gate and up to the barn, sun-burned, wind-burned, dusty, and quite stiff after seven and a half hours in the saddle at a slow walk. Put the horses up, unpacked and had a divine hot bath and then relaxed and read our mail until dinner. Thank Heaven tomorrow is Sunday! It has been fun. Every day and every place has been interesting and different. Have enjoyed it tremendously but it's grand to be home again. The horses must feel the same way because when I stopped in to say goodnight to Tommy he was lying down with his tail carefully spread out and his chin on the floor sound asleep—as I soon will be.

APRIL 9, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Sorry not to have gotten a letter off to you today, but I went off to Confluence in a hurry yesterday and didn't get back until this afternoon. Jean sent me off with Tommy about ten o'clock yesterday morning. I was to take him to Boxie at Confluence and bring Rogue back today. It was the first time I'd been off by myself and I felt very adventurous. Had lunch at the Hospital in Hyden and got to Confluence at tea time. Spent a pleasant evening about the fire chatting. Confluence is really almost the nicest of all, somehow it's more cozy. Perhaps that's due to Cherry, Peggy and Boxie. I was so elated over my successful trip alone that I decided I wanted to go up with Peggy to her clinic on Hell-Fur-Sartin and then ride over the mountain to Hyden.

We had a pleasant ride up Hell-Fur-Sartin Creek and got to the clinic about eleven. It was a darling little green and white, two-room building under a huge tree with "Hell-Fur-Sartin Clinic" over the door. I went in and got warm and then started gaily off up Big Fork Branch. My directions were to follow it up to Bull Creek then go up Bull Creek to Red Bige Napier's house and then turn left and follow the creek behind his house to the ridge of Thousandsticks. Well! By carefully asking my way at every cabin I got to Red Bige's cabin, and then the fun began. Rogue is a very poky, amiable old wreck that was coming

for the new nurses to learn on. Apparently John's Fork or Ned's Branch or whatever it was that was behind Red Bige's cabin was not a regular F.N.S. trail and it was something! I couldn't see any trail and old Rogue and I crawled and lurched up the creek which came down through a deep cut and was so narrow in places that the saddlebags rubbed on the rocks on each side. There were huge boulders underfoot with great holes between them and Rogue stumbled and slipped. Every so often there was a great pile of brush to be negotiated and at one point we went up a sheer vertical slab of rock. Finally the creek just died. The only way I could see to go was a thread of a path with a few hoof marks on it going off at right angles up the side of the mountain. I clawed up it a few feet on Rogue and then decided that I wouldn't ask any horse to carry me up it so I got off and together we tackled it, slipping and sliding and heaving and panting—clawing up by means of rocks and roots. Heaving a great sigh of relief when we got to the top I said, "Ah—the ridge!" Just to be sure, I asked a man who was cutting timber if I were on the trail for Hyden Hospital and he said: "Oh no, you go down that way over thar." Well, I looked down "over thar" and it was as ghastly and precipitate a descent as the climb we'd just accomplished. It all seemed so futile—but we girded our loins and started down. It seemed endless and Rogue, who carries a very low head anyway, seemed to be standing on his head and my saddle was up on his withers—so off I got again and together we alternately picked our way and slid down. The little valley seemed to head back the way I'd come—so I asked at the next cabin and found I'd gotten to something named Asher's Branch, and to get to Hyden I was to take the first creek up to the right, follow it to the third house, then turn left over the mountain. When I got to the trail up the mountain it was another of those perpendicular horse-killers so off I climbed and up we went. By this time I was about ready to weep. I was cold and tired, Rogue was puffing and his head hanging down and I seemed to keep going up little valleys that ended in impregnable mountains; and the going was getting rougher and more impossible. When we got to the top I was about ready to give it all up and sit down and howl, when I realized that I was at last at Thousandsticks and Hyden was

only about a mile off—along the ridge and down the mountain.

I got to the Hospital about two, having taken over four hours for a trip Tommy and I had done in just over two the day before on the regular river road. I was ashamed and said very little about it all. Rogue, the old goat, began to feel fine again when he spotted the Hospital barn—so I threw him in it and went in for some tea. Bennie was making a cake in the kitchen and so I sat on the table and licked frosting and recuperated. She said if I had just gone up Bull Creek I would have gotten to her clinic, met her, and ridden in the normal way with her. Phooey! Started off feeling cheery again about three-thirty and puttered in to Wendover on old slew-foot at four-thirty. It was grim; and I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

APRIL 10, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: After I wrote you last night we went down to take a look at Sunny and found her showing definite signs of being ready to foal soon. So Jean, Fanny, Neville, Aggie, Kermit, Gordon and I all hovered around. We sat on rocks and chatted—finally the royal accouchement was over. Mare and foal were in good shape and everything cricky and we trundled off to bed. I am taking Neville and Emma on upper rounds tomorrow.

APRIL 11, 1940

FLAT CREEK

Neville, Emma and I are at Flat Creek. We got in about five. Brownie was relieved to see us as she thought we were coming in from Beech Fork, which is a much shorter ride, and would have gotten here sooner. Brownie has been here just three weeks and already the place has acquired her personality and charm. This is her first center and she likes it a lot though she said she was glad to have guests. We are her first. Dinner was delicious and afterwards we played rummy and listened first to Baby Snooks and then Raymond Gram Swing and a lot of other news commentators. Brownie was out all last night on a delivery and may have a call tonight. If she does she'll take us. I am very fond of this center—have enjoyed being here every time: when Ben was here relieving for Charlie, and then when Charlie was here, and now with Brownie. I know how Charlie must have hated leaving, but she was needed to take Betty Les-

ter's place at the Hospital (when Betty returned to England).

APRIL 12, 1940

RED BIRD

When we woke up this morning at Flat Creek we found it had turned very cold. There was snow high up on the mountain tops and all the spring flowers looked forlorn. Spent the morning cleaning tack and grooming. It was wretched cleaning tack as our wet hands got stiff as boards. Finished about ten and spent the rest of the morning lazing around in front of the fire. Started for Red Bird about one-fifteen. It is always a short ride but we made it even shorter. It was so miserably cold that we running-walked all the way. Got here around three. Vanda had the fire roaring. It seems very like home to me after being here three times and as always it is a joy to be here. Vanda has done so much to bring a charming way of living with her up here to the mountains. There were spring flowers everywhere and a lovely, low, green bowl of daffodils here in the guest room. After feeding the horses we all had steamy hot baths and then a delicious dinner. Spent the evening chatting about books—playing rummy and Chinese checkers. The war news was disturbing. It seems very close here. Three of the nurses have brothers on battleships fighting on the coast of Norway. During the evening Jean called from Wendover to say that Foxie's horse, Robin Hood, had gone lame and I was to go straight to Brutus tomorrow instead of home. I am to set Emma and Neville on the road home and then strike off over the mountain through the "Flatwoods" to Brutus. It is quite exciting as it is a little used route and of course I've never been over it. I'm to try and doctor Robin and leave Camp for Foxie to ride. Jean will try to come for me in her car around by way of Manchester—some sixty miles—but if the roads are bad or the river up I'm to wait for further instructions. Of course the telephone is so awful at Brutus that the line is more down than up. Heigh Ho! Jean gave me stern instructions NOT to get lost in the "Flatwoods" which is apparently quite easy. Tomorrow night will tell the tale.

APRIL 13, 1940

BRUTUS

The ride up here was not at all bad—although very cold and the going rough. Got here about noon and found Robin Hood's

leg in very bad shape. Jean came about one and after looking at the leg decided I'd have to stay here for a few days and keep hot poultices on it for an hour every other hour. They have gone back, leaving me here. Felt very odd when they drove off. Brutus is so isolated and a wild, bleak wind was sweeping down the valley from the hills that looked black and forbidding in the cold and dark day. However, as always here, there were things to do and no time to mope—so I went back to the house and found some old flannel underwear to make bandages out of, cut them up in wide strips and sewed them together, making a fine long bandage—then armed with a bucket, Epsom salts, cotton pads and my bandage I set off up the hill through the howling wind to the stable. Of course I soon got interested in the patient and my three other horses and in spite of the cold spent a happy afternoon poulticing Robin and fussing over the other horses. Watered and fed them, giving Robin a nice sloppy, hot, bran mash. Came down and heated up a jar of ichthyol and then took it and more hot water, and dry bandages to dress his leg for the night. Tonight I have been reading and dreaming in front of the fire with a huge black and white cat purring on my lap.

SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 14, 1940

BRUTUS

Am sitting in a little, low chair in front of the fire in a pleasantly exhausted state. After the morning's work and a pick-up lunch I went back out to compress Robin again. Discovered he also had some wire cuts high up on the inside of his hind leg. Camp has a light case of scratches, so I washed them both off with hot lysol solution. Also cleaned four sets of tack; fed and watered all horses; made a hot, bran mash for Robin and dressed his leg for the night with hot ichthyol. Was just about to come in and clean up when a little boy came with a message for "the lady who knows about horses." He was from a place down Bullskin. It seems that their mule had been injured and his hind leg was "swole something awful" and would I come look? So I gathered up some bandages, lysol and ichthyol and went over. The poor mule's leg was in terrible shape, the hock swollen to almost three times its size. Of course for these people it couldn't be worse as they had to use the mule for everything—getting the crops in, transportation, hauling wood, etc. I couldn't

tell what was wrong with the leg, but I dressed it with ichthyol and bandaged it and showed her master how to put a bandage on a hock. Told him to put hot compresses on it and give the mule a bran mash. I was really quite tired when I got back—what with running back and forth for kettles of hot water and what not. I also gave Heidi, the cat, a bath so she would be clean to sit on my lap. She is curled up on my knees now and couldn't be cuter. We are listening to the Ford Hour and I shall turn in soon. Have to write up Robin's chart now in my notebook to take back to Wendover with me.

APRIL 15, 1940

BRUTUS

This has been a quite harassing day with a wild, hot wind blowing ferociously, swirling gusts of dust and débris. The relayed word I got this morning was to change to cold compresses on Robin Hood, so I did. It's maddening not to be able to talk to Wendover directly. I talk to Eva at Bowlington, she talks to Hyden, and Hyden to Wendover, and their answers come back via Hyden and Eva! Got Camp and Puck ready for Foxie and Minnie. After they left I did Heather and Robin, swept out the tackroom and runway of the stable only to have the wind blow all outdoors in again. All this time I was changing Robin's cold packs. Took half an hour for lunch and at one I was back at it again: cold packs and work in between. Nailed up loose boards, fixed a cross tie up and re-did the stalls. Then Camp came in and I put him away—then Puck. Took Foxie to the little store, did tack, fixed cold packs, fed, watered, fixed Robin's bran mash and went down to dress the mule's leg. To my HORROR I found the leg all blistered. Found that her owner had been using a homemade liniment with turpentine in it and had put the hot compresses over it. Ah Wal! By the time I got back to clean up for dinner I had a splitting headache and was filthy. The wind had managed to get dust in every pore. However at five-thirty it had died down and it was a lovely evening, all mysterious lavender mist, pinky light and shadows. Everything was amethyst and tourmalin. The evening star was coming out and the bullfrogs were tuning up, very peaceful—as if the frantic wind had never been. Have been up to see Robin twice this evening.

Put on one more cold compress and a final dab of iodine on the cut, and dry bandages. He isn't much better.

Haven't any idea how much longer I shall be here. I would certainly love a clean shirt and my mail. Minnie and Foxie are darling to me though. Foxie helped me with the tack today. I sort of feel as if Wendover had forgotten me, but of course they haven't and of course I must stay until Robin is well. The Service needs all its horses and there is no money for new ones. There may be a chance to get mail out tomorrow. If so I'll send this. I am thinking of you and love you, dear.

APRIL 16, 1940

BRUTUS

Darling: This has indeed been a day—message came from Wendover this morning that I could ride Puck home if I thought Robin were good enough to leave. I decided I'd better stay another day and start back early tomorrow morning. Spent the morning putting on cold packs and fussing about the stable. Foxie came home for lunch, and shortly after a delivery call came for Minnie. As she was still out Foxie went and took me. About half a mile down the road Puck cast a shoe and went dead lame so I took him back to Brutus. Then Minnie came in, so Foxie came back and gave me Camp and off Minnie and I went. The poor old husband was in a state. His mule had just died from an injury and he didn't know how he was going to feed his family without one. The house was, as usual, up a creek with a very narrow path running above it part of the way. It was a two-room affair, but the room with the beds in it was fairly large. When we got there Polly was sitting in a chair, but soon went to bed. When the baby was born we thought it was dead, and Minnie worked over it for forty-five minutes before it gave a sign of life. By this time it was dark and there was no light but the fire. There were several things that weren't quite right about the birth, but Polly never uttered a sound through the whole thing—not even a moan when the pains came. She talked and answered questions all through it. The only way you could tell she was in awful pain was when her breathing was heavy. When we left at seven-thirty they were both all right and Polly was asking for food. It was a lovely moonlight night out—perfect for a ride but quite scary on the narrow ledge of

a path down the creek. When we got in Foxie had a hot dinner waiting, which we ate ravenously. Took a bath, washed my hair and here I am in my pyjamas writing you. Haven't been able to get through to Wendover yet, so I don't know if or how I'll get back home tomorrow.

APRIL 17, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Spent a wild morning getting everything in apple-pie order before Jean came for me. Horses, stable and tack were gleaming. We got back here about five-thirty and just as I was drawing a deep breath in my own room with my clean clothes and mail, Catherine, the Social Service Secretary, came in and said I had to leave at six-thirty tomorrow morning to take two crippled children to Cincinnati! This must be short because I am terribly tired and have to do a million things before I can turn in.

APRIL 20, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: This will be shortish as I'm tired—no sleep for twenty-four hours. Left yesterday morning at six. Walter met me at the ford with the Service car and we picked up one of the children at the Hospital and then drove to Hazard to catch the eight o'clock train. We travelled on passes and it was "some" ride. The little girl was put on at Krypton—down the railroad about fifteen miles. She couldn't walk and I had to carry her, but she didn't weigh anything at all—poor chick. The train stopped at practically every fence corner to pick up or let out. Everyone was very amiable and seemed to know everyone else as well as the conductor, who asked questions about their families. Got to Winchester at one and changed to another train for Cincinnati. Got there around five and took a cab to the Children's Hospital where I left my forlorn little mountaineers. They were good as gold and not a peep nor a tear out of them. Then I took the superintendent a note from Mrs. Breckinridge and she showed me over the Children's Hospital. It is really wonderful. Then I got a cab downtown—saw part of a movie and caught the eight o'clock train for Winchester. Got to Winchester at ten-thirty and wandered around the main street in a driving rain to kill time until 1:15 when my train left for Hazard. Found a midnight movie to pass the time. The ride to

Hazard in the day coach was beyond words awful: hot, stuffy, dirty, and generally squalid. Tried to sleep but I haven't acquired the knack and kept waking up with my leg asleep and a headache; would go out on the platform for air and start over. About three-thirty I began to doze off and then the miners started pouring on! On and off, on and off, all the way to Hazard so I gave up—washed my face (no soap) and read. We got to Hazard at five-thirty—still pouring rain. Went to the bus station for breakfast and took the seven o'clock bus for Hyden. As soon as we left Hazard I began to perk up. Mountain people got on and off, chatted with the driver and each other, and soon we were back in the hills. They are quite green now and there is a wealth of redbud, japonica, dogwood and smaller flowers. When we reached Hyden at eight Walter was waiting for me with the truck and soon I was home again. I could have eaten up every stick and stone of it. Stood out in the fresh spring rain and looked at the hills. They completely fold us in. Behind us the mountain goes straight up, and the mountain across the river seems close enough to touch.

Wendover is perfect as, while there are always plenty of people to chat with, it is perfectly possible to go your own way completely and have little or nothing to do with anyone. Everyone is so busy and occupied that they never bother about anyone else or intrude on moods. One can have as much privacy as he wishes and be as much alone and yet there is always company if you want it. It is a closely knit community—yet made up of separate individuals and entities. There is no community-sing-school-spirit-or-else feeling about it. This is all badly expressed and yet I know so definitely what I mean and feel it so strongly. It is wonderful to be so completely independent, and yet not in a lonely way. Whenever we get back to Wendover we always have a warm welcome awaiting us, yet not a cloying one.

APRIL 22, 1940

WENDOVER

Hello Dearest: Another peaceful Sunday is almost over, and I am waiting for the dinner bell. Jean leaves tomorrow for her family's plantation in South Carolina. She won't be back until after I leave and I'm very sorry. I like Jean tremendously. She knows her business and yet is so quiet and unassuming that

you'd hardly know it until something has to be done. She has the quietest voice I've ever heard.

APRIL 23, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Today has been pleasant but uneventful. Walked down to the ford to say goodbye to Jean this morning. Fanny took her in to Hyden in the Service car. Then Neville and I groomed the eight horses that are here now. Cleaned tack, cleaned out the tack room and had lunch. After lunch Neville and I took two great bags of corn up to the mill at the head of Hurricane to be ground into meal. When we got back it was time for tea. I had to serve today as Jean and Fanny were away so I didn't finish until almost five. Watered the horses, took a bath, cleaned shoes, sewed a few buttons on and then it was dinner time.

It has been a priceless spring day—clear, golden sunshine with a crisp breeze. Tonight another lovely moon is adding another facet to the ever changing mountain magic. I shall never forget these mountain nights, clear and cold with the stars luminous in the crystal air. They are absolutely silent except for the rush of the river. When I walked from the Big House up to the Garden House after dinner the fires in the rooms in the Cabin, and the lamps in the windows of the Upper Shelf and Garden House, made a cheery oasis in the depth and isolation of the mountain night.

APRIL 25, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: The end of another day and I have just had a bath and am in my pyjamas. This has been a busy but pleasant day. Did the horses and cleaned tack and at eleven Fanny and I took Tramp out for exercise. Right after lunch I took Bobby and Joe down to the ford to get Vanda and a guest who had been at Red Bird. Neville and Fanny went up to Hoskinston to meet Inty who was coming in from Beech Fork. She has a bad foot and Fanny was going to take her into the Hospital for an examination and Neville was to ride her horse in. It was a joy to see Vanda again even if only for a few minutes. When we got back I rushed about and put the horses up, as usual scraping off mud, then dashed up and got tea, served it, cleared

it away and then tacked up and went back to the ford with Vanda to carry a bushel basket of bulbs Mrs. Breckinridge had given her. Just as I got to the ford, I met Neville coming in on Inty's horse, so we came back together. I stopped on the way and picked a huge bunch of white violets. By the way, if this letter doesn't make sense it's because Neville is lying on top of her bed in pink pyjamas, her hair in braids, horn-rimmed glasses on, eating a lollipop and reading a book on "The Human Mind." It amuses her and she alternately giggles, reads it out loud, and has now decided she's going to analyze me. Anyway, by the time we got home it was time to water the horses, and was then dinner time. Doesn't sound like much but it has accounted for every minute between eight a.m. and six p.m. Collected my clean shirts and sheets and what-not after dinner. It's quite a feat as the laundry is kept in a little closet upstairs in the Big House and you have to sit on the floor with your flashlight in your teeth, and paw.

MAY 2, 1940

CONFLUENCE

Darling: Well, here I am at Confluence where I brought a relief horse. Neville got off at six-thirty this morning and we were both up at five to get her last minute things together. Helped Fanny do up the horses and tack and finally pulled myself, my two horses and saddlebags together and got myself off to Hyden. Just as I was going down the Wendover hill, Lulu yelled at me to come back and get some meat for the Hospital. It turned out to be a gigantic leg of veal which I clutched to my bosom all the way in. It was a nasty, grey, chilly, windy day and neither Pat nor Blackie lead well—they hang back until you think your arm will drop off. In spite of it all I cheered up after I'd been on the road a while and began to enjoy the ride. Got here at three, having made it in about three and a half hours—quite good time. Discovered that Peggy wants me to take her cat back with me in a box hanging around my neck. Well,—cows, horses, cats, all in the day's work! Hope to get back to Wendover for lunch tomorrow. Saw Emma on my way out and our plans are all set. We take the six-thirty bus from Hazard for Lexington Friday morning. We will have the whole afternoon there to rent a drive-yourself car and look at Man

o'War and the other horses, have dinner, then catch a seven-thirty bus for Louisville. Emma's friends, a young married couple, are meeting us armed with dates and passes for the Derby.

MAY 7, 1940

WENDOVER

Darling: Well, here it is my last night, and I must make this short as it is twelve-thirty and I'm getting up at four-thirty. Got up early at Confluence this morning and got back here at ten. Met the new junior couriers and the senior courier, who is Freddy Holdship from Sewickley. The juniors are nice and Freddy wonderful. An old courier, Barbara Glazier, from Hartford is here visiting for the week-end, and this evening she asked us up to Lucile's room; we had a hilarious time. They all talked about old experiences and escapades and it was great fun. I'm ready for bed now and feeling very sad—I shall always be grateful to Wendover for a perfect two months.



CHILDREN OF LT. AND MRS. GILBERT W. HUMPHREY
(Courier Louise Ireland)

Margaret and George M. II, (twins) and Gilbert Watts, Jr.,
with their dog Duchess.

TOO LITTLE BUT NOT TOO LATE

by

HELEN E. BROWNE, R.N., S.C.M.



Mother went up the road last year, to the
hospital on the hill,
The nurses had asked her to come in for she
was very ill.

One crisp December morning, just at the
break of day,
Mother needed urgent help, as I was on the
way.

"Oh, dear, it is two months too soon," I
heard a soft voice say,
And I was slightly worried, for I had come
to stay.

I only weighed two pounds one ounce, so
needed special care;

They put me in a soft warm crib, away from damp cold air.
Two hourly were my feeding times, they fed me drop by drop,
And I would clamp my little jaws when it was time to stop.

All went well for the first ten days, and then I don't know why,
I could not swallow any milk, however hard I'd try.
Then everyone was worried, I became so very thin;
They fed me through long needles, which they put into my skin.
And though this was unpleasant, I knew that everyone
Was working day and night to save and keep this first-born son.
My crib, it was my little world, where I could lie and dream;
Such gentle hands to care for me, to keep me sweet and clean;
They patted me with heated oil, turned me with tender care,
And covered me with fleecy wool, which gave me ample air.

One day when I was four weeks old, the doctor came to say
I could be taken from my crib, to see what I should weigh.
The scales revealed an eight-ounce gain, and everyone was
pleased,

But nobody more pleased than I, and none were more relieved.
My mother came to visit, and she watched the nurses work,
So when she took me home at last, she knew my every quirk.
Now, I am quite a little man, a sturdy, healthy boy,
And mother is so happy that her heart is filled with joy;
She's buying me a sister, and I'm quite sure she will
Be going to see the nurses, who live up on the hill.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Louise Pugh (Lisa) in Manhattan—October 24, 1945.

I am living at the Manhattan Towers at the moment in what is called USN Barracks (WR). We have two or four to a room, a bath to each room, a telephone, upper and lower bunks, a few straight chairs and minimum drawer space. It is convenient and saves a lot of time in cleaning, etc., but lacks the home touch. This is my third station since joining up last winter. The first was boot camp in the Bronx, then a specialist's training school in Georgia and now Brooklyn. During the summer my job and time spent on the subway took up to ninety-three hours a week so you can imagine how much free time we had. Now we only work a forty-eight to fifty-two-hour week with two hours a day on the subway and it makes a tremendous difference. My work is interesting. It consists chiefly of figuring pay from payrolls. When a convoy comes in it keeps us hopping. Have another job—one of the headaches of the disbursing office but since I am in complete charge there I don't mind. It has a lot of variety and sends me all over the station gathering information and looking up different records. One does get tired of riding subways, dodging traffic, eating off trays, being awakened at least twice during the night and the rest of navy life but it's worth it.

Thank you so much for sending the Bulletin. I am always so interested in what you are doing there and it is definitely one of the first places I plan to go after discharge.

From Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dotty Newman),

Washington, D. C.—October 26, 1944.

I have been extremely busy trying to establish the family in Washington for the winter. I see Dot Clark Locke frequently and like her so much. Our children are quite friends too. Wendover sounds busy as usual. I wish I could get down there sometime. My husband has heard me talk about it so much that he is terribly anxious to see it. We both love riding and country

roads. Recently we took bicycles out into the country here and it was so lovely it made me talk about "the mountains" all over again. At home in Dover we have to pump our own water, so I appreciate your pump and pressure difficulties; they seem perpetual.

From Mary Elizabeth Rogan in Burma—November 3, 1944.

We retired at a very late hour to have to arise at seven and be ready to leave for a trip up the road to ride elephants. Again we were the first white women, etc., etc., to have gone that far and the reception we received all the way along was hilarious. It would take pages to tell you of all the amusing incidents that occurred but remind me to tell you about them when I get home—I can guarantee I'll not forget them. One G. I. I'll never forget, was standing on the edge of about a six-foot bank when we drove by—he took one look at us, realized we were of the female species and stepped over the edge of the bank, got up with his mouth wide open never having once taken his eyes off of us, took three steps and fell down again. This he did three times without even once looking where he was going and the last we saw of him he was standing in the middle of the road in one of the most complete dazes I have ever seen—mouth still open. This was just one of the many equally amusing incidents. To get back though—we finally arrived at the place the elephants were "stabled" and started on our trip. They use them for clearing and hauling logs and they are certainly beautifully trained—there were four big ones and a three-year-old baby (?) in our party and for the first time I felt as if I were really in the Burma you read about, doing the things books are written about. The elephants knelt down and we climbed aboard with a well-timed shove from the rear and settled ourselves in undoubtedly the most uncomfortable basket arrangements I have ever had the misfortune to sit in. Actually they are not meant for people but for loads and I can well understand why. The only thing there was to sit on were two bamboo poles running along the backbone of the beast for about two and one-half feet—these were attached to the bamboo basket and covered with an old piece of burlap we'd picked

up and that was our howdah. We (or rather the Lieutenant we were with) had brought lunch along so that went with our guide and we started off through the jungles. We rode for about an hour and a half through thick jungles seeing nothing very much of interest except fox holes—dugouts—and a few Jap bones here and there (easily determined by the shoes beside them). We finally came out in a rice paddy and proceeded to a native village where we unpacked our lunch and devoured it as if we'd been starved for days. Of course, we stared, and were stared at most of the time by the entire little community and I'm still trying to figure out who was the more intrigued. They were cooking and some of the women were weaving (when we arrived) in a large basha which had no walls and was built on stilts. We climbed up a notched log about six feet high to get inside and there they all squatted—about thirty of them including children—evidently completely satisfied with their crowded surroundings. I imagine there must have been about fifty in the entire village community and they all live in two bashas—the one on stilts which we went in and another just ordinary basha built on the ground in which I believe they all sleep. It was all very interesting and the Headman was very polite to us and seemed honored to have white people visit him and his village.

We started back as soon after lunch as our mahouts had finished their pipes and ended up at the Lt.'s outfit—after kissing our elephants goodbye—just in time for supper with his men who'd been expecting us and were painfully shined up. We arrived home at about seven-thirty so completely exhausted we went straight to bed and I don't believe I so much as turned over until time to get up at seven the next morning, and that's about all I have to report.

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**From Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Jr. (Tips Stevenson),
Barrington, Illinois—November 27, 1944.**

Alica is eight now and a great help, especially with Davey, whom she considers her special province. Peter is five and started to school this year. The school bus goes by at eight-ten so it's quite a scramble mornings to get Paul off at seven-thirty

to catch his train, then the two kids with their lunch boxes; and two mornings a week, myself to the train at eight-fifteen! Never a dull moment.

I still drive for the Red Cross two full days, and enjoy it thoroughly. There are about a hundred and twenty-five Motor Corps girls assigned to the Navy and they drive only Navy vehicles, working from their district garage. We wheel anything from fifty-passenger busses and five-ton trucks, to Admirals' limousines. Many times we're at Great Lakes or Navy Pier at lunch time and have chow with thousands of sailors amid a terrific din, or in the smoke and clatter of a war plant turning out Diesel engines or huge guns. I spent several days down on the Illinois river last summer where the LSTs are built, taking crews and supplies down—they're built right out in the middle of what was once a corn field, twenty at a time, big three hundred and sixty-five foot things. It was a fascinating and amazing sight. Sometimes when we get letters from some of our girls who are now overseas, I wish again that I were that good old "free, white, etc."—the jobs on the home front seem rather colorless in comparison. It would be wonderful to be able to go, but we've managed to keep our family and home intact through all this, and feel that we're more than fortunate.

. . . .

From Lonny Myers, Ann Arbor, Michigan—

November 30, 1944.

Medical School is all it's cracked up to be as far as work is concerned. We go to classes and labs from eight to twelve and one to five; eight to twelve on Saturdays, with a couple of hours off Tuesday and Thursday mornings. We are expected to study six nights a week. The amount of stuff to be learned and the extent of material to be understood is overwhelming. The professors are very good—none of our lectures so far are dull, though, of course, some better than others. I am taking biochemistry, gross anatomy, and microscopic and developmental anatomy (one course).

December 25, 1944.

A week ago last Thursday noon, after four hours of biochemistry lab, I dashed home for a few minutes before return-

ing to campus to take a four-hour exam in histology. There was the Bulletin! I read it eagerly from cover to cover. How much more it means now! For me my Kentucky experience stands out from anything else I have done because the F. N. S. is doing the kind of work that makes struggling through medical school worthwhile. Other summers have been fun for variety in experience but last summer means much more to me. I can't tell you what a thrill it is for me to think of such an exceptional group of people working together for the sort of a cause to which I've always wanted to devote my energy. It is so rare that both the underlying purpose of an organization and the actual mode of carrying out the purpose are equally inspiring. All this deeper appreciation is in addition to the indescribable pleasure I had working nine weeks or so for the F. N. S. I can't remember when I've enjoyed just plain living from day to day more than I did as a courier. Working outdoors all day at varied, unpredictable, exacting, and always useful jobs was certainly a perfect interim between semesters of academic pressure.

From Carmen Mumford, "Along the Ledo Road,"

Assam, India—December 3, 1944.

It hardly seems like December here although the weather has gotten cool to actually cold and I am sleeping under two blankets—it's a temperature feeling engendered more by mist and dampness than actual Fahrenheit, or lack of it. The local joke is "only . . . more shopping days to Xmas". There being no place to shop except at the bazaar where prices are outrageous and the stock is limited, it's a witticism that's always good for a dry laugh. I wouldn't want to belittle the bazaar, however. It is an exciting and colorful spot that's good fun to be in now that the terrific heat has been tempered. It's full of natives of one kind or another, of course: Hindus of all castes, Mohammedans in their plaid skirts, and, most picturesque of all, the Nagas, mostly in loin cloths with their long hair done up in a knot on their heads. Last evening I saw a group of them with large earrings, and moved closer for better inspection. The earrings were small bunches of wild flowers thrust through the ear holes and drooping with real grace along the cheek line and even as far as the shoulder. Fashion experts please note! The food

market is all together in the center of the bazaar, under one roof, and here women, children, and men display their goods on gunny sacks spread upon the ground. Joy of joys, yesterday I spied mustard greens! Shades of Kentucky and Mrs. Breckinridge! They looked so good but I didn't buy any since our one-burner stove is on the blink again. There are lots of mysterious spices and the regular tropical fruits: pineapples, custard apples, mangoes, and a tangeriny sort of orange.

Mary Lib Rogan paid us a visit not long ago—one of some duration—and it was nice to meet her after hearing so much about her. Ann Martin is around somewhere but I've never caught up with her. In fact I heard by the grapevine that she'd gone home.

My new location is very pleasant. We live in bamboo bashas lined with Hessian cloth; eat at the hospital mess which is at least regular with three meals a day, if somewhat monotonous (I defy anybody to enthuse over C rations after nearly two years); walk miles around the area that covers our work; and have a few quiet, early and informal festivities, the main feature of which is likely to focus on such events as a food package from home, the issue of the beer ration, or the finagling of some records and a victrola.

. . . .

From T/S Nancy Dammann, Netherlands East Indies—

December 5, 1944.

Merry Christmas! Here's hoping that the candy, oranges and toys get distributed to all of the centers with the greatest of ease. Our Christmas won't be bad. We already have a large box in which we are storing our Christmas presents as they trickle in, and a percentage of each of our beer rations. We intend to put our GI field boots and socks out Christmas Eve. Perhaps our CO will fill them with rations or Spam. If Christmas is like Thanksgiving we'll even have turkey. Our uniform of the day will be men's khaki pants, shirt, and field boots. If we are lucky we'll get the afternoon off and go swimming. It sounds rugged but it's a grand experience and I'm with a swell crowd. I even saw my navy brother for a few days and may again around Christmas.

The Philippines—January 12, 1945.

We have a very pleasant and amusing Christmas. We strung our helmets up and filled them with stupid presents. We even had an asparagus bush faintly resembling a Christmas tree under which we piled our few presents, which had filtered through from home. We opened them Christmas Eve. Our offices are tents which frequently leak, the floors are dirt interspersed with mud. It rains or pours all day, every day. Mud is at least ankle deep. The Filipinos are wonderful, so friendly and cheerful. They are surprisingly healthy looking considering their near starvation of the past few years. They all wear GI shirts and pants. It's amusing to see the kids in our huge helmets. Luckily Filipinos are dying to do our laundry. It's wonderful to have ironed shirts again and not to have to scrub our khaki pants on the floor with a GI brush and soap. Today, as we were standing in line to wash our mess kits, some Filipinos took them and washed them for us. We thanked them profusely. They replied: "If it wasn't for you Americans we would be dead, let us show our gratitude." It almost made us cry. Most of them speak English, and are very intelligent and they will do anything for us.

Not long ago I received a F. N. S. Bulletin. You have no idea how much it meant to me. Please keep me posted on F. N. S. news, problems, trials, and tribulations.

From Pvt. Nancy Hillis, Ft. Des Moines, Iowa—

December 6, 1944.

I have been in the WACs almost two months and am about to finish here at Des Moines. Where I go, etc., remains to be seen. I asked for medical work, but you never know in the army—they have a great way of changing your mind for you! I'm very glad I decided to do this for it's a grand feeling to know you are giving your all in the war effort!

From Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Lucy Pitts),

Providence, R. I.—December 9, 1944.

Bill has left for parts unknown again and I am back home

with the family. We had about six months more than we expected, though, so I guess I can't complain.

. . . .

From Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown),

Laurel, Md.—December 14, 1944.

We have been in Laurel for a year and a half now but I fear that Bob may be going overseas in January. My little Robbie is cute, blonde, blue eyes, and simply huge. He is almost walking now (ten months) and he keeps me hopping every minute.

We have the most adorable house and seven acres of land, a river, a garden and everything. It doesn't seem like the army at all, although Bob doesn't get home too much and his uniform reminds me. We have been so lucky to have been together so long.

My brother has been a prisoner of the Germans for a year and a half now and curiously enough he is in the same prison camp that Kit Taylor's is. They get very good treatment, which is a blessing.

Harriette Sherman is in Washington, working in Senator Burton's office and loves it.

. . . .

From Mrs. James C. Henning (Jo Yandell),

Anchorage, Kentucky—December 14, 1944.

As you may know, we have four children now. With no good nurses available, I have done most of my work myself and you can well imagine how busy I am.

. . . .

From Mrs. Thornton Stearns (Phyllis Mather),

San Francisco, Calif.—December 18, 1944.

As soon as Thorny leaves for sea, which I'm afraid will be all too soon, I shall return home. I shall probably get a job until next September when I hope to return to Smith.

. . . .

From Mrs. John B. Morse (Margaret McLennan),

Lake Forest, Ill.—December 20, 1944.

I am busier than ever this year. I took over the chairman-

ship of the Junior League Book Shop in Lake Forest this fall and have been working very hard trying to build it up and advertise it. It has been stimulating work, although I've had to neglect my family and friends. It is so wonderful to have Jack home again. We also received the good news that my brother Donny is back in this country after fifteen months in the Pacific.

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From Lt. Janet Chafee, USNR, New York City—

December 20, 1944.

It was fun to get the Bulletin and to read all the news. It must be wonderful down there now. There is some snow in New York and soon I hope to get some leave and go skiing with Louise Lewis. I got a Christmas card from Betty Mudge who is in Hawaii with the Red Cross—lucky girl. We all want to go overseas but evidently communication Waves (us!) will be the last as they still need them here. The house that nineteen of us had this summer was a huge success. It was in Cedarhurst and I heard several people talk about Pebble Stone whom I guess lives near there but I never saw her—maybe she was still a WAAF. They really must have done a wonderful job. Lucy Pitts' husband has gone back overseas and so she's at home. We are going riding next week when I go home.

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From Mrs. Leonard Bughman (Kitty Lou Taylor),

Ligonier, Pa.—December 20, 1944.

We have just been "rescued"—having been snowed in for three days. Did this snow reach you? We are not on a state road, but a neighbor sent his tractor through the fields taking part of our fences down, just like a tank, as the roads are car-deep. The drift behind the barn is over one's head, and we can't get the horses out, even for the sleigh. It's been quite exciting and Pam's eyes have been popping! Latest word from Lennie (*her husband—a German prisoner*), August 15th, sounded cheery as ever. You would like his description of his "bride's biscuits"—cracker crumbs, dried milk, oleo, and **tooth paste** because it contained baking powder!) I'm afraid he's going to kill his compound mates with his concoctions.

From Frances Baker, Brookline, Massachusetts—

December 22, 1944.

I really loved being down there again, and it's one of those things I'll always remember and I certainly hope I can do it again sometime.

I got home to find us maid-less and Mother doing all the work plus her Red Cross work almost every day. My sister had gone to New York to meet her husband. He flew from the Philippines in five days to New York. My brother and his wife got home yesterday for Christmas unexpectedly; and so it is the first time in three years that the whole family has been together.

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From Mrs. John F. Paton (Kay Bulkley),

Salt Lake City, Utah—December 22, 1944.

Since I last wrote, the army gave me a very pleasant surprise by keeping Frosty in this country. Of course you never know for how long, but I feel very fortunate to be with him a while longer anyhow.

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From Alison Bray, Chester, England—December 23, 1944.

I think of you all so much. I am still living for the day when I can come back to see you all again. Goodness knows when that will be. I feel that even the European part of this business will take a good long time to finish and I may be in this job for a good bit after that. However, I am not worrying and will just come as soon as I can. The Bulletin is a great joy. I fall upon it the moment it arrives. I do hope you are not having too much trouble with sick horses, domestic help (or lack of it) and slides! Everything is so difficult these days with so little labour about and you always have so much to be done at Wendover. How I wish I could come and help! Anyway I am very lucky to have this job and I can't complain. I am still with the same Signal unit, but it was all reorganized in the summer with the result that I got an extra "pip". I am now a Chief Commander (equivalent of Lieut. Colonel!). The boys were both furious about it, or pretended to be, especially Georgie who had always managed to beat me before. He is quite better

again and is with a unit in the north of Italy, after spending some months in a staff job at Allied Headquarters. He writes very cheerful letters—seems happy, but I think it must be pretty uncomfortable living in a hole in the ground up on a mountain in the middle of winter. Jim is home again after five years overseas—I can't tell you how wonderful it is to have him back and you can just imagine the excitement. He arrived three weeks ago and is on leave till January 1st which is lovely. Apart from my work I am quite busy with other things and one of my main activities at the moment is singing. I belong to the local choral society and it's the greatest fun. We are doing Part I of the "Messiah" tomorrow evening and the whole of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" next week. Both performances are to be in the Cathedral which will be rather lovely. I seem to spend my life rushing from one rehearsal to another.

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From Charlotte Goodwin, Hartford, Connecticut—

January 9, 1945.

Since my last letter, as you know, the draft situation has hit our dairy, vegetable and fruit farms a terrific wallop. Instead of easing up, our job with the Farm Labor Program has become terribly acute, and I must immediately renege on the possibility of going to the F. N. S. again. I am sorry. I had looked forward to joining you all so much.

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From Ellen Bruce, New York, New York—January 21, 1945.

I got back the first of October from seven months in South Carolina. I was a farmer and drove a tractor. My! what fun it was. I learned to be a mechanic too. I'd always wanted to be a "grease monkey" so I was. Since I have been back I've been working in the Physical Therapy Department of the Orthopedic Hospital here every day. I am crazy about it.

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From Rosalie Bruce, Elk Ridge, Maryland—January 22, 1945.

I've been gone just a week now and already I miss the Hospital and all of you more than I can tell you. You will never

know how I loved being with you. I can't begin to put it into words. My five weeks at the Hospital were five of the best weeks I've spent for many a day.

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From Mrs. Gibson F. Dailey (Barbara White),

Darien, Connecticut—January 22, 1945.

I always love seeing you again and refreshing my memorable months in Kentucky. I am looking forward eagerly to Pam's turn. She is passionately fond of horses and rides quite well for five years. I told her about you and how she would be going down too some day: "But I can't wait that long, Mummy."

We have taken in two American war children for the duration. The agency pays their subsistence and we give them a home and love. They are sisters, five and three. Their father was in the Pacific War—hospitalized and discharged because of malaria. Their mother works and sees them once a week. They are very sweet and our home is gay and hectic by turns but every hour is filled until Gib comes back to us again. He is in England now building bridges with the Combat Engineers.

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From Mrs. Russell Near (Prudence Holmes),

Inglewood California—February 3, 1945.

My husband is an aircraft worker, now in the labor-relations division of our trade union, the United Auto Workers.

I have spent a lot of time with the Union, too, and often thought of the F. N. S. when trying to negotiate with the company for adequate maternity provisions.

Maternity classes and child care centers for working mothers are considered to be both laughable and "radical"—but this is not a new story is it? The F. N. S. nurses were once considered rather preposterous characters.

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From Frances Hamlen, Pinkham Notch, New Hampshire—

February 14, 1945.

I sure do miss the F. N. S.! I most likely have bored the entire vicinity of Boston with the Frontier Nursing Service—it being my only topic of conversation along with pictures galore

to help me in my explanations. Just talking and thinking about the wonderful time I had makes me wish all the more that I were still there.

Once again I have lifted anchor from Boston and am now at Pinkham Notch on Mount Washington, working in a ski lodge. My off time, I hope will take me down the wonderful trails of the mountain on my old boards.

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**From Mrs. Edgar B. Butler (Sally Taylor), West Hartford,
Connecticut—February 24, 1945.**

The Junior League in Hartford has organized small community groups and we meet once a month. Sometimes we do Red Cross bandages, T. B. capes, count pills for VNA, etc., and then we have a little social time too. I suggested in the fall that we collect outgrown childrens' clothing, etc., for the F. N. S. Have sent down two batches already, one in November and one in December. Monday I'll mail two more cartons to the Hyden Hospital.

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BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Elizabeth Campbell (Biz), is now a Second Lieutenant in the WACs. She has been stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, for two years and hopes to go overseas soon.

Joanna Neilson (Jo) is in France with the Red Cross. Her clubmobile was the first off her boat.

Penelope Kirkham Parke of New York has given up teaching and is going overseas with the Red Cross.

Marjorie Perry of Boston now has a job with **Time Magazine** in New York.

Phyllis Long (Fifi) is working in the Childrens Hospital in Boston doing occupational therapy work.

We extend our loving sympathy to Sally Taylor Butler in the loss of both her parents in the last year.

WEDDINGS

We have just learned of the marriage, a year ago, of Miss Prudence Holmes of New York to Mr. Russell Near, in Inglewood, California. Prudie writes:

"Busy building bombers, we were married almost imperceptibly between the revolutions of the time-clock in the factory. In a year that has proved so arduous for many families, we felt humbly disinclined to write much of our happiness."

On October 21, 1944, Miss Phyllis Mather of Boston to Ensign Thornton Stearns, U.S.N.R., of Barrington, Rhode Island, in Hollywood, Florida.

We wish these young people a future filled with the best that life can hold.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Hawkins, Jr. (Christine Ekengren) in Sydney, Australia, a son, Richard H. Hawkins III, in November, 1944. His mother writes:

"Our new baby, Richard III is not quite three weeks old. We are both well, and he is now nine pounds. He weighed eight pounds and two ounces at birth. I think three children are quite enough to take around the world."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Henning (Jo Yandell), in Louisville, Kentucky, a son, James Williamson Henning, Jr., on November 13, 1944.

Lucky babies, both of them! May their good luck follow them through life.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
 Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky,
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
 A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
 Cures both a fever and lethargickness.

—George Herbert, 1593-1633.

We ask God for flowers:
 He gives us seeds.

—"Verb Sap," England

PETUNIA AT THE FAIR

by
AMY POSTON

For weeks everyone had talked of the bubble baths, hoof polishing and fancy grooming I must give Petunia, our beautiful black and white Hospital cow, before I could ever expect to enter her in the Leslie County Fair. Two or three days before the fair, Tommy offered to help me bathe half of her, and I was to do the other half, but on the day chosen the rain just poured so we decided to take brushes and brush her just before the judge came to make his decision.

The cows were to be judged the morning of the first day of the fair. Jean Hollins and I took her down the hill, Jean in front leading, and I trailing along behind. Petunia led beautifully, considering her training. Unfortunately her last few steps led right past the speaker's stand, and as Jean and I passed, Petunia's bell clanging, we noticed that Mrs. Breckinridge was giving the opening address. At that moment we both wished we could have become invisible.

As soon as we had Petunia safely tied, I began my grooming. She is such an enormous cow that I had quite a lot of territory to cover before formal inspection began. I knew people liked to look at cows but didn't know what qualities they looked for. I rather blame my many instructors for dwelling too long on how clean she must be instead of giving me just a little "case history." The all too frequent questions were, "Is she a full-bred Holstein" and, "How much milk does she give?" To the first persons who asked this I gave hazy answers, but they helped me very much by making remarks about her and comparing her to their own cows. When the next people asked the same questions I had a better idea of what replies to give. Before many hours passed, Petunia had become a full-bred Holstein and gave many gallons of milk. In fact, the number of gallons was high enough to cause long discussions and very close inspection not to mention the final looks of admiration!

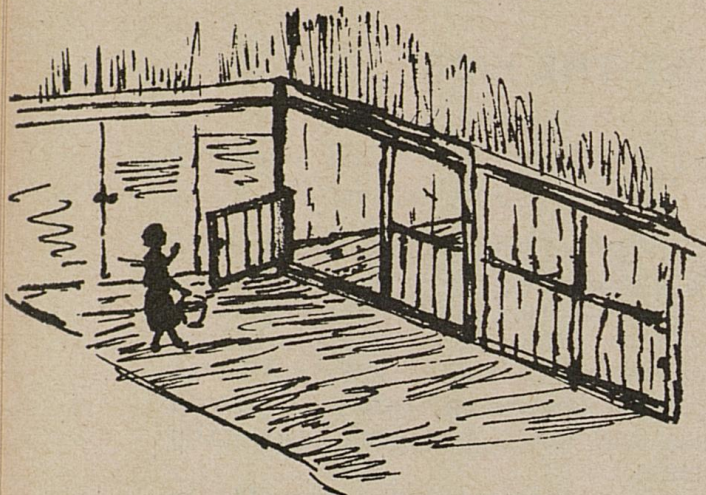
At last we led the cows out for the great decision. Jean had Goodie-Two-Shoes from Wendover and there was another cow competing for this prize. The judge had to come to a decision between Goodie and Petunia. It was very close, but he finally handed the blue ribbon over to good old Petunia. Petunia has a very resigned, intelligent face and I dare say the blue ribbon didn't go to her head at all.

I received a sunburned nose and another new experience, certainly a bit out of routine for the Hospital Secretary.

ROUND-UP OF PETUNIA

or

Sammy says she tells her friends that in the Frontier Nursing Service anything can happen and frequently does!



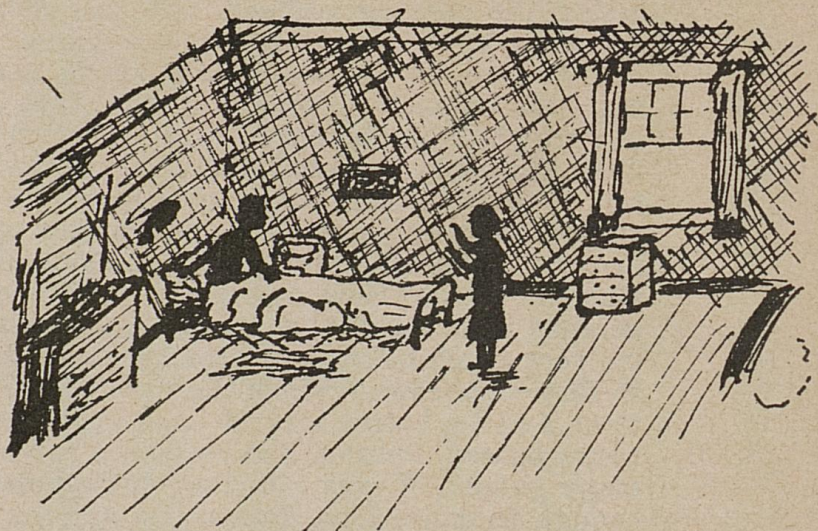
1. 7 A.M.—Milkmaid finds Petunia gone!



2. Back to the Hospital, to report the bad news!



3. Knocks at my door —



4. Excitedly tells me Petunia has vanished!



5. Me, dashing downstairs to catch clinic nurse (Sammy) before she starts for Mouth of Muncie to fetch Kermit, the blacksmith, and Mary Gellatly, the courier.



6. "Take halter in case you find Petunia on the way to Mouth of Muncie."

VAN

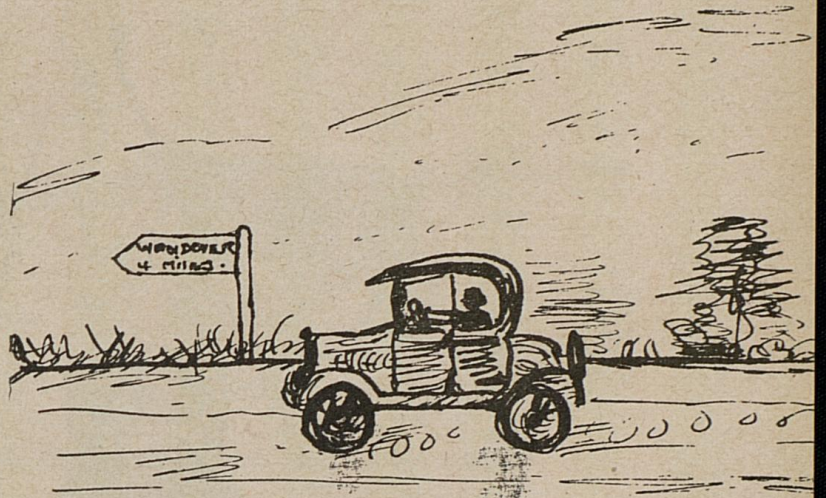
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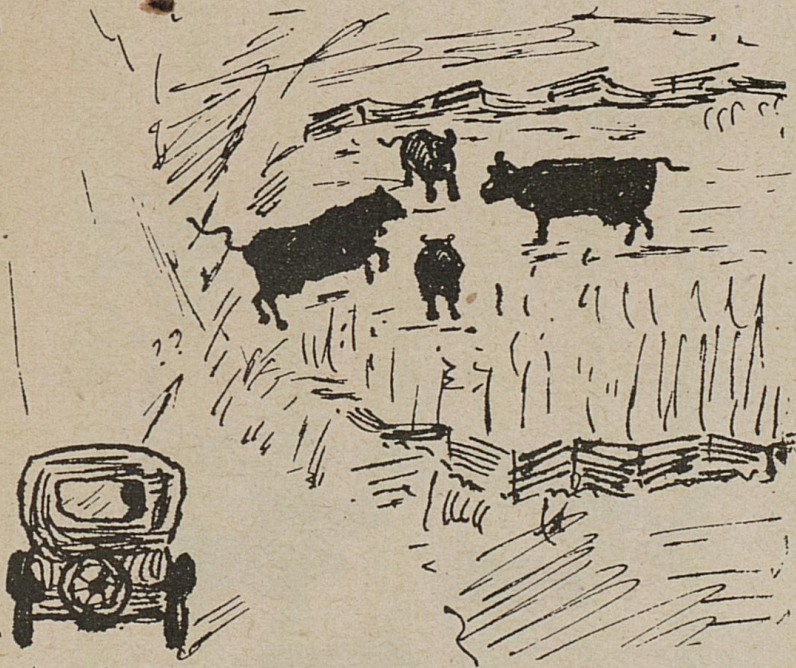
or

All For a Bucket of Milk!

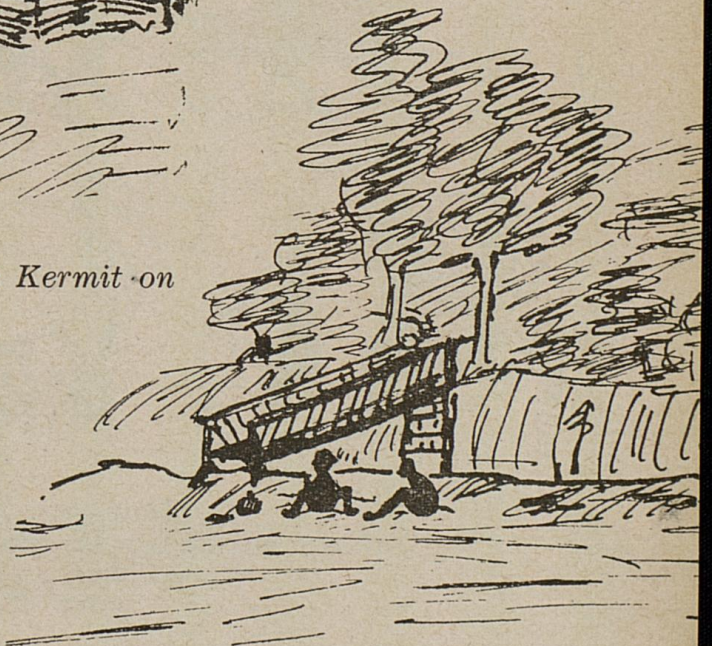
by
VANDA SUMMERS, R.N., S.C.M.
and
FLORENCE SAMSON, R.N.



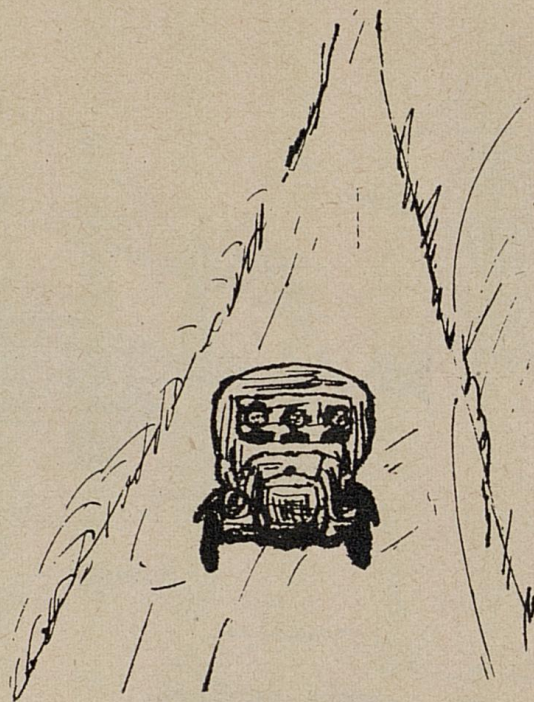
7. Sammy — en route —



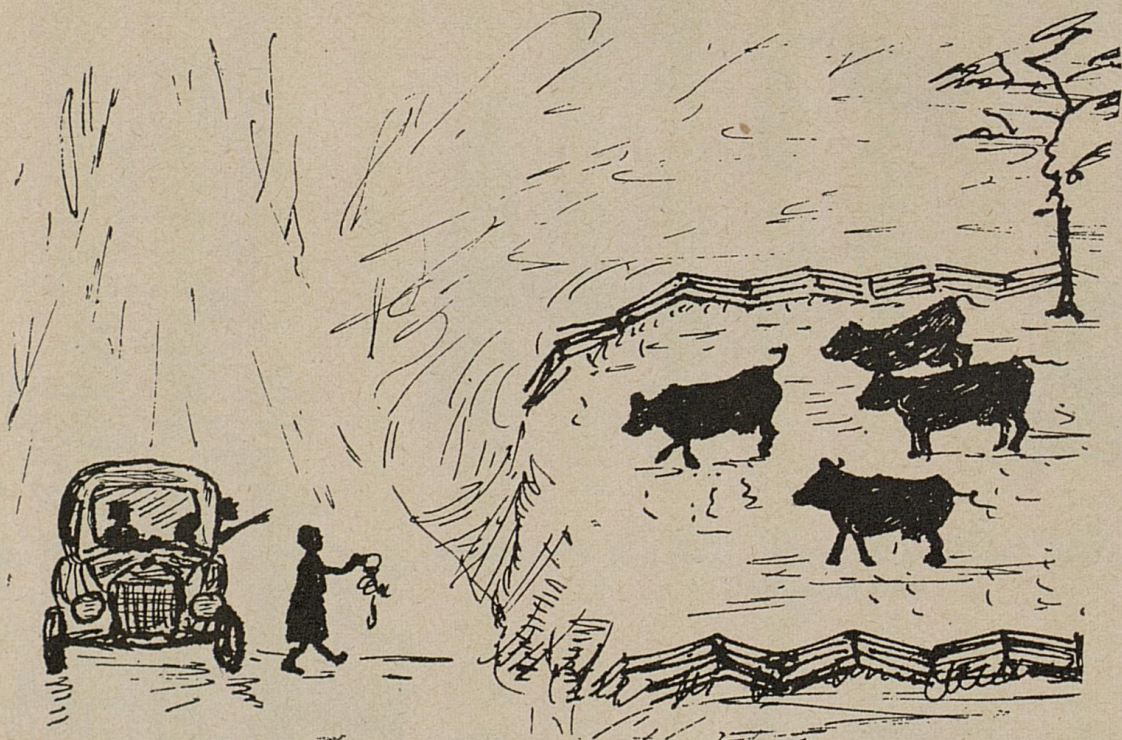
8. Thinks she sees Petunia—Will ask Kermit on the way back.



9. "Mouth of Muncie"
Mary and Kermit Just waiting!



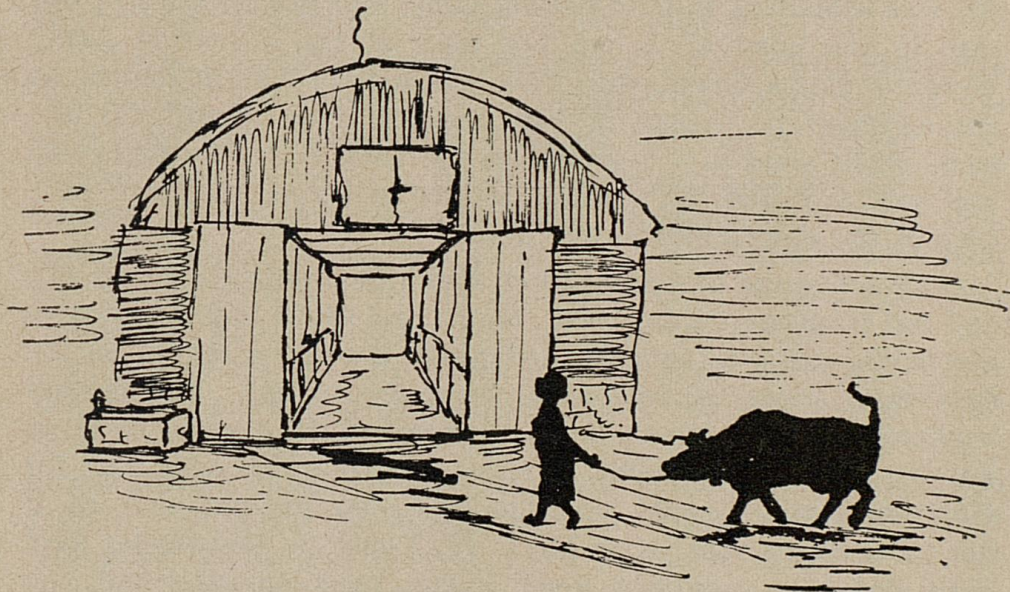
10. *Returning* —



11. "That sure is Petunia."
Sammy advancing to capture, while Mary and
Kermit hurry on to Hyden.



12. *Sammy and Petunia,—Slow, but determined progress!*



13. *Home, sweet home!*



14. *Realization!*

IN THE BIG CITY

by

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

Saturday I went to Cincinnati to take fifteen-year-old Marie who was to have an appointment at the Orthopedic Clinic of the Children's Hospital. Marie is a crippled girl with both legs in full length braces which do not permit her to bend her knees. She can get about with the help of crutches but you can imagine how slow that is—and stairs are next to impossible. Since she was attending the out-patient clinic and had no need of bed care in the hospital, I had her stay at the Salvation Army Women's Home downtown. This was a happy arrangement as the adjutant in charge of the home was so thoughtful and nice. Marie slept in a bedroom on the main floor, the bathroom was next to it and the adjutant let the girl have her meals on a tray in the downstairs sitting room.

This was the first time I had had a mountain child in a city and not staying at a hospital. Marie had never had occasion to see much of a city and she had never been to a movie, so the first night there we celebrated by going to one. The feature was already being shown when we reached the theater so there was no crowd in the lobby or aisles; we found an aisle seat for Marie so that she could have her legs stretched out in front of her. The movie was "Meet Me In St. Louis" in technicolor with most elaborate costumes, much music, most amusing and just right for any age audience. In fact, there couldn't have been a more appropriate picture and we both enjoyed it ever so much.

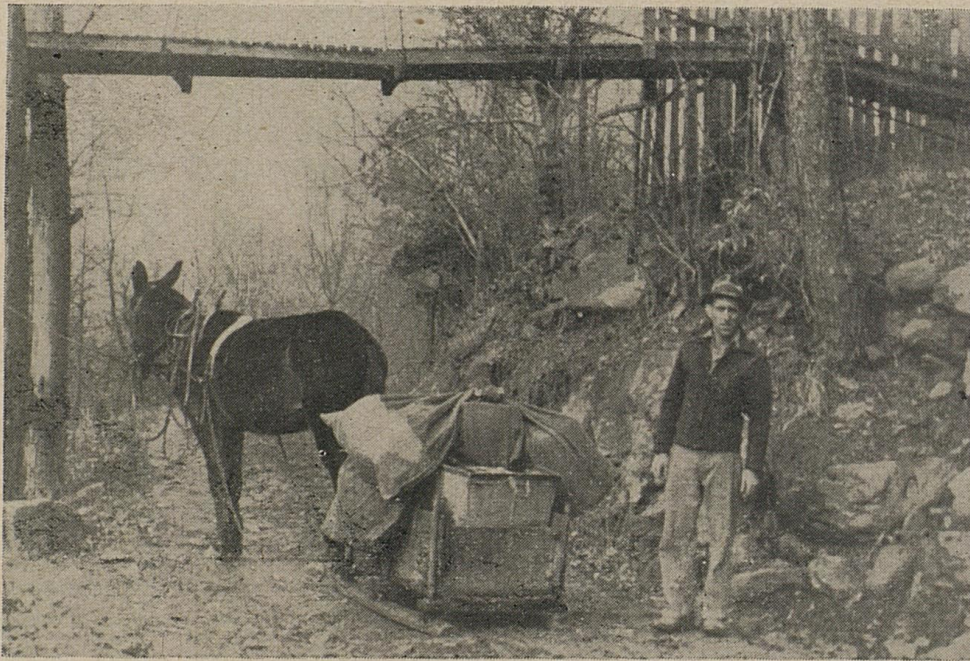
That night when I read the paper I found that the Cincinnati Shriners were sponsoring a circus that very week. Since we only expected to be in the city for one more night, there was not enough time to get tickets for reserved seats. I could hardly cope with a crippled girl in general admission seats so I phoned a Shriner friend to ask how we might get reserved seats for the next night's performance. I was told to appear at the theater in time for the show, and with the crippled girl, and someone would

be waiting for us with the tickets. Came that evening and we drove up before the theater; the car had scarcely stopped when a gentleman wearing a fez came out to the car and seeing the crippled girl, he helped her out the door and presto! there were about six other Shriners holding an arm chair for Marie. They carried her through the crowded lobby and up the stairs to the balcony and to the box in the very center of the auditorium. The center seat was perfect as Marie could stretch her legs out straight forward, resting them on the back of the seat down in front of her. Of course that meant she occupied two seats (which didn't seem right when there was hardly standing room in the whole theater) but when we offered to manage differently, the Nobles assured us it was quite all right and that if anyone wanted to sit in the other seat they would be asked to sit only on the edge and not to disturb Marie. And they did!

It was an honest-to-goodness circus complete with elephants that danced and played base ball; little dogs that walked upright and wore dresses and jumped hurdles; a juggler who juggled flaming torches; the daring young men on the flying trapeze; clowns; a rip-roaring band; bicyclists on a tight-rope, amazing balancing acts, and all the fancy costumes and bravado that should go with a circus. And aside from all this wonderful excitement, about all of the past and present officers of the Cincinnati Shriners came by to ask Marie if she were enjoying herself, if she were comfortable, could she see well enough? and to give her popcorn, peanuts and candy. I was practically dumbfounded by all the attention and interest shown her and I know that Marie thoroughly enjoyed herself. When the show was over, Marie was carried down to the waiting car of one of the Nobles and taken to the Salvation Army in great style.

Marie was very happy when we were finally settled on the Hazard train (the Travelers' Aid Society saw us through the great Cincinnati Union Terminal in a wheel chair) bound for the Krypton station—and home. City life is rather exhausting when compared to Wilder Branch where she lives (a creek road-bed, cabins along it, a one-room school house, and that's all). Such tales to tell her family and friends. The hospital clinic where she saw some patients and doctors whom she had known when hospitalized there, comfortable new shoes and new

crutches to replace the outgrown ones (the reason for the trip), her first movie in a theater (and a colored film at that) and a circus! But for all these fine things, I think that what impressed her as much as it did me was the overwhelming kindness of all the new friends who treated us to such a royal good time.



KERMIT AND THE MAIL

The river is in high tide. An assistant postmaster from Wendover has brought the mail from Hyden to the swinging bridge. With the help of Kermit, the Wendover mule and the sled, the mail is carried up the road to Wendover.

In Memoriam

. . . Life ere long
 Came on me in the public ways and bent
 Eyes deeper than of old: Death met I too,
 And saw the dawn glow through.

A Reading of Earth
 —by George Meredith

MR. THEODORE C. BAKER, Boston, Massachusetts
 MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, Boston, Massachusetts
 MRS. CASSIUS CLAY, Paris, Ky.
 MRS. WILLIAM G. EATON, Covington, Kentucky
 DR. NATHANIEL GIFFORD, Providence, Rhode Island
 MRS. WILLIAM GRAF, New York City
 MISS LOUIE A. HALL, Rochester, New York
 MR. CARLO HOSKINS, Hoskinston, Kentucky
 MR. WALTER C. JANNEY, Philadelphia
 MRS. GEORGE KINGSLEY, Minneapolis
 MR. DONALD R. McLENNAN, Lake Forest, Illinois
 MR. R. B. MORGAN, Hyden, Kentucky
 REV. ENDICOTT PEABODY, Groton, Massachusetts
 MRS. FRANCIS F. PRENTISS, Cleveland, Ohio
 MR. JOHN C. ROUSMANIERE, New York City
 DR. F. CARLTON THOMAS, Lexington, Kentucky
 MRS. FRANCIS J. TORRANCE, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
 MR. HENRY MATSON WAITE, Washington, D. C.
 MRS. CHARLTON YARNALL, Philadelphia

The Frontier Nursing Service pays the inevitable price of its lengthening years. A young organization does not have to part with friends. The passing months carry their record of people who were kind to us and from whom we shall not hear again. Five of these people entrusted their young daughters to us. **Dr. Peabody's** daughter spent a summer as a volunteer relief nurse in our Hospital. He and his whole family have long been our friends. **Mr. Baker, Mrs. Kingsley, Mr. McLennan** and **Mr. Rousmaniere** were the parents of couriers; and **Mr. McLennan** and **Mr. Rousmaniere** were also the husbands of trustees. For **Mrs. McLennan** the loss of her distinguished husband has followed the loss of her son, **George Noyes**, an airman in the U. S. Marine Corps, who, like his two brothers, was among the first to volunteer in the service of his country.

Mrs. Cabot carried us in her heart down to the last days of the long illness which terminated her life. **Mr. Janney**, together with his wife, has served on our Philadelphia Committee for years. **Mrs. Graf** was a faithful friend of the Service over a long period of time. **Mrs. Eaton**, a member of our Cincinnati Com-

mittee from its inception, kept in close touch with us and will live in our affectionate memories always. **Mr. Morgan** was one of our early friends in the mountains. **Mr. Hoskins**, Honorary Chairman of our Beech Fork Committee, and the dear wife whose death preceded his, were friends we knew and visited before the Frontier Nursing Service began its work. Their son, Walter Hoskins, is one of our trustees. **Mrs. Clay**, **Mrs. Prentiss**, **Mrs. Torrance**, and **Mrs. Yarnall**, each in her own community a gentlewoman of the old school, were alike distinguished in their charities and in civic duties. **Miss Hall**, a member of our Rochester Committee, was one of the gentlest and loveliest women we have ever known and a warm friend to us over the years. **Mr. Waite**, husband of a trustee, and one of our closest friends, was a public servant of distinction, and devotion to the public weal at any personal cost. **Dr. Gifford**, member of our National Medical Council, and **Dr. Thomas**, member of the Advisory Committee of this Council, are truly casualties of the war. Their untimely deaths are due to the strain placed upon physicians serving the civilian population during these terrible years. Dr. Thomas has attended more charity cases for us than we could enumerate—a page would not hold their names. No patriot in the armed forces gives his time, and offers his life, more truly than the patriot doctor at home.

We have quoted elsewhere in an earlier Bulletin *The Last Poem* of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who was Britain's Ambassador to us during the first of the World Wars. Mrs. Waite had this poem read at the funeral of her husband. We give it here again because it serves to remind us of that second country to which the honorable and the good repair, when they leave the land of their allegiance.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are Peace.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Mary Hollins (Holly) in Ethiopia—October 10, 1944.

We are all leaving here by December 31st at the latest. I have only been here two weeks over a year and was rather disappointed to think of leaving so soon, but am already getting interested in wondering what the next job will be! We are leaving because the money has run out. The money was collected in Britain in 1935-36 for medical work in this country, but the Italians so soon overran the whole place it was never used except a little by an ambulance unit.

It has been a grand experience here, and one sees all sorts of things that never occur in civilized countries and a lot of after effects of the war. There are 120 beds mostly full, and about 20% of our patients are paupers. We also have 12 beds for the officers and N.C.O. of the British Military Mission. Generally half of our 10 best rooms are occupied by British, Americans, and other Europeans as we are the only hospital in Ethiopia where there are white nurses.

The most popular disease among your and our people is typhus, in spite of all the immunizations they've all had. Among our Ethiopian patients typhus, relapsing fever, and malaria are most common, with pneumonia first in the rainy season. Their clothes are so inadequate and it is very cold at that time. I've also had a lot of midwifery here, mostly among Europeans, Armenians, and Indians. The Ethiopians aren't inclined to come to the hospital unless something is very wrong.

We had an amazing case of a little old Galla woman who'd been in labour 5 days before they brought her in. The doctor got a dead baby out and discovered a ruptured uterus at the same time. We took her to the theatre (*operating room*) and with the instruments straight out of the cupboard, unboiled, he did a hysterectomy and set clamps on the arteries. By that time she was quite pulseless, so we stopped and gave her intravenous saline for 5 hours. Only after that was the operation continued and the unsterile clamps removed. She never had

any fever and on the 10th day I found her standing on the floor all smiles saying that now she was so strong it was not good to stay in bed any longer! The infant mortality is appalling, largely due to syphilis and such customs as feeding 6-weeks-old babies on pea flour and butter "to make them strong" and of cutting off the uvula and pulling out the teeth. There is also an awful lot of rickets as they are afraid of having the sun ever rest on a child.

My brother Henry, the commando, is in the Far East and Bill, in the Navy, is somewhere around home. Please remember me to all I know.

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From Ethel Mickle (Mickle Major) in France—October 22, 1944.

Edith's address is the same as I am giving you (48, *Baldry Gardens, Streatham, London, S. W. 16*). We are not allowed to put our unit address on letters abroad but must give our home addresses. Although we do not get so much news from there these days, I should be very sorry to drop all communications with a place in which I spent so many very happy years. I do consider the F.N.S. the high spot in my nursing career.

Edith (*Mickle Minor*) is still in England—was in Oxford, but I believe has since gone to Cornwall. I am in France—came out the middle of July. We opened up our tented hospital and had about five weeks of very hard work. We acted as a C.C.S. (Casualty Clearing Station) and the wounded just rolled in and were evacuated to England as soon as fit to travel. We were only a few miles from the front line and were getting the men a few hours after being wounded. I take my hat off to them! They were wonderful, and one felt one would like to have done much more than we had time to do. It had to be essential work only. For the first two or three weeks we worked most days from 7:30 a.m. till 9 or 10 p.m. Then things quieted down; the battle area rushed forward and we have never really caught up with it.

We closed down, packing up everything. Each sister-in-charge was responsible for packing her own block of 50 beds. Then we hung around another week or two and then came forward about 150 miles, where we opened up another hospital. We were each handed our own equipment, and we unpacked.

We were in a very dirty building—once a nice school, but used by the Germans for making mines. We cleaned and unpacked in 24 hours and received our first convoy. We had a busy month, though not as hectic as our first experience. Quite a lot of our own troops, but I should think two-thirds of the patients were P.O.W.'s. They just rolled in by the hundreds, but were on the whole less badly wounded.

We then handed over to another unit and moved out to a place 1½ miles away to await the next move, and here we still are, living partly in a French chateau, partly in tents. I am fortunate enough to have a roof over my head—a tiny attic with a skylight and, joy of joys, too small to put anyone else in. We have been so long herded, up to seven, in a room; and it is one of the things one would never really get used to.

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From Doris Park (Parkie) in England—November 11, 1944.

I've had a most interesting year helping here, there, and everywhere. I was bombed out once, but everyone seems to have had it. The buzz bombs descended on us night and day, and now the rockets, but at least they aren't as frequent. Most of the mothers and children simply had to be evacuated out of the danger zone and there will be work for the builders for several years. I distributed my goods and chattels early in the 1940 blitz, so if one lot goes west, I shall have a few others left.

I am working for the county and like it immensely. I've bought a car for which I get an allowance and am allowed petrol as the distances are long. I think I'll get a house. We have good pasturage and it might come in handy if we get a bad winter. A very happy Christmas to you all.

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From Janet Coleman in Worcester, England—November 12, 1944

This year has been busy for me. January through July I was doing my health visitor's training in London. I wonder if you can guess what it was like trying to study with bombs dropping here, there, and everywhere! Since August 1st I have been organizing a district amalgamated out of two districts where they used bicycles. They will use a car for travel now. Organizing I find is rather fun!

From Dr. John H. Kooser with the U. S. Navy—

November 13, 1944.

Here is my chronology to date: Hawaii to the West Carolinas, by sea and air. I had an interesting time there with storms and real natives. The latter were of a micronesian type, but our civil affair problem was small. I have been transferred to the Mariannas (smaller) where I am attached pro tem to a G6 hospital for civilians—Koreans and Nips. I am here sort of after the storm, but there are bits of residual excitement. The pediatrics are very much like my early days at Hyden. There is a nursing school but it is rather sterile so far. Children seem to be the same regardless of race or creed. There are some tricky cases of nutritional oedema.

I have been upped in personal comfort. When we were on the native island we did our own cooking and laundry; and fed mosquitoes. Now we have a mess, laundry, showers (outside)—and very few mosquitoes.

The command is the Fleet Marines so at present am under the Marines. Several knew Gen. Breckinridge at Parris Island. I try to keep up on "research" here and get some good parasitology (amoeba) and have a trick problem in liver flukes. What I could do with six of the nurses here! Regards to all.

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From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Surrey—November 14, 1944.

I am back with Mrs. Hill (the Anglo-American home) looking after the little girl of twenty-three months while her mother has another baby. I love being in this home, it is such a happy place and shows how well America and England can mix.

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From Hannah Mitchell (Mitch) in Panama City—

November 19, 1944.

Our normal cases are delivered by midwives and for the abnormal we have three doctors—two men and one woman. Several of the staff speak English as many have had post-graduate work either in the States or in Canada. My Spanish is far from what it should be, but I can usually make myself understood. The delivery room has four delivery tables and sometimes we have patients on delivery carts and stretchers

waiting for beds even though the patients go home by ambulance often on the 3rd or 4th day. On two wards alone last month we had 258 deliveries. The delivery setup is sterile, simple but adequate.

Downtown they have a prenatal clinic four days a week and last Friday when I was down there, there were about forty patients for doctor's examinations. They have about fifteen midwives hired to do home deliveries. They take everything, even the pillow, with them. If the case becomes abnormal, they call the office which sends an ambulance and the patient is hospitalized at once. The midwives here have had a year's training with doctors and some of them are very good.

I have six in my class, all nice girls to work with. One is from Barcelona, Spain, another from Costa Rica, and two from the interior. I wish you could see the equipment! They have a manikin just like the one in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, a pelvis, and some very fine X-ray plates for use in different types of pelvises, positions, and multiple pregnancies. There is also a baby whose parts can all be taken out to show the fetal circulation, and there are charts of everything. As we average ten babies a day, usually normal, I see no chance for shortage there.

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Miss Ellen Marsh (Marshie) in London—November 20, 1944.

How glad we shall be when it is all over! The loss of life is terrific and here, in London, so many homes gone. I have been here five years now and did hope we had finished with the blackout, but it is not to be this winter—anyway not for our borough. When I was in Buxton, Derbyshire, in September the lights were on and I had a lovely fortnight—no sirens or doodle bugs. It was peaceful, but I had rather be in the midst of it than away wondering how my sister and family are getting on.

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From Nora K. Kelly in London—November 26, 1944.

We had a wonderful Thanksgiving celebration at the Albert Hall. I thought of you all and wondered if you were listening in. Green and Peggy were with me. It was fun seeing them. We have agreed to meet always at 6 p.m. Thanksgiving each year,

as many of us as can manage it. Give my love to anyone I may know.

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From Peggy Brown in Sussex—November 26, 1944.

Cherry will have told you that I started work as night sister (*supervisor*) at the King Edward VII Hospital in Haywards Heath at the end of October. It is a small cottage hospital of fifty beds, fairly modern in construction and very nice indeed. The matron is a delightful person and the assistant matron trained with us at St. George's and so is really a good friend.

It is amusing that nearly everyone here says I speak with an American accent and often teases me about it, while in Kentucky I was considered still English in my manner of speaking.

I was thrilled the other day to hear that my brother had been decorated for gallant action off the Normandy coast in June. He has won the Distinguished Service Cross. This is Pop's version: "On June 26th Pritch volunteered to go to the rescue of the crew of a blazing tanker that was being heavily shelled by the Germans. He set off from his ship in a small craft and, although he never reached the tanker, as he was wounded and his boat hit and the engine put out of action, his captain writes: 'the example set was an inspiration to all who witnessed the attempt.'"

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From Josephine Green in France—November 29, 1944.

Time passes so quickly these days when we are working at what we want to do. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bolton when she was over here. She showed a great interest in all we were doing and it was nice to have her come around.

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From Jean Egbert in Santa Fe—December 4, 1944.

I have a position as clinic nurse in charge of a very busy little center in Santa Fe. It is for Spanish-speaking people and I live at home and drive in. For the winter I have a "studio" in Santa Fe and come to my ranch (18 miles away) week ends. I am out there today. There's much snow and the temperature

in my bedroom is 30 degrees; but my living room, though large, warms quickly and well with an open fire and an iron stove.

I see Margaret Oetjen often; Inty and Frances Fell, occasionally. We haven't heard from Lois Harris Kroll since the spring.

From Alice Ford in Washington—December 11, 1944.

I am in the operations division of communications, which is all under the Chief of Naval Operations. Unfortunately, as far as telling my friends anything, the job is very, very "hush-hush". It really scares me to think of all the things I know and have to keep bottled up inside me. The job offers quite a challenge to my working ability, and with an interesting job and a nice place to live I am expecting to enjoy being here in Washington.

I had a delightful surprise the other night—Dale Echols Winship and Betty Holmes came by to pick me up and take me with them to see Fanny McIlvain. Fanny had just come down for a few days to visit her cousin. Betty told me that she is going to New York tomorrow to spend a few days with Jean. My love to all of you.

**From Katherine Ratcliffe Armstrong in Anchorage,
Alaska—December 15, 1944.**

In April we made our first trip Outside—theoretically to attend General Assembly, but partially to show off our girls to their grandparents. We think that we have two pretty nice little "Sourdoughs"—Allison was born in Fairbanks three and one-half years ago, and Charlene came to us here in Anchorage fifteen months ago. Allison's life has been so filled with soldiers that anyone in khaki is her friend—she is such a friendly, hospitable little soul. Charlene is a healthy, happy youngster who is beginning to assert her will and personality—only eight pounds lighter than Allison.

**From Margaret Ferguson (Fergie) in the State T.B.
Sanitarium in Alto, Ga.—December 24, 1944.**

(Fergie has recently been put on "complete rest". Our best wishes for a speedy recovery go out to her.)

It is very nice here and not too lonely because I'm sandwiched between all my dear friends in Gainesville and Jo Kinman just up the road a bit. Already I have had visits from both sides.

Alto is located at the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains and on clear days I get all filled with the peaks as they fade from a deep purple to almost sky blue in the distance. I know that "just over there" is Kentucky and all those dear ones. Then, too, there's mom and the home folks.

I'm keeping a scrapbook on my stay here. From the way it is going now, I'll probably have a monthly edition called "Undercover Dood'lens". Best wishes for the New Year to all the Service.

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From Della Int-Hout (Inty) in Arizona—December 24, 1944.

I am fortunate in getting a vacation at this time of year, but I wanted it because of my brother, who is having frequent heart attacks.

I am enjoying my public health position in New Mexico, but don't like a car as well as a horse, and many times it is very terrifying—I'd much rather swim with Dixie than travel up to the highest village in New Mexico on adobe roads. The country is beautiful, rugged, and with wild cattle and horses everywhere (there is no herd law). I've never seen as many little colts outside Kentucky!

I am living with a writer and an artist. The writer, Dorothy Thomas, writes in the *Post* and *Ladies Home Journal*. She has just finished a novelette for the Government. She is also a good cook and prepares dinner, and the artist and I do the dishes. I had a very difficult time finding a place to live the first three months and feel fortunate now that I have two such genuine friends to live with.

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About Anne Nims (Georgie) from The New York Times.

Bronxville, N. Y., Dec. 30:—Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Nims of this place have announced the marriage of their daughter, Lieut. Anne G. Nims, Army Nurse Corps, to Lieut. John A. Nixon, Jr., Army Air Forces, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon of Omaha, which took place on Tuesday, December 26, 1944, in the Army chapel

at Anchorage, Alaska. Chaplain Applegate performed the ceremony.

The bride has been on duty in the Aleutian Islands since March. She was graduated from the Madeira School, the Colorado University School of Nursing in Denver, and the Army Air Forces School for Flight Nurses at Bowman Field, Ky. Lieut. Nixon, an alumnus of Carlton College in Northfield, Minn., has been in the Aleutians for the last two years. He has received the Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

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From Marian Cadwallader with A.N.C. in Virginia—
January 23, 1945.

Pat and I finally got off to Fort Meade on the fifteenth of December. The basic training was intensive, strenuous, and lots of fun. We both thought that the outdoor life we had led in Kentucky helped us through the rigors of drill and fresh-ups in snow and ice and even mud.

At the end of our month at Meade eleven of us came down here to the Woodrow Wilson General Hospital in Staunton. After the flat country in our part of Maryland it was good to be able to see hills again. Pat has charge of an orthopedic ward and I am back in operating room giving anesthesia, or rather learning to give the newer anesthetics. Practically all the patients here are boys wounded overseas, so we do feel that we are not doing just routine army nursing.

We had two very pleasant visits with Marion Lewis in Washington. She had just come back from the mountains and could give us all the latest news of the F.N.S. Please remember both of us to those we know.

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From Edith Anderson Lawrence (Andy) in Texas—
January 21, 1945.

This army's attitude towards changing their officers' leaves is making me raise peptic ulcers. I was terribly disappointed, especially at not being able to see you. So it goes! We leave Fort Worth the end of the month and arrive in Newark February 1st. This leave looks pretty definite. Sometime in March or April George expects to go to P.O.E. and I shall drive East

with a lieutenant's wife. If we are routed within a reasonable distance of Lexington, may we come for a visit?

January 25, 1945.

Just a note to let you know that George's leave has been changed to February 5th. This is the fourth change! I have been sitting in a corner quietly banging my head against the wall.

From Ada Worcester Tubman in Sussex, England—

February 1, 1945.

The maternity home is still not open! I've got a private case now. The baby is eight days today and beautiful. He has a nice young mother with one other child. The house is lovely—Queen Anne period, but beautifully modernized. It would be comfortable to the utmost degree if the fuel situation allowed the use of the central heating. I believe there are ghosts, nice benevolent old priests and folk. It's called "The Chantry" and is next door to the church. Several other cases are booked, so the national service officer should be pleased with me!

From Esther Thompson (Tommy) in Cincinnati—

February 7, 1945.

I had rather planned to spend several days with you before this course began, but somehow, with the shortage of nurses and all, we don't take any more time than necessary. However, I was lucky to be able to accumulate a couple of days so had three to my credit. I spent most of the time with Trudy. Her baby is one of the sweetest I've seen. (*We hear this from many sources.*) She had quite a cough and Trudy hasn't been taking her out much; consequently I care for her occasionally when they want to go out.

We began our course on Monday—fifteen registered. The next day we had only fourteen as one was rejected because of her classification. It has caused great confusion for all of us. Do give everyone my love.

From Frances Fell in Santa Fe—February 12, 1945.

Inty is flourishing. She and Margaret Oetjen were at my

house for supper last night in Nicky's honor. Nicky is just back from Paraguay and will soon be going to Peru. Last night there were seven women, one man, and five dogs present. The dogs were having such a good time in the living room that I took up the Indian rugs and they really had fun. Margaret is boarding a cocker for a friend. One of the guests was a professional ballad singer and she sang a number of old familiar songs.

The Santa Fe Catholic Maternity Institute has two midwife students. Plans are being completed for the El Rito Demonstration area (*for a direct nurse-midwifery service*) and I am to be there for six months. A young Lobenstine graduate from Maryland is going to be with me. It's a rugged, pioneer situation, but the village is lovely, and we feel sure that there will be a good response to the service. Greetings to those I know.

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**From Margery Tait (Madge) with the British Middle
East Force—February 12, 1945.**

We had Holly to tea yesterday to say goodbye as she is heading for Italy to do refugee work. She seems to have enjoyed Hailie Selassie's job immensely. She's as bright and cheerful as ever.

I've gone and got myself engaged to a Captain John Burton whom I met in Cyprus. He comes from Sussex—a southerner and a tenderfoot!!! But I ain't aiming to be married for years and years and years, so I may be back in Old Kentucky yet. Give my love to everyone, please, and especially to Cameron (*her horse*). Margaret Watson is fine, and now has long hair, done up in a most elegant style! Smashing!

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**From Elisabeth (Betty) Holmes in the Navy Nurse Corps—
February 23, 1945.**

The Navy policy is to keep new nurses at a big base hospital near their homes for their first six months, after that time they are subject to orders for almost any station Stateside or overseas, and of course I'm praying that when July rolls around my name will be on the list of those going overseas.

Meantime, there's plenty to be done right here. We have approximately three thousand patients and around three hun-

dred nurses, but there is constant changing as the older nurses are detached every few days, it seems, for different stations and new ones coming in. This hospital is the big Navy Rehabilitation Center in the East, specializing in rehabilitation of amputees, the blind and the deaf. The thing that impressed me the most at first, and still does, is the extraordinary gaiety of spirit and natural cheerfulness of these boys. There is very little of the usual "hospital atmosphere" in this place. The boys go hopping around at terrific speed and with great agility on their artificial limbs, and usually their great ambition when they first acquire a limb is to become skillful enough to jitterbug! They are given dancing lessons, and taught vocations, and all in all a superb job is being done in making them fit again for normal living. They are the most grateful patients in the world. One would think that after all they have been through, and done, they would have every right and reason to expect a great deal to be done for them, but on the contrary our greatest nursing problem is to keep them in bed and quiet, when they should be. If they see that there is a shortage of help in getting out chow, for instance, out to the galley to help serve and carry trays will come patients who shouldn't even be out of bed. . . .

The Navy has leased the fifth deck of this hotel for us, since quarters at the Hospital aren't large enough for all the nurses now that there are so many patients. For one who loves the country, I've certainly not done well since leaving Wendover. First, three years in Baltimore, now in a 16-story hotel in downtown Philadelphia! Perhaps I'll be ordered to an island in the Pacific, though, where I can live in a tent—better yet will be the time when the war is over and Marion and I can flit down to Kentucky in the car. That will be a great day, and one towards which I know all the other members of the far-flung "old staff" are looking forward with me. . . . Please give my love to all that I know. . . .

. . . .

NEWSY BITS

We have two new babies to whom we wish joy and a more peaceful world: Ray Steven was born on November 26 to **Gerda Beck Mortenson**; Randall Claire, on December 14 to **Dorothy**

Gressman Hamel. Ray Steven weighed 7 lbs. 1 oz.; Randall Claire 6 lbs. 3 oz.

We hear indirectly about **Lois Harris Kroll's** "wonderful son", but are not yet able to give our readers his name. (Why, Lois, why?) Several members of our staff have visited **Trudy Belding Corum** and all speak most enthusiastically of little Marclon.

Belated news has come of **Ethel Broughall's** marriage to Frank Miller who is now serving in the Pacific theatre. We also hear that **Ruth Jolliffe** is now Mrs. Harry Michaelis. Our best wishes to them both!

Vanda Summers is assistant administrator at the New York Hospital. **Margaret Eimon** is working in The Hospital in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. **Aase Johanesen** is studying at the University of Chicago.

Miss Lyda Anderson writes that her doctor tells her she must take it easy. Her method is novel: caring for a house, garden, chickens, and an invalid sister.

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ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Nadine Benge in Louisiana—November 4, 1944.

Of course you know that I received the certificate and diploma. They are beautiful. I have also been notified that I passed the Louisiana State Board examinations for nurse-midwives. I was the only one who took it—with about 60 medical students. It was some exam! Five parts in three days—and had the same physiology exam the medical students took. Remember me to everyone—I think of all of you often.

From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—February 4, 1945.

A week ago yesterday I had three girls (8-9-10 lbs.) between 11 a. m. and 1 a. m. All three patients tried to labor at the same time and I turned three shades grayer while racing between them. Thursday night the 7 lb. one came—now I'm waiting for the 6 or 11 lb. one! The public health nurse left me

for the town office. This work was too much for her—she said she got to where the thought of being called for a delivery frightened her terribly. Her last one was a breech which she managed very well, but was terrified over it afterward. I don't blame her for not wanting to do deliveries without being trained for it, but it does leave me in a pickle.

From Catherine Lory in Indiana—February 7, 1945.

I have had three deliveries this week and am expecting four more soon. The baby crop is good, and all is going well. I'm beginning now to feel the need of some relief. (*You will all be pleased to know that Catherine is a member of the Committee on Nurse-Midwives formed in the N.O.P.H.N.*) **Aileen Murphy** is working towards her degree at Peabody in Nashville, Tenn.

OUR FORMER CADETS

Madge Cyr and **Ruth Alexander** have both left The Johns Hopkins Hospital to join the Army Nurse Corps. After being stationed at Ft. George G. Meade, they have been transferred to Deshon General Hospital in Butler, Pennsylvania.

TRUE TALES

A month ago a friend of ours sent in a gasoline application which should have melted a heart of stone. She said "For the past three years we have done without our car, with great difficulty. We are now re-applying for gasoline because six of my grandchildren have been evacuated here from London, and this summer the infrequent, overcrowded buses nearly always pass us by. We are a party of 13 living in a farmhouse nearly a mile from the nearest bus stop, and five miles from the nearest shops. Every week there are at least two trains to meet, seven miles away, and taxi prices are exorbitant. I am in my seventieth year, and find the trips to the bus exhausting, as they nearly always entail carrying heavy parcels."

The answer from the Regional Petroleum Office has just arrived: 'I have given careful consideration to your application for gasoline coupons, but regret that I cannot grant you an allowance.'

After a flying bomb raid a small boy of 14 years came to the officer in charge of an "incident" to enquire whether he could leave school. Looking pathetically nervous and weighed down with responsibility, he explained that he had three younger sisters to look after as his parents had both been killed the night before. Of course arrangements were made for the family to be cared for.

—*The Outpost*, Published by
Americans in Britain

TIME HEALS MANY THINGS

by

GLADYS MOBERG, B.A., R.N., C.M.

I'm lucky that Fridays mean Leatherwood for me. Why am I lucky? Well, my clinic overlooks the schools and Fridays are the days of special activities. One day I'd hear the 4-H program; the next week I'd see a baseball game.

One Friday there was more activity and chatter than usual. All the school yard was agog. Busy hands were sweeping the school steps, others were cleaning up the yard. The eagerness combined with their work meant that there was something more to come. Yes, it was a picnic. Soon the work was done and happy little feet ran back and forth to the store.

One little figure was more outstanding than the rest. It was a little barefoot boy with a toothless grin brightening his freckled face. His feet trod faster than the others. He saw no one else as he ran from school to store, from store to home and back again. When all the other little feet skipped down the road to the picnic spot, this little figure was still busy with his transactions at the store. Finally he, too, was off down the road.

In passing his home I stopped for a moment to visit with his mother. She informed me that he had had to wait for the mail carrier for bread for his lunch. And oh, if that mail had failed to bring the bread, one little heart would have been broken. But the mail came through, and Floyd's parting words to his mother were, "Boy, I like picnics, don't you?" And he departed with the same toothless grin spread over his face.

Later as I went on down the road I met this same little boy, but the grin was gone, tears stained the once happy face, and he dragged his feet as he plodded homeward. Under his arm was his picnic box, opened and empty. He was munching the last piece of bread which was now mixed with youthful tears. I asked him why he hadn't gone on with the rest; he bravely raised his head and the wet words came out, "The boys didn't wait for me."

I understood his emotions and I, too, was sad. If Heather

had had wings we should have taken this little one to his picnic, but she didn't and I'm not permitted to write on my records, "Not seen—nurse busy transporting one little boy to a picnic."

By now the picnic is almost forgotten, and the grin has returned to the freckled face, and a tooth has begun to grow in that mouth. So I say, "Time heals many things."

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NURSE'S AIDE

by

ROSALIE BRUCE
Hyden Hospital

Up in the morning, on duty at eight;
Not a moment too soon or one too late.

Get a report of what to do;
Wash a patient, or probably two.

Mop the floor; dust a chair;
For all these things I have a flair.

Babies to feed; babies to dress;
At this the mothers I don't impress.

Fill the glasses with water and ice,
Not once each hour but often twice.

Get a student at Beech Fork and then,
I take her right on back again.

Oh there're things to be done all the day long.
Yes, my heart's in the hills and this is my song:

"What can I do next?"

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

That man is blessed who was born
In dreaded years destroying levels,
The gods have asked him to their revels,
He is their equal until morn.

—Tutcheff

This bit of Russian poetry is quoted by the Russian Grand Duke Alexander in his biography. It is a somber verse and one shudders in reading it. The effect upon one is not unlike that of certain movements in Greek tragedies. If we were a poet we should write something in three verses, the first lines of which would begin like this:

We were the forests of Europe,
We were the buildings of Europe,
We were the children of Europe.

The destruction of national forests, which have been tended scientifically and with loving care for centuries, is heart-breaking to forest lovers like us. As for buildings priceless in tradition and beauty, whether in London or in Germany itself, we mourn over their destruction. But when it comes to the children, those of our allies first, but any children anywhere, we recall our years of work among them after the last world war, and these lines by Nora Archibald Smith (a sister of Kate Douglas Wiggin) which were published then:

Oh, little feet in Flanders and in France;
Strayed feet in Belgium's vast orphanage;
Feet that have never sinned and yet must bleed
In Germany's stark homes and swollen graveyards;
Small feet of woe in Russia's cruel snows;
Armenian feet and Polish, Serb and Austrian,
We hear your terror in your pattering.

We may not bear the load of anguish more;
Each step falls like a weight of iron down.
We feel the frozen touch, the icy chill,
Of flesh that life may never warm again.
Oh, feet unsheltered from the wintry blast,
Dear feet that never walked unaccompanied,
God send you safely into paradise!

As battles reach a crescendo in Europe one hears now and then over the radio about the appalling condition of the Dutch in occupied Holland. This brings harrowing thoughts of Dutch

children. For no particular reason we recall Eugene Fields' lullaby *Nightfall in Dordrecht* of which this is the last verse:

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Truly it may be said of the mothers of Europe what Kipling wrote in his *Song of the Women*; they are "old in grief, and very wise in tears."

We have received a report of the work during the past eighteen months by the Kent County Nursing Association in Southern England. Years ago we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Babington at Canterbury. She is the Honorary Secretary of the Kent County Nursing Association and has been so kind as to send us reports of her organization over the years. The latest report goes into some detail about district nursing in a flying bomb area, and says of the Kent County nurses and midwives, "Their devotion to duty in the face of danger would, were all the facts known, rank among the many brave deeds of this world war." We quote one example of this devotion to duty in the face of danger:

The place—An industrial area in North Kent.
The date—November, 1944. The hour—9 p. m.

The Queen's Nurse, the day's work done, sits by her fire knitting for the Merchant Navy. A flying-bomb is heard—the engine 'cuts out'—where will it alight? The answer comes swiftly, for in less than thirty seconds the house is gone, with only one room left and that the room in which Nurse is sitting. As by a miracle she is unhurt, though the back of her dress is slit across by the flying glass which covers her. There is debris everywhere and she cannot get out. A voice calls: 'Where is Nurse? She is wanted for a patient.' Nurse replies: 'I'll come, if you can get me out.' With difficulty they make a way through the pile of debris that was her house. Across the road, the houses are also gone. Nurse ascends a staircase which now stands in the open air. At the top is a room where everything is gone save the bed and the patient. Nurse tends her—calls the Ambulance—and in Hospital the next day there lies a mother with her baby, none the worse (thanks to the timely aid of Nurse) for this alarming experience.

We were glad to read that the number of casualties in Kent

County was "amazingly small" compared to the extent of the damage done. This reminds us of a column by Dorothy Thompson in August, 1941, about the coolness of the British at the time of the Nazi bombing raids. She says:

A famous woman writer told me she had resigned herself calmly to the air raids when she realized that the mortality in the blitzes was lower than British mortality in childbirth. "And after all, I have had three children," she said.

We may remind ourselves that British mortality in childbirth is lower than American.

It is a source of very real happiness and pride to us to note in this Bulletin that we have received from Miss Waddell, Superintendent, the annual report of the Woman's Hospital in Detroit, where 2,666 mothers were confined during the year without the death of a single mother. We send 2,666 congratulations to Dr. L. E. Daniels and his associates, to Miss Waddell, and to the Board of Trustees of the Woman's Hospital, whose President since 1908 has been Mrs. Frederick H. Holt and whose First Vice-President is Mrs. Henry B. Joy.

Before we get entirely away from the subject of flying bombs and our dear British allies, we would like to quote from a letter written us by an old friend in London, Lady Hermione Blackwood, late in 1944. She says:

We had so hoped that this year would see the end of the European part of [the war] at least but, though things are going well enough this side, one feels progress must be slow through wintry weather and our troubles with flying bombs and rockets are not over, though of course lessened. We still go to bed wondering if our houses or ourselves are still certain of being there by the morning. A good many have fallen in our neighbourhood recently. The other day a rocket fell in the afternoon on a house where a child was having a birthday party and all the little guests, 15 of them, were brought out dead. Such a sad ending to a party, though one hopes they felt nothing and are in a happier world.

The battle for Iwo Jima is raging as we go to press. To some of us the Marines are so peculiarly and personally dear that whenever they are taking one of the Pacific Islands we feel as though we were taking it with them too. We would be

pardoned for quoting a Tribute to the Marines by a Naval Officer, Capt. Fred J. Bell, which was a part of a review in *The New York Times* of a book, "Banzoi Noel" by Capt. Garrett Graham of the U. S. Marine Corps. This Tribute follows:

At some stage of their brief training, they receive a form of accolade that implants in them a pride of Corps which forever sets them apart from other men. They are habitually efficient and correct, whether they are forming a guard of honor for the President, on an occasion of state, or sinking their mud-caked, sweaty bodies in a foxhole.

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Hardly a week passes now that we do not learn of the death of a young kinsman or the son of an old friend. Our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy to our St. Paul, Minn. Chairman, Mrs. Edwin D. White and her husband in the loss of their gallant boy—their only son—Gardner White.

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We have read John Mason Brown's new book, *Many a Watchful Night*. We think that each book he writes shows growth in depth of feeling and insight without in any way losing in humor or charm. Our copy has a personal inscription on the flyleaf which we shall cherish always.

Another book lately given us with a personal inscription on the flyleaf is *So Build We*, the newest book to be written by Miss Mary S. Gardner of Providence, and published by Macmillan. No one in the nursing world writes with such a blend of humor and sense as Miss Gardner. Not only should every nurse read this book, but every layman interested in nursing as well.

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We are proud that our trustee, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York, has been named as Assistant to Mr. Basil O'Connor, Chairman of the American Red Cross Central Committee. We send our affectionate congratulations to Dr. Dublin for this opportunity to render another form of public service, and our congratulations also to the American Red Cross for having secured him "on loan" from the Metropolitan.

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When Dr. Clifford B. Lull of Philadelphia did us the honor of becoming a member of our National Medical Council, he wrote

us a letter that will always be a treasured possession in our files. In it he says: "I have always been very much interested in the work which you are doing and feel that you should have the support of the obstetricians of the country." For the support some of these distinguished men are giving us, we thank God.

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From a friend in India we receive a small publication called *The Ashram Review* published by Christa Prema Seva Sangha, Poona 5. Travel is slow between Kentucky and India and the October number has only just reached us. We are struck by an editorial called *Possible Impossibilities* which treats of the hopes of this war-torn world for a unity among all the peoples of the planet, so real, so binding, that we shall not have war again. *The Ashram Review* suggests that we pray more, not less, when peace comes, and that we make and keep a resolution "to take part in no unkind conversation, and refrain from destructive criticism."

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Since we reported in the last issue of the Bulletin on our endowment funds we have received a gift of five thousand dollars from a Louisville trustee, and two memorial endowments.

The Rodes family, who had endowed one of our Hospital bassinets in memory of their mother, Bettie Starks Rodes, have endowed another bassinet in memory of their uncle, John Price Starks. The second bassinet will be marked with a bronze tablet similar to the first, when it is possible to get bronze tablets again, and they will always stand side by side. A third endowed bassinet in our Hospital was endowed years ago by General and Mrs. A. R. Glancy of Detroit, in memory of their little daughter, Joan.

Mrs. Donald R. McLennan, of Lake Forest, Illinois, has given an endowment of twelve thousand dollars for a bed at the Hyden Hospital in memory of her husband. We are deeply honored to have been chosen for this memorial to a man so widely known in America for the integrity and ability of his business life, and so deeply loved by his associates for the charm

and beauty of his personal life. This bed, too, will be marked by a special bronze plaque as soon as it is possible to get plaques made again.

When Grace Reeder was on her holiday in December she spoke before the Ladies of Dayton Court, Order of the Amaranth in Dayton, Ohio, about the Frontier Nursing Service, and their Chairman, Mrs. Eloise Blommel, wrote: "We were very happy to have her." Their Chairman for 1945 is Mrs. Dorothy Kaelin. We appreciate the supplies for our babies sent us by this group.

Wini Saxon, who is spending the winter at her home in Dothan, Alabama, spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service to a group of school children from the fourth grade on up. The occasion was part of a week devoted to programs on making a better community, so Wini stressed public health, social service and so on. The teacher who invited her to speak told her that the boys said it was the best talk they had ever heard! In fact, one of the little boys had the following conversation with his teacher:

"What's that woman doing now?"

"She is staying at home helping with her family."

"Great day, I wouldn't never have left that place with all them horses to ride!"

On February 27th, Mrs. Archibald Douglas lent her home for the annual rummage tea for the benefit of all the seven charities that make use of the Bargain Box. As all of the Bulletin readers know, the Frontier Nursing Service is one of these seven charities, and we get a net income of around \$3,000 a year from the sale of rummage donated to us. Each charity gives its own rummage teas, but once a year there is a tea for the combined charities. The combined charities elect a Chairman for the Bargain Box Committee. The Frontier Nursing Service was honored in that its New York Chairman and trustee, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, has been Chairman of the Central Bargain Box Committee this winter. We would like to remind our readers again that green shipping tags, for marking rummage to be sent to the Bargain Box, may be secured by addressing Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York, or in Kentucky by addressing Mrs. Morris B. Belknap,

R. R. 1, Box 452, Louisville, Kentucky. A number of Kentuckians now send their white elephants to the Bargain Box, tagged with the Frontier Nursing Service name, to 1175 Third Avenue, New York, 21.

Your editor wishes to make her humble apologies to you, yet once again, for the belatedness of this winter Bulletin. The last of the copy for the printers in Lexington is finished on the first day of March, just a week later than it should go down. Our printers have no one to help them now and have to take longer than they did before the war to get the Bulletin through the presses and back up to us for proof reading. You will receive the Bulletin sometime in March, but at the moment of writing we dare not prophesy when. The reason for all of this delay is that I am not primarily an editor and have to ram the Bulletin into days over-crowded with my work as Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. This work has been so exacting that I could not leave Kentucky for eleven consecutive months. When I did go out, I couldn't get back until the middle of February. There was just too much to do upon my return to concentrate on the Bulletin. I know that all of you understand and will forgive the delinquency of an editor, whose publication thousands of you read and write me you enjoy in spite of its limitations and delays.

In describing my winter trip outside the mountains, I am not going into detail as fully this year as formerly. The reason lies primarily with the War Production Board. We must keep our total Bulletins within a prescribed tonnage weight each year. The things to cut, in my opinion, are my own ramblings. But there are a lot of you to whom even these are of interest, so I will sketch them for you.

In January I took a two weeks' holiday, my first in two and a half years, and went to Hot Springs, Virginia, for hydrotherapy, diathermy, and massage for my back. Then I went to New York where our Annual Meeting, the morning of the twenty-fourth, filled the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club. Our New York Chairman and trustee, Mrs. Milward W. Martin presided. In the afternoon we had a rummage tea for the Bargain Box at the home of our trustee, Mrs. Langdon Marvin. I was in and

around New York for a week and in ordinary times, it would be a joy to write something of the dear people I met again and of how kind they were to me. There is only space to say that I spoke to the group who make layettes for us, bless them, in the Eagle Valley as the guest of Mrs. Morgan Hamilton, to the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Bartholomew's Church, and to the Society of Kentucky Women in New York. I had hoped that our Vanda Summers would reach New York in time for one of our meetings, where I would have so loved introducing her, but she did not arrive until I had gone.

On February first I spoke in Providence, as the guest of our Chairman, Mrs. William Jastram, at the Handicraft Club, and on February 2nd, to a luncheon meeting of around two hundred and fifty people in the ballroom of the Woman's Republican Club in Boston. This meeting was under the auspices of the Honorary Chairman of our Boston Committee, Mrs. E. A. Codman, and the active Chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, and Mrs. Richard Higgins, Chairman of the meeting. Dr. Jason W. Mixter introduced The Reverend Cornelius Trowbridge, who introduced me! Again, as at the New York meeting, I saw a host of old friends, including many old couriers, staff members, and our dear nurse, Louise Mowbray (Charlie), who got down from Springfield to see me. I spent from Saturday to Monday with my lifelong friend, Mrs. I. H. Jones, in Marblehead, and spoke to a group of men and women at a tea given me Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Arnold Smith. Monday and Tuesday back in Boston were crammed with business and pleasure.

Tuesday night I caught a train for Washington, where I was the guest of our Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner and Judge Groner. After a delightful luncheon with Mrs. John W. Davidge, Mrs. Groner had a tea with all of the Washington Committee invited to meet me. The object of the meeting was to discuss the arrangements for the Washington Benefit, with our own John Mason Brown again, at the Mayflower on March 31st.

After Washington I went to see my sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, at "Flagstop" in the Shennandoah Valley, and my sister, Mrs. George Warren Dunn, who is staying there until her husband returns from France. I found my sister-in-law with her furnace and her leg both broken! We were refu-

gees in the hospitable old home "Hawthorne" where she was born and reared. We were the guests of her sisters; and my sister and her aviator son, home on leave, and her daughter, whose husband has gone overseas, were housed elsewhere.

From "Hawthorne" I went to Glendale, Ohio, and stayed with our Chairman and his wife, the Roger K. Rogans, for two nights and a day. We went over all our invitation lists for a meeting in late May. Then I went to Lexington, where there was a bit of business too. We are delighted to announce that Mrs. Clarence LeBus, Jr., has taken the active chairmanship of the Blue Grass Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, and with Mrs. F. H. Wright and other friends assisting her, will sponsor the Annual Meeting of the trustees, members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service late this spring. Notices of this meeting will go out three weeks in advance, but the date has been tentatively set for Wednesday, May 30th, with luncheon at 12:30 p. m., at the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington.

From Lexington I returned to the mountains. I spent the first night at our Hospital at Hyden, and got abreast of everything there before going on to Wendover. It has been a hard winter for the Hospital, because they were short-handed and have had a terrific lot of patients, but, bless them, they have carried on with the highest efficiency and good will.

WASHINGTON BENEFIT FOR THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

Washington's traditional benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service will be held this year at the Mayflower Hotel, on Saturday, March 31st, in the afternoon. John Mason Brown is the speaker. The lecture will be followed by refreshments at the Mayflower, and these, as well as the tax, are included in the price of each ticket. If anyone is overlooked in the sending out of notices, and wishes to attend, he is asked to communicate with the Washington Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, 2101 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 8.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Mountain child, who has just had his first shot with the hypodermic needle, "Oh, a bee stung me!"

CONVERSATION PIECE

This poem on the Ledo Road, written by Sgt. Smith Dawless, formerly attached to the Public Relations Office of this base, was acclaimed by the editors of the Army Times as the best soldier poem of World War II. It appeared originally in the CBI Roundup. Sent the Bulletin by Mary Elizabeth Rogan from Burma.

*Is the gateway to India at Bombay
Really as beautiful as they say?*
Don't rightly know, Ma'am. Did my part
Breakin' point in the jungle's heart;
Blasted the boulders, felled the trees,
With red muck oozin' around our knees,
Carved the guts from the Patkai's side,
Dozed our trace, made it clean and wide,
Metalled and graded, dug and filled:
We had the Ledo Road to build.

*Well, surely you saw a burning ghat,
Fakirs, rope-tricks, and all of that.*
Reckon I didn't. But way up ahead
I tended the wounded, buried the dead.
For I was a Medic, and little we knew
But the smell of sickness all day through,
Mosquitos, leeches and thick dark mud
Where the Chinese spilled their blood
After the enemy guns were stilled:
We had the Ledo Road to build.

*Of course you found the Taj Mahal,
The loveliest building of them all.*
Can't really say, lady. I was stuck
Far beyond Shing with a GM truck.
Monsoon was rugged there, hot and wet
Nothing to do but work and sweat.
And dry was the dust upon my mouth
As steadily "big cats" roared on south
Over the ground where Japs lay killed:
We had the Ledo Road to build.

*You've been gone two years this spring,
Didn't you see a single thing?*
Never saw much but the moon shine on
A Burmese temple around Maingkwan,
And silver transports high in the sky,
Thursday River and the swift Tanai,
And Hukawng Valley coming all green,
Those are the only sights I've seen.
Did our job, though, like God willed:
We had the Ledo Road to build.

FIELD NOTES

Then have no care for tomorrow: tomorrow will take care of itself. Take the trouble of the day as it comes.

—St. Matthew, Chapter 6, Verse 34
The New Testament in Basic English
Cambridge University Press

Sometimes a new translation of old words sweeps through the mind with the freshness of a breeze and blows away the dust that gathers on the familiar. The anxieties of the moment are all that any human heart can carry. We must not anticipate the telegram from Washington that may never come. To do otherwise is to die a thousand deaths when even one vicarious death may not be our portion this time at all.

What is true of high tragedy is true also of the lesser strains to which war-time adjustments subject us. We of the Frontier Nursing Service have learned to "take the trouble of the day as it comes." We have not brooded over the possible ill effects of a severe winter on our terrible slides, and now we find that they have come through the freezing and the thaws, the rain, snow and ice, without breaking. We do not fret over scarcity of labor to put in gardens and get on with inevitable repairs and upkeep. Perhaps there will be enough labor, and if not that is because the war has taken the labor, and we would not have it otherwise if we could. We try to spread our thin line of nurses, and our only doctor, as best we can for the welfare of some ten thousand people. We believe there are enough doctors and nurses to meet the needs of the Army and Navy and yet suffice for the needs of the sick, especially the children, and for the women in child-birth, if distribution is reasonably equitable. If one does the best one can with what one has, then rarely indeed is one let down. In any case, one does not have to take the trouble of the day until it comes.

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When our Medical Director, Dr. Fraser, goes with his wife and babies on a much needed holiday to her home in Oklahoma, we will have no doctor at all for our Hospital and our thousands of district patients during the time he is gone. Of course, our Hazard surgeon, Dr. Collins, will stand by as always for emerg-

encies. Since the Graduate School will not be in session between March 3rd and April 3rd, when its tenth class convenes, there will be no medical lectures to students. It is the best time for Dr. Fraser to take a holiday, and we shall not take the troubles of the days of his absence until they come,—as come they will!

Dr. Henry H. Caffee of the Oneida Hospital, came to us again, on behalf of the Kentucky Board of Health, to conduct the examinations for the six nurse students who have completed their six-months course at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. The examinations this time took place late in February, shortly before this Bulletin goes to press. The Frontier Nursing Service deeply appreciates the privilege of having so outstanding an obstetrician as Dr. Caffee as examiner for the School.

Our Social Service Secretary, gift to us by the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority, has written an article for *To Dragma* which she entitled "Faith, Hope, and—Diapers." She was inspired to write it when she had to take six children to the Cincinnati Children's Hospital, and one of them was a baby of diaper age. Whenever there is difficulty in getting diapers (and twice lately we have had to order 360), we say, "Why pick on the babies?" Nothing the babies need should be allowed to run short so long as there is any material of any kind for clothing anyone anywhere in these United States. But in order to get essentials for them in the quantity we need, we have to go into elaborate descriptions of how many babies we bring into the world. This applies not only to diapers and size 2 baby shirts, but even to the warm wrapping blankets that are essential in our drafty cabins. Each of our layettes includes one dozen diapers, two infant's shirts, and one warm blanket. This is certainly not an excessive supply for a baby's trousseau, but it takes effort to get it. So far, we have had no naked babies. Our assiduous devotion to the cause of clothing them and the kindness of our friends, who continue to send us diapers and shirts, as well as garments, have been successful. We even solved the blanket problem this winter in two ways. First, we got wool batting and bolts of outing flannel. The wonderful women on

our Red Bird River Committee made this material up into wool quilts. Second, when the Roger Rogans in Cincinnati sent us one hundred dollars in lieu of the gifts for babies they had formerly sent every Christmas, we succeeded in buying direct from a factory one hundred pounds of wool blanket mill ends. These make up into satisfactory baby blankets. They are much warmer than heavy cotton baby blankets and cost a third less.

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We read in the papers lately of a horseback doctor who is trying to buy a jeep. We have received a gift from Mrs. Henry B. Joy, of Detroit, for something we especially need and have decided to apply it on a jeep, if we can locate one and can be assured of spare parts for its upkeep. If any of our friends have any ideas we will be enchanted to hear from them.

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Our resident courier this winter has been Fanny McIlvain. Because she had to run her own farm last summer she was away for the first summer in years. Words cannot describe what a joy it has been to have her back again. Senior couriers during the early part of the winter were Phyllis Long (Fifi) of Boston, and Mary Gellatly of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and, during the latter part of the winter, Patricia Chapin of Batavia, New York. Junior couriers were Frances Hamlen (Ham) of Boston, and Helen Chapman (Heidi) of Philadelphia. Rosalie Bruce of Elk Ridge, Maryland was with us part of the time as a junior courier and part of the time as a Nurse's Aide at the Hospital. We have the pleasure of printing elsewhere in this Bulletin Rosalie's own verses about the experience of being a Nurse's Aide. As we go to press Suzanne Eckert of Remsen, New York, has taken Rosalie's place as Hospital Nurse's Aide.

Mrs. David Bridewell (courier Celia Coit) of Chicago, whose husband is in France, stayed on with us through the winter after her term as volunteer Christmas Secretary, to do whatever needed doing. Her work was diversified. Sometimes she was a courier, sometimes she wrote thank-you notes to the kind people who send us money. In her odd moments Celia took up indoor painting. By this we don't mean she produced portraits. She re-painted tables and chairs and beds and kitchen cabinets.

When she comes back, after a month's visit to her mother, she is going to paint the Hospital kitchen.

Among the guests who have been daring enough to come to see us during the winter season, were Mr. Earl Palmer and Mr. Hobart Reams of Middlesboro. These recent friends like us as much as we like them. Mr. Palmer wrote:

My wish today is that the rounding of a road ahead would find me once again at the Mouth of Muncie's Creek to live anew some of the joyous hours that were mine at Wendover—a privilege indeed and a release from the main street of things and every-day living. To me it would seem that Wendover and its service to those in need shall never perish but instead grow more beautiful as the years wear on. There's something there about it all that exists nowhere else in my experience.

Through visits of other guests some of our staff were privileged to feel as though they had visited in China and Brazil. Miss Lydia Reich of the Lutheran Hospital, Tsingtao, China, had been in a concentration camp and was repatriated on the Gripsholm. She did not know Miss Kathleen Yu until they met at Wendover. Miss Yu has been in charge of the Central Midwifery School, Koloshan, Chungking, China. She, with some 150 students, fled before the Japanese 2,000 miles into the interior of China. She was brought to this country to study and observe and for that reason we owe the pleasure of the visit from her. From Brazil came Dr. and Mrs. Albino Figueiredo. They hailed from Belem in the State of Para in the Amazon Valley and were both so delightful, so well informed and so charming that we are sure they could not have gotten as much as they gave out of their visit to us.

Personal friends of our own staff who visited at Wendover and Hyden were Loretta Wolf of Mount Healthy, Ohio, and Beatrice Miller's sister and brother, Grace and Dwight Miller of Amherst, Ohio.

Another welcome guest was Mr. Alva Bacon of Burlington, Colorado, father of the Liberian missionary, Miss Esther Bacon, who is taking midwifery at our Graduate School during her furlough.

During the last week of February, just as we are going to press, we have the joy of a visit with us, her first in two years,

of Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain of Downingtown, Pennsylvania, Mrs. McIlvain is so warm a friend of many of us, and so expert a horseman, as those who hunt are, that it is nothing for her to ride with her daughter, Fanny, down to Confluence when the rivers are up, for an over-night visit with Cherry. Whether there, at the Hospital, the Midwives Quarters, or at Wendover, she is an integral part of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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We welcome Margaret McCracken as a new nurse on our Hospital staff. We have the privilege this winter of having two more of the Johns Hopkins cadets, Miss Lynn Bertholf and Miss Olen Boyer. They are here, as their predecessors were, to learn remotely rural district nursing and they measure up to the high tradition set by the first four cadets.

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Mrs. James McGuire (Meta Klosterman) whose husband is in Europe, came back to us for three months this winter in her old position as secretary to the Assistant Director, Dorothy F. Buck. It has been a joy to have her here with us again although, of course, we feel with her the strain of having her husband overseas. Our nurse-midwife, Doris Reid (Red) had to have an operation in Lexington which was done for her by Dr. Francis Massie. After a period in St. Joseph's Hospital there, she has gone home for a holiday before returning to us.

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Mrs. Juda Howard, our dear neighbor, and mother of Mrs. Becky Jane Morgan down at The Clearing, celebrated her ninetyeth birthday on February 7th. For this occasion Ethel Bledsoe baked a two-layer white cake with white icing. Agnes Lewis and Lucile Hodges took the cake down to The Clearing, lighting the candles in the road just before going in. Mrs. Howard was taking a nap by the fire and even the singing "Happy Birthday to You" was slow in arousing her. The cake had nine candles, one for each of the ten years of Mrs. Howard's life, and they were in birdie candle holders loaned by Miss Woodyard.

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Dr. and Mrs. Fraser entertained at a buffet supper all of

the Hyden and Wendover staff that could attend on February 6th and it was a gala evening. One is always a wee bit heartsick, however, when the Hyden and Wendover sections of the Frontier Nursing Service have a lovely get-together like that, because rare indeed is it for one of the outpost nurses to be able to attend. These dear members of the staff cannot leave their posts uncovered for a single night because of the expectant mothers who may go into labor at any time.

We are proud indeed of the war record of some of the young women from our section of the Kentucky mountains. The following four girls, whom we have known since they were children, have measured up to the high demands of their day. Miss Rose Farmer, daughter of Mrs. Mollie Farmer of Hyden, recently arrived in England, to serve as an American Red Cross hospital aide. Miss Constance D. Hoskins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hoskins of Hyden, who graduated from the Naval Training School at Cedar Falls, Iowa, has been promoted to Seaman First Class in the WAVES and is now stationed in San Francisco. Miss Emma Morgan of the Wendover neighborhood, is now taking Red Cross training in Washington, D. C.

Miss Vancinna Maggard of the Owl's Nest neighborhood near Hyden is a WAC. From Ft. Bliss, Texas, she has written the following letter to Mrs. Mendell, editor of *The Thousandsticks*:

"I like the army life fine. I have two brothers in the service and I felt as they did. I want to help do something to make freedom come sooner. Every hour I live, every day that passes swiftly by, I am thankful I am a WAC.

"Sharing the work with soldiers, hardening ourselves to tasks unknown, learning to understand the innermost feeling about freedom and service makes me feel proud I can do my part in a special army job and to know that some time we too will share in that honor and glory in the victory to come."

Early in January our neighbor, Sgt. Fred Morgan, got back from France and was given a furlough to visit his mother and his sister, Lulu. He and his sister had lunch with us one day. His left shoulder was hit, and his arm is almost limp. Because of our deep interest in medical and nursing care we asked him if he minded talking about it. He said that when he dropped, a

corpsman started towards him but he signaled him to keep away. The fire was too hot to make it safe for anyone to be on his feet. Fred said that he bandaged his wound and felt quite all right. When dusk came the corpsmen got him and gave him plasma and a hypo. Almost before he knew it, he was back in a tent hospital where there were surgeons and nurses and he had his first operation. Then he went by plane to England and then came over here by boat. It hurts to have a young soldier thank you for a dinner—just a dinner—when he was wounded in behalf of us back here at home.

As we go to press Glenn and Mattie Radcliffe, he in the Army and she in the WACS, are both on furlough together, and back visiting their people. They will be giving us at least a day of their time. Both were for so many years with us at the Hyden Hospital that they are truly a part of the F. N. S. forever.

Our log Victory Shrine Chapel at Wendover now has 868 names from our section in its book of remembrance, and for these names the number 19 is now under the gold star on our flag. Some of us visit our little Chapel every day to hold in our hearts and in our prayers these men who have gone out all over the world to make it possible for us to live in freedom at home. We remember also before God all the nurses and doctors and the soldiers and sailors and marines, our own and those of our allies,—all the millions of them who are fighting and enduring wherever brave men are called upon to fight and to endure.

There is an old Confederate poem about Stonewall Jackson's men of which these lines come back to us when we think of the terrible fatigue of war, and the spirit which must be kept alive in those who wage it:

“What matter if our shoes are worn,
What matter if our feet are torn,
Quick step—we're with him ere the dawn.”

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

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

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.
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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



THE WINDOW SEAT IN THE LIVING ROOM AT WENDOVER

**Miss Dorothy F. Buck, M.A., R.N., S.C.M. (right),
Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**

**Miss Nancy Wilson, R. N. (left),
Student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**

(Photograph by Harold Rhodenbaugh)

