

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 21

Autumn, 1945

Number 2





CLEANING THE SADDLE BLANKETS
Mary Gellatly, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Stooping)
Fredericka Holdship, Sewickley, Pa. (Standing)

—Photograph by Earl Palmer

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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“Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,
under Act of March 3, 1879.”

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While our country was at war we did not solicit new Bulletin subscribers because our paper stock was necessarily restricted under the ruling of the War Production Board.

Now we are delighted to welcome new members into our Bulletin family.

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WHAT GIFTS OF LOVE HAVE YE?

by

J. S. DUNCAN-CLARK

Oh, wise men brought their treasures rare
('Tis so the lovely tale is told),
Sweet frankincense and spicy myrrh,
And precious gifts of shining gold.
They brought them to the manger bed,
Where Jesus cuddled in the hay;
What gifts of love have ye to spread
For Him who gave His life away?

To Bethlehem you need not go,
His cause is waiting at your door;
These griefs are His, these pains His woe,
These are His helpless and His poor.
Will ye not bind these wounds for Him?
Will ye not comfort these forlorn?
Let not the flame of love grow dim
He lit on that far Christmas morn!

(Chicago Evening Post)
(December 21st, 1920)

—Sent us by Mrs. Charles W. Dempster of Chicago
and printed through the courtesy of the
Chicago Daily News

THE WORK OF THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

by

SIR LESLIE MACKENZIE, M.A., M.D., LL.D. (Aberdeen);
LL.D. (State University of Kentucky)

Sir Leslie Mackenzie sent us a copy of this address from Edinburgh, Scotland, on November 18, 1928. Sir Leslie died in 1935 and our Quarterly Bulletin No. 4 of Volume 10 carries a memorial to him. In the In Memoriam column in this issue we write of the recent death of Lady Mackenzie. They were both beloved trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service after they came to dedicate our Hospital at Hyden.



Hyden to Wendover, 1928
Sir Leslie and Lady Mackenzie are in the wagon.

In my Dedication Address at the Inauguration of the Hospital and Health Center at Hyden on the 26th of June [1928] I made an effort to show how the principles followed in the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service of Scotland might be capable of application in the mountain areas of Kentucky. Necessarily, my statement was on broad lines and not in detail; for, although I had saturated my mind with the wonderful history of the Commonwealth of Kentucky and with the multitudinous details of life in the Southern Appalachians, I could not realize in imagination the actuality of the mountain problem in a foreign country. Mrs. Mary Breckinridge had arranged to provide me with leading classical books on the history, geology and sociology of the Commonwealth and I had supplemented my reading by detailed histories of the growth of the State and, in particular, the filling of the mountains with this wonderful mountain people; but even to a Scottish highlander familiar with the highlands of his own country, those splendid books, scientific, literary and historical, could not convey just precisely what the Kentucky highlands were. I contemplate the preparation of a more detailed impression than is here possible; but I think it due to the Frontier Nursing Service that I should give my general impression of the value of their purpose as revealed in the concrete experience of their work.

In Scotland within any fifty miles one cares to travel by motor, the country presents a great variety of condition in town, small town, village, lowlands and highlands. It is true that, in the extended highlands of the north with its very scattered population, the mountains are overwhelmingly in the ascendant; but even there, relatively to Kentucky, the areas are small and one can motor through them all in trifling periods of time. But in the United States it is different. My first surprise, ending in an immense expansion of ideas, was when we awoke in the middle of the mountains of West Virginia on our way from New York to Lexington, Kentucky. Here for us was the real beginning of our acquaintance with the Southern Appalachians. From five-thirty in the morning to well on in the afternoon, the train sped along the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway through miles upon miles of tree-clad mountain land. It seemed never ending. As we came on the Kenawha, the Greenbriar, the Big Sandy and

finally the Ohio, we could not but be overwhelmed for the moment with those hundreds of miles of continuous mountains. This was the first great contrast to Scotland. Here we were moving among mountains for a distance of about twice the whole length of our home country. We tried to imagine how the people lived, how they wrung from this land enough to maintain the many comfortable homes we saw and to furnish the great areas of America with coal, timber, and other products. It was a sight to impress the most sluggish imagination and we found the hours all too short even although our journey among the mountains lasted for at least nine hours in a speeding train. This was the first experience that gave some sense of actuality to all my reading and at the same time made me feel how inadequate to the vast problem my Dedication Address would prove. But it convinced me long before we ever saw Hyden that, in the thousands of square miles behind the barriers of that fertile and rich valley, there lay problems of service that would need generations to solve.

When, however, we came to Lexington, we found there stirring evidence of the undying spirit of the pioneer. Kentucky itself makes a proud boast of being a pioneer State. From beginning to end of our three weeks in the Commonwealth we lived in the spirit of that wonderful history and when at last, through Lexington, Versailles and Louisville on the West, through Berea and Hazard in the East, we came to the mountains of Perry and Leslie Counties, I still felt overwhelmed with the greatness of the problem. Later I hope to make my contribution to the multitudes of books of Kentucky; but these broad statements of one large-scale problem in America must be enough to ground my impression of the high purpose and the fruitful initiative of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Let me say at once that for this high purpose and initiative I feel nothing but admiration. Even from the information I had before going there, I could not but wonder at the courage and imagination displayed in the proposals to establish a service in those difficult mountain lands of Kentucky. But now from actual observation I record my conviction that the Frontier Nursing Service was right to enter on this great campaign by attacking first the most obvious problem, namely, the immediate prob-

lem of the mother and child. Dr. Estabrook of the Carnegie Institution in Washington and New York, has given me a great deal of information along his special lines. I had the privilege of a long conversation with him in New York. He estimates that there are in the Kentucky mountains as a whole some 700,000 people and that of these some 200,000 may be regarded for various reasons as under-privileged. This term, let me say, strikes me as peculiarly happy; because however the mountains have become occupied by their present people, the physical conditions alone justify the term under-privileged. In the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, remote and difficult as some places are, our people have not to face anything approaching the inland irregularities of production and transport that make life in the mountains of Kentucky so laborious and over-laden with anxiety and loneliness. But the action of the Frontier Nursing Service has already awakened the imagination of other States and it is impossible to think that the movement will stop until the immense resources of money and service that the United States alone can command will be applied to bring the under-privileged onto the same plane of efficient service as the great industrial cities and rich rural areas already display.

After leaving Kentucky, I found in New York, in Boston, and in Augusta (Maine), and, even when I crossed the border, in Toronto, a more or less detailed knowledge of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service and the keenest feeling, particularly in Canada, that the conception of the Frontier Service was on the soundest lines of action. There were, of course, critics to say how expensive the saving of child and mother in the mountains was or would be in comparison with the same service in the more highly populated and highly developed industrial States. A point so obvious hardly needs to be made. At the same time there was the keenest sympathy expressed for the purpose and achievement of the Kentucky "Frontier" Service. I took this as evidence of the conviction that on all the frontiers of all the States and Provinces where so much has been done, the concentration on mother and child is a duty arising out of the immediate necessities, no matter what the ultimate developments may be. When I see in memory the multitudes of keen and beautiful faces of the boys and girls, of the young men and the young

women, gathered in Berea from the mountains of West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Carolina and elsewhere, I cannot but feel that the determination of the Frontier Nursing Service to concentrate itself on the skilled care of the mother during her confinement and of the child at its first weeks of life, is justified by the splendid work already being done by Berea College. For me there is no need to argue about the need for service; I have only to recall how I felt when I spoke to some six hundred of the students of Berea College on that Sunday morning before going to the mountains. Here was the symbol of the contribution the mountains make to the work of civilization. I expect to see nothing better wherever else in this world I may wander.

But let me now come to detail. Until we had made our laborious way in a mountain hack drawn by two mules over 18 miles of mountain track, over creeks and fords, dirt roads, and rock roads, and areas of no roads at all, and until we reached Thousandsticks Mountain, I could not place on the work of the Nursing and Health Centers of Leslie County the supreme value I now place upon them. I had to see those nurses dressed and fitted to their part, braced by an unquenchable enthusiasm to the day's work, go out on a mission in the morning and return after nightfall, wearied but still enthusiastic. This kind of picture was new to me. I shall never forget the morning at Wendover when we all gathered to see a mother and baby start on the journey home into the mountains. The horses were brought out; the nurse mounted on hers and took the baby in her arms. From the riding stone, the mother, a powerful young mountain woman, waving us "Good-bye all," jumped lightly onto the pillion, and then, with another mounted nurse in company, they rode off by the Middle Fork and thence by creeks of names unknown to us, to place the mother and child back in their home. That was on a bright, sunny morning. At eight o'clock in the dark evening both nurses returned radiant and told us the story. They had taken mother and infant some 10 miles up difficult riding paths and then they went further to see other cases needing attention. They had to wander along difficult mountain roads and for a long distance over a mountain they had to lead their horses. And this was to see other three women for whom arrangements had to be made. It was fearless work. No doubt

it carried its own stimulation of adventure; but let us not put too much stress on the romantic factor. This is work for people of earnest and high character and trained intelligence.

It would be possible to load this short statement with many a detail of this order; but I wish to add something on the doctor's part. It goes without saying that, among a population so sparse over an area so difficult of transit and so precarious in production, the conditions of medical practice make medical service on the ordinary private terms practically impossible. Here, as in the nursing field, there is hardly room for argument. All the more admiration must we entertain for the work that the doctors do. It is the saddle all the day and all the night in impossible conditions. The heroic temper both of doctor and of nurse conquers many difficulties; but in the end in every day work we have no right to rely on the heroic temper or on ethical genius. These are indeed admirable; but the work of every day demands a service less exacting for each individual and it is my belief that the greater service will grow out of the present initiative.

The question of where to begin is important; but it is not final. My own opinion is that Mrs. Mary Breckinridge in emphasizing the need for the trained nurse-midwife is doing precisely what is due to the actual conditions of immediate necessity. But, as she has several times said in speech and writing, that is only the beginning. As in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, so in the mountains of Kentucky, she contemplates the growth of a nurse-midwife service supported by an adequate medical service. For the moment, it seems, for many reasons, almost impossible to secure for those mountains an adequate medical service; but the nurse-midwife service concentrating on the immediate needs of mother and child is already established. But the Commonwealth of Kentucky is also playing its part and the regional medical officer of this County is already authorized to help the nurse-midwives in emergency and to direct them in the work they are doing for the State Health Department and to keep touch with all medical developments in the county. Surely nothing can be more sound in administration.

[*This "Regional Medical Officer" was Dr. H. C. Capps, the first Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. He re-*

ceived a salary from the Kentucky State Health Department and the Frontier Nursing Service jointly.]

At the opening of the Hyden Hospital, Dr. McCormack, State Commissioner of Health, was present and, with an easy eloquence that I could only envy, he touched the inner minds of the whole gathering and in conversation afterwards he opened out to me the larger ideas of his Department. I realize to the full the difficulties that any State Health Department suffers from in a comparatively young State like Kentucky; because, nearly forty years ago, I experienced in two Southern Counties of Scotland how little in a given time the public health service can do and yet how essential it was to do the little that could be done. Today, I can look back on those beginnings with some pride; because in those two Counties, poor in resources but full of the spirit of progress, there has grown up a service in every section of health that now makes the day of my first acquaintance with them incredible. It is the steady intention that counts and the use of every opportunity to stir interest and enthusiasm.

It is the first time that my wife and I had the privilege of visiting an American State. It is not too much to say that we have left our hearts in Kentucky and already we long to go back there. If a year or two from now we could again take so long a journey, we should, I have no doubt, find that the roads into the mountains both real and figurative would be but an index of a steady penetration of the Frontier Nursing Service into unprovided fields of nursing and midwifery. I make no difficulty whatever about the attitude of the medical profession towards the midwife. For many years I felt, as many of the American profession do, that the midwife alone was not adequate to the social situation; but after many years' experience in Britain and, particularly in Scotland, we have now come to the conclusion that the ideal combination is the trained nurse-midwife working in concert with the trained medical practitioner. Nowhere in the conversations I had with medical men in New York and Boston did I find anything but support for this conception. In Scotland, where a long leeway has still to be made up, that system is spreading into all the difficult sections of society and it is nothing short of this that the Frontier Nursing Service ultimately aims

at. In the end I have no doubt that this system will be fully developed even in the mountains.

Let me take this occasion once more to thank the Frontier Nursing Service for giving us the privilege of taking part in this great demonstration so full of possibilities for the life of millions of mountaineers and for the life of the groups concentrated in the mountains of Kentucky. We wish it every joy and every success.

One final detail of administration. Mrs. Mary Breckinridge (in Quarterly Bulletin No. 2, Volume IV) explains with precision the analogy of our method in Scotland to the method proposed in America. Our yearly grant is in the strictest sense a National grant. That is, it comes from the general taxation of Great Britain supplementing Local Nursing Associations and requiring supplements from the Local Authorities. As I explained in the Dedication Address, this particular grant was the amount allocated by the nation as a whole for an area that was in many respects necessitous. This form of grant is not confined to medical and nursing services. It has just been applied to the improvement of the steamer service between the mainland and the Outer Hebrides. For more than a generation the inadequacy of this steamer service has been a public scandal. Now the present Government has obtained the consent of Parliament to control that steamer service in a way that will make a better industrial life possible for all the peoples (about 50,000) of the Hebrides. There have been grants also on account of education, and special allowances for seed potatoes, cereals, housing, roads and bridges, and, not least, tuberculosis. The reconstituting of land-holding goes back more than two generations; but this large and difficult question I only mention. All these grants and expenditures are the expression of a national policy. That policy is grounded in the conviction that the central State has a duty to all the out-lying necessitous areas and will ultimately find its profit in keeping those areas within hail and in bringing them on to the plane of the more happily privileged rich counties and towns. This conviction is not special to British Governments. It has its parallel in every State of the civilized world. When I contemplate the vast wealth and passion for service that we discovered on our tour through the United States, I came away

with the light-hearted faith that America, which has already done much, will in the end do for her mountain frontiers much more than all that we have done for ours.



**Swinging Bridge over the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River,
on the road to Wendover.**

"DEAR FRIENDS"

A circular letter written by Miss Mae Rohlfs, R. N., while she was a student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery preparing for her return to China as a missionary nurse-midwife.

Hyden, Kentucky
October 12, 1945

Dear Friends:

Two long rings on our country telephone at 10 P. M. brought Miss Gilbert and myself the message that Mattie Finley who lives on Upper Bull Creek was needing the nurses. One long sigh unconsciously escaped my lips as I was awakened out of a sound sleep and thought of the seven long miles over the mountains to Upper Bull Creek; certain that since this was Mattie's fourth baby, the two-hour ride could mean nothing less than a B.B.A. (baby born before arrival).

But the sigh was replaced by a consciousness of "hurry" which was the password now, for Mattie needed us. By 10:30 we were in our riding uniforms, horses were saddled, delivery bags collected, and we were on our way.

The night was one of the blackest. The dense fog which enveloped us made the air heavy and tense. Even my flashlight gave but a dim shadow to the path which Cameron, my horse, was following. As we travelled the mountain trail with the dense woods on either side, the only sound which could be heard besides the horses' hoofs was the patter of the drops of fog on the leaves. On and on we went, picking our way in the black night over mountain ridges—then down rough, stony mountain sides into the valleys, sometimes following dry, rocky creek bottoms and then again fording other larger creeks which had not dried during the summer heat. After two hours of rough riding, we saw in the distance a dim light, barely visible through the fog. We knew we had arrived at Mattie's home. Sim, her husband, was there to take our horses and we carried our saddlebags up the porch steps into the little log cabin.

The room we entered was clean but small for five people—and another one about to be welcomed! The cracks between the

logs of the walls were covered with newspaper and the board floor was well swept. There was in the room a double bed, a single bed, and a baby bed. A dressing table, a radio, a small table, a chair, and a stool completed the furnishings. A small fireplace gave evidence of furnishing the heat for the cold winter months. To one side of this room was a lean-to kitchen, which was very poorly equipped—although Mattie's home was furnished better than the average. Around the stove in the kitchen, from which was pouring smoke as an attempt was being made to boil water, were three neighbor women who had come to give neighborly assistance.

Being questioned as to her "misery," Mattie replied, "I've been punishin' right smart." After the usual preparation we sat to wait for the new arrival. The night wore on and it wasn't until 6:27 the next morning that Kenneth Wayne arrived. Having made Mattie and the baby comfortable, we sat down to fried chicken, apple sauce, biscuits and gravy, and coffee.

Soon the other three children appeared to see what the nurse had brought in her saddle bags and were well pleased with their baby brother. As is the custom, the neighbors soon began to file in to see that all was well. It was 1:00 P. M. before we arrived home tired and dirty, only to find that in the Hospital was another mother waiting for the nurse to "catch" her baby.

Two nights later we were again called to Bull Creek to "catch" Mae's baby. But the ride that night was gorgeous! It was full moon and as we climbed to the ridge and looked into the valley, a blanket of white, silvery mist covered all objects below. The moonlight filtered through the trees forming magic shadows along the way. The silvery sheen of the ridges beyond added to the beauty of that night, giving one a deep sense of "having walked with God."

Upon our arrival at Mae's, another twenty-hour wait was before us, before James Harold made his appearance. The above is just an example of why you haven't heard from me more often these last months. We have been awfully busy—but I love my work here with the people of the Kentucky mountains!

However, it is not all work and no play! One week-end when I felt the need for some rest and relaxation, I mounted Gypsy King Friday afternoon and rode fifteen miles to Flat

Creek, one of the Nursing Centers. It was a beautiful ride through the wooded mountains. The path followed a creek most of the way. We arrived at Red Bird River just at sunset. Sunset in the mountains of Kentucky is something one has to see in order to appreciate its beauty! The deepening shadows of various hues on the mountainside—the tinted clouds at the summit—the last rays lengthening into the valley as the sun hid its face behind the western peak—made one very conscious of God's Presence and of His Great Love in the hush of that evening hour.

As I neared the Nursing Center, a flashlight flickered in the distance. My friend with whom I was to spend the week-end had come to meet me.

Early Monday morning found Gypsy King and myself on our way back to Hyden. Another feast as we rode through the hills with the sunrise!

In His Service,

MAE ROHLFS

CHRISTMAS

by

MARGARET M. FIELD, R.N.

When Christmas comes, I want to be alert
To all the beauty in men's hearts,
Their generosity and mirth.

Because of Him, I want to be awake
To all the tragedy of life,
The sordidness and pain of earth.

When Christmas comes, I want to be alone
To think of Him each day—and dream
About His birth that first glad Christmas Day.

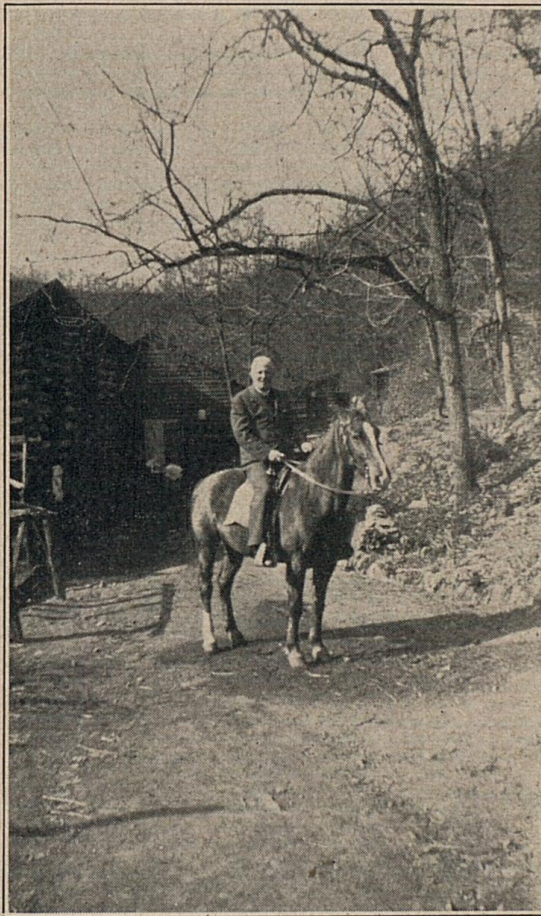
When Christmas comes, I want my heart to glow
With welcome for my special Guest,
That He may find a place to stay.

In Memoriam

THE RT. REV. H. P. ALMON ABBOTT, D. D.

Bishop of the Diocese of Lexington, Kentucky

Died in Lexington, Kentucky, April 4, 1945



Bishop Abbott at Wendover in 1938

"God give us grace to love Him as we have never loved Him before and to expose our Better Natures to the beneficent rays of the Sun of Righteousness. If we do that, then indifference will become enthusiasm and, spiritually hot ourselves, we shall set our little world on fire.

"Affectionately your friend and bishop,

"H. P. ALMON ABBOTT."

Nothing that Bishop Abbott wrote or said in his eloquent addresses impressed us more deeply than a letter in the *Diocesan News* of February 1, 1945, from which we have taken this quotation. He was writing of lukewarmness as a terrible danger and he said that a lukewarm person has never accomplished anything worthwhile and he never will. Then in burning letters he wrote, "God give us some Fire, some Enthusiasm, some Forthright Eagerness, some Rush, some 'Woe is Me', some Abandon in our efforts to transform our surroundings into a similitude of the Kingdom of our God and of His Son Jesus Christ."

These qualities were all characteristic of Bishop Abbott himself. There was no lukewarmness about him, as a leader of his flock, as a citizen in his community, as a world citizen, or as a friend. This is not the place to write of his distinguished career, but only the place in which we can mourn the loss of a member of our Blue Grass Committee who was ready always to render any service he could. Service was the keynote of Bishop Abbott's life. He could be found where he was needed and wanted any hour of the day or night.

Although our sympathy is extended in the deepest measure to his widow and family, we are so convinced that God makes use of us after we have passed over to the other side that we think of Bishop Abbott as vibrant with life—with life forevermore.

.

RICHARD D. McMAHON

Died in Lexington, Kentucky, April 6, 1945

Lord, support me all day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and my work is done. Then in Thy Mercy grant me safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

—A Prayer used by Cardinal Newman

It is never easy to write in memory of the people one knew well, but it is harder to write about those one never met. Mr. McMahon was a friend of one of our trustees. He learned of the Frontier Nursing Service through her, and chose it as one of the three charities to whom he left his residuary estate. His name

will be carried in our endowment memorials always, and thousands of people who never knew him will have had their pangs of illness and childbirth alleviated because of him. We bless his memory; we thank him; we wish him Godspeed.

. . . .

MRS. FRANK L. McVEY

Died in Lexington, Kentucky, June 13, 1945

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her.

—*Pilgrim's Progress*

When God saw fit to create Frances McVey he wove a design in which honesty blended with courtesy, and compassion with gaiety of heart. No one ever knew her to say an unkind thing of anyone, but in the appraisal of herself she had a candor as complete as her whole integrity. What her rare abilities meant to the University of Kentucky to which she gave herself for so many years, to her husband, to her intimates, and to the Frontier Nursing Service, where she served as a trustee from our early beginnings, what these abilities meant is written in the lives of people in lines forever indelible.

In the remembrance of her, however, it is of her charm and dearness as a friend that she will always live for those of us who had the privilege of her friendship. The sparkling conversation, the touch of sympathy, the right suggestion—these were so much a part of her that she communicated them without knowing how or why.

When I saw her on the threshold of death, I was less moved by her gallant unconcern for herself than by the old charm of manner, the welcoming smile.

“Pity the grapes in the winepress; but the wine will be good.”

MRS. LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Died in Washington, D. C., October 11, 1945

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

—*Abou Ben Adhem*—Leigh Hunt

The death of this distinguished trustee brings back to me hours of the most enthralling conversation with her and Justice Brandeis. Whenever I was in Washington they asked me to come to them for tea which we always had alone, just the three of us. I have rarely met two people of so much intellectual charm, and I have never known two with a deeper sense of obligation to those less gifted and less fortunate than they were. The Justice could not have had a mate more completely suited to him than his wife. Now she too has crossed the Great River and they are again united. One may be sure that the love they held here for all who suffer deprivation has been carried over to the next life, and will continue to bless and benefit this world.

. . . .

LADY (LESLIE) MACKENZIE

Dame Helen Carruthers Mackenzie
C.B.E., LL.D. (Edinburgh), F.E.I.S.

Died in Edinburgh, September 25, 1945

"If we never get back to Kentucky we have the wonderful memories and friendships. 'We cannot think the thing farewell.'"

—Excerpt from a letter from Sir Leslie and Lady Mackenzie

No friend of Sir Leslie and Lady Mackenzie could ever think of them apart. Since his death in 1935 she has carried on gallantly but it is a joy to know that we need not think of her and of Sir Leslie as separated ever again. He was a highlander and she was a lowlander. Together they accomplished miracles in education and public health, not only for Scotland, but, through experimentation and by example, for many far-flung areas of this troubled world.

As the *Scotsman* of Edinburgh writes in its obituary of Lady Mackenzie, the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service, in which Lady Mackenzie keenly identified herself with

her husband, achieved world-wide reputation, and other services were modeled on it, especially the Frontier Nursing Service. The *Scotsman* recalls the visit Sir Leslie and Lady Mackenzie made to Kentucky in 1928 to dedicate the Hyden Hospital and writes, "They established a relationship which Lady Mackenzie kept up until her death. Her lantern lectures and stories of the district nurses riding over the mountains to attend their patients will be recalled."

Through the kind assistance of Sir Leslie I visited the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service in the Hebrides before we started the Frontier Nursing Service; and I spent weeks going about among the islands and sharing the work of the district nurse-midwives.

After the Mackenzies had been in Kentucky I, among other Kentuckians, visited them at their home in Belgrave Place. I last saw them at a hydropath in Scotland a few months before Sir Leslie's death. He was broken then in body but not in spirit, and their inevitable parting was foreshadowed in her eyes. For several days I lingered with them because I felt that I could hardly hope to see them again. One of the things I look forward to in the next world is the resumption of a friendship glowing with congeniality of heart and mind.

"For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell."

. . . .

SISTER ADELINE

Died in Kolar, South India, April 15, 1945

Wouldst thou learn thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well: Love was His meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same. But thou shalt never know nor learn therein other thing without end.

—*Revelations of Divine Love* by Julian of Norwich—A Fourteenth Century Manuscript in the British Museum, edited by Grace Warrack—Methuen & Co. Ltd.

Love is repaid by love alone.

—St. John of the Cross, Sixteenth Century

It is hard for us who struggle to do what we think is right in the clamor of the modern world to recognize not only that it is harder to work in silence but that more, much more is accomplished that way. Those gifted creatures we call mystics are so alien to the clutter in which we are enmeshed that it is only by a reach of the imagination that we can see them for what they are, or by the rare privilege of having known one of them.

When I first met Sister Adeline twenty-one years ago I told her that to me she seemed as unusual as a zebra. With the merry laugh that comes only from happy people she said that I was like a frightened forest pony. At that time she had been living for years, with the reluctant consent of the Church of England, as an anchoress at the old Church of All Saints in the slums of York. The contrast between the utter abnegation of her outward life and the radiant inner beauty blooming in so strange a garden so caught my imagination that I went back to see her again and again. I became her convert long before I understood the nature of the life she led.

For reasons connected with Adeline's health it was decided that she should go back to her native Somerset, where she had been country bred. There she stayed in a small stone building (used as a rectory in medieval days) adjoining the churchyard of St. Lawrence Church in East Harptree. I went to stay near her on two visits to England, so that I could see her for a short time twice a day.

Although in her life of silence and prayer it did not really matter where she was, she felt an obligation (shortly before this world war) to go to India. While she was living with the Sisters of Mount Tabor (Indians all) and sharing their life of almost incredible poverty she became terribly ill. She was moved by friends to the Ellen T. Cowan Memorial Hospital at Kolar where she was "always so cheerful" until she died.

I have given this brief sketch of Adeline's life because she did more for the Frontier Nursing Service than any one of the many lovers of the Service over the past twenty years. This was possible because she loved God so utterly that when she lifted causes and people up to Him, and held them there, a clear channel opened through which God's love could pour unimpeded. "And that is a precious gift of working," said Lady Julian, that

dear other anchoress of the Fourteenth Century, "in which we love God, for Himself; and that which God loveth, for God." Such "working" is the task of divinely gifted ones like Julian and Adeline, but it requires courage of a high order. At times they lift the foulest and most cruel up to divine Love and hold them there. They do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. "Can ye drink of my cup?" asked the Christ. They drain His cup.

Adeline's body is lying near those of a few missionaries and seventeen R.A.F. boys in a bit of consecrated ground in South India. The R.A.F. boys were gallant people, but Adeline was the bravest of them all.

What did she get out of it all for herself? In her many letters of counsel and encouragement, of humor and charm, she wrote almost nothing about herself, but I remember a service at All Saints in York where a hymn was sung which gives our answer:

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.



BIG SISTER

JACK OF ALL TRADES

by

MRS. DAVID BRIDEWELL (CELIA COIT)
Former Chicago Courier

Since variety is the spice of life I, liking seasoned dishes, have savored the year I spent in Kentucky. There have been times when I have wondered along with guests or newcomers just what I was. "And what do you do?" they would say. At first it was easy to answer but as the months passed by the reply became so involved that I generally answered: "Oh, just this and that," which was quite true.

In August of '44 after my husband had sailed for overseas service I wrote Aggie to ask if she could use me in any way. Then, remembering that couriers were not wont to return when married, I almost forgot the letter I'd sent. Suddenly a telegram arrived urging me to come immediately. I was surprised but pleased and totally ignorant of what my job was to be. I assumed I was to be a courier again.

Aggie and all those I had known two years before welcomed me warmly and little by little the details of my job were tactfully broken to me. It was a small matter of addressing fifteen to eighteen thousand appeals for Christmas toys and funds and the whole thing had to be done by the middle of November. It was then the first week in October and, as I surveyed the shelves of card-index boxes, I thought with innocence and optimism—easy, two or three weeks at the most. To be brief, it took all of six by the time I had addressed, stamped, sorted and tied them into bundles. At first I had been setting and resetting the date of my return to Chicago; I had been a pretty faithful member of the Red Cross Motor Corps almost from its start and I was anxious to get back. But, by the end of this six weeks I had agreed to take on the job of Christmas Secretary, since Mrs. Breckinridge promised I could leave in time to have the holiday with my family, and since once more the enchantment of the mountains and life there had taken hold of me.

Soon I began riding back and forth between Wendover and the basement of the Midwives Quarters in Hyden, where Santa Claus holds office. For a terse, accurate account of the life of a

Christmas Secretary, from about the first of December for at least a month, you have merely to run your eye over the drawings made by Vanda Summers that appeared in the Autumn, 1943, Bulletin. It is a big job and tiring, but it is a challenge in many ways, very gratifying, and I loved it. However, it didn't take me long to see that to leave one or two days before Christmas would put a huge load on several people already overworked. By the first week of January all the toys and few new clothes that were left over (things that had arrived too late to be distributed) were packed up, inventoried, and the basement again restored to its pre-Christmas state. With some relief I handed over to Aggie the much-handled Christmas Secretary's file—but not the memory of having played Santa Claus to five thousand children.

I didn't cast around long for another project as Mrs. Breckinridge had been looking with alarm at the mounting pile of mail-to-be-answered that was stacked by her bed. There were several hundreds of donations which she had planned to acknowledge personally but could see the impossibility of this. So once again I was on the "acknowledge with thanks" end of the line. Then while Mrs. Breckinridge was in Virginia for a rest I was allowed to repaint some of the furniture in her room and in the Staff room. I helped wash down the walls and ceiling in the kitchen and then enameled the cupboards.

It was now late in February and my family who had bidden me adieu for "about six weeks" in September, were making inquiring background noises. So for the month of March I went home where (although I got involved in a monumental painting project in our basement) I had a rest and change of scene. On Easter night I boarded the train for Cincinnati and the next evening was met in Hazard. The month had produced unbelievable changes. Everything that had been grey and stark was now blurred with soft greens, the hillsides were starred with red-bud and white dogwood.

Then began a session of painting at the Hospital. The living room, dining room, halls, and office could have walls and ceilings done with Kemtone, but the kitchen and porch had to have oil paint or enamel for serviceability. Because the kitchen was in almost constant use from 6:30 a. m. until seven at night,

it was at night when I would begin work. The night nurse and I became quite pally as she'd come down to chat for a bit when the rest of the Hospital was asleep.

Once or twice when I was at Wendover I had helped Buckett gather eggs and do her little-chicken chores, like filling water jars, scrubbing pans and removing broody hens from the nests. This I had done for love of Buckett—not chickens. However, Buckett being modest possibly thought otherwise. When she left for ten days to attend a meeting in New York I somehow or other found myself nursemaid to several hundred chicks. I learned much about their healthy young appetites which caused a daily early-morning stampede; and discovered ways to out-trick disagreeable hens who won't move and who don't want eggs taken from under them. I still don't like chickens.

By now it was time for the spring appeals to be addressed, stamped, and sent out again. This time I thought up ruses to get help from obliging couriers or anyone I could rope in. For the sake of company I was addressing at a desk in the statistician's office (Jerry Byrne). Gradually I became more and more interested in her job, kept asking questions about it. One day I heard myself asking her if she thought I could "sort of take over" when she went on vacation, so that there wouldn't be such a mountain of purely routine stuff to do when she returned. It was agreed. I had some coaching and Jerry left, not without apprehension I think. One of the proudest days I've known was when I got the monthly deposit slip for district and hospital fees made up, checked and rechecked and in its envelope for the bank.

When Jerry came back from vacation, Mrs. Breckinridge's secretary, Lucille Knechtly, left in her turn. This created a post office shortage (since Hazel, the postmistress, was filling in for Lucille), and something which I had always joked about happening, did. I was sworn in as 14th (in the course of years) assistant-postmistress to the assistant-postmistress. Until I caught on to the complicated routine of registered mail in transit, money orders, etc., I imagine life was made more interesting for Mr. Sizemore, the Hyden postmaster. I continued with this fascinating job when Hazel went on *her* vacation, at the same time cutting stencils for our new Addressograph machine. This is a

slow, complex procedure. I'm only a hunt and peck typist, so I'd only gotten through the H's when Hazel returned.

In the afternoons when Lucille was downstairs and could tend the post office I embarked on a project I had long wanted to do. With the help of cream Kemtone and white enamel I renovated three bedrooms and a bath on the Lower Shelf, and one bedroom on the Upper Shelf, all of which had been crying for attention.

Again there began to be murmurings from the family because I'd left home at Easter for "another six weeks" and now summer was almost over. So I hurriedly finished up painting four bathrooms at the Hospital, enameled two lovely garbage cans for the Wendover kitchen (one for "PIGS" in a rose, one for "PEELS AND GROUNDS" in pale green), renovated small-fry chicken equipment for next spring. It was August now, and where before I had several times filled in as truck driver or chauffeur, I decided to postpone departure until September because there was need of someone to drive "Strongmoore" the Truck and "Janie" the Jeep, which were in pretty constant demand. Sawdust for bedding, manure, hay, supplies, etc., had to be hauled, or there were shoeing trips to the centers, or guests to take around.

I have omitted to mention all the glorious rides that I made on rounds acting as guide to new couriers, the three unforgettable deliveries I witnessed on the Wendover district—the times when I was again allowed to be a courier.

Bidding Wendover farewell in the first week of September to go home for a month's vacation, I no longer wondered why Aggie hadn't specified any one job in her telegram of a year ago.

TRY THESE ON YOUR FRIENDS

Why is the 12:50 train the hardest to catch?—It is ten to one if you catch it.

What is the first bus that ever crossed the ocean?—Columbus.

Which travels faster, heat or cold?—Heat. Because you can catch cold.

Why is the letter "K" like flour?—Because you can't make cake without it.

—*The People's Friend*, England

JUST TEN BUSY DAYS

by

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

Hyden Hospital Superintendent of Midwifery

Ten days ago we were waiting for the "rush." There was only one new-born in the Hospital, but there were eight women hoping they would have their babies by December 14th, 1944, so they could get home for Christmas.

Things began to happen on Monday night when Oma and Ora both decided their time had come, and a boy and a girl arrived on the scene. We had these new mothers happily sleeping in their beds when there was an urgent call for the Doctor to hurry to see Bessie who lives at the foot of the hill. Now I must tell you Bessie has been getting extra special care as she has had bad luck with previous pregnancies, and we have been hoping this one would be all right. She was expecting the baby to arrive on Christmas Day. At 3:00 a. m. Tuesday morning Bessie arrived at the Hospital on a stretcher. At 8:00 a. m. Bessie had a little baby girl who, although she had arrived early, looked sturdy enough, and what proud parents she has! Our census is looking up; yesterday morning we had one new-born . . . today four.

It was Lucy's turn next. She has been in the Hospital for three weeks, having a rest, as she had been working too hard at home. Lucy is a bright, cheery soul; she has kept the other patients happy and has been a great help to the nurses, carrying drinking water around and doing a little light cleaning in the mornings. Lucy had a big lusty boy Wednesday night, in a big hurry!

Thursday morning we discharged a mother and baby so we still had four new-borns, but not for long. Friday Dora had a boy, and then Delores had another boy Saturday morning early. I say "another boy" because she already has five at home. We just cannot pick the right sex every time!

Hattie arrived in the Clinic on Saturday morning. Her baby was born in the Hospital three weeks ago, and she was having

trouble with her breasts, so she was admitted for treatment, of course bringing the baby with her as she is still nursing it. Then Nellie, who has been waiting for two weeks, told me she could not stay away from home any longer. I did not want her to go home as she lives a long way from the nurse at Flat Creek; so I consulted the Doctor and then gave Nellie a good dose of oil. I kept her busy untying knots in string from the Christmas packages, and rolling it into balls for me. The oil did its work and Nellie had a baby girl Saturday night, the right sex this time. She already had the name picked out . . . Ida Mae.

Nellie was quickly followed by Mae, who had "Big Joe" early Sunday morning. He weighed 10½ pounds and has red hair. Our numbers are creeping up; we now have eight babies.

Sunday afternoon Iva Lee, a young thing of eighteen having her first baby, told me "she wasn't able to go much longer." She had been so good helping us in the morning and never said a word about her pains until they were becoming a little too much for her to keep to herself any longer. We admitted Dessie from Coon Creek Sunday evening; she and Iva Lee each had a baby girl on Monday. Then I began to wonder if we would have to use a bureau drawer for the next one, but decided to put the smallest one in a basket so as to leave one empty crib.

Wednesday we were all happy to admit Nellie Osborne. The district nurse-midwife had been using all her powers of persuasion to get Nellie into the Hospital. She lives eight miles from the Hospital, and her house is not very well protected against the cold winds. Also, Nellie had been showing some symptoms of toxaemia. She decided to come and rode horseback the eight miles into Hyden; it's the only way to travel from her home at the head of Osborne's Fork. She went into labor the next day and had a big boy.

As you can see, the Hospital alone kept up the Service record of "a baby a day" during this time. We are taking a breath now, but expect to start again soon as there are ten more prenatales booked to come into the Hospital this month. It's been wonderful for the Midwifery School. The students have not had time to wonder when they are going to get their next call. The mothers are all thrilled as they will be going home for Christmas.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Private Nancy R. Hillis, Fifth WAC Hospital, Tilton
General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey**

—September 16, 1945

I've changed jobs again and am now back at a desk pounding the typewriter and interviewing officers in the Medical Department Replacement Pool at Tilton. I really like the job though it's one mad rush and involves a lot of pressure.

I can well imagine the couriers riding a horse one minute and a jeep another. It quite intrigues me. I only wish I could get down there to have me a try at it! But my army career I'm afraid is not yet over. So far there is no prospect of my getting out. The thought of becoming a civilian I like! But I can't see any hope for at least a year.

It won't be long now before Betty Lester should be getting back, and I am looking forward to reading about some of the other nurses. I imagine some who have been in the Far East for so long will now be going home. This next year will be a happy one for a lot of those who have been away so long. They are pouring into Dix all the time.

. . . .

From Mrs. Louis Charles Vaczek, Jr. (Kay Pfeiffer), Riverdale, New York—September 19, 1945

It seems almost unbelievable that the war is actually over. I can still hardly believe it. I only wish everyone could have sustained as few heartaches as our family. We are all well, in this country again, and looking forward to a reunion soon.

Louis and I thought we'd be out of the air force back in March when the forces started discharging personnel. The station in Ottawa closed on March 31st, but Louis was posted to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, to instruct English Fleet Air Army Pilots. We were there until the end of August.

V-E and V-J Days were of course so welcome that we were quite speechless and the idea that Louis wouldn't suddenly be sent to the Pacific was almost overwhelming. We had hardly

time to catch our breath before the station closed and Louis' discharge came through. He finished all of his examinations, et cetera, last Saturday and we are now on our own again—a wonderful feeling. We plan to live in the Canadian Laurentians this winter and hibernate for a while. We've found a very nice house on a lake about ninety miles from Montreal and we'll have to ski in and out. But we both look forward to it and I'm sure we'll have a grand time. Louis is going to do some writing and I shall try more anthropology.

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**From Mrs. Charles Lynn Stone, Jr. (Dickie Chase), Milton,
Massachusetts—September 21, 1945**

For the first summer since I was ten years old I have had no hay fever or asthma! The world is a better place! It's too wonderful.

Next good thing, the rumor is that Chuck will be out of the army in about six weeks.

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**From Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey (Lulu Ireland), Chagrin
Falls, Ohio—September 26, 1945**

Last summer I saw—now I can't remember his first name—Wooton. He was on the same ship as Bud and when I saw him we had a grand time talking about Hyden (*his home town*) and the F.N.S., et cetera.

Now to catch you up on our activities. The children and I had a grand winter in Thomasville. We got back to Cleveland May 1st and two weeks later Bud called from San Francisco! You can imagine my surprise and I was out there in less than a week. Mom took over the three children. For three weeks Bud and I lived in a Quonsett Hutt at the Mare Island Navy Base. We had such a good time and I was pleased and surprised that I still knew how to cook! Then Bud and I came home for his twenty-five-day leave and had a marvelous time in our own house with the children. As we could be together awhile, I went back out to California and was there for two and one-half weeks before Bud left. No doubt you have seen Wooton and he has told you that the ship was hit at Okinawa by a suicide plane. They came back to this country for repairs which was a real break.

You see, my summer was well and pleasantly filled. Now that the war is over, I find myself more anxious than ever to have Bud home. But he can't get out until December, so he won't be home until January or February. At present the ship is part of the naval police at Ponape Island in the Marshall Island group.

I only work at the hospital two nights a week this year. But I start in with the nurse's aide course in a couple of weeks. We still have Duchess (*her dog*) and she grows fonder of the children daily. She is so good with them.

. . . .

**From Mrs. John R. Pugh (Weezie Myers), Union,
Connecticut—September 27, 1945**

Johnny's return seemed almost unbelievable, after four and a half years! The celebrations for General Wainwright and his party in Washington and New York were terrific! I never thought that I would be riding under the confetti on Fifth Avenue! Everyone who comes in contact with the General instinctively loves him, and all were wonderful to us. (*Colonel Pugh was an aide to General Wainwright.*)

The excitement is over now and we are getting a little much-needed rest up in the woods with my family.

. . . .

**From Lt. Janet Chafee, U.S.N.R., c/o F.P.O., San Francisco,
California—September 30, 1945**

At this point I am in Hawaii and loving it! The beaches are super and there are huge mountains wherein wild boar are supposed to be! Betty Mudge is here I think. At least she was here and I could have sworn I saw her in the V-J Day parade on a Red Cross wagon affair. Lucy has a daughter. Hope to go home via Wendover! Would love to have seen you making rounds by Jeep—what next?

. . . .

**From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson), Key
West, Florida—October 1, 1945**

We've been in Key West since January. It is interesting, very foreign and tropical—and we've all enjoyed the ocean. But some of the living conditions are pretty complicated. All our

water comes in a pipe almost two hundred miles from the mainland—and something is always happening to the pipe!

The day before my baby arrived we were all evacuated by the navy from the housing project where we live because of the threatened terrific hurricane. They sent me to spend the day at the hospital as a "boarder." Fortunately we escaped the storm and the boys had a wonderful time being fed wieners by the Red Cross all day!

What fun it always is when the Bulletins arrive. I just drop everything else and read to my heart's content. I wonder how many of the English nurses will come back?

My sister in England is safe and well with her family. After dodging bombs for almost two years they were moved to a safe area the week peace with Germany was declared! They are near Chester, where Alison Bray was, and I have sent Alison her address.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Edward Townsend Moore (Bubbles Cuddy),
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania—October 2, 1945**

Townie is out of the navy. Very thrilling. We lived in Annapolis for a month and loved it. At the moment we are with Townie's family till we can move into our rented house that we finally found!

We made a dashing trip to Maine a while ago. I had to sell Magic (*her horse*) and when I went to see him it was a heart-wrenching moment. I should be thankful though that he has such a good home.

Townie is a school boy this winter. He's taking a very stiff engineering course before assuming his job.

. . . .

From Nancy Dammann, Winnetka, Illinois—October 6, 1945

I have been home for about two weeks and as yet my plans are pretty vague, all hinging on the possible arrival in the near future of my youngest brother from the Pacific. Since he will not be discharged but only has a thirty-day leave before re-assignment I want to be around when he arrives.

We had a rather enjoyable and very snappy trip home in a C-54. Since the plane was going home for salvage it was rather

worn out and we had to spend several days on various islands while it was being repaired. After we arrived in the States, we had three days near San Francisco while they outfitted us with those long forgotten luxuries, skirts, and then we went on to Fort Sheridan where we were discharged after only forty-eight hours.

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From Susie Hays, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—October 10, 1945

I am taking Commercial Art at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh and I love it. It takes a lot of work but if you are good enough (?) and stick to it (?) you can get wonderful jobs. Cross your fingers for me. I go five days a week from nine-thirty to four-thirty so I have hardly any free time to do much else.

.

From Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Lucy Pitts), Providence, Rhode Island—October 10, 1945

I have been reading the Bulletin with great interest and I think of you all so often, but I don't have much time to write any more. Lucy Anne was born July 23rd and my brother got home the same day from Burma. Wasn't that perfect timing? Bill is in the act of being discharged now, and we don't know yet where we go from there. In the meantime, I am very busy washing diapers and preparing the formula—lucky I had that experience with the F.N.S. of taking the baby to Louisville.

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**From Dorothy Caldwell, Burlington, Kentucky—
October 31, 1945**

We love the farm, even more than we thought we would. We're just six miles from Florence, Kentucky. We have just bought five new heifers that we are absolutely crazy about. They are Brown Swiss, and are to be the beginning of a very wonderful dairy herd. The oldest is about twenty-seven months and will have her first calf in January. The youngest is about eighteen months. They're very large cattle—about the size of Holsteins—and they look like buffaloes to us because their predecessors were dainty little Jerseys and the contrast is considerable. They're much gentler than the Jerseys, being much less temperamental and flighty, and they dearly love attention. Mrs. Breckin-

ridge must see them. She'd find them absolutely irresistible.

Can the British nurses yet do anything about returning, or does that have to wait a bit longer? Margaret Watson hasn't yet told us what her plans are but she's considering volunteering for service in the Balkans. We do wish she'd come back. As for Betty Lester, I'll bet she's on the first available boat.

I enjoyed the last Bulletin so much with all the latest news. We somehow missed the one before—I suppose in the moving—and I felt as if I'd been terribly deprived. I love that little magazine.

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**From Mrs. James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will),
Rochester, New York—November 10, 1945**

The good news of my husband is most exciting. He is coming in about November 30 on the west coast. Taking no chances as to the amount of leave he will or won't have I'm joining the throng on the westward trail and will meet him out there, hoping he will have at least a couple of days off. Needless to say the young lady will stay here.

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**From Helen Chapman (Heidi), Bennington College,
Bennington, Vermont—November 10, 1945**

I'm going to spend my Winter Field Period in Philadelphia this year, and I hope to be working in the University of Pennsylvania as an assistant for a graduate student. I'd like to work with someone in Physiology but you just can't be sure, and I'll more probably end up washing dishes in some beginning chemistry laboratory!

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**From Mrs. James N. Rawleigh, Jr. (Florence Booker),
Harrods Creek, Kentucky—November 10, 1945**

Jimmy got his discharge (after more than five years in the army) in October, and since then we have been having a good vacation visiting our families. Eventually we plan to settle down near Chicago. My brother got back from Europe the same week we arrived so we've all had a grand reunion.

I think the jeep sounds wonderful—just don't let it entirely

replace the horse! I suppose the couriers can now add mechanics to their accomplishments!

Mother got a little first-hand news of Wendover last summer from Ann Young who stopped for a visit next door on her way home. I think Ann was glad to meet Buff (*Florence's Golden Retriever—son of Penny—brother of Lizzie*) after knowing other members of his family! He's just fine and sends his love to you all—especially Lizzie.

. . . .

WEDDINGS

Lieutenant Mary Neville Atkinson, Nurse Corps, Army of the United States, and Lieutenant William Clinton Holter, Army of the United States, on Wednesday, July 18, 1945, in Emmanuel Church, Middleburg, Virginia.

Lieutenant Ruth Putnam Chase, Army of the United States, and Captain H. Henry Weisengreen, Army of the United States, on Thursday, September 27, 1945, in Governors Island, New York.

Mrs. Barbara Glazier Girard and Mr. Joseph Morse Smith, on Saturday, October 6, 1945, in Trinity Episcopal Church, Hartford, Connecticut.

All of these young people have given themselves fully in the service of their country at home and overseas. We wish for them a full measure of happiness.

. . . .

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Lucy Pitts), in Providence, Rhode Island, a daughter, Anne Grosvenor, on July 23, 1945.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson), in Key West, Florida, a daughter, Marjorie Ann Henderson, on September 17, 1945. Her mother writes:

"I at last have a prospective courier! After three boys we had about given up hope, but Marjorie Ann arrived September 17 and

we are so proud and delighted. She weighed eight pounds and nine ounces at birth and this morning, the twelfth day, was nine pounds and six ounces, so I think she should be able to hold her own with any number of horses.

"We are both fine and go home in the morning, where her brothers are eagerly waiting to get their hands on her. I expect she will have a rugged life. Fortunately they all go to school part of the time, they're four, five, and six years old now."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd, Jr. (Libby Boardman), in Concord, New Hampshire, a daughter, Mary Lowell Lloyd, on October 16, 1945. Libby writes:

"At last a daughter to write you about and to enter formally on the courier list. I think Molly's three older brothers will prepare her for the rugged life in Kentucky."

All three girls! And if they take after their mothers, they will be three outstanding couriers in 1964.

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BITS OF COURIER NEWS

We rejoice with **Eleanor Stineman Skinner, Barbara Brown Webster, Eleanore George Nevin, and Betty Halstead Heath**, over the return of their husbands from duty overseas. We understand that these young couples have been enjoying a second "honeymoon."

JUST JOKES, CHILDREN

The three-year-old boy had taken his mother's powder puff and was fixing his face as he had seen her do, when his five-year-old sister grabbed it from him. "You mustn't do that," she said, "only ladies use powder. Gentlemen wash themselves."

Jimmy, who had been climbing trees, came in for the second time with his trousers torn.

"Go upstairs and mend them yourself," ordered his harassed mother. Some time later, she went up to see how he was getting on. The trousers were there, but no Jimmy.

Puzzled, she came downstairs, noticing as she passed that the cellar door, usually shut, was open. She went to the door, called down loudly:

"Are you running about down there without your trousers on?"
The reply came sternly: "No, madam, I'm reading the gas meter."

A GIRL ON HORSEBACK IN NORTH CHINA



Dr. Lucy Chao

Not very long after I landed in this great country of yours, Mrs. Breckinridge, I began to hear about your unique Frontier Nursing Service in the mountainous regions in Kentucky, with ladies on horsebacks to go out to take care of the mothers and babies in the mountains. I heard it with awe and admiration and hoped that some day I would have a chance of visiting the wonderful work and paying my respect to the great pioneer.

Now I feel so happy to think that actually I have had the privilege and pleasure of being a guest of yours and your services and my first few lessons of horseback riding.

Ladies on horsebacks in your service repeatedly remind me of a well known story about a girl on horseback in north China, written in the spoken language hundreds of years ago.

I can still recall so vividly that way back in my childhood my father would read chapter after chapter of this very story to the family in the evenings and sometimes late into nights, as it was written in the spoken language. Those were good old days, which I can have no more, as my dear father is off and gone.

However, a couple of years ago, when I was ill in bed and worked in bed, I borrowed this very book in four volumes and read it through carefully myself, so as to get myself reminded of the sweet family life in the long past days and the dear young girl on horseback. From that I did derive quite a lot of joy in a way.

Just now there seems to be as though an urge inside me for me to pass on this story in brevity to you, before I can enjoy any rest in peace. Very likely you will be interested in getting acquainted with this girl on horseback long ago in north China, as you are so very well acquainted with so many ladies on horsebacks at present here in America.

The proper title of the book given by the author is "A Story of Heroic Children," but it is more often referred to or better known as "Thirteen Girl." I myself certainly like the latter much better. Let me now go to the story itself without any further delay.

Years and years ago in China when the examination system was still in operation, Mr. An, a northerner, a good Confucian disciple, well over middle age, was cleaning and airing his particular food basket. His wife, Mrs. An, fair in size and big in heart, was collecting different kinds of suitable food to be put into this very basket, enough to feed him for a period of three days in his cubicle in the examination quarter where he was going to take the strictest examination. Mr. An gave a deep and loud sigh while handling this very basket, because for many a time he had handled the dear old thing, and for many a time he had failed in his examination. Now he did not seem to have any confidence in himself, and yet he was so determined to go into the coming examination again. He had fully made up his mind that as long as he was breathing, and as long as the exam-

ination system was functioning, he was going to sit for the examination again and again, though he had no hope in passing it, he was sure.

For years he had been a teacher in Chinese Literature, and he taught well. He was very much adored by his pupils. He did not only teach them to master the Chinese literature, but also he loaded their minds with valuable teachings of the great teacher, Confucius. Many of his pupils had already risen high in service to the empire with wonderful ability and noble personality. When they came to pay him their respects, he would grin all the time, for he was truly pleased. But just the same he repeatedly failed in his own examination. His pupils got so much worried for him, and he himself felt so much disappointed. Perhaps he was nervous during the times of the examinations.

Just as usual when the time came this year he with his simple baggage and food basket went to his assigned cubicle in the examination quarter. There he worked hard for three days. Then he returned home exhausted and disappointed as though there was no earthly hope whatever that he would succeed. His good wife tried hard to cheer him up. No, it was no use.

To their great surprise when the time came for announcing the result, a servant with a red slip of paper in hand ran tearing into the central hall of the house from the gate, thoroughly out of breath, quite dumb altogether and merely threw this very slip of paper into Mr. An's lap, a practice quite unusual to the refined routine in the house. Calmly Mr. An picked it up, slowly he put on his spectacles and unhurriedly he began to read the characters on this slip of paper. After reading it he sighed again, not so loud this time. Following that his eyes became quite watery. Now Mrs. An happened to step into the hall, saw such a picture of her husband and asked: "What is the matter?"

After a fairly long latent period he answered: "I have passed my examination this time." And he passed on the slip of paper to her. Then he added: "It is pretty late in life for me to succeed, isn't it? I do hope our son can do better. I believe he will."

She said promptly: "After all it is not too late. Do let me congratulate you. This is certainly a happy day for us all. You must forget your failures in the past."

Chi, the son, got wind of the news very soon and came to the

hall to give his due courtesy to his parents for this particular occasion. He was a boy about twenty years of age, refined, shy and handsome. He had been taught by Mr. An himself and a great friend of his. He was so good and teachable. By many he was thought to be too good and too teachable!

Very soon Mr. An came to the realization that he would be appointed an official of some kind in no time. He did not like it at all. In his heart of hearts he liked to succeed in the examination, but he did not like the idea of being an official in the government. As the examination system was conducted for selection of personnel for officialdom, he could not escape from it. He had to wait for his fate.

Not many days had passed before he was notified to go to an out of the way county to be the magistrate there. Then he had to bother himself with preparations for the journey. He disliked the business still the more. Again he knew that as he could not escape from it anyway, he might just as well make up his mind to face it. As the son, Chi, was preparing for his examination, the parents did not like to take him away from Peking. They decided to leave him with some old servants in the old home. They went to the post with a few servants themselves.

At first things went on fairly well at both ends. Several months later Chi got a letter from his parents asking him to go to them with a certain old servant and take all the cash he could gather with him, because his father was wronged and in trouble. He got so upset that he could not sleep at all that night. Early the next morning he started for his journey with the very servant on donkeybacks with what he could gather in the way of cash ready for his father's rescue.

The travel on the first day was quite smooth and uneventful. They found a decent inn to rest for the night. Suddenly in the middle of the night the servant began to have a very severe attack of pain in the abdomen, colicky in character. Both the young master and the old servant got so worried. The more worried they got, the worse became the pain. They seemed to work in a vicious circle.

Soon the servant knew he could not possibly go on travelling with his young master in the morning. He began to think of some other way out. He came to the conclusion of sending his

young master off with the same donkeys and donkey men, and keeping himself in the inn to recover. As soon as he could move, he would go to his brother-in-law somewhere in the neighborhood for further rest. There he would wait for further news and orders. After explaining everything to the young master concerning the new plan for the journey, they both went to have a little rest.

Early the next morning Chi had to go on his further journey without his old friend, with only the donkeys and donkey men to accompany him. They both found it very difficult to part, though did not put their feelings in so many words, except that each wished the best for the other and trusted everything to the hands of fate.

Chi and his party did pretty well in the morning. At noon they stopped in an inn for some rest and something to eat for both men and animals. He saw parties of similar nature in the yard of the inn. They made quite a lot of noises, which, however, did not surprise him very much.

Very soon he was almost paralyzed to see a very pretty girl coming out from the room opposite to go to her good looking horse with a shiny coat brown black in color standing in the yard near her room. They seemed to be great friends. The girl was no ordinary girl. She had small and light feet. She had on scarlet silk pants and jackets with black silk material in abundance tied over the waist. Into it and at the back she was carrying a big, long knife and a bow; at the left side a bunch of arrows; and at the right side a dagger and a bag full of some small things.

He could not help feeling embarrassed whenever he saw a girl. Now he felt the same. His face turned quite scarlet. He wished he could disappear altogether. After petting her horse the girl even looked into his room and straight to his face. Certainly it was too much for him. He ought to do something about it. He tried to close his door, but the poor old door would not stay closed when it was closed. Then he thought of putting something behind the door so as to keep it safely shut.

At the very moment he saw in the yard near this very door a big piece of stone in the shape of a bell with a handle like thing at its top. "That will suit the purpose fine," he thought. He

went to it and tried to carry it over himself, but he found he could not move it even an inch. He then asked his donkey men to carry it to the desired spot for him. They were unable to do that either.

All this time the girl was standing by her horse watching. Now she came over and asked the young scholar where he would like that piece of stone to be placed. Shyly he pointed to somewhere behind the door. With the right hand she got hold of the handle, and with no difficulty at all she lifted this piece of stone and put it to the pointed spot.

A man of the inn standing by remarked, "This is two hundred pounds in weight." Chi was far from being practical enough to appreciate the remark.

When she asked him whether that was all that he wanted, he said it was and thanked her for her help. Then suddenly it dawned on him that the stone was no help to him after all, because the door had to stay open while the heavy thing was moved in. When the door was closed, he was unable to move the object just the same. "What a futile effort after all," he thought to himself.

As he knew he could do no more about the door, he turned his attention to writing a letter to his old friend lying ill in the other inn and asked this inn keeper to get it across to the receiver some time when it was convenient.

After having had something to eat he faced his journey again. For quite a distance he and his party proceeded well. But soon wind began to blow and rain began to pour. The donkey men suggested to go along a side track so as to hope to get into some shelter. Chi could do nothing but agree, as he had no experience whatever in travelling. Soon he saw some building at a distance, and a couple of men coming out of it. The building turned out to be an old temple and the two men monks.

These two monks ushered and urged them all into the temple. Chi was preparing to offer his reverence to the gods in the temple as he was entering it. He was highly surprised and almost scared to death, when one of the monks in a professional sort of way took the donkeys and donkey men to another court of the temple and the other monk pulled a strong piece of rope out of his left sleeve, tied him onto a big pillar in the yard and

undressed him to a certain extent so as to keep his chest and abdomen quite bare. He almost fainted, but did not. The first monk returned. He produced a knife, big and shining, somewhere from his robe, waved it in front of him and shouted for someone to bring a brass plate to receive the heart. Chi felt nauseated. From a corner of the yard he saw a boy of about twelve coming with a big brass plate in hand.

Just at that very moment he heard a cracking sound of the tiles overhead and then as though from the sky jumped down the same girl whom he saw in the inn. She had the same kind of costume on. Only the colors were different. The pants and jackets were black in color and the silk around the waist was scarlet in color—just the very opposite. She appeared to be very light and swift, with the big knife in hand, as though ready to fight or to kill.

The two monks and the boy behaved as though paralyzed in front of her. She did not bother herself to inquire into the situation, for she had observed every bit of it from above. She beheaded them all. Some other monks got wind of it and came out to the yard. At first they prepared to fight. As soon as they saw this girl, they tried to escape. She did not let a single one of them go alive. She killed each one of them in the same way with her knife.

All this time Chi did not quite know whether he was dead or alive. As the girl was having a look around seeing multiple corpses in various shapes lying about the yard, she heard some steps coming followed by the appearance of a person in the form of the boss of the place, big, round, heavy, and dressed in a monk's costume of high standing, but over the cheeks and neck he bore the fresh marks of scratching. He was very much surprised by the sight and wanted to withdraw. Before he could do so, she went over leisurely and killed him too.

As she turned around she saw the young scholar tied to a pillar looking very pale indeed. She approached him and asked, "How do you feel?"

"Oh! I am alive after all," was his response. At once he began to feel shy again, for his chest and abdomen were quite exposed—in front of a girl! He tried to cover the bare parts with his clothes, but he could not move his arms. She saw it

and quickly came to his aid. She cut the rope at different places with the tip of her knife. When he was freed, he could hardly stand. She put away her knife and pulled out her bow. She asked him to perch his arms on one end of the bow while she held the other. In this way she slowly helped him to go to an empty yet lighted room. There he was put into a chair to rest.

By no means she had completed her job yet. She well knew that. Some search had to be made.

"You are not afraid of the dark, are you?" she asked him. He knew he was expected to answer in the negative and he did so. She took the lamp, closed the door and went to begin her search. After passing a couple of rooms she heard some human sound in the form of very low yet pathetic sighs. She followed it to the corner of a room. There she found an old man almost doubled up and securely chained. He was no monk, but an honest looking farmer. In a few minutes she learned that this poor old man was another traveller trapped in the same way together with his wife and daughter, when they three were on their way to the home of a relative, hoping to work there for a better living. The two of the three were yet to be found. Very likely they were hidden in some very obscure spot in the temple. She unchained him and took him to the room where Chi lay in a chair. She told them to keep each other company. She left them to go on with her search again.

She searched and searched. She could find nothing—not a single sound to be heard and not a single soul to be found. The temple seemed to be an empty and dead place altogether. All the doors led her to empty rooms, and there was no door left through which she had not passed. She had not found the missing mother and daughter. They were not dead, she hoped.

Soon she came face to face with a big cupboard. She tried its doors and they yielded. Then she could see further doors. Apparently it was only an imitation cupboard. She pushed those doors open and found a very well lighted room beyond. In it there were a young country girl, neat and clean, sitting in a chair weeping; an old country woman with tears in her eyes sitting nearby looking at the weeping girl; and a third female about fifty dressed up as though she was only eighteen, thickly painted, standing facing the girl talking to her in low yet persistent tones

as though trying to persuade her to do something that she did not like doing.

As soon as she saw this picture, the girl from horseback understood the whole thing very well, still she would like to get it well verified. She began acting.

The painted woman looked surprised on seeing her at the door and hesitatingly approached her. Before she had time to open her mouth and ask anything the girl said "The boss sent me here to help you out." The surprised look faded away and a smile came through. The weeping girl lifted up her face, gave a despising look to the newly entered girl and said in a voice light, yet definite, "Shameless." The girl heard it and just smiled in response.

As she had found someone to help her out the spirit of the painted woman rose high and she started to give a brief report to the coming comrade as to what she had done already with the country girl so as to prepare the newcomer for a better attack to the point of success. Then the boss would certainly be pleased. Her report was made as follows:

"You see, I told her repeatedly that our boss, the great teacher, liked her very much. He was really gentle with her. You know, when he approached her, she scratched him hard all over the face and neck. Instead of getting offended and angry he laughed and left, and asked me to explain things to her slowly and gently. He will come back later. Isn't he good? I told her that if she would only do what the great teacher wishes, she would be well provided for everything and she would not have to worry a bit for the rest of her days. She is just so stubborn, you know. I do hope you are able to do something with her."

"What a stupid female you are! You really believe that I am on your side? What a shameless woman you are! You should go with your great teacher!"

The woman at once knelt down to beg for mercy. Instead of granting her that, the girl from horseback put her big knife between the chin and neck and gave a lift. As a result the painted woman fell down dead faceless.

The weeping girl again lifted up her face to the girl from horseback. This time the face spoke cheer and respect though

not in words. Then she actually said "I do beg your pardon for having misunderstood you."

To the speaker and her mother she said "Let me tell you that the old man is safe in a room outside. Let us waste no time here. Get hold of a lamp, each of you. Are those your things? Bring them with you. We had better go and join them the sooner the better. Time is going fast."

The old lady merely said "Thanks to the God in heaven."

When they got into the room where the two men were, the family of three were very happy and thankful for the reunion in life. Three of them at once knelt down in front of the goddess and worshipped her. Chi did not know what to do and he did not do anything.

The goddess said "Let us get on with the business. I can take better care of you four as one party rather than two parties. Now young man, are you married or engaged?"

"Neither, but—"

"What do you mean by 'but'?"

"I have to wait for the command from my parents."

"I am afraid they will have to excuse you. All I am glad to know now is that you are not even engaged, so that I can proceed with the business. As I have already told you, I can take care of you four in one party much better and much easier. You can take them all to your parents. They will help you on the way too."

Without waiting for anything that Chi might have to say she turned round to face the farmer girl. Now she suddenly realized this girl had a pair of very intelligent eyes, and said: "You have no objection in marrying to this young scholar, have you? Look! here are a pair of candles. Let us have the wedding ceremony right here in this room. You both can worship the heaven and the earth and this pair of parents now. Then due courtesy can be paid to the other pair of parents, when you get to them."

The young couple did shyly what they were told, and soon the ceremony was completed. They felt amused in a way, but neither dared say anything to that effect. Now they thought it was time for them to learn each others names, before going on further with the journey. The three of the farming family were Mr., Mrs. and Miss Chang. The bride's given name was Ching-

feng. The girl from horseback let herself be known as Thirteen Girl. Beyond that she refused to say a thing.

The practical Thirteen Girl suggested for them all to go to the monks' kitchen, for there probably they might be able to find enough food for a meal. No doubt, they found plenty in the kitchen. Evidently supper was well prepared, but not yet served. They ate a hearty meal and took some away with them for the journey. They happened to discover too that those monks were not living on vegetarian diet alone!

The old pa and ma knew very well how to handle animals. In no time everything was ready for the journey. They left the temple soon after midnight and there they parted with the girl on horseback with a great many thanks. She told them that in a few hours she would rejoin them for a while—then she would really part with them forever.

It was true that about four hours later she reappeared on horseback with an additional bundle across her own back. As she approached, they stopped. She loosened the bundle from her back, handed it to Chi and said "This is just a little money for your journey."

Of course, Chi had to accept it with many thanks and numerous bows.

Then she handed him her bow and said: "Before the day is over you are likely to see men on horsebacks coming to you. You need not say anything, just hand them this bow. When they ask you what I want them to do for your party, ask them to let you have a couple of strong men to accompany you as far as they consider necessary. You can remember this much, can't you?"

"Yes, I think so." Chi had been very well trained by this time in listening to orders.

Soon the girl flew away on horseback. The party of four could see her no more. Again the old lady repeated "Thanks to the God in heaven."

Forward slowly yet steadily they went on with their journey.

SYNOPSIS: After an adventure with three fierce looking men on horseback, who were at their service as soon as they saw the Thirteen Girl's bow, the party finally arrived at the town where Mr. and Mrs. An were supposed to be. They located Mrs. An and Chi, in the most respectful manner, told about the adventure in the temple and his marriage. His mother said:

"Certainly the Thirteen Girl is your saviour." She received news of the marriage without offense, had all three of the Changs brought to her at once and showed kindness and affection to her young daughter-in-law.

Mrs. An then told Chi that his father was restricted in a certain court of the yamen, or court house, and Chi at once went off with a servant to see his father, whom he found smoking a long bamboo pipe and appearing very philosophical. When the father learned that the girl on horseback had given her name as Thirteen Girl he was deeply impressed. As to his imprisonment he explained that the magistrate of the town before him had been given a large sum of money to repair the bank of the river so as to prevent it from flooding the district. It was said that instead of building a good and solid wall, he built the kind of wall that was good looking on the outside, but rotten on the inside, with only a small portion of the money. The rest he pocketed, except for quite a bit which he handed over to the Chief in the form of presents. Soon after Mr. An became magistrate of the town the bank of the river began to break. As Mr. An had not given costly presents to the Chief he was dismissed from his post and sent to the yamen to wait for investigation. He knew that he would be fined heavily.

Soon after this interview, the official investigating Mr. An's case arrived and turned out to be one of his old pupils, who knelt before him, in order to show him the highest courtesy. Needless to say Mr. An was released, and the Chief, as well as the official who was Mr. An's predecessor as magistrate, were dismissed.

After this the Ans and the Changs with their servants on carts and on donkeybacks started back for home. When they reached the Inn where Chi had left the old sick servant and friend, they discovered that he was staying with his brother-in-law Chi Yi-kung, his second wife and her father, Sir Teng IX, at no great distance. The party set out for the house of Sir Teng IX and, after various contretemps, Mr. An settled down for the evening to sip good wine with Sir Teng IX and engage in conversation. Mr. An worked out the origin of Thirteen Girl in Chinese characters, and it developed that to Sir Teng IX she had also been a saviour. He explained what she had done for him as follows:

"You know, I am no scholar, but I know enough about the right principles of life. In my youth I went through a very strict course of physical training and fighting technique. Later I earned myself quite a bit of reputation. For twenty years before I retired just before eighty which was less than three years ago, I had been taking up a profession as a private guard over the civilian travellers. I did my job well. I guarded my customers safely. I was well liked and respected. I earned good money. Just before my eightieth birthday came round I thought I had enough money stored away for my old age. I came to the decision of retiring then, so that I could spend my last few years of life with leisure and pleasure in my own way. For another

thing, of course, I would like to retire young, before I was disgraced in my profession.

“When my eightieth birthday was approaching, all my pupils and friends prepared to make a big show of the occasion. I did not like the idea very much, but I could not resist the opinion of so many. I had to yield to them. In the garden of the other house of mine hundreds of tables of feast were arranged for the birthday eve. Temporary platforms were set up for dramas and shows of various kinds. Whole day long the day before the birthday presents of different kinds simply poured in. I did not have to see to a single thing, because everything was taken care of by some one for me.

“Late that afternoon a funny sort of present came in the form of a small box presented by a queer looking man by the name of Sea Horse Chou III. He held the box in hand and insisted on seeing me. Some friends knew that meant trouble ahead, and came to tell me that. I thought the only thing to do was to face it. Therefore I decided to grant his request and see him in person.

“When he saw me he behaved in such a low and small sort of way. There was nothing great, noble, or beautiful to be seen anywhere in or about him. He bowed to me and said, ‘I have heard of you and your birthday. I come to offer you my congratulations. Here I am bringing you some presents in this little box.’ He then opened the box and continued. ‘You see, this box contains nothing but face powder, rouge and two pink flowers. For a long time I have heard of your superior art of fighting. This evening I would like to put your honourable art to a test in front of your friends and pupils. The things in this box are for the use of the defeated, and then he is asked to walk across the central platform with a feminine gait for the amusement of the audience. If you refuse to put your art to such a test, you are considered defeated.’

“When he ended his speech, I felt totally sick. I wished I were dead then. ‘O God in heaven,’ I cried inside me. I knew there was only one thing for me to do. It was to fight with him. I could not help realizing then that my bones were stiff and they were apt to fail me any time. I had no confidence in myself.

I dreaded the coming contest, I must admit, yet I could do nothing about it.

"When the time came, both parties were ready, standing in front of the central platform. Meanwhile the dear little box was placed on the table in the central hall of the house. When I thought of that box I felt sick again. Begin to fight we did. Each one of us had a big, long knife in hand. I could not tell you how I handled that very knife then, for I had put it away for quite a number of years, yet I handled it well at the time of emergency when it was required of me. The audience watched on with dead silence. After a couple of minutes of fighting I knew my limbs were going to fail me in a matter of seconds.

"Just then a loud noise was made by the audience. The both parties came to a standstill in response to the noise. There on the central platform stood this Thirteen Girl. As soon as the noise died down, she said 'Sea Horse Chou III, I consider it a very low practice for you to insult the honoured and the aged in this way. If you honestly think your art of fighting is the very best in the empire, turn it to me. Let me learn it!'

"Before her speech was actually ended, without giving any warning at all the tricky man threw a hand arrow, small yet sharp, aiming well at her head. Leisurely she bent her head to one side. The arrow stuck to the wall at the back of the platform. Immediately it was followed by another. She calmly stooped a little. Again the second hand arrow went to the wall. Practically with no gap of time allowed a third arrow was secretly sent out. This time the Thirteen Girl threw out a similar one to welcome his. The two arrows met each other in the mid air. Twang! Both of them fell to the ground.

"By this time Sea Horse Chou III had realized that this girl was no ordinary girl. He had underestimated her. He decided to give himself up by stopping all his tricks before it was too late. Different queer sorts of noises made by his followers ambushed among the audience signaling each other for sudden and united attack came to a silence too. Humbly with head bowed low he came over to kneel in front of the girl to beg for mercy and to ask to be allowed to go without having to go through the processes of decorating himself and walking in front of the audience. She held herself straight and said, 'I am glad you have

learned your lesson. I am sure Sir Teng IX is great enough to grant your request. Go away and don't play such mean tricks to anyone else!'

"Thank you very much indeed, lady. Let me do something to show my gratitude, and my respect for your wonderful art.'

"All right, here is my bow. Have a good look at it. Whenever you see this particular bow, be good to those who carry it.'

"Thank you, lady. Certainly I will.'

"As she was putting her bow back to its place at her back, the humiliated man turned to me to give me a very polite bow and begged to be allowed to stay on that evening to partake the feast to pay me his respect and to give me his good wishes for my eightieth birthday. I could not see why I should not treat him as a friend. Well, as a friend he was treated. When I turned round to look for the girl ready to thank her with all my heart, she was there no more. She had disappeared. Most mysteriously she appeared and just as mysteriously she disappeared. That was she.

"I was so grateful that the nasty business was over. Imagine! it was a girl who got me out of all that misery and disgrace. I went on that evening as the star of long life with a thankful and lightened heart."

SYNOPSIS: Sir Teng IX went on to tell how the Thirteen Girl came to see him and asked to be his pupil. It developed that her father had been disgraced and died in prison and that she had come with her mother to a hill in that neighborhood to stay in hiding until she could avenge her father's death upon his enemy. The mother had died 48 days before and the funeral was to take place the next day. After various difficulties, Sir Teng IX, Mr. and Mrs. Chu, the Ans and the dear old servant were all admitted to Thirteen Girl's house. They found her in a white mourning robe doing her morning offering in front of her mother's coffin in the center of the central hall of the house. Mr. An presented her with the bow she had given his son and told her that she need not endanger herself to kill her father's enemy because this "powerful and cunning" man was dead. When Thirteen Girl heard this she turned to look for her dagger in order to commit suicide, but Mrs. Chu had anticipated such a step and had hidden the dagger.

"Now let me tell you how I came to identify you as the Thirteen Girl," said Mr. An. "You know when your first birthday—the so-called grasping birthday—came round, your parents

put all kinds of things on the tray in front of you for you to grasp. Though you were a daughter, they wanted to treat you as a son. I was among the guests that day, too. Instead of grasping needle-container and thread-spool, writing brush and ink tablet, such feminine objects, you grasped knife and dagger, bow and arrow, such fighting weapons. Your parents were thoroughly pleased, while all the guests were greatly surprised. Later on I learned that your parents did treat you just as a son in different ways. Aside from learning to read and write you were taught different kinds of fighting art. Also I remember at your birth your father named you Yu-feng. When Chi told me about the Thirteen Girl, I came to the right identification of you by [here follow Chinese characters].

SYNOPSIS: Mr. An then told Thirteen Girl that he and the rest of his family were ready to leave that very afternoon with her and the body of her mother so that she could be buried beside her husband. After the midday meal was finished the whole party (including the mother in a coffin and the daughter in deep mourning), were ready to set out and travel by boat. Sir Teng IX and Mr. and Mrs. Chu accompanied the party for some distance.

Finally the three had to return. None of them was capable of saying anything. Here again Mr. An managed to help the situation. "Come to see us next spring, all the three of you. Then we all will come to see you on your ninetieth birthday."

"All right, let it be settled at that," answered Sir Teng IX. Then he added, "Wishing you peace all the way through," as he and his party turned to the opposite direction.

How do you like the people in this story in general and the girl on horseback in particular, Mrs. Breckinridge?

LUCY CHAO

Sept. 1, 1945

JUST JOKES, PUPILS

Teacher: "Who can tell me what agriculture is?"

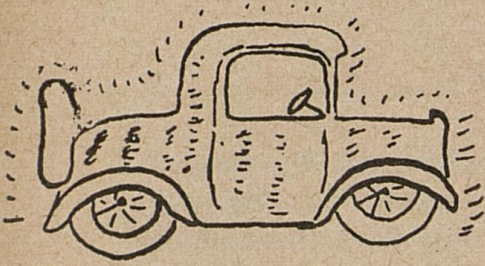
Thomas: "Well, it's just about the same as farming, only in farming you really do it."

Professor—What is your idea of civilization?

Sophomore—I think it's a very good idea. Somebody ought to start it.

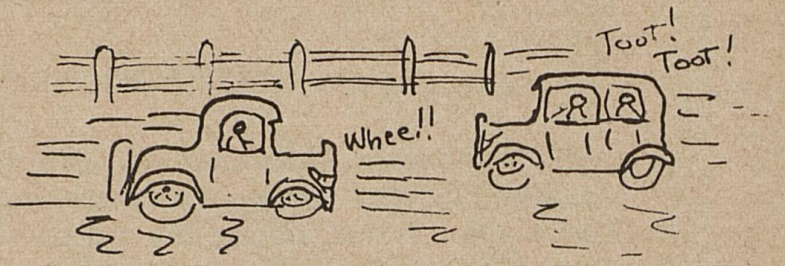
MY LIFE AND TIMES . . . By HEIDI, a Model A Ford

1.



Once I was shiny and new, but that was many years ago, 1931, to be exact.

2.



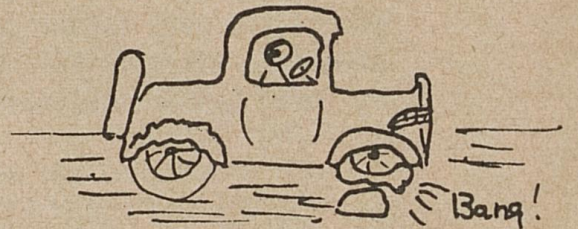
My early years were rather futile, just one round of pleasure after another.

3.



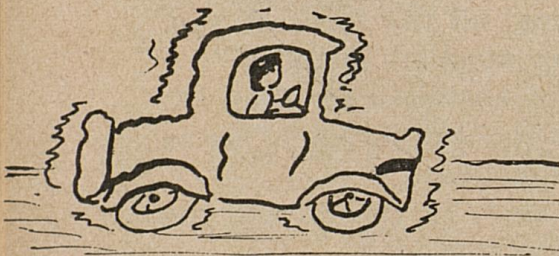
Then I came to the F.N.S. Life was really worthwhile then, but not easy. Up creeks, over hills.

4.



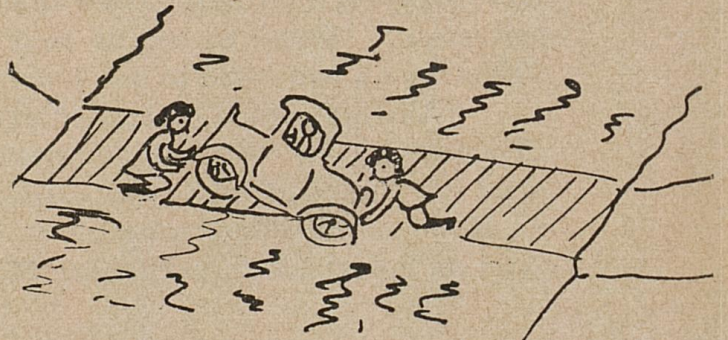
Then last summer things started happening to me. First it was just little things, like flat tires, wrinkled fenders, etc.

5.



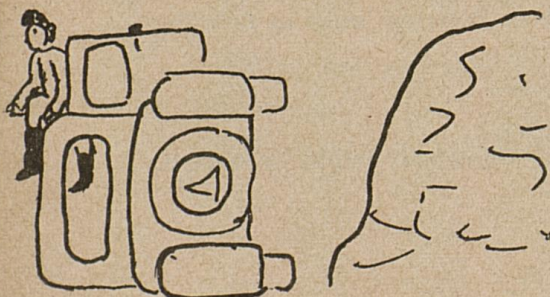
Then as summer wore on to fall my work got harder. Long trips from Beech Fork to Hyden with those F.N.S. midwifery students began to tell on me. My nerves were shot.

6.



One day I nearly slipped off a bridge. Really ruined my nerves. And crossing the river most every day, I just couldn't keep my brakes dry—

7.



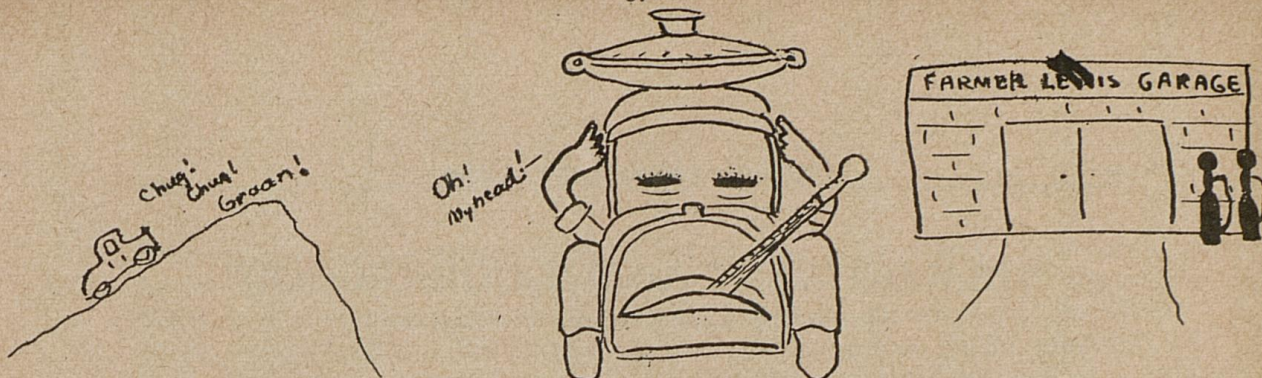
So one night my brakes didn't hold and I tripped over a bank.

8.



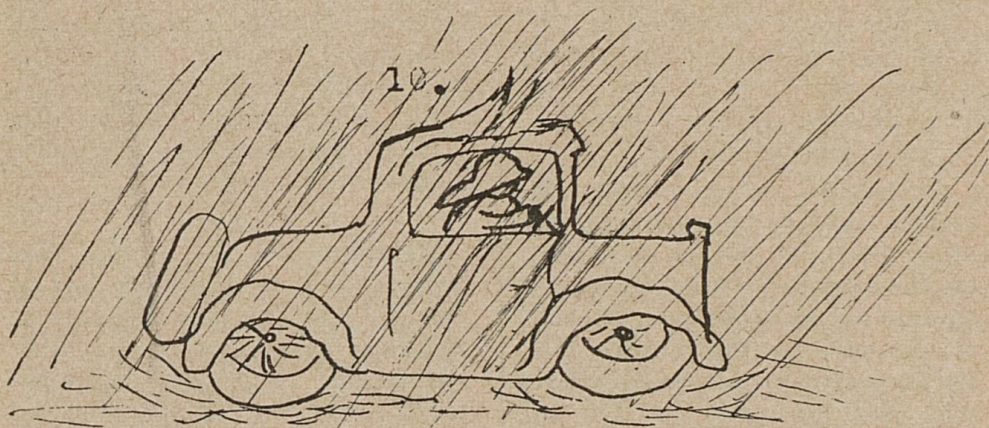
Next day a big burly mail truck came along and picked me up and I putt-putted down the road—none the worse for wear.

9.



Not long after that I had a real sick spell. My clutch was really fagged out, the doctor said. I couldn't pull even the least hill. I was in the hospital for weeks, literally weeks!!

10.



But I pulled through and was soon good as new. Well, almost . . .

11.



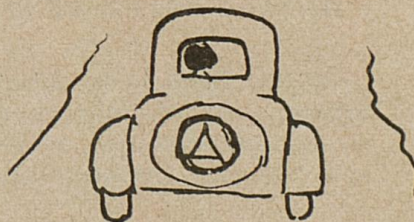
But fate had my number. I was off on an important trip when my tire blew out. No sooner had I got started again after it was fixed than my right hind wheel went rolling down the hill. I was embarrassed, to say the least.

12.



Still I carry on, battle-scarred and weary. Maybe I can hold out 'til the war is declared over—

13.



And I'll be turned out to pasture.

THE END

—Bertha Bloomer

"HE WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD"

(From The Acts, Chapter X, Verse 36)

by

MALCOLM W. BINGAY

Printed in the Detroit Free Press Christmas Day issue of 1930, reprinted Christmas Day, 1943. Used in this Bulletin through the kind permission of Mr. Bingay.

On this day is celebrated by people of many faiths, and by many of no faith, the birth of Him whom the world calls Jesus of Nazareth.

What is His significance today?

He left no written record. He created no party, political or otherwise. He led no uprising. He elaborated no formal program. He was not an organizer. He had no panacea for this earth's ills. He advocated no revolution other than that for which He died on Calvary; the moral revolution of the inner life.

* * *

He moved quietly, serenely, peacefully, among the villages of Judea and Galilee, speaking to the people about God and life and duty. He preached a new doctrine of love and forgiveness. He mingled with the lowly and the outcasts and was scorned as their friend. Repulsive disease and anguished sin won His tender sympathy and aid. He knew not where to lay His head. He offered no rank, no earthly glory; only service, self-sacrifice and suffering. Yet He launched a movement that has transformed the world.

He "went about doing good."

* * *

On this there is no disagreement between the churchgoer and the non-church attendant, between Jew and Gentile, Mohammedan and

Buddhist, Catholic and Protestant, atheist and agnostic. No matter what version of His life is given or how it is interpreted, His goodness of heart and His purity of purpose is universally admitted.

* * *

To those who see in Him the living Christ; to others who see in the story of His ministry only a beautiful symbolism of the age-old longing of groping mankind for a better way of life; even to those who deny Him, there is this agreement. No matter how low and how vile and how wretched a creature a man may be, once he has heard the story, he is forever haunted by a feeling that His words are true; that in some way He has sounded the profoundest depths of man's moral being.

* * *

His philosophy transcends all races and tongues, all creeds and forms. In nineteen hundred and thirty years, governments and civilizations have crumbled and passed away; the whole face of the earth has been transformed by a multiplicity of man-made laws and machines. But His lessons remain for us as pure and as undimmed as when He first gave them to His lowly followers.

* * *

And so it is on this day of all

days when men's hearts are opened to one another by the impulses of the season we come a little closer to an understanding of His purpose. You who have brought joy and laughter to little children, who have kindled a light in the tired eyes of a struggling mother, who have placed a hand of loving comradeship on the shoulder of a broken brother, who have in any way helped make lighter the burdens of a fellow mortal, you have, to some degree—knowingly or not—fulfilled His command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

* * *

As the years roll on, the world grows less cruel; with enlightenment there comes understanding. Through corroding cynicism, pessimism, greed, love of luxury, crass materialism, His light of love still shines. Down in the heart of every mortal there is something noble and clean and fine; something that is made manifest to us on this, His day.

* * *

And this light which is permit-

ted to shine more brightly this one time of the year is the only hope for our new trouble-torn world which has forgotten, in the pursuit of material success, that man cannot live by bread alone; that there are spiritual values, intangible, imponderable, but more powerful than all the fortresses of finance.

Today men who have developed about themselves a crust of hardness in buffeting against the world, drop their acquired reserve and obey the finer impulses of their being; they act naturally, "as little children." They do generous deeds willingly, joyously, with no self-consciousness. When His dream of peace on earth comes true, it will not be for one day but for all days.

* * *

Those of you who have gone forth this Christmas in the joy of unselfish service, who have soothed the suffering, strengthened the weak and aided the needy now find your reward in your own hearts, for you have but followed in the footsteps of Him "who went about doing good."

WHAT IS A SUBMARINE?

The Command Post, an Army newspaper, defines a submarine as a ship with water on all four sides of it.

CHAPTERS IN ONE BOOK

Robert Louis Stevenson says of Sainte-Beuve that, as he grew older, he "came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in chapter XX, which is the differential calculus, or in chapter XXXIX, which is hearing the band play in the gardens."

BEECH FORK IN THE OLDEN DAYS

A letter from Dorothy F. Buck to Anne Winslow
written early in 1932.

Dear Anne:

So you think we lack excitement at Beech Fork! Of course YOU may prefer to be awakened by the squeal of an alarm clock to the joys of the elevated trains, buses and suchlike New Yorkish things! Personally I prefer the cold nose of Possum Dog in my face and the crowing of roosters all over the place. Just now our maid is away because of sickness in her family and we have reverted to the old joys we used to have at Hyden before the Hospital was built—remember?—getting up at 6:00 a. m. to light the fire and feed the horses. The old dears are always so hungry and make such a noise about it that it is really a pleasure to give them their breakfast.

I had rather a full day yesterday. We weren't through breakfast before there were two patients waiting for us and then we heard such a screaming coming down the road! My heart stood still when I heard the gate open. It turned out to be a child about two years old who had fallen too near the open fire. Both his arms and hands were burned quite badly in places, but luckily that seemed to be all the damage. So many are burned even worse than that this time of year! His mother who had carried him in was scared and almost ready to cry herself. She assured me that the child wouldn't let anyone touch him so I fixed the dressing without too much of an examination first and I think it was on before either the mother or child knew what had happened. To everyone's relief he stopped crying and in about five minutes was fast asleep. The mother promised to get a screen for the fire. I wonder if she will before anything worse occurs! The other two patients were minor dressings and easily disposed of, though one had originally been quite a bad cut on the foot with an axe but was just about well.

Just as I was starting out the man who does our stables informed me that Mr. Miller had said that Bob, his eight-year-old son who has heart trouble, was better and that he wasn't "aiming to let him go to the Hospital." That was quite a blow to me as I had got the family's permission the day before to take him to

Hyden for rest and examination and had already made arrangements with the Hyden Hospital to take him in, and with one of the blessed couriers at Wendover to come to meet me at Stinnett—about five miles from here—and take him the rest of the way. I rode up to the Millers and found that they had decided to “wait and see how he was in a few days.” After I had just about exhausted my powers of persuasion Jenny, his ten-year-old sister, came in and—just as a passing remark—I said she looked pale and it would be nice if she went to the Hospital to be wormed. To my utter astonishment they took me up immediately. Even the mother said, “It seemed as though she’d be better satisfied,” if Millie went along too. Poor Big Joe! I got on the saddle and had “Paw” lift the children up, Bob in front and Jenny behind. Our progress was slow as neither of the children were as used to sticking on as most mountain children, and besides Bob insisted on managing the reins. It was quite late when we reached the center, where we stopped and had lunch. Both children cleaned up a good lunch. Among some things which had been sent in I managed to find a small doll for the girl and a singing top for the boy and, with an apple apiece to eat, we started off again. Neither child had been far from home before and I don’t believe they missed a thing on the way. Certainly they pointed out dozens of things I had never noticed before. It was an interesting ride but rather cramped on one horse, so that I was glad to turn them over to the courier when I met her.

On the way home I stopped in to see a baby who lived out of the district but whose mother brought her to stay with kinfolk so we could look after an infection she had covering her head. The mother said she had heard what good luck we had had with the Meadows baby and knew we could cure her baby. It did seem to be clearing up nicely, so I just did the dressing and again explained how to care for the child between visits. Then I went on to an expectant mother who seemed to be having more than the customary discomforts. She “just couldn’t get shut” of her pains, though some medicine we had given had helped while she had it. I renewed that for the time, but also gained a promise that she would come down to the next doctor’s clinic at Beech Fork.

I thought my visiting was over for the day and, after our

usual bout with records, we started to bed with a comfortable feeling—no cases due. Then the telephone! Someone had “cut his head bad.” We both went some four miles away only to find the house closed and everyone asleep. After we roused someone we were taken into the room where the patient was lying fast asleep with a very neat bandage on his head. We did the dressing again over the very simple cut just to be sure. At our mild protest at being called out so late when there really was not much the matter, his mother told us that he “sure was bad off. His hurtings were so bad that he couldn’t wake to his miseries.” So we left him in blissful unconsciousness of all the pain.

Come “take a night” with us whenever you come to the mountains.

Sincerely yours,

BUCKETT

PINCHER

To the memory of Pincher his lamented dog this monument was raised by his master, Montague Gore, as a last pledge of their long and reciprocal attachment, and as a mark of his deep regret for one who had been through many years his hearty companion by day, his watchful guard by night, in whom were displayed all the noblest qualities of his race, friendship without flattery, fidelity untainted by interest, gratitude abiding, unerring sagacity, love of his master undivided, intense, which age could not chill, nor lingering disease enfeeble, the passion that ruled his life and was extinguished only by death. July, 1850.

—Epitaph to a Dog (England)

SLEEPERS

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is the railway carriage in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which a sleeper runs, while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleep for the sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

—*The People's Friend*, England

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Nora Kelly in London—August 28, 1945

Thank you for the Bulletin which arrives so regularly and which I always enjoy. I thought Charlie's article on running a center was particularly good.

I feel so sad to see that Mrs. Granville Huff has lost two sons (*one killed in the Pacific; one in Germany*). They were such fine lads—and so very good at the literary clubs we used to hold at Confluence.

We are very happy to have news of our Dutch family. They are all well and, although they have lost all their possessions, seem to be facing up to things well. Violet is at present on her way home from Burma, we hope for two months' leave. I can't tell you how much all this has meant to mother.

The country as a whole has been staggered at the sudden way in which America, our great Ally, has stopped the lend-lease business. I do not feel that anyone really minds that it has come to an end as much as the fact that it was stopped five days after the Japanese surrender without any discussion at all. We, as a nation, may not have suffered from want the way the occupied countries have, but we are woefully short of many things we have regarded as essentials. Food is of the plainest—2 ounces butter per person per week, 1 rasher of bacon per week, 1/- or 1/6 worth of meat per week, an egg only very occasionally, etc. Clothes are cut down to a minimum. We all have to go bare-legged off duty to make coupons go around. At first one did not notice the rationing of clothes as everyone had a reasonable supply of underwear, etc., but now it has reached very serious proportions; when one has to consider that in order to buy a winter vest one gives up stockings. Not that people here have grumbled—far from it; but it has hurt, this latest development, because everyone feels while we go on pinching that America has everything. I know all this will get us nowhere, but when one has hoped so much for peace, it is a terrible blow. Frankly I

have never felt so disappointed and depressed for the future of the world as I do at the present moment.

With best wishes to you all.

.

From Gwladys Doubleday in Bucks, England—September 9, 1945

I was so pleased to have your card the other day as I have not heard from your side of the water for several years! I am glad to say that my family, though small, is still intact. My work as health visitor and school nurse here has not got any less as you may guess. Fortunately I was able to keep my car, though with a very limited amount of petrol.

With good wishes to you all.

.

**From Doctor Kooser with the U. S. Navy in the Pacific—
September 23, 1945**

Just a wee note from the Isle of Guam where I arrived one week ago via Pearl Harbor en route to Truk. We go to Truk after the Japs are evacuated. Things are very slow here and it will take considerable shipping to clear out all the troops, so it will be weeks before we get started.

Guam is a fairly large, sprawly island as they go here. There is still grim evidence of the war and also of what was to come—acres of equipment on hand.

I am under Marine command again but our M. G. is all Navy.

October 23, 1945

We still await the green light from our Marine General from Com. Marianas—from Cinepac—from our State Department—re our Truk deal. Truk (Central Carolinas) was the former A-1 Jap Navy bastion. As soon as they can evacuate some 38,000 half-starved troops we will move in, set up, and see that the Islanders get basic care for yaws, TBC, amebiasis, etc. I am in charge of a Component (100 beds) with 8 officers and 80 enlisted men, so when we get under way we should have a good time. We have a good gang, but some of them are point heavy.

I have had the good fortune to be near the M. G. hospital where Ruth Davis is attached, and you can be assured we have had some heavy sessions. She seems to like her work, has quite

a territory and a fairly free hand in setting up her work. Incidentally she is a very good Navy nurse.

Glad you have the jeep for they are quite a sturdy institution. Our particular unit has two besides some other rolling stock. At present we are well staffed and equipped, but for how long I do not know. Gosh, it is hot here, but we do manage the nights without too much perspiration. I hope Truk is not too much warmer.

Kindest regards to all.

.
From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Utah—September 28, 1945

Emma Jean is a fat baby with big blue eyes which she can stretch to twice their normal size when she looks straight at you. Her red hair is shedding some and coming back either a lighter shade of red or sandy. My husband's hair is light brown.

No, Merrill hasn't been discharged yet and he hasn't seen Emma Jean. She is two months old today and the doctor had to put her on a schedule for a three-months-old baby, so it looks as if she is going to be a big surprise for her Dad when he gets home. He expects to be home some time next month. We haven't decided yet where we will live.

.
From Rosalie Edmondson in Tennessee—September 30, 1945

The latest Bulletin has come and is—as they all are—a joy. Always I read them with emotions alternating between being deeply moved, with tears threatening, and outbursts of laughter.

I continue to live in the home which Mama willed to me. I have a nice furnished apartment in the house rented to a family of three adults who are congenial and reliable. I have two rooms for myself with porches and share the bath. I have kept rather busy canning after work hours this summer.

My heart is with you all.

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From Betty Lester in London—October 1, 1945

I read in today's paper that we no longer have to get exit permits for traveling abroad. I'll go to the Passport Office as soon as I can and try to collect my passport which they have

kept ever since July. It's an awful business this. Perhaps when all the prisoners of war are back and all the wives of American soldiers have been transported, and all the soldiers are demobilized, there will be a few ships to spare.

I have quite a nice post at the moment, but I am really only staying on because of the terrible shortage of nurses. I left officially on September first so I can leave when my opportunity comes to go across. I am not fond of night duty as I sleep badly in the day, but I do get five nights off in two weeks. I've been on for six months now and have another six months to go. Time goes quite quickly.

My love to everybody.

.

**From Myrtle Onsrud (Onnie) with the American Army on
New Guinea—October 2, 1945**

The news of the end of the war was received very quietly on our hospital wards, but there was a depth of feeling and gratitude to God for victory. Now everyone is talking about home and wondering how soon they will get there. All of us nurses have enough points and we have only about one hundred patients in the Hospital which shows that this base doesn't have so many troops. They are gradually leaving. I think all of us will be home for Christmas. Hope this finds the F.N.S. family all well.

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From Margaret Ferguson (Fergy) in Tennessee—October 7, 1945

Don't you think I'm smart? My attitude in the San was such that I had to get well—was really a good girl as I'm skeered of this old tuberculosis. Now I'm on a very light schedule. The Doctor had said I could work on hall duty at the Sanitarium; I suggested school instead and he said o. k. if I could arrange for treatment. That I get at Vanderbilt Hospital which is a three-minute walk from Peabody campus. I will get my B. S. in March and may just dive in on my master's while here. Car sold—house in London, Ky., sold—plunder sold, so why not?

I saw my lovely Corky (*Her Cocker, who is still with the F.N.S.*) in London and he really treated me like a long lost friend.

It was certainly good for my ego! I was sorry not to be able to visit the F.N.S. while home, but had my orders and was allowed only two quick trips to town.

Shall be thinking of you folks often. After all, where a fellow's heart is——.

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From Edith Batten (Batsy) in North Wales—October 17, 1945

I have just received the Bulletin and have seen Kelly's announcement of the Thanksgiving Day meeting at the Regent Palace Hotel. I wonder if a good fairy will make it possible for me to go up to town then. As December is our slackest month for guests and our heaviest with regard to coal, lighting, etc., we close the house and I and the domestic staff have our vacations. However, it is very possible that I may have guests up to the very end of November in which case it will be impossible for me to get away.

Janet Coleman was here this summer on her holiday. How we chattered over the grand old F.N.S. days! At the moment I am contemplating spending a week of my holiday with "Parky" in Cambridgeshire. She has a car now and promises to show me a little of the country when she is not too busy with her babies.

Did you ever know of my first trip with "Parky" when we took a mother and her baby home from the Wendover clinic where the baby had been born? It was pouring with rain. Parky went first with the baby sheltered under an *umbrella*. I don't think anyone can picture anything funnier than someone riding horseback with an umbrella, unless it was myself clutching wildly at the pommel of my saddle in fear and trembling, not only of dear placid old Nellie Grey (*her horse*) but of everything. It was my first morning out and there I was trying to reassure a mother who knew more about riding double than I could ever know. I kept telling her: "Don't be frightened! Hang on to me and you will be all right." Gee, I felt like hanging on to her dozens of times during that ride!

My love to everyone I know.

About Marian Cadwallader in Okinawa, From Mrs. Simmons
(*Pat's mother*)—October 24, 1945

Marian is still in Okinawa, and that storm was terrible. It blew her tent away and her bed stood out in the open with a puddle of water in it. They bunked down in the operating room—men and women—to sleep with water in their shoes and wet to their knees. The wind raged for several days and they had no change of clothes or place to get dry for three days. Marian said she wished she could send pictures of it.

From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—October 24, 1945

I did get my re-entry permit renewed in July, but there are no ships to take me over. I really did go to the booking office and was told that the wives of American soldiers will have to get out first. Apparently they are all sitting waiting on boats. I know quite a few of the wives here in Omagh and babies too. I felt rather proud when I brought the first little American baby to Omagh. It was a girl and the name is Ruth Marie Annette Grice. Poor little Ruthie is still waiting to join her daddy in South Carolina.

Good luck and best wishes to the F.N.S. Please say hello to everyone for me.

From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Kentucky—October 29, 1945

I think I wrote you that we have only a room. The Taylors are the loveliest people; they simply can't do enough for us. Mr. Taylor is the editor of the paper here and his wife is very active in the town. They are always dragging us somewhere in their car and acting as if they had intended going all along.

Hopkinsville is a charming little town. Since Jim's plans are so uncertain, he didn't think I should get a job. I get up at 6:30 and get his breakfast and then go back to bed until ten or so. I usually have a little washing, ironing, and mending to do, and then it's almost time to eat supper. I'm eating in a boarding house a mile from where we live so I've plenty of footwork each day. I am doing some volunteer work at the U.S.O. Information Desk, but there isn't an awful lot to do.

After the 10th of November there will be no more 19th

Cavalry, as they have to be de-activated by that date. After that the lucky ones will go on furlough until ready for discharge. Since Jim is so well qualified in personnel work, it isn't probable that he will be among the chosen, but will stay and make up the discharges. However, he's been very, very lucky and we shouldn't take it too hard. He should be a civilian by Christmas.

. . . .

About Mary Patricia ("Pat") Simmons with the U. S. Army

From Marian Cadwallader in Okinawa—September 13, 1945: At Pat's request I am answering your last letter to her. A week ago yesterday Pat was in a jeep accident and is now in our only general hospital with a fractured pelvis and rib and internal injuries. I managed to spend three days with her. She is doing very well considering everything. She will be coming home in a few weeks and that pleases her except for the fact that she has to come on her back.

From Marian Cadwallader in Okinawa—October 22, 1945: Pat is on her way home but I don't know exactly where she will go or when she will get there. Last I heard she was on Saipan where she spent ten days. She was in a traveling cast and quite comfortable. The first thing she asked, after the accident, was if she would ever be able to ride a horse again; the doctor said she would in time.

From Mrs. Simmons in Michigan—October 24, 1945: At last Pat has reached the U. S. A. She called last evening from San Francisco. She had just arrived the night before from the Hawaiian Islands after leaving Okinawa October 9th, just before the typhoon struck that part of the island. They put her in a traveling cast and she came through feeling fine and so glad to be coming home. She said she was in no pain but I can imagine she was not very comfortable.

From Pat herself in Billings General Hospital—November 7, 1945: At last I am back in the good old U. S. A. and very thankful to be here. Today has been a red letter day. I was allowed to get up with the help of crutches. I am a bit shaky, but think tomorrow I will feel much more secure.

Marian is still on Okinawa and expects to be there until spring. She is working in surgery and has been very busy.

I have missed the F.N.S. very much and have talked more about my experiences there than anywhere else. The Doctor has told me that I will be able to do anything that I have ever done before but that it will take time. So with time on my hands and hope in my heart, I will be able to see this through. Give my regards to all my friends.

Pat's address:

2nd Lt. M. P. Simmons, N762850
Ward T 1118
Billings General Hospital
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

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NEWSY BITS

Some of us who have been with the British Armed Forces are now going home. **Florence Bennallack** is reported back in England. **Margaret Watson** left for home on October 28th, and **Marjorie Tait** hoped to follow her in about a month. Margaret and Tait expect to "team up" again in England. Tait sends her address: Brownleigh, 57 Churchill Street, Willington-on-Tyre, Northumberland, England.

We hear briefly that **Doctor and Mrs. Fraser** are very busy in Clinton, Indiana, and that the two children are well and growing fast.

Anne Fox is now in Santa Fe, New Mexico, working with the Catholic Maternity Institute, one of the four schools of nurse-midwifery in the United States.

Leona Morgan has a little daughter, Carrie Louise, born June 2, 1945. We are also pleased to hear that her daughter, Joanne, who has been in bed with tuberculosis, is now allowed up and hopes to go to school next semester.

Anne George Nims Nixon (Georgie) has a son, born September 27th. Robert Craig weighed 7 lbs. at birth. We rejoice over his coming and send our best wishes to the family.

Audrey Collins Beardsworth has a baby daughter, Sheran Ann, born October 30th, weighing 7 lbs. Audrey (Mrs. Thomas G. Beardsworth) is at home at 2855 W. 56th Street, Seattle 7, Washington—and what a delightful home it must be!

All who knew **Kathleen Doggett Gardiner (Kay)** will join in our grief over the death of her little son, John Douglas, when he was just over three weeks old. Kay's address is: Mrs. Alvin Gardiner, Lyn, Ontario, Canada.

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ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Josephine Kinman (Jo) in Washington—August 26, 1945

I am with the American Red Cross now and going overseas right away. Military regulations prevent my telling where, but will write later. Busy getting orientation and clearing for overseas. Will have health supervision of American Red Cross staff members. Address me c/o Personnel Training Section, S. A. F., National Hdqtrs., A. R. C., Washington 13, D. C.

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From Ruth Davis with the U.S.N. on Guam—September 17, 1945

Guess what! Dr. Kooser is on Guam—I talked to him for about ten minutes tonight! He is coming to the Hospital tomorrow night for dinner and we will probably spend the evening talking about the F.N.S. I was thrilled over seeing him and I'm looking forward to tomorrow. He and Dr. Bailey were on their way to dinner and just stopped by for a few minutes so I didn't have much of a chance to talk to him. Dr. Bailey knew Dr. Kooser on Tinian. Dr. Kooser is staying at Island Command Headquarters—right on the hill above this hospital. He may be here for three or four weeks. It was wonderful to see him and I hope he will be here for at least a week or two. He looks fine and is the same as ever.

All goes well here. Just wanted to tell you about seeing Dr. Kooser and I hope I'll see him several times before he goes to Truk.

About Gladys Kraybill in Kentucky—

Gladys has already had one baby in Adair County and writes that she has her horse and needs only a saddle. She is enjoying her work at the clinic and in the Knifley community.

About Mae Rohlfs and Elizabeth Walton—

Mae Rohlfs and Elizabeth Walton worked for a brief time with the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service. After working in Hyden Elizabeth went to our outpost center at Flat Creek for further district experience and Mae accompanied her as a guest. They have both returned home to prepare for foreign mission fields—Mae goes to China, Elizabeth to India.

While she was working at Flat Creek Elizabeth Walton wrote us as follows:

"I have been having a wonderful time here at Flat Creek. It is surprising how in just two weeks one's appreciation of a district nurse can increase. I have been touched by the appreciation for the F.N.S. and confidence in the nurses shown by many of the people. I can't tell you how I have enjoyed these 7 months in Kentucky—professionally, personally, and in all ways. I do hope I get to come back some day."

While she was a guest at Flat Creek, Mae Rohlfs wrote us as follows:

"To say the midwifery course and my time here in the hills of Kentucky have been worth while is putting it mildly. Guess no one will know what the peace and calm of the hills have done to my *internment-camp nerves*—this all in addition to the midwifery course which was so worth while in itself."

OUR FORMER CADETS

Overseas orders have been cancelled for **Ruth Alexander** and **Madge Cyr** and they have been transferred to Walter Reed Hospital. On their way there they visited Vanda Sammers, Hannah Mitchell, and Grace Reeder in New York. They report a successful reunion.

SHOES

The woman who would buy a pair of shoes to fit her purse these days couldn't tote them home. —Contributed.

INTERNMENT

by

HENRY S. WATERS, M.D., F.A.C.S.

We had just returned from furlough five months when on the morning of December 8th, 1941, our phone rang and a friend's voice announced the news that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. During that first day news came also of the bombing of air fields on Luzon, and we knew that we would soon be in the midst of it. A mission conference was called and we decided to carry on work as normally as possible in churches, schools and hospitals. However the schools were soon closed by government decree, and many of the civilians began a mass evacuation of Iloilo and other coast cities, leaving only the hospitals functioning "normally," and they under greatly increased strain of emergency preparations. It was ten days later that we had the first real taste of war, when some fifty Japanese bombers and fighter planes raided Iloilo, striking the airport, water-front, oil depots, and the fort at the mouth of the river. There were about fifty killed and 250 wounded, mostly civilians. All that afternoon our ambulance was busy making trips to the devastated areas and bringing in the casualties, and the hospital was overcrowded with the wounded lying in the lobby, the corridors, on the porches and hallways. Our nurses and staff worked heroically in spite of rumors of Japanese landings and further raids.

The next day Mrs. Waters and the two boys, together with all the women and children of the mission who were not on duty at the hospital, were evacuated to the little barrio of Bagong about fifty miles up inland. The good Filipinos of the barrio made some shifts and offered their houses to the evacuees. Mrs. Waters was expecting the birth of our third child within two weeks, and Dr. Dorothy Chambers, with her family, moved in with her and our two boys to be on hand. I stayed with the hospital in Iloilo City. However, after two more bombings, the army decided that it would move the hospital up to Calinog, an inland town near Bagong, and Mrs. Waters rejoined us there the day Mary-Alice was born. For the next three months we shared

a rented house in Calinog with the Chambers family, the hospital carrying on as a civilian mission hospital, but having more military than civilian patients. We received one group of convalescent Filipino soldiers, wounded on Bataan, and were kept busy right up to the time of the invasion of Panay on April 15th, 1942.

Two days after the Japanese landing at Iloilo, our army was forced to retreat to the hills behind Calinog. As the last of the scouts passed they told us the Japanese were 12 miles away and would probably be in before morning. That was an anxious night, knowing that by morning we would be Japanese prisoners, and feeling most concerned for the group of fifty student nurses in our care. They had all stood by us through bombings, evacuation, and the hardships of overcrowding in a makeshift hospital—and now we would be powerless to protect them. It was an occasion that drove us back to God in prayer when apparently all human resources were exhausted. We were profoundly thankful then when the Japanese army did come in that night that they were in good discipline, and not one of our student or graduate nurses was molested in any way.

The next day most of the nurses and patients were taken back to our own hospital buildings in Iloilo under guard, and the Americans—Chambers family and others with our five—were taken down to the Iloilo jail, where we found some of our British and American friends already installed. It was a cheerless meeting, followed by an uncomfortable night, as there was no water in the jail until we were allowed to go out under guard the next morning and carry in a limited supply in tin cans. For the next month Mrs. Waters and the three children were allowed to go back to the hospital, where the nurses did everything permitted to make their life easier (Mary-Alice being under one year old) while the rest of us stayed in jail and worked on the preparation of a nearby school house compound as a concentration camp. That was our home for the next 13 months, where in spite of limited food, crowded quarters, and inadequate equipment and bedding, we were able through the generosity of our Filipino, Chinese, and neutral friends, to make ourselves fairly comfortable. We manufactured beds, tables and deck chairs out of the desks in the school. We built a shower house out of

burned tin roofing, and a swing for the children. We dug wells, we had a circulating library to which everyone contributed the books we had, we had a glee club, we had school for the children and church services, and on holidays the cooks put on special feeds even if it was only rice cooked as a pudding instead of just boiled. So it was with foreboding that we left the "ills we knew for others that we knew not of" when, on two hours' notice, we boarded a ship for Manila. We should mention that on this trip we met a Japanese civilian official who was in charge of us, who did everything in his power to make our voyage comfortable—giving us the run of the ship, unrestricted use of the galley for preparing our food, cabins for the old and sick internees, and personally going ashore at one port to buy us meat, eggs, fruit, and vegetables and candy. Such instances perhaps for their very rarity are worth recording. I do not even know his name, but no one could have done more.

We found Santo Tomas Internment Camp (STIC, to all inmates) a large, thriving, well organized community of nearly 4,000 American, British, Dutch, French, and one Chinese. What we had done in a small way was being done in grand style there. We were met by a reception committee and escorted to our various quarters—the women and children in two buildings, and the men in two others. Bill, our seven-year-old, was classed as a man, and quartered with me in the Gymnasium—whose large open floor accommodated 300 beds. We all ate together at a picnic table under the trees, until we were able to find a vacant lot and erect a shack (in reality a thatch roof 8 x 10 feet supported on four bamboo poles). This was our eating, cooking, and social meeting place throughout the next 20 months spent in Santo Tomas. We lined up for meal three times a day (sometimes twice when food was scarce), collecting it in basins, tin cans, buckets, or whatever container fitted the size of the family and of the portion served. Most of the meals consisted of boiled rice and a stew of vegetables and salt and pepper, with occasionally an identifiable piece of meat. The children's food came from a separate kitchen and line, where with all credit to the internee management and the Army Nurse Dietitians, a much better and more suitable diet was served. Due largely to this policy the children in camp came through in much better shape

than the adults. Everyone who was able was expected to do a camp detail of at least two hours a day as cook, server, sanitary squad, doctor, nurse, hospital orderly, grass cutter, vegetable gardener, secretary, or vegetable peeler.

Crowding was one of the worst features, with an average space of 8 x 4 feet per individual, which meant bed space with a narrow aisle at foot and one side. Most of the beds were made by the carpentry department in camp and consisted of a 26-inch wide wooden platform about 16 inches off the floor. Whatever bags or cases one owned were stored under his own bed. The women and children had even less space, and averaged 25 to a room. As a result when one case of measles was admitted to the camp 735 of the 800 children caught it in an epidemic that ran for five months.

We bless the Red Cross for the one shipment of relief supplies they were able to get through while we were in Santo Tomas, with medicines and hospital supplies, clothing for all, and a food package for each internee. Our own food packages we promptly rationed for fourteen months—not because we had any idea that was the right length of time, but because we figured that if we stretched it any thinner we would starve to death before we had time to finish it. As it worked out we opened the last of our cans just one week before the American troops came in!

Hunger was our worst hardship; hunger that melts the meat as well as the fat off your frame, and leaves a dragging weakness that makes the slightest walking a terrific exertion, accompanied by attendant deficiency diseases of anemia, beri-beri, and pellagra. And seeing the children hungry meal after meal, and week after week, is harder for parents than their own feelings. I lost 35 pounds and Mrs. Waters 38, but many of our friends went down 50, 60, or even more. Nearly all the adults in camp had the skinny arms and swollen water-logged legs so characteristic of advanced starvation.

But from September 21st, 1944, on we had before us the visible evidence of approaching deliverance, for on that day we had our first American air raid. Out of the early morning sun in the east came the squadrons of Navy dive bombers, superbly indifferent to anti-aircraft fire, diving on air fields, docks, ship-

ping in the bay, and anti-aircraft gun emplacements. Though they frequently flew over camp we had perfect confidence that their bombs would give us a wide berth, and were never disappointed. The children's chief delight these days was running out the minute the planes were gone to collect fragments of shrapnel that fell from the anti-aircraft shells. Then through a secret camp radio, kept dis-assembled and in widely-scattered, carefully-hidden sections, came the news of landings in Leyte, and later on Luzon itself. We followed the progress of the troops down the island until the glorious night of February 3rd, 1945, when units of the First Cavalry crashed the front gates of camp—and we were freed. That was a night of wild rejoicing, and heartfelt thanksgiving to God for release.

It was not until this time, in the midst of our own joy that we learned of the death at the hands of the Japanese of all of our other missionaries, those who had remained in the hills of Panay at the time of the Japanese invasion. The word came with the personal sorrow of our own loss no less than with the realization of the loss to the Mission and to our Filipino colleagues in the work of the Kingdom.

The rest of our story is short. Three weeks after liberation we were flown out to Leyte on an army transport plane, and then sent back to America by troop ship. The good food brought into camp by the army, and then on the boat, worked wonders with us all, and we were well on the road to feeling normal by the time we landed in San Francisco.

A POSTSCRIPT

by

ANNE WATERS (MRS. HENRY S. WATERS)

During the last few months of our internment the food situation was very difficult. We ate our sweet potato leaves and radish tops with relish. We ate the root of the banana tree and the bulb of the canna lily, both of which required much labor on the part of Dr. Waters and Dick Meyer (our sixth member of the family) to dig, plus several hours of cooking. The food value was doubtful, but it did give a feeling of being full for a short time.

One day the Japanese butchered a carabao (the Filipino beast of burden) for themselves, but gave the less desirable parts away. Bill came running home with a fist full of nauseous looking intestine for me to cook. I was about to declare it hopeless when Flora Ernst (our Iloilo Mission Hospital Nurse) came along and said we could get some grease from it. So after patient "frying it out" we got about three tablespoonfuls of grease with which we cooked our greens for the next meal.

On several occasions the children brought home fifteen or twenty kernels of corn or soy beans which they had picked up around the truck as supplies were being unloaded. Each kernel was precious and after soaking was cooked and added to the day's food.

On one occasion Bill and George brought home several large radishes, plus the tops, and offered the information that they had taken them from the Japanese pig pen. This evoked a warning to the parents to keep the children from raiding the pigs' food.

In contrast, let me finish with this story. On our way back to the States the boys and several friends were playing air raid, vividly imitating the diving planes and air raid sirens, when three-year-old Mary-Alice hushed them all with: "Now I'll be the the American soldier and pass the crackers."

DOCTOR'S DAY AT F. N. S.

by

HENRY S. WATERS, M.D., F.A.C.S.

Up to the tinkle of the phone announcing that Cindy M—— was in labor. She wasn't due for another month yet, and had a special complication that should mean hospital delivery; but, living as she does a mile and a half up the "holler" it was doubtful if we could get her in. The nurse-midwives (supervisor and graduate student) were already on their way to her, so after a hastily swallowed breakfast, I packed a few special items in the saddle-bags and rode off after them. Even the urgency of the

case could not spoil the beauty of the forest trail leading up the valley to her clearing. The nurse-midwives had already arrived, and the neighbor men had gathered to help stretch her out if need be. However, a brief examination showed there would not be time for her to reach the hospital. So while I stood by for the expected complication, which fortunately did not occur, the student midwife "caught" the baby, and all was well. An hour later I started home, stopping half way down the "holler" to see a 14-year-old girl recently sent home after an empyema drainage.

Home for a late lunch, then up to the prenatal clinic at the hospital. The patience of these patients always amazes me. Some had been waiting since eight o'clock in the morning and it was one-thirty when the clinic started. Mixed in with the routine examinations was one placenta previa that had to be admitted for possible Caesarean section. Just as the prenatal patients were finished, a young woman with acute appendicitis was brought in by stretcher. While she was being prepared for operation we had, in quick succession, a man with post-pneumonia empyema (admitted for aspiration and drainage the next day), a baby with huge cervical adenitis (glands in the neck), and a 12-year-old girl who had sliced her thumb with an axe while chopping wood, and had to be sewed up.

I had supper at the Hospital (quicker than going home to eat), then the whole staff turned to for the operation on the woman with appendicitis. The hospital superintendent acted as anesthetist, the hospital head midwife as operating room supervisor, two floor nurses as assistant and instrument nurses, and the clinic nurse for "dirty duty." The appendix was acute and tense almost to bursting, but came out safely.

Then home to prepare for the lecture to the student midwives the next morning—and to bed. It's a busy life, full of medical and human interest, and we love it!

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Christopher (three and one-half years old) had his second pertussis shot to protect him from whooping cough. After he got home he tried to throw a stone, but it hurt his arm. He said to his father, "Shucks, the nurse ruint that one too!"

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

by

ANNE FOX, R.N., S.C.M.
(Foxie)

Christmas preparations start early in the mountains. Before Thanksgiving all the lists must be ready. The number of children in each district is counted—not just a bald number, but divided into boys and girls up to the age of three years, three to six, six to twelve and from twelve on up. Babies and expected babies must also be counted.

This being done a family bag or "poke" is written up with the names of all the children in the family, and their ages, all on the front of the bag. First to go into the big poke are little pokes of CANDY. It arrives in large boxes and must be portioned out so there is enough for each child, and for the odd children that always turn up.

Well, I was at Flat Creek and "Charlie" initiated me into the solemn rites of filling small pokes with candy. When I was getting all excited about the parties that were to be given there, a message came from Buck. I was to go to Beech Fork. Off I rode on Robin Hood the next morning—a clear, cold morning. Both of us enjoyed the ride over the mountains to Beech Fork. Soon we arrived to be greeted by Ellie, and made so welcome, so very welcome that I wondered, could it be me, or could it be the candy? It could. "You have just arrived in time to help with the candy," said Ellie. "Fine, lead me to it," I said. Once again I spread a sheet over the dining table, emptied upon it all the candy, and filled and filled small pokes. Tiger, the dog, helped by eating up a few dropped bits.

A week-end there, and again came a message from Buck. I was to ride into Wendover, spend a night there and then go on to Bowlingtown to help Eva over Christmas. Robin Hood and I had a pleasant ride down the river to Wendover. Once again I got a joyous reception and the words, "YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO HELP WITH THE CANDY." By this time I had developed quite a system and the job was soon done.

The next day the courier, Joan McClellan, and I started out for Bowlingtown, stopping at Confluence for lunch. We did not see either Confluence nurse or any signs of candy. After a pleasant interval we went on our way. It was a beautiful day. The sky was that deep blue of fall outlining the somber tones of the hills. Arriving at Bowlingtown we were greeted by Mitzy, the dog. Eva was out catching a baby. He was an obliging child and arrived in time to let Eva join us at dinner. This was my first meeting with Eva and she made me very welcome and expressed the hope that we would have a pleasant Christmas together. After dinner Joan and I relaxed in front of a roaring fire, grateful for the rest and for the comfortable chairs. Soon we were overcome with a wonderful drowsy feeling. Then in came Eva laden with, yes—CANDY!! “This is what we have to do,” said Eva, “put it all on the table and fill all these little pokes!!!!!”

AUTUMN AT WENDOVER

by

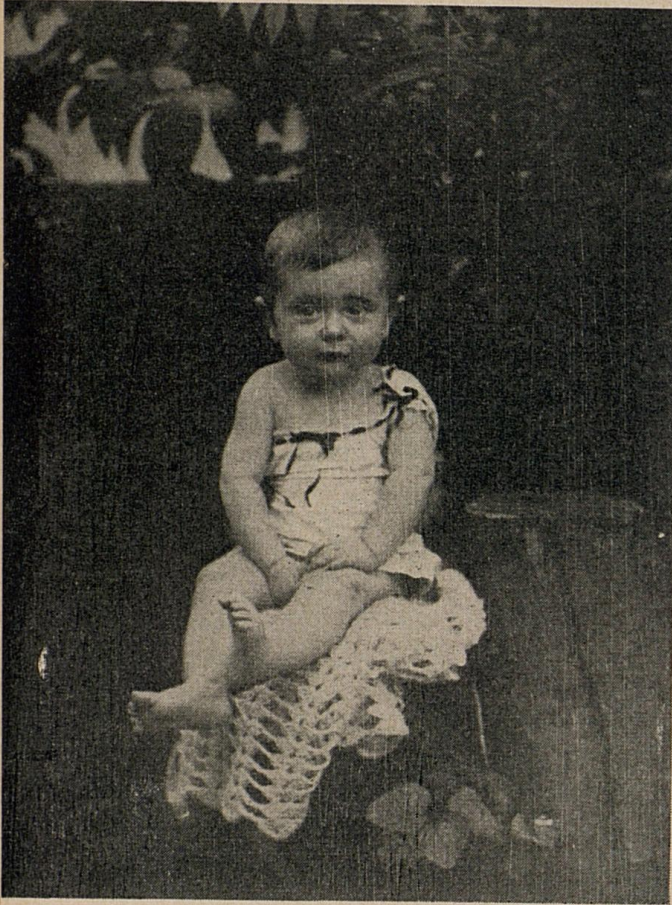
BARBARA WILLIAMS,
Madison, New Jersey, Courier

There's an autumn that's near perfect in a land of golden sun,
Where mountains stand together hand in hand.
Many colors run together to reflect the mood as one;
A dancing, whirling, prancing elfin band.

From the early morning rising to the setting sun at night,
The elves will go on painting every tree.
There's a tiny elfin spectrum that's reflecting every light,
As rustling winds set all the colors free.

All the leaves entwine a pattern of yellow, red and brown,
Each giving forth a brilliance all its own.
Every mountain proudly showing off its glowing autumn gown,
Replete in vivid color, hue and tone.

You may say this land of autumn is a thing of unbelief,
Where mountains stand together hand in hand.
But I know, for while out riding, I have seen a crimson leaf
Still wet from painting by the elfin band.



RENE DUFOUR
Age—7 months
(Born November 26, 1914)



RENE DUFOUR
Age—nearly 4 years
(Died October 31, 1918)

These two pictures of René, given me by his mother when I was with the American Committee for Devastated France after the first World War, show what happens to children under enemy occupation. The charming baby became a wizened little old man. He and his mother were evacuated seven times, always under German occupation. War bread, potatoes, beets and thistles were René's food. He never tasted fresh milk after he was weaned at 14 months, nor did he taste eggs or butter. By bribing German soldiers, his mother secured occasional cans of condensed milk—three a month at most. He died just after the second picture was taken, ten days before the armistice.

There are thousands upon thousands of children like René within our reach in Europe and Asia today, including the children of our enemies. If we let them die this winter, then we will have consented to our own inevitable doom.

"I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: naked, and ye clothed me not: I was a stranger, sick, and in prison. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me. . . . Depart from me, ye cursed. . . ."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

—*Mother Goose*

. . . .

All the striving, anxious forethought,
That should only come with age,
Weigh'd upon his baby spirit,
Show'd him soon life's sternest page.
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
Was his only heritage.

—*The Angel's Story* by Adelaide Procter

The cover picture of the baby with the yellow curls warming his hands at the fire, while he dreams of the things he will find on Christmas morning in his red stocking, is taken from a picture nearly seventy years old. It is a picture that my mother cherished as a young woman because she thought the baby looked like her oldest child. The baby looked like my little son, and for that reason I have kept the picture by me during all the years since her death and his.

This will be a happy Christmas indeed for the cherished children in those American homes to which daddy has come back, homes untouched by the withering blast of war. For the homes broken by death, and those where want stalks even in our favored land, we shall all of us do what we can to see that the Christmas season carries happiness to the children. This task is not beyond the reach of our personal love and charity.

It is otherwise with the children in lands ravaged by war. They are not hungry; they are starving. They are not cold; they are freezing. Only by the most immediate and generous national support of UNRRA (the only agency created and at hand to do this work) can we avert the most widespread and ghastly tragedy the world has ever known.

It is incredible to read that our governing bodies would insist that none of the relief we pledged should go to countries

which deny freedom of the press. Children have no views on the dissemination of news. It is incredible to hear people say that the children of our enemies should suffer because of the horrors those enemies perpetrated upon us. There is no such thing as an enemy child. Whatever it takes to carry warmth and food to all the children we can reach this winter, however many billions of dollars, we should give it freely, and above all, quickly. If each of you writes a letter to at least one of your elected representatives, or senators, before doing your Christmas shopping, then the money will be given.

Let us also, as individuals, send food and clothing to people we personally know in Europe. "To dam the springs of pity is an act of violence to what is best in men."

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We have been privileged to read a letter from a U. S. Army Air Corps officer on Ie Shima written to his young wife, from which we are allowed to quote some sensible observations:

"The vivid picture of the foot soldier's misery makes all our griping about continued overseas duty after the cessation of hostilities seem pretty petty, in my opinion. There's a lot to be said for the theory that we who are still alive owe to those who aren't the duty of preserving what they died for. Or, more practically, we owe it to their kids to see that our own selfish desire to be done with it all doesn't pave the way for a renewal of the thing just ended."

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In one of the British papers we read sometime ago the following description of the races in the Pacific Islands. Since most of us are inclined to bunch all these island peoples into one homogeneous group it is interesting to know that, "With the exception of the Fiji group, where an Indian immigrant population helps to cultivate the sugar cane, and Pitcairn, which is peopled by the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers, the island peoples are almost entirely indigenous. They belong to three main racial groups: the light-skinned, magnificently built **Polynesians**; the copper-skinned, straight-haired **Micronesians**, and the dark-skinned negroid **Melanesians**."

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The International Council of Nurses, which has held together here in America during the war years with Miss Effie

Taylor as President and Miss Anna Schwarzenberg, an Austrian, as Executive Secretary, has started to issue *The International Nursing Bulletin*, a quarterly published for \$1.00 a year, that may be ordered from 1819 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y. This little Bulletin is the successor of the *International Nursing Review* which had to suspend publication in 1939. The last International Congress of Nurses was held in London in 1937. A few of the International Nurses have recently met in London to discuss the possibility of another Congress in 1947. With Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, first President of the International Council, Miss G. V. Hillyers, Matron of St. Thomas' Hospital, and a number of leading British nurses, were Miss Effie Taylor and Miss Isabel M. Stewart of U. S. A., Mlle. Jeanne de Joannis from France, Mlle. C. Mechelynych from Belgium, and Miss Snellman from Finland.

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Our trustee, Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow of New Haven, has retired from his professorship at Yale University, but not from his wide interests which range all over the world. He writes us that his daughter, Anne, who, as our Executive Secretary in New York years ago, handled our cruises on the *Brittanic* and *Belgenland*, may get home for Christmas. He said she had been having a very exciting time as a W.A.C. officer attached to O.S.S. in London and Paris, Wiesbaden and Berlin.

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Another trustee of ours, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, Vice-President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, has a most interesting article in the December *American Magazine* called "48 States of Health." A large map in color illustrates the article.

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We learned with satisfaction that the Woman's Hospital in Detroit to which, as all our readers know, we are deeply attached, has beaten even its own amazing record of safety for women in childbirth. Out of 7,622 mothers cared for the Woman's Hospital lost only 2 and out of 10,982 they lost only 4. They went through the year 1944 without losing a single mother. Our congratulations go to the medical staff, to Miss E. Charlotte Waddell of our National Nursing Council who is the superintendent of the Woman's Hospital, and to the Hospital Board.

We read always with interest the *English Speaking Union Bulletin*. In the October number there is a speech by Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, a member of the National Board of Directors, from which we would like to quote the first and last paragraphs:

"Without minimizing the importance of our relationship with the U. S. S. R. and with China, and without underestimating the importance of the rebirth of France and of our associations with many nations, it is my deep conviction that the peace of the future depends principally on the relationship between the two great English-speaking political institutions of the world.

"No greater tragedy, no greater catastrophe, no greater miscarriage of our destiny, could be imagined for mankind, already suffering incalculable agonies, than that we should become divided against ourselves."

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From a letter written us just before she left England, we learned that Miss Margaret Babington, O.B.E., the honorary secretary of the Kent County Nursing Association, is making a lecture tour of the United States, and showing colored slides, in behalf of Canterbury Cathedral. Her lectures are under the auspices of the Club Program Bureau in Boston. We have written Miss Babington that we hope she can spend the Christmas holidays with us. We have known her for years and we think that the service she gives on behalf of district nursing, and on behalf of the great Cathedral in whose shadow she lives, is deeply moving.

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We are delighted to announce that Dr. Carnes Weeks of our National Medical Council has been released from the Navy and has resumed his practice in New York. He was on the staff of Admiral Halsey and thinks him one of the finest of men. Dr. Carnes' wife is a member of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, and her mother, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, is chairman of our Pittsburgh Committee.

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Our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, spoke this fall on behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service to the Daughters of 1812 and to one of the Chapters in Detroit of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

As a result of a talk some time ago by another trustee,

Mrs. Francis C. McMath, to the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Detroit, this delightful group of women have become interested in the Frontier Nursing Service. They helped last year in the training of Cadets in district nursing, and have sent a generous check to help with the two Cadets who will be coming to us from the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit this winter. We are grateful to Miss Lucille Harmon, Industrial Consultant with the Visiting Nurse Association of Detroit, for speaking on the Frontier Nursing Service to this Chapter at a bridge luncheon at which funds were raised.

Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, spoke in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service to the Tacony Branch of the Needlework Guild of America in October. She reports an interesting meeting and a delightful display of new garments.

We are grateful to a number of branches of the Needlework Guild for most useful shipments of new garments and hospital linens each Christmas season.

While our own nurse-midwife, Jane Rainey, was in New Orleans because of the illness of her father she spoke to the nursing students and the alumnae of Touro Infirmary and of the Southern Baptist Hospital. She used some of our colored slides. Evidently her speaking was highly successful. In a letter to her the Director of the Nursing Service of Touro Infirmary wrote as follows:

"We were all thrilled with your presentation of the Frontier Nursing Service. Your own enthusiasm is infectious and gives a moral boost to everyone else. Both the students and the Graduate Nurses enjoyed your visit and learned a great deal about a field of nursing which is virtually unknown to them."

One never knows where anything will lead. Jane Rainey's talks in New Orleans so stirred the imagination of Miss Eleanor Bringham that she went back to Boston and offered to give a Mickey Mouse Movie Benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service. Our enthusiastic Boston chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, immediately lined up the Benefit for December 8th, and we are all most happy about it.

Our Field Supervisor, Miss Nola Blair, represented the Frontier Nursing Service at the Meeting of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses at Paducah in late October.

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We learned that both Miss Gregory, honorary secretary, and Miss Maud M. Cashmore, matron, of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London, have retired this fall from the direction of a hospital peculiarly dear to us. Both the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service and the Superintendent of Midwifery at our Hospital at Hyden, Miss Helen E. Browne, took their graduate training as midwives at the British under Miss Gregory, Miss Cashmore and the first matron, Mrs. Parnell. These three founded the hospital in 1905. From an old foundation, the British Lying-In, they have created one of the most modern institutions in the world and one of the best. Our readers will remember how heart-broken we were when the greater part of the buildings at Woolwich were destroyed in an early London blitz. The hospital carried on in its remaining buildings, its cellars, and a country place given them by the Government. They are rebuilding.

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Dr. Lucy Chao has sailed for China, from an America in which everyone who knew her could not fail to love her. To us in Kentucky she will be a dear memory until she comes back again. In connection with the legend she wrote out for us, called "*A Girl on Horseback in North China*" and printed elsewhere in this Bulletin, we give a picture of her taken in here by Andy (Mrs. George Lawrence). God send that before she sets foot on her native soil peace will have come to her distracted land.

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We have read with interest again this year the booklet called "In Part Payment" which is gotten out annually by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane of New York, because it gives such sound advice on how to make charitable gifts and bequests with substantial savings to an estate. For those interested we suggest that they send for this most informing of booklets. With permission we give the following quotation:

Like the colleges, the charities depend upon your support. These are not easy times for them—the war has increased the demands upon their resources and at the same time their operating costs have risen. They cannot absorb this extra strain—they must not be forced to cut down on their activities.

Donations to charity are investments in democracy—each of them is a gilt-edged policy insuring the nation against future emergency. We are well-prepared to meet the greater demands of charity today—the present tax laws make it easier than ever for each person to do his share. We can increase our giving and widen the scope of our good works in the future.

Remember, America has taken very good care of its own and must continue to do so—not out of pity, or because it is our duty, but because it is a privilege.

. . . .

Speaking of charities, we should like to say something of our appreciation of the Salvation Army, in Cincinnati and in Lexington and Louisville, where they have cared for patients of ours. Our Social Service Secretary (under Alpha Omicron Pi Fund), Clara-Louise Schiefer, was entertained recently in Louisville by our trustee, Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, when she took a patient down for diagnosis. As regards her experiences with the Salvation Army, we let her tell of them in her own words.

“I was in Louisville this past week and the Salvation Army there just saved my life! I drove our station-wagon-ambulance with a paralyzed man who was to go to one of the hospitals there for a thorough examination by a specialist and, if the diagnosis was such, for an operation to cure him.

“We went directly to the hospital when we arrived in the city but got there sooner than we were expected. Imagine how I felt when told that there was no bed for my bedridden patient! I had planned to have the patient’s wife stay at the Salvation Army, so I telephoned them and gave forth with my problem—and was told to bring him over and they would do their best.

“Once over there, two officers came out to the car to get the patient in his cot bed. They got him out of the car and up the front steps and into the hall. But, the cot bed and grown man in it were too heavy and too long for the steep, narrow stairway to the second floor bedrooms. So—they set him up in their chapel auditorium with his wife, on another cot, to look after him!

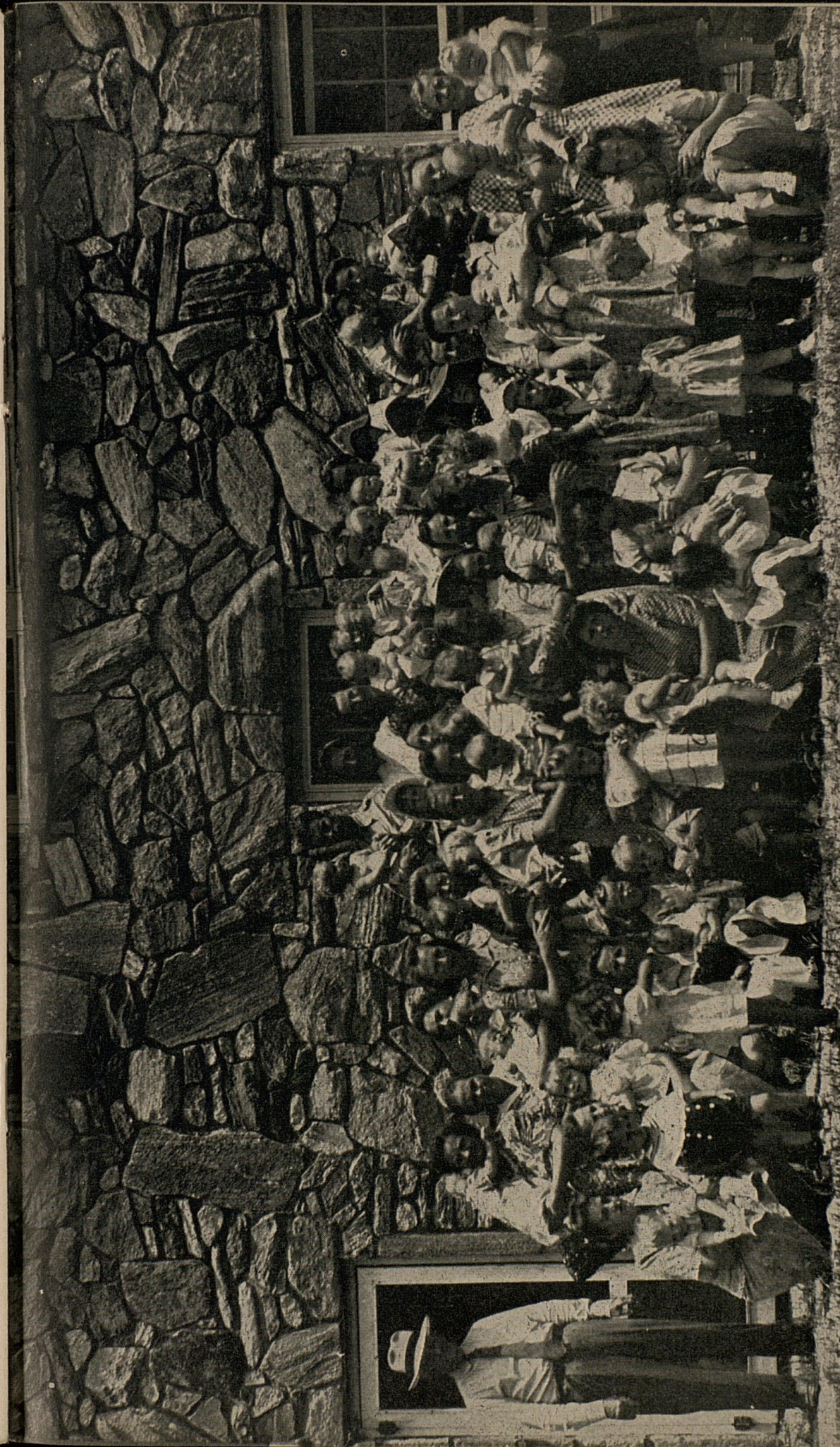
“The patient’s wife stayed at the Salvation Army the other nights we were in the city while her husband was at the hospital. She had never been away from her mountain home for overnight nor ever in a big city at all. When we left four days later, she told me that she had never expected to find such nice, kind people in a strange city as those she had met at the Salvation Army. (The Salvation Army will keep our patients—the ambulatory ones—and attendants overnight and give them meals with no charge.)”

The Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service in New York, held under the auspices of its New York Committee of which Mrs. Milward W. Martin is Chairman, will be held this year on Wednesday, January 23rd, in the Cosmopolitan Club Ballroom, at 3:00 p. m. Full reports will be given by the officers of the New York Committee and by the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service who will show new colored slides. The meeting will be followed by a tea. All of you in and around New York will receive an invitation, and it is my hope that I shall have the joy of seeing you there again.



GRASSY GAP SCHOOL

Photographed by Barbara Bullitt (Mrs. Lowry Watkins), Louisville Courier
Alabam and Ellen Coots (dear friends and co-workers of the Frontier Nursing Service) are in this picture as little girls, but Ellen says the reason she isn't seen is because she hunkered down.



Kosa Clark, R.N., C.M., in front of her clinic at the D.A.R. School in Tamasee, South Carolina, with 41 of the 118 babies she has brought safely into the world since she took her training in midwifery at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery on a Federal Scholarship under the Bolton Act.

FIELD NOTES

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

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

—*Old English Card*—The Challenge Book Shop, London

When Christmas comes we in the Frontier Nursing Service follow our traditional customs. At Wendover we put a lighted candle out on the terrace on Christmas eve, to guide the feet of the Christ Child when He comes back to visit His world. Unless we have special guests at our Christmas Eve family dinner, to come in the name of the Traveller, we place an empty chair for the Invisible Guest. At the Hyden Hospital for years the custom has been for the nurses to invite the domestic staff to Christmas Eve dinner and have each girl's best beau come with her. This custom had to be abandoned last year because the best beaux were all away fighting. We hope it can be resumed again. At Wendover the neighborhood children stage a Nativity play and sing carols. At all of our outpost nursing centers, as well as at Hyden and Wendover there are Christmas trees, and each of our thousands of children gets a toy, a bag of candy and an orange. Those who need it most get clothing as well. Special packages are made up to take to the shut-ins and the old people.

The whole Christmas season is a terribly busy one for our staff, and this year when we think of the extra work we touch despair. It is the first year we have been without a volunteer Christmas Secretary. Celia Coit Bridewell of Chicago had expected to come back again, but she has news that her husband will be home from Europe. Andy (Mrs. George Lawrence) thought she might come, but her husband may return from the Pacific. None of the old couriers (not already involved with courier and Nurse's Aide duties) can get back to us. If your many shipments of toys and clothing and candy are acknowl-

edged on a printed post card first, and you have to wait for your notes, we are sure you will understand and forgive us. Acknowledgments will go out promptly, but the real "thank you's" may take sometime.

This reminds us of another thing that needs explaining. We had no volunteer this year to address our little Christmas appeal cards. The whole Wendover staff volunteered and worked on them in the evenings after supper. As they were addressed they were separated (geographically, not alphabetically), stamped and tied up in bundles. Some of you are such darlings that you send your Christmas gifts early. This enchants us, and these gifts were acknowledged at once. However, it is almost impossible for anyone to take the time to go through all those thousands of cards and locate the ones from people who gave early, because of the cards being arranged geographically and not alphabetically. We beg the forgiveness of those of you who gave early, when a card asking you to give reaches you. Please ignore it, or pass it on to a friend.

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Wendover will have its Christmas square dance again this year because the boys have begun to come home. The last of our square dances two years ago was attended only by little boys and one soldier on furlough. We have already had three small dances, the first in honor of Tom Ratliff (son of our night watchman at Wendover) who came to dinner. Tom has just given up his crutches for a cane and he was able to dance with the rest. Among the soldiers and sailors who came to these dances were Sergeant Gifford Muncie so delightfully written up by Ernie Pyle, Curtis Wooton captured by the Japanese and held a prisoner for thirty months, Tinsley Wooton who parachuted over the Rhine into Germany and was wounded there, Walter Cornett who served in the South Pacific, and Paul Feltner who was in Italy with Tom Ratliff.

George Dixon who lives between Short Creek and Hyden told Jink Ratliff that he saw the Frontier Nursing Service *Bulletin* while he was in Burma. Glen Ratliff saw "*The Thousand-sticks*" on shipboard returning from Alaska to the United States.

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Everyone in the Frontier Nursing Service, including the

thousands of patients, is more deeply appreciative of our new Medical Director, Dr. Henry S. Waters, than we can begin to explain. For those of you who cannot take the time to look up his record, we will say that he was born in Swatow, the son of American missionaries in China, the Reverend and Mrs. George H. Waters. He is a Princeton graduate (Phi Beta Kappa) and took his medical training at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. After two years internship at the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn he went to the Philippines under the Board of the Northern Baptist Convention. He was in charge of a 95-bed hospital at Iloilo until the Japanese came. Elsewhere in this Bulletin we print the story of the captivity of Dr. Waters and his family.

We learned of Dr. Waters through the courtesy of a member of our National Medical Council, Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York. Dr. Wilson showed how deeply he felt his responsibility as a member of our National Medical Council, and his affection for us, by saying that Dr. Waters, who was to have gone to him, could come to us, if he were willing to make the change. That is how he came to us in September, with a wife that we all like as much as we do him, and three enchanting children: Bill aged nine, George aged six, and Mary-Alice in her fourth year. To these family details, which you will all be interested in learning, we want to add that the Reverend and Mrs. George H. Waters have made a visit to their son at Hyden and perhaps they captured our hearts the most of all.

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A few nights after the Waters had arrived and settled down in Joy House, the citizens of Hyden did a lovely thing. As a way of welcoming the new Medical Director and his family they went calling in a body, and each person took something for the Waters' larder. The Wendover crowd who went over were a little late. When they arrived they found Joy House filled with people, and the center of the big living room stacked with home-canned peaches, beans, corn, pickles, preserves; fresh tomatoes, potatoes, eggs, butter, and even some precious rationed sugar! What a grateful family they were. While Mrs. Waters with the help of some of the Hospital Staff prepared refreshments for the

guests, Dr. Waters and the children entertained. Little Mary Alice is a perfect hostess! Someone had brought as a special treat for the children, a box of candy. A special treat it was too, for a little girl who until last February had existed on the rations of a Jap prison camp. However, no persuasion could keep her from opening the box and passing it to everyone of her guests all over the house, until the candy was practically all gone.

At the end of the evening everyone was acquainted—the villagers with the charming new family, and the Waters with their friendly, and generous, new neighbors.

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Joy House, the residence of our Medical Director, has received from Miss Elizabeth Kirkwood of New Haven a wonderful gift of flat silver, in quantities, that belonged to her Kentucky mother, Elizabeth Bassett Scott. Since the Japanese took everything Mrs. Waters had, including her silver, this gift is more welcome right now than words can tell.

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The eleventh class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery opened on October 15th at Hyden with the following six students taking the course: Mrs. Catherine Cirves, Mrs. Ruth Boswell, Miss Beulah Arnold, Miss Alice Axelson, Miss Beatrice Miller, Miss Margaret McCracken. This is a group of nurses of high caliber and, unless there is new legislation, they are the last group to qualify for scholarships under the Bolton Act. The Frontier Nursing Service will carry on with its Graduate School, but we hope there will be new legislation to grant Federal scholarships. The need for graduate nurses trained in midwifery in the South and Southwest is almost as great in times of peace as in times of war.

Elsewhere in this Bulletin we have printed a picture of Rosa Clark, a registered nurse who took our graduate training course in midwifery, and 41 of the 118 babies she has brought safely into the world of South Carolina since she left us. None of the mothers of these babies would have had trained care if Rosa had not been equipped under the Bolton Act, to take on this work. She has had happy relationships with the D.A.R. School in Tamasee, which gave her headquarters; with the Board of Health of South Carolina, under whose auspices she came to us;

and with the nearest physicians and the nearest hospital, which handled her abnormal cases. We confess that it is impossible to see Rosa in this picture. She is just a face lost in the crowd. This reminds us of a painting entitled, COWS, after ROSA BONHEUR. A man looking at it said: "I see the cows, but where is Rosa Bonheur?"

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We are just as short-handed in our staff as we have been since 1940. In fact in some ways, the situation is more difficult than ever. Our statistician, Mrs. Arthur Byrne (Jerry), is expecting her husband back from the Pacific during the winter or early spring. Her successor must overlap with her by at least a full month. So far we have not located another statistician, and we will be grateful for any help any of you can give us in finding one.

As regards the nurses, at the moment we have only one "floater," Louisa Chapman (Chappy). She is a mighty good one, but she is a woman and not a centipede and she cannot possibly "ride off in all directions," like the man in Stephen Leacock's book. Floaters are the only people we have to meet emergencies on all of our thirteen districts.

Our Grace Reeder has received a scholarship for work towards her baccalaureate at Teachers College, Columbia University and, like Hannah Mitchell, is staying at Whittier Hall. She loved being a floater, and her going, though good for her, is sad for us.

The former Wendover nurse, Nola Blair, is now Field Supervisor and this means that our widely scattered district nurse-midwives can have more help than we have been able to give them for a long time. God knows they want it, poor dears.

To the Hospital staff we welcome Miss Myrtle Cooper and Miss Charlotte Conaway who are replacing two of the nurses who transferred from the Hospital to the Graduate School. Audrey Dyer has been transferred from Brutus to be Clinic nurse at the Hospital. It is a job she has held before, and one that she loves.

Now we have two really thrilling bits of staff news. Gladys Moberg, who has been the nurse in charge of Bowlingtown, has left us to be married to Lt. Greely Gay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen

Gay of Bowlingtown, recently demobilized from the U. S. Air Forces after many combat missions. In this marriage of one of our own young nurses to one of our own war heroes we have a romance that delights our hearts.

The second thrilling thing is that Della Int-Hout (Inty) who was with us so many years in the earlier days, has come back to us again, like a homing pigeon. She is roosting at Bowlingtown and our patients there will have the advantage of her devoted care.

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Speaking of Bowlingtown and pigeons, one of our men subscribers asked why we didn't solve the communication problems between this center (without a telephone) and our medical headquarters at Hyden, by carrier pigeons. There is nothing that delights us more than to have our Bulletin readers help us with our problems, and we are looking into the pigeon situation. However, we don't see how carrier pigeons kept at Bowlingtown would know when they took flight that they had to go to Hyden. If we kept them at Hyden then the Bowlingtown nurse wouldn't have them when she had to send messages.

Perhaps by the time our Winter Bulletin is printed we will have been able to handle the situation by some sort of radio communication. Mr. Paul Porter, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, who rode in here at the time of the dedication of our Hospital and knows the difficulty of rural communications from every angle, has written that he will send us a field representative of his engineering department to see what can be done.

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Bowlingtown was among the six outpost nursing centers at which we had Committee dinners on my September and October rounds. This whole problem of communications was discussed with the Bowlingtown Committee members at this dinner, and we received several excellent ideas from some of the men.

Brutus and Possum Bend at Confluence were the other two outpost nursing centers that I made on the lower rounds. A junior courier, Barbara Williams, rode with me and took wonderful care of the horses. There was an excellent attendance at all of these dinners, the nurses and their helpers dished up a good

feed, and the whole four days were delightful.

I did the upper rounds in two sections and by jeep, since these centers can be reached that way, although I could not do them all three together by jeep because there is only a horse-back trail between Beech Fork and Flat Creek. At these three centers too we had excellent attendance on the part of the local committees and most helpful advice. Flat Creek had problems of painting and pasture to be taken up. At Beech Fork the nurses can use a car on the road (although they have to have their horses for all the trails). When we brought up the question of building a garage, we received from members of the local committee the offer to donate all the lumber and enough rolled roofing to cover the new building. The women on this committee volunteered to come to the center and mend the nurses' linen and other supplies.

At the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River, the secretary of that committee, Mrs. Floyd Bowling, gave her thrilling report of the garments made by this committee for the Frontier Nursing Service during the past year. They are as follows:

- 27 Wool-lined baby quilts.
- 25 Aprons for nurses made from our horses' feed sacks.
- 18 Gowns for our Hospital at Hyden.
- 27 Unbleached muslin gowns for Hospital.
- 9 Operating room caps.
- 18 Washable saddlebag linings.
- 42 Small white bags for contents of midwifery saddlebags.
- 177 Small colored bags for contents of general nursing saddlebags.
- 28 Receiving blankets for layettes.
- 10 Baby gowns.

Can any committee sewing for any charity beat that record?

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When Mrs. Mary J. Tuttle, Red Cross Field Representative for Kentucky, stayed at our Hyden Hospital for three days and nights this fall she organized a group of Hyden women (mostly women who are our committee members) to make layettes for the Frontier Nursing Service as part of their work as a Production Committee for the American Red Cross. They came up to

the Hospital as a group to cut out baby garments and then take them home to make them up into little gowns and slips. During the past year we have run so short of baby clothes that we have had to buy hundreds of diapers and little shirts, and woolen blanket ends by the hundred pounds from a factory to be made into baby blankets. Lately, for the first time in all our twenty years, we have run short of baby gowns and slips. It can be imagined with what joy we welcome the help given by the women of the American Red Cross Production Committee.

Miss Elizabeth Wolfe and Miss Mary Helen Vincent are two other Red Cross representatives who, with a friend, were guests at Wendover in September.

During the same month we had an enchanting visit from our old courier, Dotty Newman, and her husband, Lieutenant Theodore Chase, of the U. S. Navy. That they were willing to take a bit of his all-too-brief leave to come to the Frontier Nursing Service was one of the biggest compliments ever paid us. Although Dotty has been married for some years, and has children, this is the first time we had met her husband and we can say from the very bottom of our hearts that hers is a marriage we highly approve.

We have had a number of visits from members of our own profession of nursing during the autumn. Miss Marcela C. Gabatin, a Filipino nurse, spent several days with us and was gallant about learning to ride so that she could see something of the work on the districts. A distinguished group of nurses came to us over night in the persons of Miss Mary J. Dunn, Senior Nurse Officer of the U. S. Public Health Service, Miss Marion Ferguson, Regional Officer of our area under the U. S. Public Health Service, and Miss Elin L. Anderson of the Farm Foundation in Chicago. With them came Mrs. Helen C. Curry of the Kentucky State Board of Health whose visits up here are always so welcome. As will be readily believed, we got an immense amount of help from these guests when we were privileged to talk over our problems with them, and they have written us delightful letters since they left. Miss Anderson said in hers:

"I do not want to postpone any longer letting you know how very much I enjoyed visiting the Frontier Nursing Service. I have never learned so much about effective organization for

rural health services in such a short time. It was a great privilege to visit Red Bird, Hyden Hospital and Wendover, and to meet so many of your very able people. Above all it was a special pleasure to meet the person who has created a rural health service that should guide the development of such services over this whole nation. I certainly hope that I may convey the spirit of your work in some small measure to the rural groups over the country that I have an opportunity to meet."

In November another distinguished nurse came to see us in the person of Miss Anna M. Taylor, one of the editors on the staff of our own American Journal of Nursing. In Miss Taylor we again had the opportunity of consulting with one of the ablest minds of the nursing world while we enjoyed a week-end visit from her. This is the first time we have ever had a member of the American Journal of Nursing staff come to see us and we revelled in Miss Taylor's visit.

Not all of our guests were nurses. Mrs. Clifton Breckinridge spent a week with us in September. She is remembered all around Hyden and Wendover as the Martha Prewitt who took part in our early beginnings. With a husband in Europe and a daughter at boarding school, she managed to stay awhile in Kentucky but her visit had to be divided between her father, David Prewitt, at "Dunreath" near Lexington, and us. Short as her time was with us, she managed to see a number of old friends.

Mrs. Ruth Harrell, Ph. D., Research Associate in Educational Psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University and consultant in neuro-surgery at Johns Hopkins, honored us with a stay of several days. Mrs. Harrell is working with the Williams-Waterman Institute at Norfolk, Virginia, for the combat of dietary diseases. Through our Research Director, Dr. Ella Woodyard, we have gotten in touch with her. We expect to have an interesting announcement in this connection in our next Bulletin.

All of our readers know how much we love visits from the U. S. Forestry Service. It was delightful to have Mr. Borden back again, and to welcome with him Mr. Ira T. Yarnall and Mr. F. W. Grover. They were only able to stay over night, but we did enjoy them.

Our latest guests before we go to press, who spent a night at the Hospital and had tea at Wendover, were our own Esther Thompson (Tommy), now Mrs. Charles B. Corum, and her hus-

band late of the U. S. Army Air Corps. It can be imagined with what pleasure we welcomed Tommy back and her husband with her.

We have been fortunate this fall in having back Fredericka Holdship of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and Mary Gellatly of Pittsburgh, to run the Courier Service. We couldn't have survived without them. Our junior couriers have been Barbara Williams of Madison, New Jersey, and since she left, Mary Bulkley of Detroit. Since we have had only one junior at a time, both we and our horses have been fortunate indeed because Bobbie and Mary are tops.

One of the most delightful local engagements your editor ever made was when I went with Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard, and Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Draughn of Hazard, Lions all, to speak to the Lions Club in the mining town of Evarts on the other side of Pine Mountain. Fredericka Holdship went with me. We were escorted by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mouser to the Evarts High School where we were entertained at a delightful dinner at 7:30 p. m. We were deeply impressed by the broad knowledge and wide experiences of so many of the Evarts people.

The wedding bells rang this fall for a marriage of interest to our Wendover household. Ellen Coots, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Coots of Coon Creek and one of our co-workers, was married to Brophy Morgan, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Jahugh Morgan of Camp Creek. The young people have started housekeeping on Camp Creek. We extend to them our good wishes for a long and happy life together.

All of the staff that can get off duty, and are within reach of Wendover come for Thanksgiving dinner. Our pages will have gone to press by then, but we know that it will be the same dear reunion it has been for twenty years. We love to think that those of the old staff in or near London will be getting together for dinner on the same day.

Again this year your editor has no time in which to send Christmas cards, or write Christmas letters. For our Christmas greeting to you all, the thousands of you who read this Bulletin, we give the following verses, as poignant now in their message

to the bells of Christmas and New Year as they were when written so long ago.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TWO-FIFTHS OF AN ACRE

Potato and Soy Bean Patch at "The Clearing"—1945
Property of Frontier Nursing Service

Costs:

POTATOES

| | |
|---|----------|
| Labor (including planting, hoeing, digging and hauling) | \$51.41 |
| Seed (3 bags certified potatoes @ \$5.20) | 15.60 |
| Fertilizer (3 bags @ \$1.85) | 5.55 |
| Total cost of potatoes | \$ 72.56 |

SOY BEANS

| | |
|--|----------|
| Labor (including sowing, weeding, cutting and hauling) | \$20.69 |
| Seed | 6.30 |
| Total cost of soy beans | \$ 26.99 |
| TOTAL COST OF BOTH | \$ 99.55 |

Receipts:

POTATOES

86 bu. @ \$2.50 per bu. \$215.00

SOY BEANS

4 truck loads @ \$12.50 each 50.00

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| TOTAL RECEIPTS FROM BOTH | \$265.00 |
| TOTAL PROFITS | \$165.45 |

To "Outlaw" any weapon is to do exactly what the word implies—leave its development and use in the hands of outlaws.

—World Government News

Statement of Ownership

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

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1945.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss

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

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

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

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1945.

HAZEL MEYER, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires December 1, 1947.)

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
 2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
 3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
 4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
 5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
 6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.
-

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**Its motto:**

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.
and sent to the treasurer,
MR. C. N. MANNING,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington 15, Kentucky



Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Leslie County
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Address

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**AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSE'S AIDE
AT HYDEN HOSPITAL
Suzanne Eckert of Remsen, New York**

—Photograph by Marvin Breckinridge Patterson

Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Leslie County
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**AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSE'S AIDE
AT HYDEN HOSPITAL**

Suzanne Eckert of Remsen, New York

—Photograph by Marvin Breckinridge Patterson

