

The Quarterly Bulletin of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME XVII

SUMMER, 1941

NUMBER 1



"Good-Bye Summer — Good-Bye"



COURIER AND GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPY
See "Old Courier News"

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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VOLUME XVII

SUMMER, 1941

NUMBER 1

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under Act of March 3, 1879."

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AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2

Helping

By MARION SHOUSE and ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

We came to try to help, though we
Had never done the job before,
But in this day of world despair
We hoped to aid our people more

These sturdy people, poor and proud
Who do not wince at poverty,
Who give the meager that they own
Endowed with love and charity.

One day we rode for twenty miles
On lonely trails by beauty stalked
To talk about a little child
Who needed care to learn to walk.

One night we drove along the road,
Late, Late, for eyes are made to be
Of use, and there were ten who must
Go into town that they might see.

A man had died, and left behind
Four children, young and all alone,
Who had no place to lay them down,
No one to keep for them a home.

A boy had been twisted and bent
By infantile. A brace must hold
His only hope till he was sent
To Louisville. We were not old

In work like this. In fact I wot
One never could become so wise
That things like this would cease to make
Him filled with pity and surprise.

The mountain setting is so fair,
The world is now so filled with pain
That one forgets that man's despair
No matter where, is just the same.

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HIFNER AND FORTUNE
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

To the Officers and Trustees,
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30th, 1941, with the result as disclosed on the annexed Exhibits and supporting Schedules.

Endowment and Memorial Funds, both principal and income, were certified to us by the various Trustees therefor.

Contributions and gifts, in cash, have been checked against the Treasurer's receipts and reports and traced into the bank.

All disbursements have been verified by means of canceled checks and supporting vouchers, and the bank accounts have been reconciled and found correct.

In our opinion all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) HIFNER AND FORTUNE
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky,
May Twenty-fourth,
Nineteen Forty-one.

ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
May 1, 1940, to April 30, 1941

The sixteenth fiscal year of the Frontier Nursing Service has been so involved with the second World War that it is difficult to appraise its activities in any other way than as efforts, in the main successful, to meet a very grave emergency. Last summer and autumn several more of our seasoned British staff returned to the Mother Country. Many of their letters, printed in our Quarterly Bulletins, show their high spirit and their fine endurance.

The heaviest strain put upon our nursing service in making its readjustments was during the first nine months of the past fiscal year. We were short-handed all through that period and in December and January we had an extensive influenza epidemic which closed down the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and affected so many of the staff that we were barely able to keep enough nurse-midwives on duty to answer maternity calls. Our gray-blue line never wore so thin. There was only one nurse-midwife on duty at each nursing center, only one for the three Hyden districts, and none for the Wendover district. The Assistant Director, Miss Buck, carried the maternity work there as well as her regular duties. The Hospital was undermanned and overcrowded. On the districts we had hundreds of influenza patients, including some of our expectant mothers.

We survived this period and with the coming of the spring, for the first time since the war began, our load was lightened somewhat. The districts are fully staffed at present and, although we still haven't enough "floaters" to cover emergencies and vacations adequately, we begin to see our way through the woods. To great emergencies are always added the minor emergencies of pioneer work. Among such usual emergencies were the Hospital Superintendent's fractured arm which made it nec-

essary for her, Miss Lyda Anderson, to leave us for extensive treatment. We could not have gotten through the first half of the year without her, but at the time she left we were able to spare Miss Vanda Summers to take charge of the Hospital. One of our nurses had a bad horseback accident with concussion of the brain, which kept her off duty six weeks; another received a serious leg injury; and we had the usual run of minor accidents. It is because of the inevitability of these accidents that we must have extra nurses and extra horses constantly ready to take over. Horses haven't the resistance of nurses and are laid up longer as a rule from their accidents.

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has now trained three classes of nurses in midwifery and frontier technique. Through the courtesy of the Kentucky State Board of Health, the final examinations given these young midwives are conducted by two physicians of the State Board, and they must pass them successfully before receiving our diplomas and the certificates to practice as midwives from the State of Kentucky. These young graduates are doing good work on the districts.

As our fiscal report will show, we have had widespread and generous support in carrying our emergencies as well as our regular needs from the thousands of members of the Frontier Nursing Service. Our endowment also has been increased. In addition we have had considerable funds given us for new construction and new badly needed equipment. Major gifts have been Joy House, the new residence for the Medical Director; money for a building for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery which will be ready for the early autumn class; an X-ray machine and additions to the clinics at the Hospital; new gutters and a new maids' dining room at the Hospital; some of the linoleum badly needed; and much else besides. Our major needs are as follows: Continued additions to our general endowment funds; an increase in the more than three thousand members who support the Service; and new construction. Pending the time when we have the money for another large building at Wendover we must add a couple of rooms to one of the smaller buildings because Wendover is our guest house and our records will show that we have hundreds of guests and volunteer workers who must be housed. We also desperately need Nurses' Quarters, separate

from the Hospital, in order to turn the wing of the Hospital now occupied by nurses into a maternity building. The Hospital is seriously overcrowded and we have to refuse maternity cases from beyond our area because of lack of accommodation for them.

We would have had a deficit on the past fiscal year but for a large special gift early in 1941 from two devoted friends of the Service. As it is we face the new fiscal year with all bills paid up and a bit of a bank balance.

Here follows a summary of the past fiscal year which closed April 30, 1941. The fiscal statements are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit, which was duly made by Hifner and Fortune, certified public accountants; and the figures in the report of operations are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service.

FISCAL REPORT

We received this year from all sources, including donations and subscriptions, nursing, medical and hospital fees, investment income, sales of books, revenue from the Wendover Post Office, benefits, and fees for speaking engagements, a total for running expenses, new construction, retirement of debt, and new endowment, of \$144,764.15.

The total number of subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service during the year was 3,037, the largest number we have ever had. Total gifts and contributions were \$104,874.86, inclusive of \$2,642.10 from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority and chapters for Social Service. Included in this total also are the \$11,000 for Joy House, new residence of the Medical Director; \$5,000 for the new Midwives' Cottage; \$1,500 for a new X-ray machine; and money for enlargement of the Hospital premises and other new construction. Our grateful thanks are due the chairmen of several Frontier Nursing Service committees for benefits and special appeals, by means of which they raised funds during the past year. The total sum received from benefits was \$7,354.36. Of this sum \$2,545.48 represents the Frontier Nursing Service share of the receipts from the Bargain Box in New York. Special mention should be made of the personal appeal sent out annually by our Pittsburgh Chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Shoe-

maker, in lieu of a benefit, which brought in this year \$4,542 (included in total gifts and contributions).

Other sources of revenue during the past year have been as follows:

Fees from Nursing Centers.....	\$ 2,655.37
Medical Fees	1,602.67
Hospital Fees	1,247.19
Wendover Post Office.....	912.94
Investment Income	10,855.76

ENDOWMENT

The Frontier Nursing Service received \$15,000.00 in new endowments during the past fiscal year: \$10,000 from the estate of the late Miss Fanny Norris of New York; \$5,000 from the children of the late Mrs. Bettie Starks Rodes of Kentucky. The endowment funds of the Service to date are:

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby Bed.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	53,024.53
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Bed.....	5,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
General Endowments (Anonymous).....	102,400.00
Total	\$267,924.53

REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment, and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after adjustments in values have been written down or up, at \$232,266.73, all without lien.

INVENTORY

An inventory is taken every spring of the property of the Service. Among its major holdings are the following:

HYDEN

A stone Hospital one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, a frame Annex a Memorial to "Jacky" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of

Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; water tank; two tenants' cottages and out buildings such as garages, pig house, forge, engine house, fire hose house, Wee Stone House; and (under construction) a house for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

WENDOVER

Four log houses, as follows: the Big House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"), the Garden House (The Lydia Robinson Building), the older Cabin, the Ruth Draper Cabin; Aunt Jane's Log Barn (gift of the late Mrs. Anson Maltby); numerous smaller adjacent buildings such as the Upper and Lower Shelf, heifer barn, horse hospital barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, engine house, fire hose houses, water tanks.

GEORGIA WRIGHT CLEARING

A caretaker's cottage and barns; a tenant cabin; extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade.

JESSIE PRESTON DRAPER MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER (Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; water tank and engine house; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

FRANCES BOLTON NURSING CENTER (Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; pump and tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

CLARA FORD NURSING CENTER (Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Log building and oak barn; engine house and fire hose house; deep well; tank.

CAROLINE BUTLER ATWOOD MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER (Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank and fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

BELLE BARRETT HUGHITT MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER (Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

MARGARET DURBIN HARPER MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

SUBSIDIARY CLINICS

Five small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett, Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain Creek, and the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek.

LIVE STOCK

Thirty horses; one filly; one mule; twelve cows; eight heifers; four calves; one registered Jersey bull, "Elmendorf Frontiersman"; over four hundred chickens; and four pigs (three barrows and one spayed sow).

EQUIPMENT

Equipment includes: three old Ford cars (two Model A's for district use); one new Ford station wagon; tanks; engines; pumps; Hospital and dispensary supplies; Hospital and household furnishings.

CASH IN BANKS

The current accounts and salaries of the Service were paid up in full at the close of the last fiscal year, and the cash on hand in banks was \$9,564.94, of which, however, \$5,000 was money recently given for construction of the new Midwives' Cottage and not for a drawing account.

INDEBTEDNESS

The Frontier Nursing Service owes \$10,000.00, left from a total of \$50,000.00 loaned by its Trustees during 1930-1932, to enable us to tide over that difficult period. The Service is also indebted to the older members of its staff for the sum of \$17,655.55, representing the amount, on a 2/3 basis, of unpaid salaries during the same years of adjustment and reduction.

BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1941-1942

The budget for the current fiscal year is again \$98,000.00. It is doubtful if we can operate within the limits of the same

budget this year as last, because of the rising cost of living and demands on the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery for expansions that will considerably increase the \$3,000 allocated to scholarships for it. We cannot tell how far the costs of such essentials as carload lots of hay, Hospital supplies, gasoline, stationery, and material used in repairs, will rise. We are sure, however, that the funds needed to meet increases in price will be forthcoming from the more than 3,000 members of the Frontier Nursing Service and from new friends.

There is nothing that can be taken out of our budget to offset the increase in prices. We have learned from long experience in running a remotely rural piece of work, under circumstances of the most careful accounting, to evaluate the purchasing power of each dollar and keep costs at a minimum. An analysis of the budget will show that \$51,000.00 of the \$98,000.00 is allocated to salaries and yet no one in the Frontier Nursing Service, except the Medical Director, receives a salary of more than \$125.00 a month, out of which each member of the staff pays her living expenses.

We give here an analysis of this budget, accepted by the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service at the seventeenth annual meeting, at the Lexington Country Club, on May 28, 1941.

Field Salaries	\$51,000.00
Field Expenses (General)	
I (Bulletins, stationery, stamps, printing and appeals, auditing, advertising, telephone and telegraph, office supplies, etc.).....	9,000.00
II (Dispensary and Hospital supplies, freight and hauling, car expenses and gasoline, laundry, etc.)	14,000.00
Feed, Care, and Purchase of Horses.....	6,300.00
Social Service Department.....	3,500.00
Interest on Borrowed Money.....	200.00
Repayment of Borrowed Money.....	1,000.00
Insurance (Fire, employer's liability, car insurance on 3 cars and a station wagon).....	1,500.00
Repairs, Upkeep, and Replacements.....	7,500.00
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (scholarships)..	3,000.00
Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses (Invitations, stamps, petty cash sent outside city committees for annual meetings and benefits, etc.)	1,000.00
TOTAL	\$98,000.00

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

Field and Hospital

The district nurses carried during the year a total of 8,471 people in 1,745 families. Of these, 4,840 were children, including 2,217 babies and toddlers. Bedside nursing care was given to 258 very sick people, of whom 13 died. The district nurses paid 18,983 visits and received 17,726 visits at nursing centers. In addition, 5,871 visits were received at the Medical Director's clinic in Hyden. The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden was occupied 5,794 days by 663 patients. There were sent to hospitals and other institutions outside the mountains 52 patients who, with their attendants, were transported on passes given by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company.

Under the direction of the State Board of Health, the Service gave 4,113 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, etc., and sent 2,377 specimens for analysis.

During the year 108 field clinics were held with an attendance of 3,143 people.

Midwifery

Registered Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service admitted 437 new antepartum patients into its regular midwifery service during the year and closed out 392 mothers after postpartum care. The Service delivered 387 patients, thus making this year the fourth consecutive one in which the regular deliveries have been well over "a baby a day".

Of the 387 women delivered, 308 were delivered in their own homes—283 by nurse-midwives and 25 by pupil midwives under graduate midwife supervision. The remaining 79 women were delivered in the Hyden Hospital. This means 20 more Hospital deliveries among our regular cases than last year—last year having had more than any previous year. The Medical Director delivered 8 of the Hospital cases; the Hospital nurse-midwife, 19; and, under her supervision, the pupil nurse-midwives delivered 52.

There were 4 women who miscarried. The other 383 women were delivered of 390 babies including 7 pairs of twins. There were 24 babies born prematurely, 366 full term; 14 were stillborn.

There was one maternal death. This patient lived in a mining camp, but we do not classify her as an outside-area case because she lived in our territory before her marriage, and came to stay with her mother in one of our districts for her confinement. Our first contact with her was the day before delivery when she registered and thus became one of our regular patients. The next day she sent for the district nurse-midwife but not until labor was well advanced. During the third stage the patient died from hemorrhage before the arrival of the Medical Director who had been called.

Emergency Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service was called in for 20 emergency deliveries. Of these 20 women, 10 were delivered in their own homes, 10 admitted in labor to the Hyden Hospital. There were 9 women who called the nurse-midwife because of miscarriage. The other women were delivered of 4 full term babies and 8 premature babies including 1 set of twins. Among the premature babies 3 were stillborn. There were no maternal deaths in the emergency group.

Outside-Area Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service delivered 34 mothers who came from outside its territory. Of these 19 were delivered in the Hyden Hospital, 15 in homes where the women were visiting within the district. These mothers were delivered of 28 full term, live babies, 6 premature live babies including a case of twins, and 1 full term stillborn baby. There were no maternal deaths.

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

The first set of examinations, given by the Kentucky State Board of Health for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, was held on August 13, 1940, by Dr. Charles Crittenden and Dr. Oma Creech. The four pupils in our first two classes took these examinations (written, oral, and practical). One of the Indian nurses who trained with the Frontier Nursing Service for a year, 1934-35, and who is now working with the State Board of Health in Perry County, also stood for the examination. A Lobenstine graduate who had recently come on our staff was allowed to take

the examination at her own request. All six young midwives passed.

With the third class which began on December 1, 1940, the course was lengthened to six months and 3 pupils were taken into the class instead of two. This has proved satisfactory. Because of a widespread influenza epidemic, to which the Instructor and 2 pupils succumbed, the School closed from December 27, 1940 to January 20, 1941.

Medical and Surgical

The regular medical work was carried by the Frontier Nursing Service Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser. Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. J. E. Hagen of Hazard, Kentucky, performed numerous operations during the year, those on indigent people as a courtesy to the Service. None of the doctors in the various cities to whom the Service sent patients made any charges for their services. We are deeply grateful to Dr. Josephine Hunt and her associate members on the Medical Advisory Committee in Lexington, Kentucky, for the attention they have given, gratuitously and so graciously, both to patients and to members of the staff sent down to them on various occasions. The Service also expresses its grateful thanks to the Children's Hospitals of Cincinnati and Louisville for the care of 25 children sent down to them by our Medical Director.

The regular tonsillectomy and gynecological clinics in which Dr. R. W. Urton of Louisville and Dr. Scott Breckinridge of Lexington have given their marvelous services for examinations and operations over a period of years, were held again during the fiscal year just closed. As this report is written for the annual meeting on May 28 the condition of Dr. Breckinridge is so grave that we know now that he has given us his last clinic. Hundreds of our women over a period as long almost as our existence, owe their restoration to health to his skill and generosity.

Pellagra Clinics

Dr. Kooser's Pellagra Clinic, held in cooperation with the Perry County Health Department, at Hazard, Kentucky, treated 53 active pellagrins with nicotinic acid during the past year. In addition to the cases treated, others were examined and were

found to be free of pellagra. The patients made 355 visits to the Clinic. In addition to the Perry County Clinics Dr. Kooser also held clinics in Manchester in cooperation with the Clay County Health Department and admitted and treated with nicotinic acid 11 active new pellagrins and 7 subclinical cases.

Medical Studies

Following is a list of the scientific articles by our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, which appeared during the year in medical magazines:

Recent Developments in the Treatment and Prevention of Pellagra. The Kentucky Medical Journal, January, 1941.

Observations on the Possible Relationship of Diet to the Late Toxemia of Pregnancy. American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, February, 1941.

Pellagra and the Public Health. The Journal of the American Medical Association, March 8, 1941. (This was written in collaboration with Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn of Cincinnati.)

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Service and aid have been given in connection with the following numbers and types of cases:

Dependent and neglected children:	14 cases
Handicapped children:	11 cases
Medical-social cases:	52 cases: of these
	30 were sent to outside hospitals
	22 were given services of other kinds
Assistance to families, usually to meet an acute need:	20 cases
Miscellaneous services	13 cases
Total cases	110

Service has also been given in connection with the following group or community activities:

Knitting classes: beginning and advanced
 Circulating libraries
 Christmas celebrations
 Tuberculosis and Crippled Children's clinics
 Christmas Seal Campaign
 Red Cross Drive

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 131 overnight guests who stayed 311 days. In addition, Wendover entertained for meals 192 guests for 240 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends. No exact record has been kept of the guests at the Hyden Hospital and outpost centers.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Twenty-seven couriers and other volunteer workers (Christmas Secretary, volunteer clerical assistants) worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1140 days. They lived at Wendover, the Hospital and the outpost centers.

SIXTEEN-YEAR TOTALS

It may be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole sixteen-year period of our work.

Patients registered from the beginning.....	21,858
Babies and toddlers.....	8,975
School children	4,958
Adults	7,925
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	4,540
Inoculations—Total	113,114
Typhoid	78,112
T.A.T. or Toxoid	21,091
Other	13,911
Nursing visits paid in homes.....	289,575
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' regular clinics.....	278,259
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' special clinics*.....	81,000 plus
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital**.....	4,785
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital**.....	48,888

CONCLUSION

It is impossible to conclude this report without again thanking, as we do each year, the thousands of members of the Service who make its work possible, and the thousands of patients whose appreciation of our services is heartening to us. We want to make special mention, too, of our city and mountain committees,

*These include clinics held by visiting physicians in gynecology; neurology; eye, ear, nose and throat; trachoma; orthopedics; pediatrics; helminthology (worms, including hook worm); and pellagra.

**For 12 years and 6 months. The F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

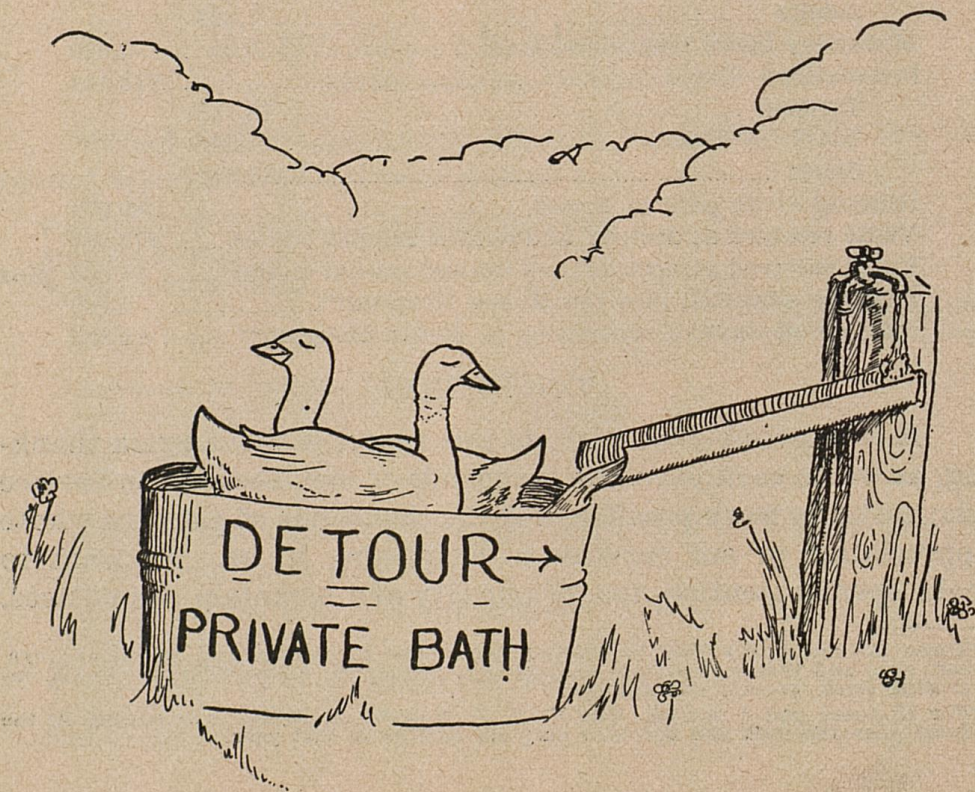
and the support they give us, of the kindness of the distinguished members of our National Medical and Nursing Councils, and of our loyal staff.

The values of the armies and navies of a nation are largely determined by the care given to women in childbirth and to young children. The ardent patriotism of the Kentucky mountaineer needs no comment. His chief solicitude is that his women and children should be kept safe from the dangers inherent in frontier conditions. Childbirth is more dangerous than war, as our records as a nation show, with more likelihood of mutilation and death. The work of the Frontier Nursing Service is patriotism of a high order put to practical use. We give grateful tribute to the imagination and generosity of those thousands of Americans who created and support the work of the Frontier Nursing Service.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman

C. N. MANNING, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director



SADDLE-BAG AND LOG CABIN TECHNIQUE

The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

By VANDA SUMMERS, R. N., S. C. M.

FOREWORD: This article first appeared in Volume 38, Number 11, November, 1938, of *The American Journal of Nursing*, and is reprinted through the courtesy of the editors. Although it was written exclusively for nurses it proved so popular with them that we think our general readers will find it interesting.

The author, Miss Vanda Summers, is one of our outstanding British nurse-midwives. She drove an ambulance in the first World War and then worked as a chauffeur in Miss Anne Morgan's American Committee for Devastated France. She took her nursing and midwifery training at University College Hospital in London. She then came over to America to take part in our Kentucky adventure, and has been enrolled with us for eleven years. She is now Superintendent of our Hospital at Hyden, but this article was written in 1938 when she was a district nurse-midwife. We have no better picture of the district nurse-midwife's daily rounds.

I wonder who wrote "Necessity is the mother of invention"? Well, saddle-bag and log-cabin technique is one of her offspring. . . .

The whole of the district work of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains is done with the aid of two pairs of saddle-bags. One pair is for general district work, and the other pair for home deliveries. Each nurse is responsible for cleaning and replenishing her own bags.

The "midwifery" saddle-bags weigh about forty-two pounds when packed. They have detachable linings of strong white material and all supplies are kept in little white cotton bags. In these bags we have everything needed for a home delivery. At each house the technique is the same, whether it be a poor home or a comfortable one.

The area from which we work may be a table or a wooden box and it is made clean by the aid of newspapers and white paper napkins, on which is placed the "set-up." We carry five kidney basins, which fit one into the other and take up very little space. A large rubber sheet and newspapers are carried for the



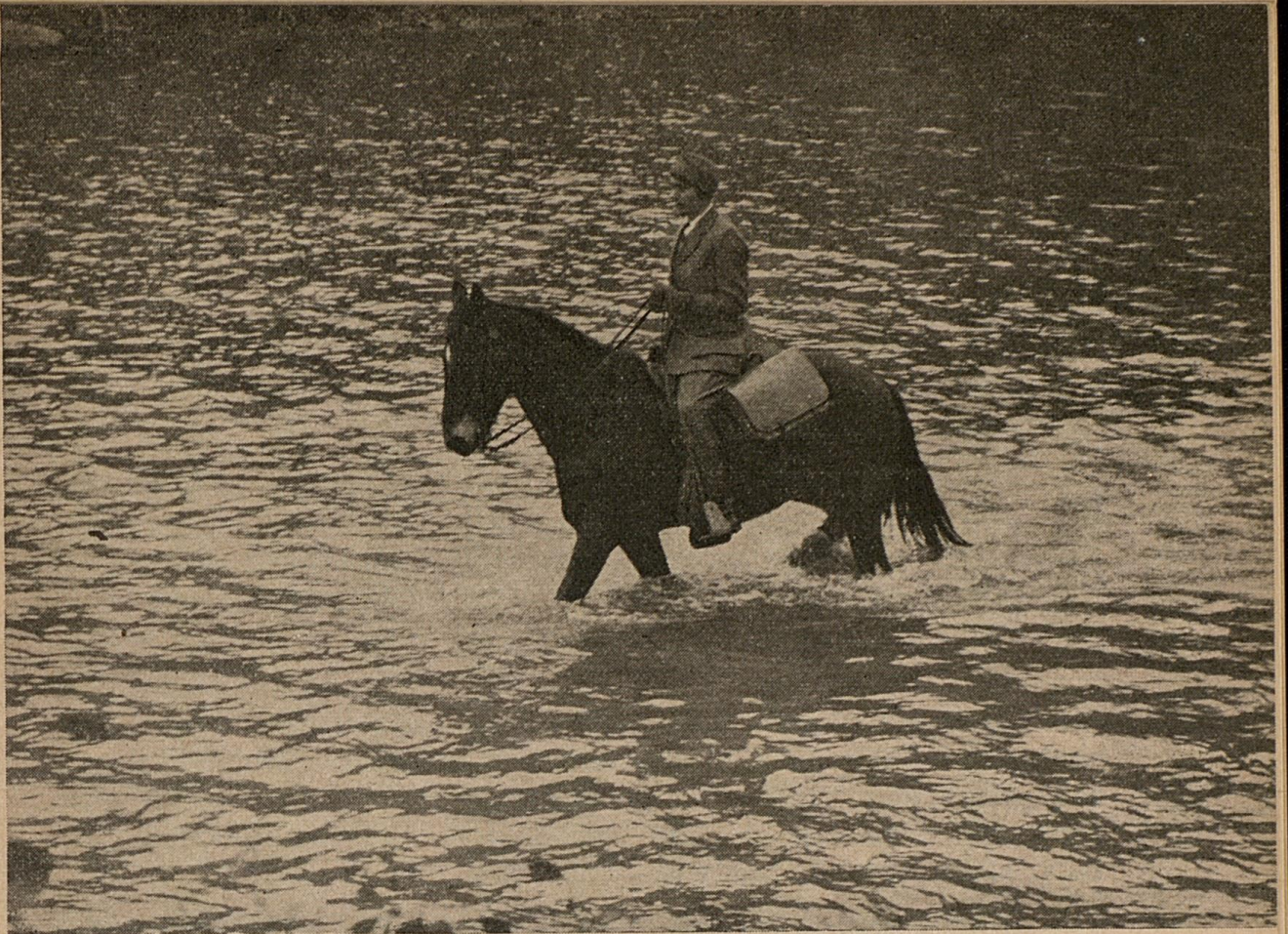
Marvin Breckinridge

**The Old and the New—Old Kentucky Midwife and
Frontier Nursing Service Nurse-Midwife**

bed. Rubber apron, cotton apron, cap and gown, sterile rubber gloves, lysol, alcohol, olive oil, hypodermic syringe and drugs, Higginson's syringe and catheter, clamps and scissors, are some of the main things used.

The "general" saddle-bags have detachable linings similar to those of the "midwifery" bags except that they are made of colored material. These bags carry anything the nurse might need on the district during her day's work, including a white cotton bag with emergency supplies for midwifery, in case she is "caught" up a remote creek and hasn't time to send back for her "midwifery" saddle-bags. If you turned back the flaps of the "general" saddle-bags, you'd see many cotton bags of various hues. The cotton post partum bag might be green; the urinalysis bag, blue; the bag for pill boxes, yellow check; the sterile-dressing bag sports a red and white stripe.

There are pockets under each flap of the saddle-bags which contain the bottles, and these stand upright. In one of these pockets we carry our "Medical Routine," which tells us what we may—or may not—do. A very treasured possession! It is



Marvin Breckinridge

The Author On Her Daily Round

important to have the weight of the bags evenly balanced so that they ride well on the saddle.

First and foremost we must not forget the horses who carry us and our bags through any kind of weather. Each nurse is responsible for the care of her own horse, and each nurse thinks her horse is the best one in the Service!

Come with me and my horse, Tommy, round a district, and enjoy a normal day's work. It could possibly be a nasty, wet day when the rain trickles off the end of your nose, and you tuck your chin into your sheepskin collar to keep out the cold, bold winds. But perhaps it will be Spring, so let's make it a bright and sunny day. The hills are bursting into blossom, and there's a tang in the air that makes the horse step out briskly, shaking his head, and you sit up straighter in the saddle.

At 8:30 on such a morning, a Frontier nurse-midwife starts out on a routine day's work. She has a mental picture of the trails she will take and the cabins she will visit. She will meet all kinds of people, rosy, flaxen-haired children, or dark, sallow ones, with traces of Indian blood in their veins from a remote

Cherokee ancestor. She may meet an old and reserved mountaineer, who'd resemble a piece of hard timber, difficult to penetrate. Or she may meet an adaptable mother, who longs to keep her children strong and healthy.

We started twenty minutes ago, and now we come to our first port of call. The horse goes straight to the fence, and stops. He knew where he was going. Why? He stood hitched out there yesterday for five hours, waiting for the cry of a newborn babe.

This time he has to wait only an hour, and the nurse emerges from the cabin, leaving behind a sweet, clean baby, and a contented mother, feeling much refreshed after a bed bath and a change. Junior rushes to the door to wave good-bye to the nurse as she rides away. He and the nurse are great buddies, because she brought him a baby sister.

After a quarter of an hour's ride, we come to our next home. The baby is just six months old. We sit talking for a while in front of the fire, inquiring after the baby's health and habits, et cetera, and then we discuss with the mother the importance of giving the baby its diphtheria "shot," and ask her to bring it up to us on a clinic day, so we can give it the vaccine. The mother may want to get permission from the father, the grandfather, the grandmother, the uncles, the aunts, or even the cousins beforehand!

After leaving this house, we have a very rough creek to ride up, crossing and re-crossing it several times. Cornfields in preparation have been fenced right down to the creek's edges.

In the next cabin is a three-day-old baby. Mother and infant are both to have full post partum and neonatal care. There is a kettle of water boiling in readiness. A bag of cotton and a bag of perineal pads are hanging at the head of the bed. (There are no bureau drawers in this house.) The bags, with an apron, are left after a delivery to be used at every visit.

The one and only wash pan is brought in, cleaned, and filled with warm water. A change of garments for baby is selected, paper napkins spread on a table, or a chair if there isn't a table, and the olive oil, cord dressing, scales, and rectal ther-

momometer are arranged near at hand, and we draw up to the fire. Baby is given just a sponge bath until the cord is off. Whenever this event takes place, there is great rejoicing, because then he can be dipped right into the pan, and invariably he stops squealing when he feels the warm water splashing on his little pink body. Back into a warm towel, a few pats here and there, cord dressed, and now he is ready for weighing. The diaper is adjusted, the pocket scales hooked on, and the baby lifted safely aloft while the mother waits breathlessly to hear the result. Finally, the baby is dressed and wrapped in a clean cotton blanket and put in its little home-made screened crib, if there is one, or on another bed. Sometimes the little brothers and sisters are allowed to watch this performance. They always take a deep interest in the baby. One little fellow once smiled at me with such a knowing look on his face as he said: "I knowed you brought hit in these saddle-bags."

Now we turn to the mother. We will need a kidney basin with lysol swabs, a clinical thermometer, and the always-in-evidence scrub brush and soap box. After the temperature, pulse, and respiration have been taken, the one and only pan is washed out and refilled. The patient is given a bath from top to toe, a clean gown is put on—or a clean dress—and her hair combed. Height of fundus is measured, breasts examined, and, after we have scrubbed, perineal care given. Now the bed must be arranged. A clean sheet and clean pillow-slip take their respective places and a clean newspaper pad is slipped under the patient. It is rarely one boasts of two sheets, a cotton blanket on top doing just as well, and much warmer. Home-made quilts are spread on. All dirty laundry is put to one side for a relative or the neighbor woman to wash, and you leave the house as you found it except that in addition you have the feeling that there are at least two clean people in the world—the mother and the baby you have just left.

While we are riding to our next case, I want to tell you about lard buckets. These are one of the nurses' great joys! Thousands abound in these mountains, and they are used for many purposes. To name a few, they are used for milking, and are often seen hanging in front of the fire to sour the milk for buttermilk. They are used for flower pots. Some are used

to draw water from the well. Children take their dinner to school in them. On several occasions, in very poor houses, I have used them as wash-pans, and have also boiled water in them over the open fires. Lard is one of the necessities that the mountaineers cannot do without, so you can always find a clean and shiny lard bucket at your disposal. One young couple whose baby unfortunately had to be put on a bottle, were instructed how to make a basket out of hay wire, which could hold the feeding bottles upside down. It had a long handle, and could be lowered down into the lard pail of water, and pulled out again, after the bottles had been sterilized. At a delivery these pails can be used for boiling up things too big for our Sterno outfit. For another and very useful purpose, they are always found under the beds. Once a lard bucket has to be discarded, it is thrown away with no compunction, as there is always another to take its place!

The next house we arrive at is beautifully clean. A prenatal patient is waiting for the nurse to tell her everything is all right. This little woman was very enterprising. Her husband was working on the W.P.A. Project and had bought some calcimine. Papers and magazines had been given them from the Hospital, and with these they had papered the walls, using flour and water. Then the whole thing had been calcimined over—a charming place for a delivery.

Now we will attend to the patient. A few minutes' talk, and you find out how she has been feeling since you last saw her. Then comes the examination—temperature, uninalysis, blood pressure, and an abdominal examination. Her time to "get down" is very near, so you instruct her what to do when labor begins. She is to have a big fire burning, a kettle or lard bucket full of boiling water, clean gown or dress, clean sheet, newspaper pads, plenty of coal oil in the lamp, and not to wait too long before sending for the nurse. A rugged, blue-eyed mountaineer once came for the nurse to go to his wife, and greeted her with the words: "You better hurry—the water poke's broke." In the mountains the old English word "poke" is used for a bag.

Frequently one is asked to stay and eat the noon dinner with the family. Sometimes you do, but at other times you

prefer to sit under a tree to eat the sandwiches you have brought with you.

A worm clinic has to be arranged today. So you call at several houses which are within easy walking distance of each other and ask all the children (and the adults who want to) to meet you at a certain time next week at Mrs. Wooton's. This lady very kindly let us use her house as a meeting place. They are all instructed to take salts the night before, no breakfast the next morning, and the nurse will be up to give them the pills—and to see that they are not chewed, but swallowed! The results are very encouraging—there is great competition!

On the way home, there is a preschool child to be visited. A very poor home, no cow, no money, and a young baby. A few months ago the preschool child, a boy, aged two years, looked like a little fading flower, unable to get proper nourishment. He just lay around the floor, pale and listless, keeping the hound-dog company in front of an old stove which was made out of a discarded gasoline barrel.

The Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service got into contact with this family, and made arrangements for them to have milk for the little fellow, and the nurse persuaded the mother to give him cod liver oil. The result is now that the mother wants to stop the cod liver oil, because the little boy is never still a minute, except when asleep. He just climbs all over the place, and is too full of life. So today we are going to tell "pappy" how he can make a playpen out of pieces of wood and young saplings. It will also keep the child away from the stove.

We have a good many burn cases brought into the Hospital, and we try to encourage the fathers to build fire screens, or order them at a very reduced price from Wendover.

Now Tommy knows his head is turned towards home, and off he goes at a good pace. After a time we pull up at a fence, at the foot of a hill. Halfway up is a small, one-roomed house with smoke curling out of the chimney. This is where we have to walk, so we dismount, saddle-bags are slung over the shoulder, and we climb over the fence and start our upward climb. This

is when I always feel sorry for the horse, when I have to carry the bags myself some distance.

We are going to visit a little old widow, with a broken leg. It was an accident, and had been caused by a large piece of slate falling on her in a coal bank, while she was digging for coal. When this happened, she was all alone, and suffering acute pain. She dragged herself away from danger, and called for help. Her daughter-in-law heard her and rushed off to get assistance. A home-made stretcher was built and she was brought in to the Hospital to see Dr. Kooser.

After making her as comfortable as possible, she was taken to Hazard to be X-rayed*, and then she went home for six weeks rest in bed—the longest rest she has ever had in her life! I try to see her once a week, to do light massage, readjust the splints, and look for pressure marks.

This dear old soul is always pleased to see the nurse, and to hear any news, as to who have had babies, et cetera. She used to be an old granny mid-woman, she tells me, but gave that up when the nurse came. She was “glad to get shet of all these frolics.” She can’t read a word and when I asked her what she did all day, she said: “I just lie here and study about what all you nurses do—there was never such a thing in my time, we poor folks had to just tend to ourselves!”

We are greeted by a whinny from Tommy as we start down the hill again, as much as to say, “Hurry up. I’m getting hungry.” We have just one more call to make. You’ll enjoy the trail through the beech trees. We have to see Lena. She is twelve years old, a bad heart case. I call to see if the mother is carrying out the nurse’s orders, and to see if she is taking the medicine that the doctor ordered, regularly. Lena is very cheerful, and can be carried out onto the porch when the sun is shining. She is so glad the dreary winter is nearly over. She has been given some needlework to do and some books to read, so that the days won’t be too long. Her little school friends,

* This was written before an anonymous Kentucky Trustee gave a fine, large X-ray machine to the F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden. Until then we had to relay patients needing X-ray twenty-five miles to the nearest mining town.



Marvin Breckinridge



**The Author Visits An
Expectant Mother**



with whom she used to romp in the school yard, come and visit her regularly, and she always has a bright smile for everyone.

The day is drawing to a close, and now you can think of that cup of tea waiting for you when you get back home. We meet several friends on the way, and say "Howdy" to them. Children are going home from school, jumping from rock to rock, on their way up the creeks.

On getting to the barn you unsaddle your horse, give him a rubdown, and put him in his stall—"Goodnight, old pal." One feels the day's work is done only after the records are all filled in. Then you can have a hot bath and change—Ah, but who knows? You may get a midwifery call tonight!

"PIN A PIECE OF GRACE"

We had a dear little mother in the Hospital the other day who was having her first baby. As she was having very strong labor pains she kept crying "Lordy, Lordy, look down on me, and pin a piece of grace on my soul!"

FROM ATHENS TO CAIRO

FOREWORD: We are indebted to the Hon. Arthur Villiers, one of our British Trustees, for the privilege of printing in the Bulletin this letter from his sister Lady Dusany, who was in Turkey and Greece with her husband before the fall of Greece.

23 April, 1941.

This is a converted cargo ship, which has been carrying Polish refugees for long and is now taking some 3 or 400 of 16 nationalities from Athens. We have been here for a week, sleeping in our clothes and unspeakably dirty as the sanitary arrangements are indescribable; but the odd thing is that we all find we like it and everyone is at their best and amazingly kind.

We left at a few hours' notice and all the Legation would say was that they didn't know when another ship would go, that this was full and had no food, and they would give no advice—so as Eddie's anti-Hitler poems made him a marked man we flung some clothes and what food was in the flat together and came. We hung about the Piraeus for two days waiting for the convoy to collect, and with our escorting cruiser loosing off its big guns when anything came over. At last 28 ships and a strong escort got off.

We are cruising past Greek islands in divine weather with a most interesting collection of people (many of whom would have stood no chance if taken by the Boche, and some of whom have been refugees already from other places), a nice Polish crew, boxes and steps to sit on, filthy straw mattresses and one sheet each. We had one bad day and were attacked by two Italian planes; ours and one other are the only passenger ships and we have 8 machine-gunners on board and when they, the cruisers and destroyers, began firing there was some noise. We were raided twice in the morning and bombs were dropped so near one ship that later the Italian radio announced she was sunk, but she was still with us. After supper at 6 p. m. there was a sing-song on deck and in the middle they shouted *Alert* and once more we got on our life-belts and rushed under the metal awning and this time it lasted longer and they came very low. Our

soldiers hit one, but dark came on before it could be seen if it came down or not. Anyway though we slept in our shoes that night they came no more and we got into safer waters. No rubbish may be thrown overboard lest seagulls follow us and give a clue, so you can imagine what the deck is like.

There are some pathetic people, Austrians and Poles who have already had to start life afresh before, and one old peasant with a long plaid, escorting a child, who just sits quiet all day with the saddest most resigned face one can imagine. But many are press people with a black Nazi mark against them, and a Greek munition magnate, and a Canadian party from Belgrade. I hope none of you worried. We will cable from Cairo.

Everyone has been so nice; one gave me a towel, some give one extra food (though the ship's food is really adequate if not excessive), and it is an experience I would be very sorry to miss. With three men on board who have lost everything in a bombed ship it seems absurd to regret losing a few clothes.

We have written to Mary and Pansy and I will write to Mama from Cairo, but perhaps you'd tell anyone you think would be interested, such as Frol* and Arthur, in case I have no time, as I don't know where we go next. I do hope Violet was all right in Belfast but we get no news.

Apl. 25. **Mena House Hotel, Cairo.**

We reached here yesterday on our 8th day, and baths and soft beds are lovely and we are quite fit. But I will hasten to post this.

*Footnote by Mr. Villiers: "Our old German governess".

NERVES DAMAGED BY WAR NOISES

A novel method of treatment of soldiers whose nerves have been broken by the noises of war is described in the **British Medical Journal** by two specialists in psychological medicine at a military hospital—Dr. F. L. McLaughton and Dr. W. M. Millar.

These invalids are being cured by hearing the noises again.

The B. B. C. has co-operated with the doctors by supplying records of sirens, gunfire, aeroplane engines, dive-bombing, and explosions.

The technique has been found to have a beneficial effect by releasing emotional tension.

The British Journal of Nursing, August, 1941.



COURIER CONCLAVE June 1941

By

FLORENCE BOOKER, NANCY CADWALADER
and MARION SHOUSE

Despite the war and despite the world conditions of desperate gravity, or perhaps because of these things, more couriers gathered at Wendover for the Fourth Courier Conclave than ever before. We were delighted to get back to the hills to see all of our old friends and to feel ourselves a part of the fascinating mountain world once more.

By Tuesday afternoon ten of us were there; Marion Shouse and Marian Wilson came first from Washington, Eleanor Stine-man drove down from Pittsburgh, Fanny McIlvain from Philadelphia, Nancy Cadwalader from Baltimore, Florence Booker from Louisville, Biz Campbell and Emma Coulter from Pittsburgh. Already at Wendover were two junior couriers, Lucy Pitts of Providence and Louise Lewis of New Haven and two old couriers, Jean Hollins and Pebble Stone of New York.

The stables buzzed with activity and we had a chance to reminisce and to take long rides through familiar mountain trails. During the days we were busy with trips and errands.

The volume of work that the Service staff is carrying is terrific for as well as the regular district and hospital work the midwifery school is in full swing with three pupil midwives under the able tutorship of Eva Gilbert. At this time of the year there are many sick babies due to the summer heat and flies. Too, the new midwifery cottage is in process of building and that necessitates frequent trips back and forth to Hyden. The cottage is going to be wonderful and such a godsend to the Hospital for it is terribly crowded.

At Wendover, in addition to the regular staff the four Johnson children were staying, spending their vacation from Buckhorn school. The three boys arrived a day or two after all of us did. A tent had been put up for them on the side of the mountain. Betty Jean, their little sister, had been here for some weeks and the four of them proved delightful, being both helpful and amusing.

There were four gatherings during the week of the courier conclave. The couriers invited the Hospital and Wendover staff to a picnic at Wendover. Everyone gathered under the beeches by the river for supper and sat around the fire afterward singing. The Hospital asked Wendover to go there for a buffet supper and for a treasure hunt, composed in verse by Vanda and Brownie. The hunt took us down to the stable, up to the Annex, down to Joy House—in fact, up and down and around the place until we were exhausted. On the way home, we stopped for a quick dip in the Middlefork to cool off.

The secretaries entertained the couriers one evening with games and races of every variety, ending in a paper chase which led us on a merry scramble up and down the mountain in a desperate effort to find the treasure. On Saturday night a large group piled into Walter Begley's truck and sped up to the Jessie Preston Draper Center at Beech Fork for a picnic. The new road is completed most of the way but for about three miles before one comes to the center, one drives through the river. Inty and Burt and Jo greeted us cordially. We ate supper on the lawn and then gathered around for some songs. It was a very pleasant evening and a good finale for the week.

The Annual Meeting, with Mrs. Breckinridge present, was held on Friday. This year we decided to use the courier fund to make repairs on the stables and to finish refertilizing and replanting the Wendover pastures.

It is difficult for us to express our gratitude to all of the Frontier Nursing Service who made it possible for us to return to meet other old couriers and again, for a brief time, to be part of the organization. It was a real joy in these grave and serious times to come again to the Service and for a little while to enter into some of its responsibilities and pleasures. We only wish that all the other couriers could have been here too. Their

telegrams and cables were greatly appreciated, especially a cable from Alison Bray in England; and we thank Mrs. Breckinridge who always makes us feel so welcome at Wendover.

KNITTED GOODS FOR SALE

The Frontier Nursing Service Cooperative Handknitters have assembled quite a lot of lovely goods for sale this autumn including the following:

Socks

Light wool	12 pr.	\$1.25 per pr.
Children's	3 pr.	.80 per pr.
Ski socks (homespun)	24 pr.	1.50 per pr.

(The wool for the ski socks is carded and spun in the mountain homes.)

Gloves

String	10 pr.	\$1.00 per pr.
Homespun	6 pr.	1.50 per pr.
Red Angora	1 pr.	2.00 per pr.

Sweaters

Slip-overs	9	\$2.50 to \$5.00
Cardigans	6	\$2.50 to \$5.00
Children (2 to 4 years old)	7	\$1.50 to \$4.00
Babies	3	\$1.50 to \$4.00

We will be glad to send selections on approval to our friends. The knitters will take special orders in size, color and variety of wool. All communications should be addressed to Miss Edith Anderson, Wendover, Kentucky.

FROM MAGNA CARTA—1215 A. D.

"No free man shall be taken or imprisoned or disseised, or outlawed, or exiled, or anyways destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none will we deny or delay, right or justice."

Translated from the original Latin by English-Speaking Union News

A LETTER FROM ALPHA OMICRON PI

Evanston, Illinois
July 28, 1941

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

Many thanks for your note of July 18th and for the kind invitation to visit Wendover. As you know nothing could be pleasanter to look forward to. I feel about the eastern Kentucky hills as I used to feel about the skating pond when I was a youngster. I could hardly wait to get there and the nearer I came the faster I would run. I hope I shall be able to "run" to Wendover in not too distant a future.

I do want to tell you a little about the Alpha Omicron Pi Convention. In many ways it was one of the most interesting. Pi, the next oldest chapter in the country, together with New Orleans Alumnae Chapter and other southern chapters prepared a thoroughly delightful meeting with a traditional southern atmosphere. There were present many distinguished personalities from all over the country. Even representatives from our Canadian Chapters managed to attend in spite of war and consequent difficulties.

The Social Service Dinner over which Mrs. George Dean of Montgomery, Alabama presided was one of the high-lights of the Convention. I wish you might have been there. You would have been so proud of Andy. She walked right into the heart and mind of Alpha Omicron Pi, and in less than an hour had explained to every one's delight and satisfaction the function of the Frontier Nursing Service, our part in it as sponsors of the Social Service Department; the value of the work to the country in its farflung influence upon public health and social welfare. Not only did she tell us graphically where our money went and what for, but she spurred us on to new enthusiasm and greater effort. At the end of her talk every one was on her feet and the applause was deafening.

The Social Service Exhibits were thoroughly enjoyed. Isn't it wonderful to see the improvement in the knitting? The wood-

carving may be a timid sprout as yet but it certainly has possibilities. You know already of course, that the quilts were enthusiastically gobbled up in no time.

As you know Alpha Omicron Pi has many and varied interests, but two great enthusiasms. One is promoting a fine quality of citizenship among the young people in the colleges and universities where we have chapters; the other is the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service. It is interesting to note that just as that department is used to promote better citizenship among the young people in your territory, we use it also as a laboratory to awaken civic responsibilities, and to further an understanding of social problems among our undergraduates. We consider this training as a necessary part of their education. We appreciate the opportunity to work with your great organization.

Signed: MARY DEE DRUMMOND

TOTO AND DAIR

"His name is—the First Friend, because he will be our friend for always and always and always."

The Frontier Nursing Service is sad. No longer will we ask: When are Fanny-and-Toto coming?: When will Jean-and-Dair be here?

Princess Toto, a beautiful German Shepherd, friendly, gracious, intelligent left her post as "First Friend" early this summer. Toto has been coming to Wendover for the last three years with her mistress, our senior courier, Fanny McIlvain. Never was a guest more welcome, never did one more deserve that welcome. Always friendly, always joyous, always ready for a game or to go through her tricks, Toto was a great favorite with us all. Yet all of Toto's world centered around her beloved mistress. To all she gave a charming graciousness; to Fanny a deep devotion.

Soon after Toto's death, Widgeon of Fernova, a splendid Golden Retriever, son of Champion Alaisdair of Highstead and Sherry of Tone, also passed to the unknown Hunting Ground. No longer will the eager whine, the joyous tail-wave answer our invitation to a walk. No longer will the golden flash in the woods, the smile of welcome waiting around the bend gladden our rambles. Though ready to share his spare hours with any of us, "Dair" was true to a dog's real duty. Let Jean be sick and nothing could lure him from her side. To many he gave friendship; to Jean, true love.

To Fanny and Jean we extend our deep sympathy.

D. F. B.

YARB LORE IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

"Her qualifications . . . were . . . some skill in *yarbs*, as she called her simples."

Kingsley, *Westward Ho*.

For years it has been our dream to gather together the traditions of the Kentucky mountains about the medicinal uses of wild herbs or yarbs. That we have now begun this fascinating bit of exploration is due to our good fortune in having a visit this spring from an English artist, Mrs. Noel Rawnsley, who was as interested in drawing from nature the various plants as we were in collecting the legends. During the summer an American artist, Miss Leila Kirtland who has lived for many years in Japan, came to visit us and carried on with the sketches. For the local names of the yarbs and their medicinal uses we are indebted to our friend at Wendover, Mrs. Belle Morgan, who used them in raising her own family just as she had been taught by her mother before her. Mrs. Morgan's mother, Dorcas Wilson, was born in the Kentucky mountains in 1838. She married Arch Cornett and died in 1913 at the age of seventy-five. The medicinal use of the yarbs is widespread among the Kentucky mountaineers, and the source of our yarb tradition is unimpeachable.

We reproduce in this issue of the Bulletin eight of Mrs. Rawnsley's and Miss Kirtland's twenty-five drawings, made from zinc etchings after they are reduced in size. Because the collection is far from complete two members of our staff are adding to the sketches from time to time, but another year will roll by before our work is finished. If we bring it out in book form we will add the botanical name to the local name, and it might be useful to check each yarb with old and modern pharmacopoeia for ancient or modern uses.

All of the yarbs in the collection are wild. It seems useless to us to include such tame yarbs as horehound, which are indeed used medicinally in the Kentucky mountains but which are found in every herbal. It should be noted that not all of the yarbs are



I

HEART LEAF

A Plant

Sketched in late April, 1941

Where Found: In any kind of soil, but only in dense shade.

How Used: The leaves, fried with sheep tallow, are used as a salve for burns.



II

SPICEWOOD

A Small Tree

Sketched in early May, 1941

Where Found: Mostly in shade around little streams.

How Used: The limbs broken up and boiled for about twenty minutes are used as a "table tea", "sweetened in olden times with water from a Sugar tree". It was given to children because it was "so good for them".

Yarb Lore

(Continued from preceding page)

plants. We are including every wild growing thing that is used medicinally whether tree, vine, shrub or plant. Our object is to preserve from extinction the Kentucky mountain name and medicinal uses of the wild things.



III
LADY SLIPPER

A Plant
 Sketched in early May, 1941

Where Found: On the tops of mountains in very poor ground.

How Used: The whole root is steeped as a tea and boiled for about twenty minutes. The drink is given to young girls to regulate the menstrual flow, to expectant mothers to build up the abdominal muscles, and also to women after childbirth if they have too much flow.



IV
SASSAFRAS
A Small Tree

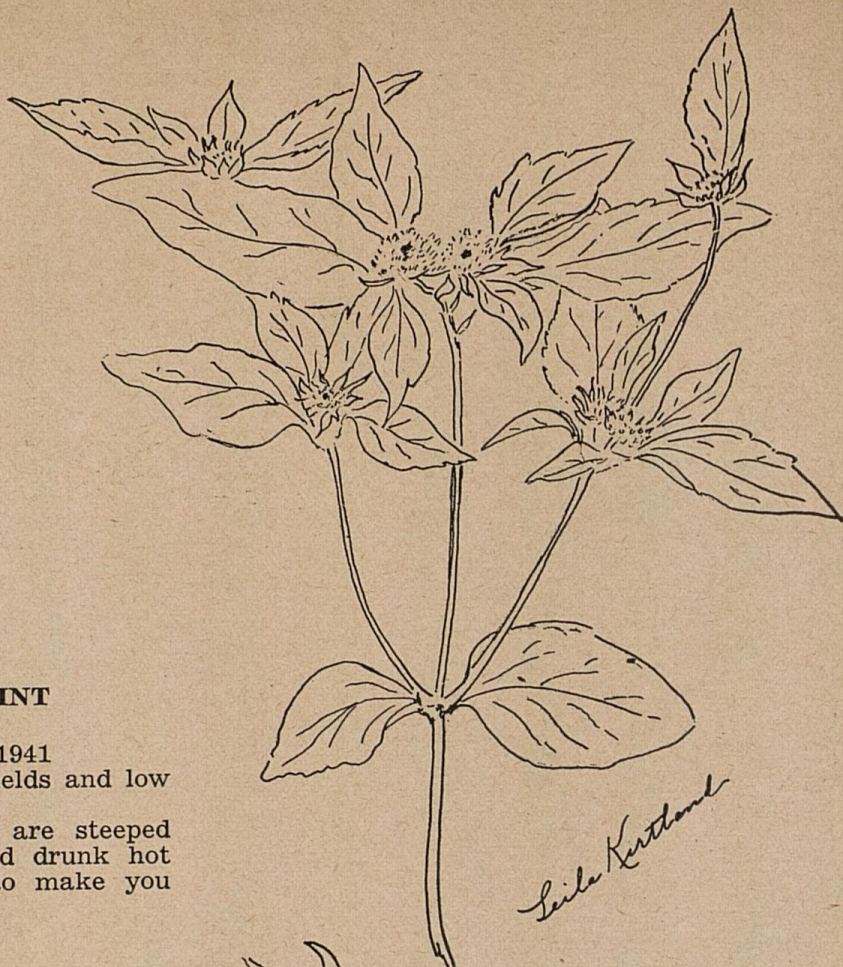
Sketched in early May, 1941

Where Found: In sun or shade almost anywhere.

How Used:

1. The leaves, beat up in sweet milk, are used as poultices for boils. They are put on cold.
2. The roots are washed and the red bark peeled off and steeped for a tea which is given for measles and to "thin your blood when you have too thick a blood and need a tonic".

The root of this Sassafras has a red bark and the tree has both a bloom and a blue berry. There is another form of Sassafras with no bloom and no berry and with a white bark to the root. The white bark root is never used, but the pith of the tender stems of the new growth of this other Sassafras is used as an eye medicine.



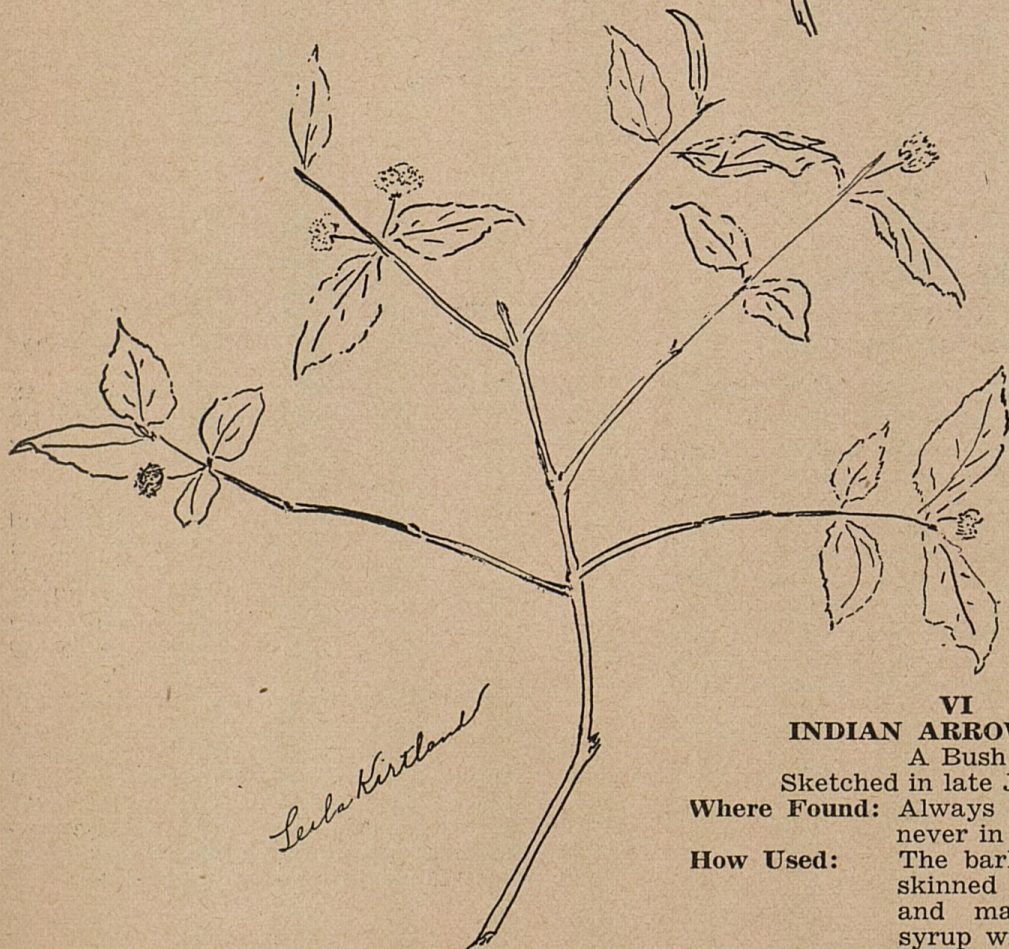
V
WHITE HORSEMINT

A Plant

Sketched in July, 1941

Where Found: Mostly in fields and low land.

How Used: The leaves are steeped like tea and drunk hot for colds, to make you sweat.



VI
INDIAN ARROWWOOD

A Bush

Sketched in late July, 1941

Where Found: Always in the forests, never in the sun.

How Used: The bark of the root is skinned off and boiled and made into cough syrup with honey.

This bush gets its name because the Indians used the stems for making arrows.



VII

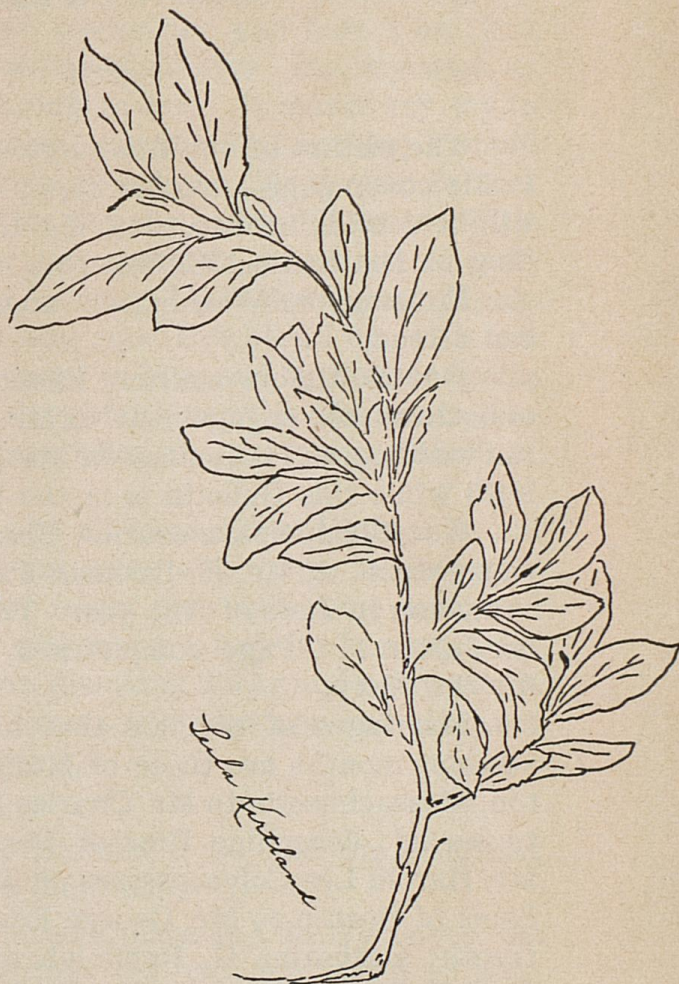
BURVINE

A very tall Plant

Sketched in July, 1941

Where Found: Grows any place.

How Used: The whole root is put in cold water and brought to a boil and then boiled "until it is good and strong", and drunk hot for colds.



VIII

BLUE JOHN

A little Vine

Sketched in late July, 1941

Where Found: Around barns and old places in the sun, but not in the forests.

How Used: The whole vine is boiled and cooled and drunk for diarrhoea.

OLD COURIER NEWS

The picture of our Washington courier, Mary Wilson, on the inside cover page looks as happy as a bride, and Mary Wilson will be a bride on Saturday, the eleventh of October. Her wedding to Mr. Samuel Ellison Neel takes place at the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, and lucky are those friends who can attend.

Our Baltimore courier, Elizabeth Ramseur ("Bettie") has announced her engagement to Mr. Landon Carter Wellford and the wedding will take place in Baltimore on September the twentieth while this Bulletin is in the press.

Our Philadelphia courier, Sheila Clark, has announced her engagement to Mr. E. Rodman Page, Jr., who graduated from Princeton in June of this year. They will be married in December, after Mr. Page completes a four months training course for the Navy.

Marriages of couriers that have taken place through the summer months are those of Mary D. Chase ("Dickie") of Milton, Massachusetts to Mr. Charles Lynn Stone, Jr. on June twenty-second; Josephine Rice of Portsmouth, New Hampshire to Mr. Harold Lee Colvocoresses on July twelfth; Louisa King Williams of Boston to Mr. George Edward Valley, Jr. on July nineteenth; Katharine G. Randolph of Kirkwood, Missouri to Mr. Ford William Thompson, Jr. on August ninth; Helen Elizabeth Butcher ("Betty") of Cambridge, Massachusetts to Mr. Richard Ghormley Eberhart on August twenty-ninth.

To all of these dear girls, whose services have been so freely given to less fortunate sisters, we wish a life full of all the happiness and beauty they truly deserve.

Lucky babies, born in the late spring to old couriers of ours, and by virtue of their sex prospective couriers for the sixties, are: Mary Ayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Storrs, Jr. ("Frennie" Rousmaniere) of New York, and Margarita, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Howard P. Serrell ("Miggie" Noble) of Greenwich, Connecticut.

From "Miggie" we received the following letter in June:

"Many many thanks for your sweet letter welcoming my second child. 'She' arrived two weeks ago and here I am just getting around to telling you all at Wendover. But my wish as to her enrollment is still as strong as ever. It makes my joy in having a daughter two-fold since I can think of nothing I would rather have her do than be able to enjoy a life similar to that which I had with you all. To this day my heart still beats a little faster when I hear Wendover mentioned in any way. If married women could only come back in their same capacity as courier, I would have done so long ago. But here I am with two children to care for and a husband to love and that alone seems to be a most happy job. The daughter's name is Margarita Serrell, so please enroll her. I hope when the time comes she'll be a good A-1 courier!

"As to a visit in the fall—by all means keep hoping. If and when my doctor husband can get away and things in the world are still making some sense, we might very well come down and see you. Even thinking of it makes me a tiny bit homesick for the smell of creosote and horses, quacking ducks and noisy rivers.

"P. S. Emilie Leech was here a few days ago and also sent her best when I spoke of writing."

. . . .

From Elizabeth Cuddy ("Bubbles") we had the following letter written in Cleveland on June 23rd:

"I don't know when I've loved a place as I do Wendover. At odd moments in the day I mentally set back my watch an hour and try and visualize what all of you are doing. . . .

"The day after Harriette and I arrived here, Munyier's who sell laces, etc., was in town and 10% of their sales was for the benefit of the F. N. S. (a good homecoming!)—with my entire approval! Harriette, Kay, Mardie, Barbara and I went and helped them sell. We were there in the morning and there were very few customers. The day before they had done wonderfully, so I hope the Service will benefit a goodly sum. Miss Marsh, one of your old nurses, was there a while and we talked to her at great length. She seems like a peach and wanted us to send to you and everyone else her very best. She seems to be doing a splendid job with her Old People's Home."

We are delighted to announce that our English courier, Alison Bray, has another "pip",—and is the equivalent of a captain. Her brother, Jim, is back on light work in the Near East after months of hospital, but his leg is not quite right yet. He is long-ing to rejoin his unit.

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Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, who as Mary Marvin Breckinridge was one of our earliest couriers, did get home from Germany with her husband some time before her father's sudden death. In all of our aching sympathy for her we have held the thought that he not only lived to see his child home again but to have some weeks of happiness with her. Her husband is now attached to our Embassy in Peru. Fortunately Marvin had not flown there with him, but was still with her mother when her father died. Our last letter from her was posted at the Canal Zone when her boat touched at Cristobal.

Many of our couriers are fitting themselves to be of service in the difficult times ahead. We quote from a recent letter from our old courier, "Pebble" Stone.

"Well, I made the leap and am learning to fly!! It really is loads of fun and after my lesson today my instructor said he felt I was ready to solo. Somehow I do not feel quite the same way, and I added up my time and find I have only four hours and twenty-five minutes, which seems very few to me to be going off on one's own hook. He took me in a spin today and I sure do hope I never do one myself, but I reckon when I know more I will be able to do it if he and so many others can."

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Our courier Mrs. John Pugh, who was Louise ("Weezy") Myers of Washington, D. C., has had to obey government orders and return from the Philippines with her little son, David. At our request she was so kind as to send us the following fascinating description of

ARMY LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

In the good old days before Hitler, the Philippine Islands were looked upon by the army as an ideal station. Work was done early in the morning, siestas were taken, and one month per year of detached service was granted every officer in order

for him to regain his health and vigor in the mountain resort of Baguio. Life, from what I have heard, was what it should be in the tropics; work, play and rest each had its allotted time and no one exerted himself unduly to do today what could just as well be done tomorrow.

When I arrived in the islands last November, conditions had changed and, of course, have changed even more by now. The breathless, hurried feeling was there then and the "grapevine system" was working overtime on rumors which filled the air even before our transport left San Francisco. This feeling of uncertainty, centered around the possibility of war and the evacuation of army families, did not tend to make my six and a half month stay there a pleasant one.

We were stationed at Fort McKinley, a few miles inland from Manila and on higher ground. It was really a perfect place to be, out of the heat and noise of the city but near enough to it for shopping and for parties at the attractive Army and Navy Club. Our household consisted of A-Goo, a Chinese amah, (nurse), a Filipino cook, houseboy and lavandera (laundress). These last were of the Tagalog tribe, living in and around Manila. It is possible to have three or four native servants for the price of one in the States, and some of them are excellent. They have to be told exactly what to do, however, and they follow instructions to the letter, which sometimes has amusing results. I told my cook that in the hot weather we preferred to have only cold dishes for lunch, upon which we were served cold baked beans and cold vegetable soup! The cook is the head man and will order the food and plan the meals. The houseboy waits on table, does the cleaning and is a general handy man. Our lavandera, a pretty young girl, was the most intelligent and hard working of our Filipino servants. She came every day and washed everything from evening dresses to bath mats. Her laundry was the backyard and her implements a shallow tin pan, cold water and Ivory soap. The results were equal to those of the most expert hand laundry. The Tagalog woman, we found, was usually the boss of the family and managed the financial affairs, while the man did the cooking and housework.

With the incomparable A-Goo to take care of my child I had freedom for other things. I played a great deal of golf on

the little eighteen hole course in the middle of our post. My morning games, however, became increasingly difficult on week days because the golf course was also the training ground for recruits and they were always getting in the way! I rode too, of course, and the soldiers even interfered somewhat with that! The bridle path encircled the golf course, and soldiers were continually leaping out from behind trees, rifle in hand, or suddenly rising from a prone position beside the path to scurry along a few yards and flop down again. This was disconcerting to the most mild mannered horse, and it was difficult to keep even my experienced old "Sir Conrad" from shying. I usually did my riding early in the morning or late in the afternoon, the heat in the middle of the day being too hard on the horses. The army and the Manila Polo Club held numerous informal horse shows, which were lots of fun and gave us plenty of practice for the annual, big Army Relief Show. The horses in the Islands were not high class, but many of them were excellent jumpers and competition was not lacking.

From November until February I loved the life and thought that here indeed was an island paradise. The climate compared favorably with both Texas, where I had been before going to the Philippines, and Washington, D. C., my home. The nights were cool, the days pleasantly hot and there was no rain to interfere with outdoor activities. Soon, however, I was longing for rain! As the tropical sun beat down day after day, hotter and hotter, it sapped the life from the grass and from the earth itself, it seemed. By April the only green things left were the frequently watered lawns around the houses and the greens on the golf course. All else was parched and brown and cracked. Color was present only in the brilliant flame trees, true to their name with their flashy orange blossoms unmixed with green, and the plentiful bougainvillaea, in varying shades from blood red to royal purple. The nights were almost as hot as the days and what little breeze there was brought with it soot and dust which settled on everything. I found myself wishing for Washington or Texas where the heat confines itself to a comparatively short period in the summer and where it is relieved by occasional refreshing rains. The officers suffered most, in their ridiculous heavy khaki uniforms completely unsuited to tropical conditions.

The Filipino Army dresses its officers and men in shorts, short sleeved shirts and sun helmets, a sensible and neat costume, but not we. Our men dress as they do in a summer in New England!

The rumors concerning the evacuation of army families became facts and the worry and the sadness, together with the heat, prevented my really enjoying much of my last three months in the Islands. By the time I sailed, on May fourteenth, the dry season was nearly over and the rains were starting, but I could not stay to see the grass grow rich and green again.

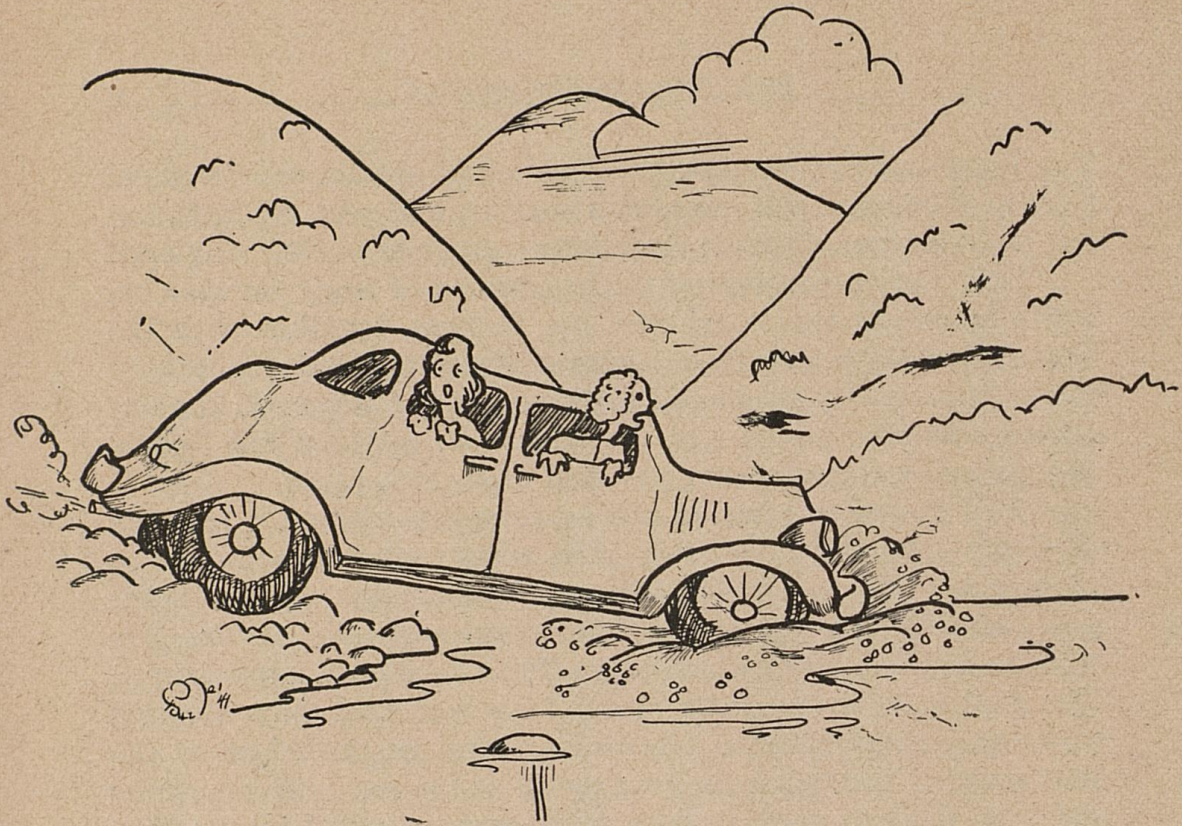
This description would not be complete without a mention of Camp John Hay, the lovely little army post in the mountains at Baguio. The last few miles up the amazing "zigzag" bring you suddenly into the cool, exhilarating mountain air, the pine woods and the flowers which make this a spot I will never forget. The post is a perfect little resort with a central mess building and sweet little cottages scattered around on the edges of the golf course. You can have your meals at the mess, which serves delicious food, or you can take your servants with you and keep house. There is a branch of the Army and Navy Club there where "steak fries" are held every Saturday night for all of the visitors. The golf course is beautiful, and sporting to say the least, built as it is upon ground better suited to a mountain goat than to a human following a small white ball. I was entranced with the place, as everyone is, and wished that I could have had three times the ten days that I spent there. I am afraid that it is deserted now, as the leisure time of officers in the army is non-existent for the present. They have to do without the tonic of the mountains, the siestas and the pleasant postponement of disagreeable tasks. Perhaps the time will come again when they can enjoy the lazy life of the tropics in the true land of manana.

CHRISTMAS BULLETIN SUBSCRIPTIONS

At the suggestion of a number of our Bulletin subscribers we have ordered a charming Christmas gift card with the Winter Baby and the furry animals on the cover. Inside a Christmas greeting message says that a one-year subscription to the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service is presented to the recipient by the donor.

If those of you who wish to give the Quarterly Bulletin for one year to a friend will send us the subscription we will send the greeting card to your friend the middle of December when the autumn number of the Bulletin (with special Christmas features) will be in the mails.

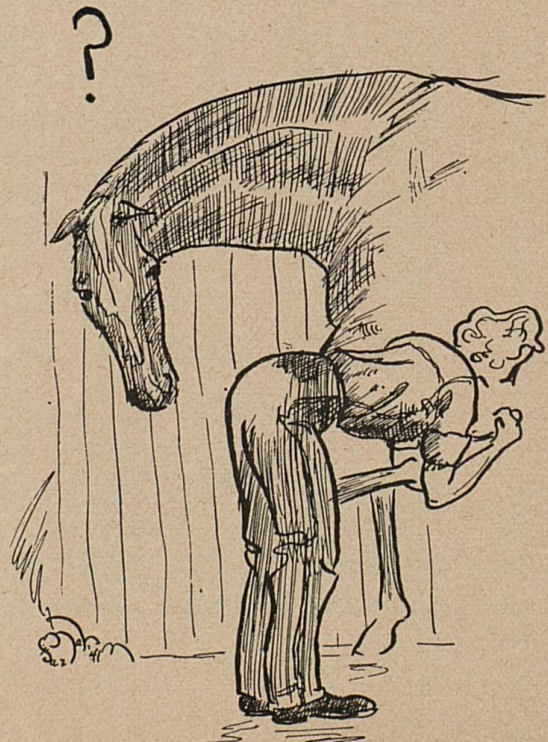
A JUNIOR COURIER'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS



"Edsel" conveys us to Wendover

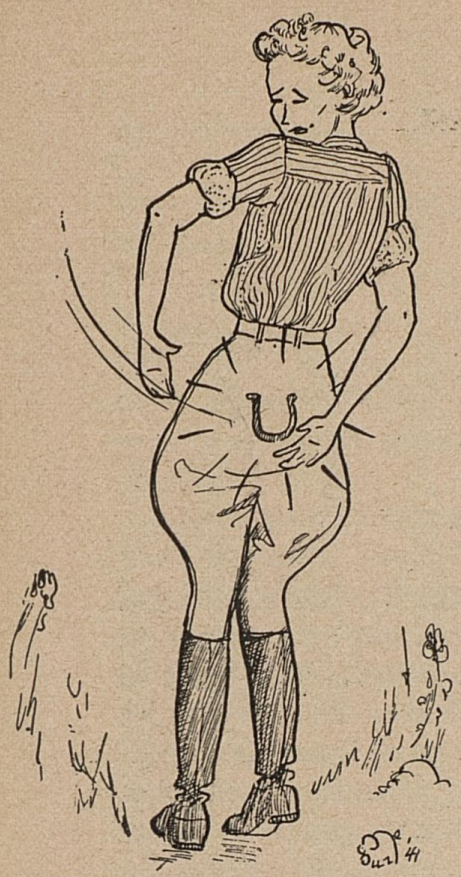


We groom our first horse

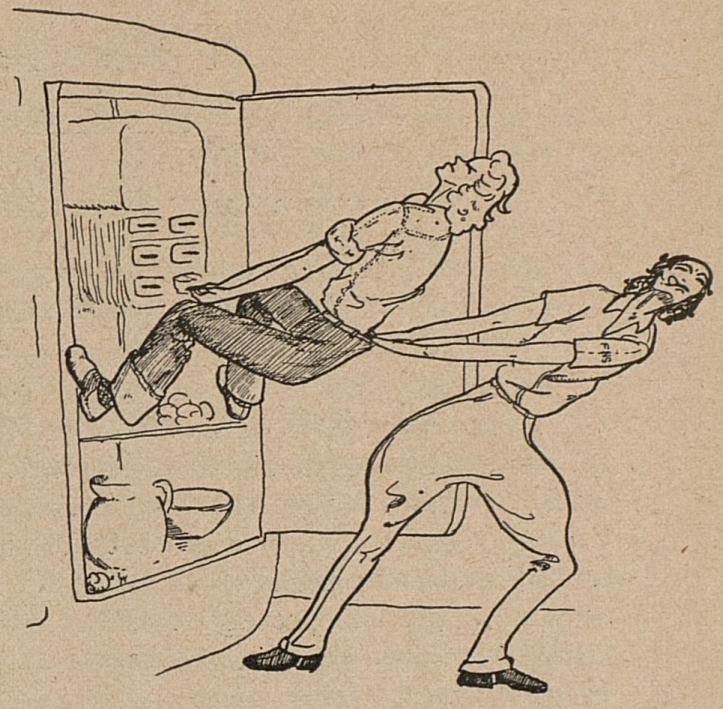


Horses have "first impressions," too

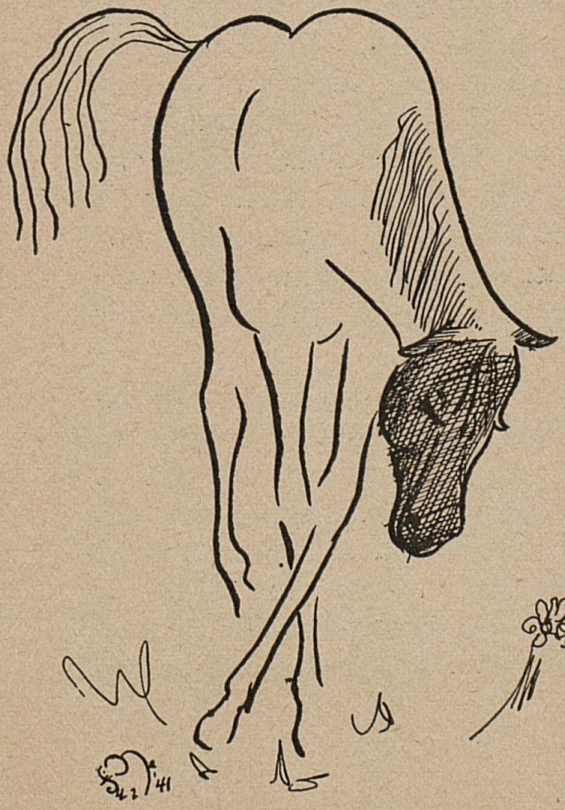
By BARBERIE ("BOBBIE") WHIPPLE, ROCHESTER COURIER



This is another kind of "first impression" (but one of the most lasting)



Our pre-tea-time wrestling matches for ice cubes



Some horses are camera-shy —

In Memoriam

SCOTT DUDLEY BRECKINRIDGE, M. D.

*God rest you happy gentleman,
Let nothing you dismay.*

English Folk Song

In the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service there were a few people without whom the Service could not have begun its work, without whom that work could not have been carried through. One of these was Scott Breckinridge. To this remote and at that time incredible experiment, he gave from the beginning not only the prestige of his name as a great obstetrician but his services whenever we called upon him, in generous measure, always.

To Scott Breckinridge, privileges of birth and breeding and education were nothing but demands upon a man for responsibility and service. Once in the early days when the going was so rough that my courage failed and I asked him why we had gone out of our way to take responsibility for the lives of so many thousands of people, he answered me, "Had we failed to do it we would have been untrue to everything that has come down to us from the past". There was no problem so large or so small but that he gave it his undivided attention; there was no emergency to arise but that he met it. Always, a poignant need of the humblest and loneliest mother would find him on his way to us, and hundreds of such mothers are alive and well today because of him.

And how we loved him! Few men are so many-sided, so complete in public and private life. His marriage was supremely happy and to his young sons and daughter he was all that a father should be. His religious life, though silent, was profound. In sportsmanship he was a superb fencer and won the national amateur foil championship in 1906 and in 1914, and gained a berth on the United States Olympic foil team in 1912. He was president of the Blue Grass Council of Boy Scouts and at his

burial service a cordon of these Scouts stood at attention around his grave.

In the youth of Scott Breckinridge the soldier and the physician struggled for expression and though the physician won, the soldier in him had his innings too. He was a graduate of West Point, but left the army to take his training as a physician and then as an obstetrician and gynecologist. Childbirth, the battlefield of women, where the danger of death and mutilation is greater than that for men in war, was the challenge he felt called upon to meet. For the mothers of the nation he fought most of his fifty-nine years except when the first World War drew him back into the service of men. As colonel in the Medical Corps of the United States Army he was commanding officer of Base Hospital Number 69 at Saveney, France.

In the old Lexington Cemetery, where six generations of his family are buried under the shadow of primeval forest trees, we buried the body of Scott Breckinridge; but who shall say that a host of his peers were not there to greet so great a warrior, when he passed over to the other side?

MRS. NANCY BOWLING, Flat Creek, Kentucky

MR. JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE, York Village, Maine and
Santa Barbara, California

MRS. N. A. GRAVER, New York and Nevada

MR. STACY B. LLOYD, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEAN RICHARD LIGHTBOURNE McCREADY, Louisville, Kentucky

DR. A. GRAEME MITCHELL, Cincinnati, Ohio

MRS. ZYLPHA MORGAN, Wendover, Kentucky

MR. WILLIAM STANHOPE ROWE, Madisonville, Ohio

MISS LUCY S. TAINTOR, Hartford, Connecticut

MISS ROSALYN TAFT, Cincinnati, Ohio

*There, is the good that every soul desires,
There, is the peace to which the world aspires,
And there, are love and joy forevermore.*

French—Sixteenth Century

As the seasons pass the generations are gathered in and among them are people whose lives have influenced the Frontier

Nursing Service, people whose memories will be kept alive in our records always. Some of the names which have mattered to us are widely known and some are those of quite hidden excellence. One of those who has recently died, Dr. Graeme Mitchell, lent the lustre of his distinguished name and gave service of great value to our National Medical Council. Others include members of our Committees, old and faithful subscribers, a mother of a courier, the husband of a Trustee, the father of a Trustee and courier, the little daughter of two of our earliest friends. To all of them we are grateful and we like to think of their useful and honored lives. One and all they have traveled the inevitable road that leads "to where beyond these voices there is peace".

OF REPRISALS

With all Britain ravaged by bombs and in peril of invasion, we may believe that Blake, were he now with us on Earth, would have lived again the emotions of the boy who wrote the *War Song*; but that his assent to the arbitrament of arms would always be conditioned by the most chivalrous code we may be certain. The idea of Revenge was to him the very essence of anti-Christianity, the worst of evils. He would have applauded the decision to abstain from retaliation upon non-military targets, and have answered the hasty advocates of indiscriminate bombing in some such mystic mood as this:—

As surely as our murderous Foe
Murders himself with every blow,
So will each Innocent we slay
The wings of the Dove of Peace delay.

For every Child is an equal Thing
In the just scales of Heaven's King,
And a tear from a Mother's broken heart
May haply break the Victor's dart.

C. R. CAMMELL in *Light*,
July 3, 1941, London.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Not long ago we received a letter from a friend in Maysville, Kentucky which began like this:

"My Bulletin just came and tho' I am supposed to be lying down with hot packs on my eyes, I could not resist going against doctor's orders and taking a peep at my favorite magazine. . . . It makes one's heart ache to read the letters from your nurses. Their courage, fortitude, stick-to-it-ness and sense of humor is a lesson to all of us—and England will win because of these traits. . . . May God bless them and you—their work and yours."

Words such as these, and we receive an almost uncountable number, affect us deeply. The primary purpose of "Old Staff News" was to keep our nurses in touch with one another. We did not think when we started this column that it would prove the most profoundly interesting section of the Bulletin to a wide circle of people. As will be gathered from their context, the letters are written to different members of the F. N. S. group.

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Before starting the letters we have a few bits of news to give. Our "Peacock" in London is depressed, because she has been forcibly promoted and is now second in command of a lot of ambulance drivers and responsible for training many of them. Her nephew, Peter Moore, was reported missing in Libya. As a matter of fact he was captured by Germans and turned over to the Italians for safekeeping. While photographers were taking pictures of the prisoners he slipped off, raided the Italian larder, and then just walked off at night while the sentry was singing operatic airs. He did a thirty-two mile trek across the desert and arrived safely in Tobruk. The English papers wrote up the story and entitled it "Comic Opera Escape".

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We are happy to announce the birth on July 11th of a daughter, Allison Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Rolland Armstrong at Fairbanks, Alaska. Mrs. Armstrong will be remembered as Katherine Ratcliffe, one of the most devoted and ablest nurses we ever had at the Hyden Hospital. It was there that she met Mr. Armstrong, a Presbyterian minister stationed in Hyden. We

were glad to share in the dawn of a romance that has led to one of the most satisfactory marriages that we know. We wish Allison Anne a long life of happy usefulness.

We quote from a letter received this summer from Edith L. Marsh ("Marshie") of Cleveland. We did indeed enjoy hearing about the well-deserved compliment that came to her through the South African Nursing Journal:

"I want to tell you of the surprise I had about ten days ago. I received a copy of the South African Nursing Journal with the compliments of the editor. I couldn't imagine why but when I opened it the first article was 'The Care of the Chronically Ill.' I thought to myself, 'How interesting' and started to read it without noticing who had written it, and it sounded very familiar, and here it was my own article reprinted in full from the American Journal of Nursing. I was thrilled to pieces over it and so glad the copy came through O. K. I knew you'd enjoy hearing about it too."

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**From Mickle Minor at No. 23 General Hospital, Middle
East Force—February 28, 1941.**

(By regular mail—received in three and a half months)

Your last letter took four months to arrive. Robbie, Ethel and I spent a delightful two weeks (*on leave*),—one in Cairo and one in Alexandria, and find it very difficult to settle down to army life again. We visited the pyramids on camels and the excavations around Cairo and were enchanted with the Nile valley and its ancient system of irrigation. We padded into beautiful mosques with our feet enveloped in shoes that would fit a camel. Best of all I think we enjoyed our visit to the Monsky and Ahmed Solomon's perfume palace where we spent a most delightful hour sipping coffee and smelling the perfume till we finally emerged a trio of amber, beloi, and Secret-of-the-Desert. (Don't know what the Secret is but it smells good). At Alexandria we hit the high spots and arrived back at camp after a nineteen-hour train journey ready for a good sleep. We are on night duty, not with our own unit, but not so far away. I am the only sister with three hundred odd Italian prisoners. So picture me now sitting over the oil stove and writing this by hurricane lamp. By day we sizzle in our beds and by night we shiver, though it is

certainly beginning to warm up even at night. There is very little to do as the orderlies do the work and always make rounds with me, so I fill in my time trying to learn some useful fragments of Italian. What with the jackals screaming outside the compound and the pi-dogs yelping and the guard prowling around it is decidedly eerie, but the lovely mornings are a joy. The grounds are a mass of wild lupine, and tulips and anenomes. The poor Italian kids are pathetic creatures, very grateful and I'm sure more than glad to be out of it all; eager to show one snaps of their wives and bambinos and sweethearts which they keep carefully under their pillows. What a lot Mussolini has to answer for! One realizes it more and more seeing these ignorant peasant boys caught up in this awful war for which many of them have no heart. One would like to think our own boys are faring as well in some strange country. I wonder!

I sometimes have to pinch myself to know if I really am living this or watching a play. Normal life or even the prospect of future normal life recedes farther and farther away. The oranges are still dropping on the ground to be wasted and orange blossoms taking their place, so that the same story can be repeated again next year.

From Mickle Minor, Middle East Force—May 6, 1941

(By air mail—Received in one month)

I was delighted last week to have your letter of 11th January; also the Summer and Autumn Bulletins—more especially as we had had no news from the other side since November; with the exception of your cable, which reached us a day or two before Christmas. I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate it knowing how hectic the work must be these days. The Bulletins give us more news about home than ever we receive here, although letters do seem to be coming through a little better just now and we do have our regular cables. We are very proud of our people at home and theirs is the spirit which is going to win the last battle—the battle which will count no matter what happens in the meantime. We listened to Mr. Churchill last week and went to bed greatly fortified. We have just had news of some of our friends returned from Greece and are very relieved to know of their safety. They arrived with just the

clothes they were wearing. All the sisters (*British head nurses*) came back safely.

We are still taking care of the Italians and are beginning to doubt if we shall ever be able to speak our own language correctly again. Only yesterday I found myself, in the stress of the moment, speaking Englo-Italio to one of our own orderlies and gesturing wildly until the dumbfounded expression on his poor, bewildered face brought me back to consciousness. We were very amused. The Italians are certainly very exhausting. They are the most inventive people and make tools and gadgets from nothing at all. One of them presented me with an egg whisk concocted from a piece of wire picked off the ground. And, Woolworth couldn't compete! On another occasion a table turned up made, I suspect, from 'borrowed' wood with the aid of a bread knife; I regret to say to the detriment of the knife. They are crazy about flowers, which the tent never lacks. And one is reminded of Ferdinand the Bull when they come in with their posies. What a tragedy they didn't stick to their peaceful pursuits.

We have a great many Aussies around here. We think a lot of our Aussies—wild creatures though they be. We met three back from Greece today who stopped us and asked if we were Australian sisters;—knowing we were not, of course, but just by way of introduction. We said we weren't but were much better! They couldn't quite agree with this but all they wanted was to have a crack about Greece. They were just longing to get back into the fighting. Poor Greece and Yugoslavia—two more valiant countries smashed to pieces and out of action for the time being. It doesn't bear thinking of how all the people of these devastated countries must be suffering. I often wonder how the author of this particular little poem would write if such desolation had befallen our own country. I copied it out because it is the dream of every soldier, whatever his nationality, be he friend or foe, as evidenced by those pitiful little dirty, worn and crumpled bundles of letters and pictures that are always so carefully cherished beneath the pillow.

"I lay wide eyed and watched, and all around
And down the length of the long wooden room,
The hesitant light of candles, golden warm,
Played with the shadows quickened and grotesque;

And in the candle brass formed small, pale stars,
That gleamed a second till the wind's caprice
Blew a new constellation on a tin
And a soft star upon a sword-guard's steel,
And the soft sheen of old leather, blackened brown,
Like the old taproom rafters of an inn . . .
In England—England—Now the brown leaves fall
In England and the wood smoke acrid sweet
Breathes Autumn to the dying trees, while men
Look in their fires, and the old year dies.

“Slowly, and one by one, the candles fail.
The gramophone has stopped, and now I think:
There is my room at home and its white shelves
Of books; the brass white bed; the lamp I used
To read by; where the night was friendly
And the very dark—a comfortable refuge,
And on the wall a picture that I bought
At great expense, that I could ill afford.
Now I am glad of it—glad that I can
Think of it waiting. Do all these that sleep
Dream the same dream as I? I think they do;
And from this narrow room go all our dreams
Out and above the hills: and in the room
The candle flickers out and I am home.”*

But something of the feeling is read in the expression on the faces of the Polish people and others we see here. It goes to the heart. They laugh and talk and work like the rest of us but in repose the look is always there. Perhaps this will be (and I think it will be) the last letter I shall write to you living in a country at peace—if it can be called peace). We feel confident and have always done so that your country will be fighting along with us soon. President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are a marvelous pair and will get us out on top.

The heat now is terrific and during Khomsins one just gives up trying to breathe. Sand in everything. We have quit our tiny tents and are living in tents which, although red hot, are at least spacious and we have each a room to ourselves which is luxury personified. No window panes, but a sort of unbleached fabric. We have fly-screened ours with gauze and feel almost as if we were in America! The jackals howl around at night, and we feel Mr. Churchill's description of Mussolini is very apt.

We greatly appreciate your retaining us as members of the Kentucky Midwives Association. I wonder if we shall ever be practising midwives again. Certainly the Teachers Certificate will never now be mine. Your school has really turned out a

*We are not sure that we have read correctly all of the words in this poem.

great success and it's wonderful to think you have been able to replace your rapidly depleted staff. It must have entailed an enormous amount of additional work and effort for you all.

The very best of luck and good wishes to you all and to the Service. This is a quite newsless letter but it must of necessity be so. . . . For now au revoir.

From Mickle Minor, Middle East Force—May 11, 1941.

After only two months your February letter reached me last week; which is very good for modern times!! I was so pleased to have it and come out of the army for a brief spell to enjoy old times. The pictures of the family and the new house are delightful. Hannah and Nancy are the Hannah and Nancy whom I know, though I do suppose Nancy must be long in the legs by now. As for Johnnie, I can't believe it. He is just a small miniature of yourself. What is the name of the pup? The house looks lovely and so cool. . . . Just now we are in a coma. Yesterday 118 degrees F. in the shade—today 10 degrees cooler. It is worse even than the Red Sea in August, especially as we have to walk 10 minutes over the sand to the tents. Tents! I wonder they don't catch fire with a strong wind like a red hot flame blowing and no respite at night. The moon looks like a ball of molten lead—horrible to look at. Thermometers in methylated spirit went up to 106 degrees F. and those in our pockets went phut, and still we keep fit. They tell us May and November are the worst months for these Khamsins which last 1, 3 or 5 days and occur every two or three days. How the boys endure the desert is beyond belief. Outside my window a camel and a cow are grazing and making much use of their tails. Seems to me we should have all been provided with tails. The flies and mosquitoes (non-malarial here) are in their supreme element to say nothing of the little sand flies. Ethel has already been down with sandfly fever, but the weeds—Robbie and self—keep going.

We seem to be taking life very seriously these days and seldom give vent to spontaneous hilarity. In fact we shall be a grim lot despite the fact that much that happens in this life is very amusing, but inconsistently so. We are nursing Italians just now and find it impossible not to like them, they are so like children and have no business to be messed up with this war.

They do not appear to have any love for the Germans; in fact they are petrified of them. I am doing medical work—dysentery ward and find it very interesting. Most of the Italian doctors are very co-operative and a great help in matters of discipline. Poor devils,—I would hate to be a prisoner—however well treated.

You are all practically in the war now and I'm sure will be by the time this reaches you. How sad it all is. I do not think Britain and the United States will ever again be quite such separate countries. It does behoove the English speaking people to hang together. . . . It is awful to think that with all the great people there are in the world all their efforts are being expended to continue this terrible business of death and destruction. It is all so crazy, when we think of all the beautiful things that would be done with their brains and money if only someone could find a way for men to live and let live.

. . . .

**From Robbie at 23rd Scottish General Hospital, Middle
East Force—May 6, 1941.**

(By air mail—Received in one month)

Please forgive me for not having written sooner. I have not forgotten you. On the contrary, I have written you many imaginary letters. They were much better than any real letters I could ever write. But it has suddenly dawned on me that however good imaginary letters are, they can never reach you; and however bad a real letter may be, you would much rather have one. Thank you ever so much for the Bulletin which is always a source of joy, and thanks so much for your letter received some weeks ago. Bless you all and the whole of the U. S. A. for the great things you have done, and are still doing for our country in its hour of need. We are grateful.

I have often been puzzled by the expression "What is the man in the street thinking?" Now I know! If the ordinary British Tommy is, "the man in the street", then that British Tommy speaks for the whole of Britain. I have listened to scraps of their conversations. Here is an example of what one hears in the tent: "Och, aye mun, we've all right"; "America is a great country, look what they are doing for us." Of course we'll win the

war, America is still with us;" "Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes." What a wealth of gratitude behind those shy Scottish voices! And those boys should know; they are using the guns and planes sent from America. And so from those boys and myself, and I am sure the whole of Britain, Thank you.

Mick has told you where we are and what we have done and seen (nearly everything) in this country. It is really very beautiful. We are just an hour's run in the bus to the nearest town, which I rarely ever visit. I much prefer the country and riding. While I am writing this and from where I am sitting I can see through my window distant hills and a marvelous beautiful stretch of green country,—a country which in a month's time will be scorched and parched with the sun, when this fairy land which I now look at will have changed to its original state, "the desert".

At the moment the sun is slowly and mercifully sinking its hot rays behind those hills, leaving in its stead a coolness, a wonderful display of colour in the sky, the beauty of which is peculiar only to the "East". All this leaves a feeling of peace, a peace that comes at the end of a hot day spent under canvas.

The beauty of the sunset, the aloneness of one's self with the exception of the inevitable camel, with its very dirty, but nevertheless picturesque, rider the Arab! And so in the quietness of all this, I find myself very near to you way back in Kentucky and in spirit I am riding Lady Ellen to Wendover, you are meeting me at the door, and I hear your voice saying, "Come in little wee Robbie". . . . What a lot we have gained by our stay with you in Kentucky. I am afraid this letter is not very interesting, but the news I could give I am not allowed. One thing I would ask. Please write when you have a minute. Letters take months sometimes to get here and I don't get many. Bless you always.

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From Bridget on the Island of Nauru, Central Pacific—
May 27, 1941.

We have learnt more about the war conditions in England from the Bulletins than from all our other reading put together. But best of all is your brother's article. (*"The Gift of One Common Tongue"* by Major-General J. C. Breckinridge, *Autumn Bul-*

letin, 1940). Do you think I might have six copies, also a set of Dr. Kooser's articles? Vincent (*her husband, Dr. Tothill*) has just had a very bad pellagra case, so is especially interested to read Dr. Kooser's findings.

We've just had six weeks leave. Spent it in the Bay of Islands N.2—a charming spot. Revelled in the peace and quiet and enjoyed the delicious food, tho' I would have appreciated the latter better if I could have shared it with the hungry. I'd forgotten just how nice N.2 is,—lovely agricultural country with plenty of green grass and running water—gay gardens and freshly painted houses. The State houses are especially pleasing—both inside and out. . . . My love to you.

. . . .

From Mac on Ambulance Train No. 22 E. M. S. England—

June 1st, 1941.

Well, it was a year yesterday since I left Hyden with a very heavy heart and lots of things have happened since then. Sometimes I wonder if it is all real or only a dream and then you see tanks, guns and masses of soldiers, and planes overhead, and you realize the danger and peril our country is in. We have faith and are fighting for liberty, so shall go on right to the end.

We are all very grateful to your country for the help we are getting. In today's paper I see some cheese has arrived, as well as bombs. Everything is rationed and you have to stand in a line for cigarettes and it is just too bad for the last few, but believe me I am very near the door when it is opened. The people are wonderful and take things with a smile. The country is beautiful just now and lilac in full bloom. I have a little garden of my own and the first thing I planted was—can you guess—yes, Petunias, and they are coming up in spite of smoke and soot from the trains passing. I also put in some onions and radishes but so far no sign of anything. I can picture you planting and admiring your own work. Seems such a long time ago and I just can't bear to think of it all. One gets a lump of homesickness for things, but that passes for bigger things, and we just carry on.

Good-bye, and with my love to you all, good-night.

From Peggy Tinline in Kent—June 1, 1941.

The Bulletin came one day during the week and was I glad to get it. Thank you very, very much, whoever it is who sends it, I'm grateful.

I saw Betty on Friday and hope to see her again this evening. She is working at Woolwich—is well and happy. I had a P. C. from Peacock (Willeford sent me her address). She expects to be transferred to Cardiff or Chester and is to work for the same unit of the Red Cross to which she was attached during the last war.

I haven't seen Green since we met at Dinnie's and had a glorious lunch there, and met again next day at Betty's sister's where we had tea. That was at Easter when Green had a few days off.

We heard on the radio this morning about fires in New Jersey amongst food and articles which were to be sent here. What a horror it all is and, as you say, where is it going to end? I think we who are really in the war are better off than you folk who don't know quite what may happen—and if it is war for you, we here do understand the bombing, etc., while you at the moment can only fear and dread it. Clothing now is rationed, but it all makes for a fair distribution as there is so much selfishness. People are hoarding and this makes great dissatisfaction amongst folk who have not the money to obtain more than day to day needs.

Did I tell you I had a nice letter from Bascombe Bowling? He told me all about his family, what they were doing, etc. I do want to come back to Flat Creek one day and see everyone—all those fine little boys and girls, the mothers (how kind they all were to me!), and the fathers who used to chat away as we rode along at all hours and through all weathers. "Hants" were my specialty. Do you know about the man on Sugar Creek who rides along "without nary a head" and always disappears at a certain place? Even the most sober of the citizens in that locality have seen him.

I still go to London every day to work and like it very much. My husband, who has worked in the city all his life, is just broken-hearted about the destruction there. All the city churches, the old inns, courtyards, little tea shops where friends met daily,

are gone. However, I get busy rebuilding it—Large, green squares whereon to land by parachute the old gentlemen and others who come daily to the city from their homes in the beauty spots of Britain. No longer, we hope, will people live around the dock yards but far out in the country and come daily to work by plane. The girls will have pretty colored parachutes to match their dresses. Can't you see them all floating down and landing? I haven't yet devised a scheme (excepting by block and tackle) to get them back into their air liners at 5 p. m. though. Maybe you could think something out. Every other boy here is learning to fly and so I suppose they are in Germany.

Give my love to everyone you hear from when you write, also all old friends in the mountains. Did enjoy reading of the fourth thousand midwifery cases. Carry on the F. N. S. Good work.

At the end of the month we hope to go to Scotland for about eight days to visit our daughter who is staying on my brother's farm. I'm getting very fat with all this rationing!

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From Macdonald in London—June 8th, 1941.

I do feel ashamed that I have never written to you all this long time but really there is such a lot to do in a day now the days come and go and at the end there is always something else we wish we had time to do. You have my home address. I cannot give you my working address but it is in the London area, where it has been for the last three and a half years. I am doing public health, mainly midwifery and district teaching.

We are quite used to the blitz here. The people are not happy, but quite cheerful, determined, hopeful,—they know that things will become much worse yet, but are quite prepared to stick anything for the sake of their children, knowing that in the end all will be well.

It has been distressing to go around my district the morning after a night blitz, find homes to the ground, mothers who have come regularly to clinic for prenatal care so that they and their babies would be safe at delivery,—to find them and their infants killed with a bomb before the babies have scarcely seen daylight. We are so used to sirens now that occasionally they go and we do not hear them.

At present no one here worries about the clothes ration but rather treats it as a joke. Food ration is more a problem, but it gives the people quite a pleasure to show each other what a lot of different ways you can serve up herrings, or how you can make an ounce of cheese look like four.

The country is at its prettiest now. I often think of Bucket, how kind she was to gather me the morning glory buds so that I could see them open in the morning. Hope Agnes is still with you and if so will she please give Mary (*her horse*) a piece of sugar for me. Your sugar is not yet rationed!

I enjoy the Bulletins. The Mickles will be in it too. My youngest sister is out there too. Kindest regards to everyone and best wishes for the F. N. S.

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From Sybil Holmes on a Cunard White Star boat—

June 13, 1941.

As you see we are off somewhere "destination unknown" tho' we think we have a very good idea.

The Sisters (*British name for head nurses*) are being given the time of their lives as we are few among many. We get news daily. The food is super.

I've just been warned this has to be posted in ten mins. Love to everyone and of course the brutes. Bless you all.

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From Madge in Northern Ireland—June 17, 1941.

We moved into our "battle base" a couple of weeks ago, and are now actually living on ye old ambulance train, and a fine life I find it. I am trying to coax my C. O. to wear gold ear-rings and a red sash just for effect, whilst I will fix up a pot and brew love potions and tell fortunes to Irish Colleens. We have a wee compartment sitting room, a compartment dining room, and a bunk bedroom each (two officers, two sisters), eighteen orderlies who sleep in bunks in a huge carriage.

We are in the wilds of the country, three and a half miles from the nearest shopping centre. Our nearest neighbour is a retired railwayman, who called about every two hours our first day here, and presented me impressively with:

1. bunch of tulips
2. half a pound of butter
3. homemade sandwich cake
4. large zinc hip-bath

Who says my charms are waning!!!!

I am now a day's journey from Margaret, although she has spent a weekend and two odd days with me on the train. She has been to tea and dinner today, with her commanding officer. I've just seen 'em off.

We were thrilled last week. We evacuated about two hundred sick and wounded from military hospitals to safer military hospitals—via our wee train. Matters worked smoothly and my orderlies worked like Trojans, determined that all should go well. We served lunch and tea to all patients, besides carrying out all medical duties. Ours is a super train, ours is. The General has complimented us since, and our C. O. is as pleased as a cat with nine tails.

I was out strolling round tonight and met an old dame of 85, whose Grandpa was at Waterloo—she informed me “Sure me dear, things have changed since I was a girl.” I bet they have!!!

We were sure you had all written at Christmas, but just guessed they'd gone sea-bottomwards. Thanks all the same for the loving thoughts that came winging over the Atlantic.

Give my best love to everyone I know—secretaries, couriers, nurses, district folk, oh! just everybody. I think often of you all.

No more now. I must write some more letters anon. If I shut my eyes I can see you all so plainly. Thank you a thousand times for Cameron's (*her horse*) May Day outfit. I wonder if he'd know me? Just whisper to him that I still love him best of all.

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From Kelly at her mother's home in the country in England—

Sunday, July 26, 1941.

I am home now for my three nights off and have slept the biggest part of the time. Maud and John came over last night and we played bridge until quite late. You see in London I go on duty at 9:30 at night and come off at 8:00 in the morning,

but, owing to the shortage of staff, instead of the usual two staff nurses to help I have only one. So most mornings I do not get my report finished, by the time I have seen matron and the doctor, until 9:30 A. M. So after a bath it is usually 10:30 A. M. before I get to bed. We are called at 6:00 P. M. and from then until 9:30 I find it takes all my spare time in the garden. We really took over more land than we should have done I think.

Of course life goes on much the same over here today as before the war—huge queues waiting to go to the movies. Last week a friend and I waited an hour to see "Gone With The Wind", but the seats ran out when there were only four people ahead of us. We tried several other theatres around Leicester Square but all were full; so we had tea—very nice—bread and margarine and cakes. Fruit is very difficult to get and frightfully expensive—tomatoes very difficult.

On the other hand some things are cheap. A hunter worth one hundred and fifty pounds can be had for twenty pounds. My brother-in-law has several, not all good ones of course. I wish I could buy a couple and ship to the F. N. S. They really are beautiful creatures and I am very sad when I think of what is to happen to them. However, they are happy now, grazing and all having a good time together. I suppose when next winter comes they might be bombed anyway, and I do think shooting is the most humane way out.

There are a lot of horse shelters in London and men have done some heroic and noble things rescuing frightened horses from hit stables and shelters. Of course owing to the shortage of petrol one sees many more horses on the London streets these days.

In the end there must be a way in which the world may hope to build a peace which will be enduring, so that by giving up something for the good of mankind we all come nearer "the peace which passeth all understanding". I mean, instead of the present rush and press toward success, at the expense of the less fortunate, that the unemployed in our large cities all over the world, and the people of such places as the Kentucky mountains wherever they are, will have a chance for the necessities of life too.

From Kelly in London (via air-mail)—August 22, 1941.

Your air mail of Aug. 7th received here Aug. 19th which was awfully good.

Letters have not been getting through very well lately, so I was more than cheered to have your letter even though it was mostly business about the Midwives Association. I think the change suggested by the association to "American Association of Nurse-Midwives" extremely good.

I was so sorry to hear about your cousin, Dr. Breckinridge. I always so enjoyed his clinics . . . he will be missed very much.

Everyone is pleased with the donation to bombed out midwives from the Kentucky Association of Midwives.

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From Holly in London (via air mail)—August 20, 1941.

I am terribly sorry to read of the death of Dr. Scott Breckinridge. What a great loss for the Service and all who were his friends. Also who was the Mrs. Breckinridge who was lost with the 5 others, nurses, who were on their way over here to help us when they were torpedoed?

I am now in a hospital in London and we have just received a most wonderful load of gifts of every kind, surgical instruments and babies' clothes, from the American Red Cross and everyone is just amazed at the lavishness of the gift.

It is a busy time since I wrote last. There is such a lot to say one keeps putting off and there is the feeling too, that the letter may not arrive! (like my re-entry permit on its last voyage to be renewed!)

I have been here all the summer doing holiday Sister duties. It is a small emergency hospital and we are quite busy though thank goodness very few air-raid casualties, in fact none since May. It has been a very quiet and peaceful time lately. While at a Red Cross Auxiliary hospital in Norfolk during the winter I went to see Mac in her train and we had a great chin together. The walls of her "den" are decorated with her snaps from Kentucky. We hope to meet again in London soon.

I have not seen or heard of anyone else lately—traveling by train is so crowded and by car so almost impossible, it is difficult to see or meet friends not in the same town.

It is wonderful how London has been tidied up this summer. They have really got a move on with pulling the ruins down and sorting out all the debris. Many of the worst spots look like nothing more than building sites now. We are quite expecting the Blitz again at any time now and really feel much better prepared for it than last winter.

I rather expect to be in a hospital in Greenwich during the next few months unless previously sent to the Middle East.

All my immediate family are safe and well; one cousin is in Tobruk and another a prisoner. Everyone is amazed at Russia's stand and we wish we could do more to help. You must be very busy with all the Staff difficulties etc., but please do take care of yourself. I do hope you take a good holiday this fall. The longer I am away the more I miss you all. I wonder if Big Joe (*her horse*) is still there and still able to do a wild bolt home with the unwary! Please remember me to everyone.

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From Green in Devon (via air mail)—August 21, 1941.

So many thanks for the Bulletins which most certainly keep one in touch with "the family." Everyone here has so many tasks that it takes the F. N. S. Bulletin to let each know what the other is doing. I know how terribly hard you have been working for us, long before war started, and when we heard of the dramatic meeting of Roosevelt and Churchill by radio I realised more than ever how you had worked for all that meeting implied. It is just impossible to thank you all for what you are doing in so many many ways. Maybe God willing we will be able to thank you personally at a future midwives meeting.

I would love to fly in and see you all. Maybe we will be flying back to U. S. after Victory is ours. Oh what a joy to tear down the blackout and shine all the lights!

Oh, by the way, the mobile canteen which goes around nightly to the fire watchers, etc., etc. comes from Concord, Mass.

I was grieved to hear of the passing of Dr. Scott Breckinridge.

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From Batten in North Wales (via air mail)—August 21, 1941.

Before I say one other word let me say devoutly "thank

God for your safety." Twice within the last three weeks guests have asked me if it was you who had been drowned with the contingent of Red Cross nurses who were torpedoed a few weeks ago, whilst on their way to England? Unfortunately, I had not seen the paper with the account in it. Both guests assured me it was a Mrs. Breckinridge, but could not tell me if it was Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. I wrote off an S. O. S. to both Mac and Parky. Both seemed to think it couldn't be our Mrs. Breckinridge, but it was only a few days ago I got that much consolation!! When your air mail letter arrived yesterday, the first glance of it, my heart sank, then—oh joy, I saw two words in your own handwriting on the envelope, then I know our Mrs. Breckinridge was safe and well. Why, I wonder could I think there was only one Mrs. Breckinridge in America? I fell almost callous at the relief I feel that it must be some other poor soul.

However, tinged with this joy, is a sorrow that our beloved Dr. Scott Breckinridge has been called home. How ill you could afford to lose him, first, as a dear relative, then as one of your greatest of supporters and invaluable helpers. My happiness lies in the fact I was privileged to know him. Please be assured of my sincerest sympathy.

When Mac wrote to me the other day her letter contained a promise she will come to see me as soon as she can. Won't I be glad to see her? It will be wonderful to talk over old times and of all the folks we know. I saw Parky in May when I went up to London for the Conference of the Queen's Superintendents. In fact, I stayed at the Home at the invitation of her superintendent. We hoped, then, that it might have been possible to have made a date with Mac, but it just wasn't possible. Parky is still the same Parky, loving midwifery and all pertaining to it as much as ever. I think at times, she has few thoughts that don't include mothers and babies. One thing is certain, she will defy Hitler and all his devilishness, to bring a babe safely into the world.

I am still in the land of Peace. Oh, what a joy Bryn-Y-Menai has been to the one hundred and forty-seven tired nurses that have been here to date. I think I told you we have accommodations for twelve. For a few days last week I had twenty-three and at the present moment I have twenty. Twenty into twelve won't go, as my teacher used to tell me when I was learn-

ing my arithmetic, but with the aid of two summer houses, and members of my House Committee, I have been able to get sleeping accommodations for all. Our dining room resembles a very busy café—and our evenings in the drawing room assume wonderful forms of gaiety with Whist Drives, Beetle Drives etc. Oh, they do things very properly! Pay admission fees—have prizes etc. At the moment the proceeds are to be devoted to buying a new hearth rug.

I am tremendously happy in the knowledge Bryn-Y-Menai is such a haven of rest for so many who are just dead-dog-tired. Some day, and I hope it will not be very far off, we are going to enlarge this home—then, I hope, I won't ever need to worry about "sleeping people out." Our winter Fund Appeal has been marvellously successful! I appealed for 250 pounds to carry us over last winter. It is now an "open fund", because it was so generously supported that our total has now reached 454 pounds, 9 shillings. This means we are going to carry on now, for as many winters as funds will allow. Our brave nurses are worth every hour I put into this appeal, and I can assure you they were many. Please accept my love and again—oh, I am so glad you are safe.

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From Wallie in Somerset (via air mail)—August 23, 1941.

I was very, very sorry to hear about Dr. Scott Breckinridge. How the Service will miss him!! I had no idea he was ill until I had your letter.

I am now taking care of two problem children, whose parents are both artists, and I find the work very interesting. In this part of England we hardly know there is a war, we seem so far away from all worries. It is a large Georgian house where I am living, and part of it has been lent to a maternity home which is run on vegetarian and homeopathic lines.

I am living about 20 miles from Ellie and Vi. so am able to see them quite often.

We have a red bud tree and a catalpa in the garden here. They are like two old friends to me. I often go and look at them and live again my life in Kentucky.

From Ellie and Vi in Somerset (via air mail)—

August 24, 1941.

We got a big thrill when the air mail envelope arrived with the red, white and blue borders. The postman appeared to be very impressed too!

We are indeed very sorry to hear of your sad bereavement and offer you our deepest sympathy. The Service has lost a very good friend in Dr. Scott Breckinridge. Do you remember holding up the traffic when you met him in Lexington, and he called to us across the road?

We were pleased to hear of the Kentucky Association of Midwives' very generous gift to the Midwives Institute in London. It will, we are sure, be most useful.

Wallie has visited us on several occasions lately. She is working at a place about twenty miles away and has a small car. She is very active and well, as you will know when we tell you that she had entered the house through a small window because she found our doors locked one day! Travelling facilities are so restricted that without a car she would not be able to do the return journey in half a day! Running a car is not so common in England as it was, as you have no doubt heard. One's petrol ration for a small 7 H. P. car is five gallons a month and larger cars get little more.

We have heard also from Greene and hope to see her some time. She is working in the next County some eighty miles away. Of the rest of the old F. N. S. nurses we have gleaned most of the news from the Summer and Winter Bulletins, for which many thanks. We have read them through several times and have enjoyed them immensely.

Lucile has written and we have read a number of letters from several of the Hill Folk, including Ance Roberts of Essie and Sybil of Beech Fork. The letters were passed on to us by Greene.

We are now working on a double district on the fringe of Bath, still doing combined work. We have had several changes but now feel more settled. You will notice the change of address. The district consists of one large semi-urban village and nine small rural ones most of which are in wooded valleys, or combes as they are called locally.

We live on a high land overlooking one of these beautiful wooded valleys with an uninterrupted view of the hills beyond. The area has a radius of about five miles and we have a small, attractive cottage roughly in the center with a little flower garden all round (now filled with vegetables). You have no doubt heard of the "Dig for Victory" campaign. We are still very thrilled with the cottage though we have been in it for four months. For the previous five months we existed in one room which served as bedroom, living room, office and clinic combined. This is a "Reception Area" you see, and all accommodation, suitable and otherwise, is taken.

We listened in to Mr. Churchill tonight. He spoke of his meeting with Mr. Roosevelt and put new heart into us. His confidence is boundless. We wondered if you were listening too and pictured you all in the lovely Wendover sitting room.

This letter sounds very far removed from war. There is, as you will have read, an absence of enemy visitations though we expect it is only a temporary one.

When one thinks of the hardships of the Russians and the other poor things in Europe, homes and crops gone and winter not far off, we seem by comparison extremely fortunate. At least we are not hungry or without shelter of some kind.

We are constantly thinking and talking of you all. We still miss our houses. Is Bobbie still alive? And Heather?

The midwifery school seems to have made rapid strides. You must be very proud to feel that it is now an established institution. Our very best wishes for its continued success and growth.

Will you very kindly give our love to all our friends especially Buck, Agnes, Jean, and Fanny? Also Dr. Kooser and family and Vanda and the Hospital folks.

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**From Jacko at an Army Hospital (via air mail)—
August 26, 1941.**

I am no longer at the above address but it will always find me. We do not put our army station on letters going overseas. Mother of course will forward any letters. I came on active service at the beginning of the year, and for some weeks was in

the North. Then quite suddenly I was posted South and to my great joy as I walked into the mess of my new station, I came face to face with Scottie. We are both very glad of each other's company and have been together for nearly five months now. Madge and Green and Mary Brohan seem very well and happy in their work, and I heard of Robbie from a friend of mine overseas.

My brothers are still working hard and my youngest brother got his second "pip" just the same time as we were given ours. We are so terribly thankful that so far they are safe and sound, my brothers I mean.

I do hope that Mitchell (*a nurse*) has recovered from her illness. Poor Lady Ellen (*a mare*) would be very upset to think she had been the cause of the accident. Dear Lady Ellen I wonder whether I shall ever see her again.

We saw the President and Mr. Churchill on the films this week. It was such a grand and daring thing for two men to undertake that it quite made a lump in one's throat to watch the enthusiasm and loyalty even on the screen.

I do hope that the summer has been a good one and that all is well with everyone and everything connected with the Service.

I have had some wonderful parcels from Green's friends, ones that I met at Red Bird and Hyden. It's amazing to me how you can all be so good to us over here. It's evidently not "out of sight, out of mind."

With love to you all and a kiss for Barry and Lady Ellen, and to Paddy too, but I expect he's getting too grown up for kisses now. (*Barry and Paddy are dogs.*)

ISOLATION

Isolation, a favorite word in some quarters, is a device to keep us safe and sheltered. Instead of doing so, however, it increases and intensifies the disease it aims to cure.

The chief cause of this war is an arrogant and selfish nationalism, which tends to divide the world into separate self-contained units. It is contrary to the whole trend of events and a defiance of the will of God. Science has knit the world into a closely interrelated and interdependent unity; and it can only be peaceful or prosperous as this fact is recognized.

Bishop Oldham, *Living Church*, Sept. 18, 1940.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The death of the mother of President Roosevelt leaves a sense of personal loss in the hearts of all who ever knew her. She was a good and gracious lady of rare personal charm.

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We think Lady Dunsany's letter, printed elsewhere in this Bulletin, describing her escape from Greece, one of the most interesting things we have ever been able to offer our readers. Under the Old Staff News column we print letters from Frontier nurses in the Near East forces which tell their own story.

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The Annual Meeting of the Trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service took place this year at the Country Club near Lexington on Wednesday, May 28th and was attended by a host of loyal friends including many from outside Kentucky. From Pittsburgh came our Chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker; from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth; from Cincinnati, Miss Sally and Miss Marguerite Resor and Mr. Ross W. Sloniker; from Detroit came a large contingent: Mrs. Henry Ford, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Mrs. Arthur McGraw, Mrs. Francis C. McMath, Mrs. James T. Shaw and Miss Charlotte Waddell. Our Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett from Louisville presided and our Treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, presented the year's audit of our fiscal affairs. The Director gave a report of the year's work.

Young as we are we have our traditions. One of them is that at each Annual Meeting of Trustees the Chairman reads aloud the names of the friends of the Service who have died during the preceding year, while the men and women present stand for a moment in silence. It is one of the several ways in which we keep these memories green.

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We have been delighted to read of a number of honors showered upon our friends during recent months. Dr. Fred W. Rankin was elected President of the American Medical Associa-

tion on June 6th for the term which begins in 1942. Dr. W. W. Dimock of the University of Kentucky, an authority on the care of thoroughbred horses, was elected to be the sixty-fifth President of the American Veterinary Medical Association.

The fourth generation of the Hillenmeyer family celebrated in August the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Hillenmeyer Nurseries. The first Hillenmeyer came to America from Alsace-Lorraine in 1839 and started the Nurseries two years later.

We have read with enchantment a brief sketch of the life of our friend and Trustee, Mrs. James T. Shaw of Detroit accompanied by an excellent picture, in the July 20th Detroit Free Press Sunday Graphic. As Virginia Venable she went to Detroit from Kentucky when she was fourteen and attended the Detroit Female Seminary. She married Mr. Shaw in 1899 and settled down to the charming village life of the Detroit of fifty years ago. The part she has played in the intellectual, social and charitable life of Detroit through all these decades, is history.

A life-like portrait of our Trustee and dear friend, Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, has been presented to Old Salem College in North Carolina by the class of 1941 and she has been made an honorary alumna. Her honors, national and international, are so many that the only reason we have selected this recent one to mention is because of the charming poem chosen to honor her upon this event. All who know and love her, and they are many, will feel that every line of the poem is an apt description of her:

Age is a quality of mind;
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if for life you keep the zest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

. . . .

In a July edition of "*The English-Speaking World*", the organ of the English-Speaking Union, we find a delightful de-

scription of some of his travels in the United States by Sir Evelyn Wrench. This brings to mind a fragrant memory of meeting him and Lady Wrench on Wednesday, March 26th of this year at a luncheon at the home of that charming hostess, Mrs. John B. Seymour, the head of the English-Speaking Union in Savannah.

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In our Spring Bulletin we printed the Kentucky mountain Legend of the Dogwood. This was copied by the Charleston, South Carolina News and Courier and recopied from them by the New Orleans Times-Picayune, the Shreveport, La. Journal and the San Antonio, Texas Express, with the following comment:

"Perhaps if this legend were commonly known in lower South Carolina the beautiful dogwood flowers would not be destroyed so often by persons who take them to decorate town homes, seemingly not knowing that the blooms wilt soon after they are stripped. A legend associating the dogwood with Calvary ought to lend protection to this tree. Citing attention to it may halt destroying hands."

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We have a message for our nurses and couriers in Great Britain who have occasion to go up to London. Two old friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, the Lady Hermione Blackwood and Miss Celia duSotoy, will be glad to be informed of their arrival and to be of any help to them they can. Their house is in the Vale of Health in Hampstead, and the address and telephone number are in the telephone book.

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As our readers all know, Mrs. Noel Rawnsley, the British friend who visited us in the spring, is an artist of distinction who got her early training at the Slade School in London. She paints water colors and will paint to order such subjects as horses, sea pieces and landscapes. Her paintings are beautiful with a rare sense of color and great charm. She now has a number on exhibit and for sale, in New York, including scenes of New York, at the following galleries: *Harlow and Keppel, 670 Fifth Avenue; Kennedy, 785 Fifth Avenue; American British Art Center, 44 West 56th; the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park.*

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The Annual Convention of the National Society for Crippled

Children of the U. S. A., Inc. will take place in Louisville, Kentucky this year at the Brown Hotel on October 5th, 6th, and 7th. We know that many friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will attend this vital conference. We have invited all who do attend, and are willing to spend the better part of a long day motoring, to lunch with us at our Hospital at Hyden.

The American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology, sponsored by The American Committee on Maternal Welfare, Inc. of which the Frontier Nursing Service is a member organization, has arranged for the Second Congress to be held in St. Louis, Missouri from April 6th to 10th in 1942. Our readers will recall that the first Congress was held in Cleveland in 1939. This is one of the very great events in American life and we will write of it again in later issues of the Bulletin.

The Cleveland Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service of which Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Jr. is Chairman sponsored a Lace Sale by Munyer & Company at the home of Mrs. Carl H. Hanna in June, for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. We received a ten per cent commission on all laces sold and members of our Cleveland Committee and our couriers assisted at the sale.

Our old friend and Trustee, Mrs. Arthur Bray of England sent us a letter from Mrs. Weston Plumptre who lives on a country place near Dover in Kent. As everyone knows that section has been a storm center of attack not only from the air but by long-range artillery from the coast of France. Mrs. Plumptre's letter is full of enthusiasm for the enormous shipment received by the Woman's Voluntary Supply depot for persons bombed in East Kent, from the American Red Cross. She says "When we remember that all this houseful of treasures is just Kent's share alone of America's gift, how can we ever thank you all".

All of our friends know that our Marion Ross, head of our Statistics Department during so many of our early years left

us to return to her native Canada to handle the statistics for the Associated Medical Services Incorporated of which Dr. J. A. Hannah is Managing Director. We have an immense admiration for Dr. Hannah and the work he is doing and we have never found it in our heart to grudge him Marion's fine services,—which we rejoice to know from his letters that he appreciates as highly as we did.

We quote from one of his recent letters to us about the letters from our British nurses in the Quarterly Bulletins:

"The 'Old Staff News' proved exceedingly interesting reading to us who are so thirsty for news of the battle front. It seemed to be the answer for the fleeting moment to our cry of: 'Watchman, What of the Night'? The night seems to be rather dark at the moment but, with spirit such as expressed by your girls in their battlefront, can lead to but one end, about which we are all truly confident."

Since this letter from Dr. Hannah was received we have learned of the death of Marion's Aunt Isabel and our hearts are deeply grieved for her and her young brother Allan. They were left orphans in childhood and their Aunt Isabel has been father and mother to them almost from infancy. Thank God, she had the joy of having Marion near her, in the years since Marion left us to return to Canada.

PLENTY!

Man: "Did you fish with flies?"

Friend (back from a camping trip): "Fish with them? We fished with them, camped with them, ate with them, and slept with them."

Cowboy: "What kind of a saddle do you want—one with a horn or without?"

Dude: "Without, I guess—there doesn't seem to be much traffic on these prairies."

Nervous Passenger: "Don't drive so fast when we come to the corners. You scare me."

Taxi Driver: "Do what I do when we come to a corner, lady—shut your eyes."

"Oh, Captain," said a lady on a liner, "my husband is peculiarly subject to seasickness. Could you suggest what he ought to do in case of an attack?"

"It isn't necessary, Madame," said the captain. "He'll do it."

FIELD NOTES

The cover picture used for this Bulletin is one of four babies representing four seasons by a British artist, Mrs. J. B. Pearse. The American copyright is held by Edward Gross Company, Inc., 118 East 16th Street, New York and the four pictures in the series, colored prints framed or unframed may be bought from them.

We have been involved all summer with Johnson children and Golden Retriever puppies and it is fitting that pictures of both shown adorn the inside of our back cover page. Betty Jean is wearing a thin cotton dress sent down to us in a parcel of clothing from one of our friends. She is standing in front of the Garden House and the Kodak print shows something of her grace and charm. O'Neil, Gordon and David are shown with the last four of the Retriever puppies and their mother.

The father of these children has joined the army and is serving as a recruit in an anti-aircraft and machine gun unit at the Canal Zone. The mother is dead. The children are absolutely dependent on us and we are keeping them at the Presbyterian Mission School at Buckhorn. We brought them to Wendover for their holiday and put the boys in a tent on army cots. They are intelligent children, pleasant, good-natured and courteous. We would appreciate financial help from our friends towards their schooling and their shoes, which are our major expenses in keeping them.

Wendover seems a little quiet with no children or puppies in residence. The first batch of puppies that were sold went to Long Island, to Washington, to Virginia and to the country near Louisville. The one in Virginia, "Copper," is to be trained as a working Retriever. The one in Washington was bought by a well-known physician as a companion for his boy baby. We quote from a letter written by this gentleman just after he received the puppy when it was two months old:

"The puppy arrived here in excellent condition and immediately seemed completely at home. Not even a whimper or bark when he was put out for the night. His little dog house seemed quite satisfactory to him. We have

named him Laddie but will probably add something more aristocratic when we register him. He is shaking hands now like a perfect gentleman and does not mind a leash when out for a walk along the street. We like him very, very much and believe he will soon be the pride of Washington."

When only four puppies remained at Wendover, but with two of them bespoken, they got distemper. Upon the advice of a veterinarian we had not given the puppies distemper serum, as this veterinarian thought they would not be exposed and it was better to wait and give them the dog serum at the age of six months. Of course the older dogs at Wendover had all had the dog serum, and we have no idea through what contact these puppies came down with distemper. It was a horrible attack and three out of the four, because of severe convulsions, had to be put to sleep. The fourth has gone with our courier, Marian Lee, to Connecticut, apparently recovered from his illness, and so deeply attached to her that we know they will both be very happy together.

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The resident and senior couriers from mid-May to mid-September have been at different times Jean Hollins and "Pebble" Stone of Long Island; Fanny McIlvain of Philadelphia; Doris Sinclair of Williamstown, Massachusetts; and Catharine Mellick of Far Hills, New Jersey. The junior couriers have been Lucy Pitts of Providence, Rhode Island; Louise Lewis of New Haven, Connecticut; Marian Lee of New York and Connecticut; Barberie Whipple of Rochester, New York; and Elizabeth Anne Fisher of Cleveland, Ohio. We have been well staffed but with so much activity that everybody has been busy almost all of the time.

The drawings depicting the first impressions of a junior courier reproduced in the center of this Bulletin are by "Bobbie" Whipple. She also is responsible for the inimitable drawing of the geese in the "Detour Private Bath" picture. Vanda Summers drew the row of couriers at the head of "Courier Conclave" and copied the Pearse baby cover picture.

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We are going through the throes of a number of staff changes. The Director's personal secretary, Elisabeth Holmes, enters Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses this September and will not be back with us for three long years. Wini Saxon,

who is just graduated from Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Virginia, has taken over her post.

We are thrilled to announce the engagement of Grayce Morgan to Martin Maurice Butymus of New Jersey. The marriage will not take place until December down here in Kentucky and we will write all about it in a subsequent issue of the Bulletin, and about what it means to give up Grayce who has held a strategic post in our administrative group over a period of many years. To succeed her we have already secured Alice Ford, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Church Ford of Georgetown, Kentucky, who has been holding the post of Registrar of her Alma Mater, Georgetown College, for some time past. You will all of you get familiar with Wini Saxon's and Alice Ford's signatures to letters in the course of time.

Kay Doggett, assistant statistician for two and a half years is returning in mid-November to her home in Canada because she wants to be near her own people during times like these. To succeed her we have already secured Jean White of Wakefield, Massachusetts overlapping for her difficult post. Kay has been an immensely satisfactory person in our statistics section and in our family group at Wendover and will be sorely missed.

Our own Clara Dale Echols, who is taking graduate work at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, came up for seven weeks during the summer to relieve for Agnes Lewis' and Ruth Waterbury's vacations. It was wholly delightful to have her back even for such a short while.

We again gave up with regret our Audrey Collins who had been assistant bookkeeper, and then bookkeeper during Lucile Hodges' fourteen months furlough. She has returned to her home in Alabama.

We welcome Lucile Hodges back with joy, to her old job and to the heart of Wendover again.

Lulu Morgan who has been so much a part of Wendover since the first log buildings were put up that it is hard to realize she belongs to her own family too, is taking a furlough of indefinite duration to stay at home with her mother. We ardently hope to see her back again in the spring.

A new staff nurse at the Hospital is Minnie Geyer of Pittsburgh who is taking Nola Blair's place as Blair passes into the

September 15th class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Further details about the new class will be given in the autumn issue of the Bulletin. Suffice it to say here that through the generosity of anonymous donors in New England we will have ready for occupancy early in October the School's own building. It is going to be amazingly comprehensive and complete.

The heart of the whole Service went out in deepest sympathy to our Eva Gilbert, Instructor of pupil midwives, upon the death this summer of her mother.

When Edith Anderson, our Social Service secretary on the Alpha Omicron Pi annual grant, left for her holiday she went first to New Orleans to the National Convention of the Alpha Omicron Pi in July. Our clipping bureau kept us informed of the details of this big gathering. Elsewhere in the Bulletin we print "A Letter from Alpha Omicron Pi" written by our friend, Mrs. Drummond, who gives a delightful account of how well Andy acquitted herself at the Convention. Andy made a general talk before the Convention on July 8th; and took part in two discussion groups on her report on July 9th. She also spoke by request to the Young Men's Business Club of New Orleans on July 9th. Later in the month, while on her vacation up in Utica, New York she took part in the radio question and answer program of "Women in the News" and spoke to the South Congregational Church of Utica.

Andy's Social Service Department was taken over in her absence by our couriers, Marion Shouse of Washington and Elizabeth Campbell of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. They not only left a formal report in writing, covering every case they had handled, but also collaborated on the poem called "Social Service" which is printed elsewhere in this Bulletin. Elizabeth wants us to say that Marion really wrote most of the poem, since she is the Service Poet Laureate. Elizabeth herself wrote in August as follows:

"It was wonderful to be back at Wendover again. I considered it a great privilege to have a part in the Social Service Department. I am more than grateful to have had this opportunity.

I must say that as courier, and as Christmas Secretary, I did not begin to realize or appreciate the values of the mountain people; not to mention the tremendous amount of work that must be put forth in order

to be of real service to them. Had I not had this opportunity I would have lost not only valuable experience, but a great deal of pleasure. Marion and I had such fun working together—and we hated to leave. The cases were such interesting ones. I do want to know their outcome. I often think of the Blank family, and hope that they will let little Charles go for two years' treatment."

. . . .

We have had so many guests during the summer that we have space to mention only a few. Our dear and utterly charming Pittsburgh Chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, came up for a few days in advance of the Annual Meeting. That adorable, dauntless trio, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Mrs. Francis C. McMath and Mrs. James T. Shaw of Detroit came up after the Annual Meeting, as they have done in other years, but this time they visited a number of outpost centers. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Crittenden with their little daughter, Lindsay, and Dr. Oma Creech were four more deeply welcome guests when they repeated their August visit to us this year again. Just before we go to press we have had a visit from Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge who is recalled with affection by everyone in this section as Martha Prewitt when she was here during the first two years of the Frontier Nursing Service. With her came her eleven-year-old daughter Katherine who had not been in to see us since she was a baby. An old friend of the Director's and of the Service who has been for the greater part of her life a missionary in Japan, Miss Leila Kirtland, made a visit in July and two other old friends, one a kinswoman, Miss Katherine Carson and Miss Eleanor Blaydes, are on a visit as we go to press.

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We had the pleasure of a visit from two Puerto Rican maternity nurses, for a period of observation of our work, Miss Aida M. Pietri came in June, and Mrs. Celia Guzman came in July. We have seldom met two more charming women or two nurses who seemed so quickly to grasp the detail of our work. We quote from a letter of Miss Pietri's as follows:

"I really do not find words to thank you once more for your most wonderful hospitality and your many kindnesses and attentions extended to me during my short stay in Wendover and Red Bird. . . . I miss you all, and the dogs too. Please remember me to Miss Lewis and to all your girls. May God bless you and your Frontier Nursing Service forever and ever!"

We quote from a letter of Mrs. Guzman's, as follows:

"My visit to the Frontier Nursing Service changed my point of view

in many ways, about the solution of the problem of high maternal mortality in our island. My experience at Wendover, Hyden and Red Bird will be profitable and useful in helping us meet this serious problem of our rural communities. Rural communities, where our families live in cabins similar to yours, but in which the cocoanut palm leaves replace your logs. Cabins that have no floors, because we are not fortunate enough to make timber available to our indigent class, as we have no forests!

"I admire greatly what the Service has accomplished, and have no doubt that it will go forward and will accomplish a great deal more. My impressions during my visit I shall never forget, neither will I forget the kind friendliness of all those who made me feel at home."

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Our First Assistant Director, Miss Dorothy F. Buck, attended on behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service a health conference sponsored by the Southern Mountain Worker's Conference at Asheville, North Carolina in June. She was one of the speakers and took part in the interesting discussions that followed the formal meetings.

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A group of Girl Scouts from Hyden made a trip to Washington in the late spring and reported a fascinating time including visits to Mount Vernon, Arlington and Annapolis. Mr. J. D. Begley, the County Superintendent of Schools, went on the trip as a driver of one of the cars and sponsor. The other cars and the pick-up truck were driven by Mr. Earl Keen and Paul Muncy. Mrs. Ray Roberts, Miss Leota Sullenger, Miss Nettie Bowling and one of our Hospital nurses, Miss Anne Nims, went along as chaperones. Our former clinic nurse, Miss Nellie Davis, with her niece met the party in Washington. Following are the names of the Girl Scouts who participated: Louisa Asher, Ada Lee Baker, Alberta Baker, Wanda Fae Farmer, Edna Hyden, Alene Ponder, Juanita Shell, Georgia Shepherd, Jean Shepherd, Nell Sizemore, Marie Stidham, Ann Taylor, Alice Ward.

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Dr. and Mrs. John H. Kooser and their children, Nancy and Johnny, had a lovely long holiday this summer and have come back to Joy House looking greatly refreshed. We were so fortunate as to secure the services of Dr. Innes Dann to carry the medical work in Dr. Kooser's absence. He and Mrs. Dann were recently back from Puerto Rico and we all of us got lots of pleasure in hearing about their experiences in that interesting island part of these United States.

None of the many beasts in the Service were more widely known than "October" the cow-brute at the Hyden Hospital. A fine Holstein, who gave five gallons of milk a day, she was presented to us twelve years ago through the generosity of the late Mr. B. H. Kroger of Cincinnati. "Mac" was so fond of her and she of "Mac" that sometimes she would follow "Mac" up the Hospital steps to be fed tea-cakes. With her sister cow "November," a half-Holstein, "October" did her bit (and what a generous bit it was!) throughout her life span. Following the birth of her last calf in June she died of pneumonia and has been accorded honorable burial with the horses.

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Friends will remember our rapture at Wendover when we received four years ago from an even yet unknown donor the gift of a refrigerator operated by a kerosene lamp. Your editor never studied physics and it is a continuous source of wonder to her that the lighting of a kerosene lamp generates ice. However, it does, and there has been no melted butter or sour milk or warm drinks since the Servel Electrolux arrived at our doors.

When our Detroit Trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, was last here and got about to some of the outpost centers she was troubled that they had no ice. It is characteristic of Mrs. Joy that when she is troubled she begins to function. When she returned home she wrote beseeching letters to her friends and ours in Detroit for special gifts for *her* Refrigerator Fund. The response from eleven old friends has been generous in the extreme. Every outpost center received a refrigerator in June and by the end of the summer all of them were paid for. Nothing ever given the nurses has evoked such enthusiasm. Bless you and thank you, dear Detroit friends, in the name of us all.

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Those who read will gather from the above paragraph that the Frontier Nursing Service has no money for luxuries. The Hospital has always had ice of course, but we felt that in our other stations ice was a luxury and not a necessity. The things we ask for in our Urgent Needs column each spring seem, most of them, terribly necessary to us. We are indeed grateful for responses that have come to us through the summer months, sometimes in money, sometimes in kind. From a friend in Detroit

we received the material for pillow ticking for twenty pillows and covers for ten comforts at Wendover; from a friend in Lexington came sheets, wash cloths, and bath towels; from a patient who had her baby at the Hospital in May came a baby blanket she had quilted herself, and two pairs of bedroom slippers for the wards; from a friend in Washington came a carton of colored cellophane straws for the Hospital; from another friend in Washington came a chest of drawers for the tent for the Johnson children; a Trustee in Louisville sent the money for loads of things needed for the Hospital; a Trustee in Minneapolis sent five hundred dollars for Wendover Urgent Needs; two Trustees in Pittsburgh sent two thousand dollars for the most urgent unmet needs; other friends sent smaller sums and the aggregate given is large.

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We have not received a gift for another house at Wendover and we have come to the conclusion that when the money is given us for another large house it must be for Nurses' Quarters at Hyden. This is because the Hospital wards are so overcrowded that we must turn the other wing of the Hospital into wards. This will throw the nurses out-of-doors. Therefore our most urgent big need is for a nurses' residence,—or as we prefer to call it (military style) Nurses' Quarters. We can double our ward space when we get this gift.

Meanwhile, to tide over the urgent need for more space at Wendover (which has as many guests as a summer hotel) we are adding a small bathroom and a bedroom to the Lower Shelf and putting it in repair. Our maintenance man, Oscar Bowling, said it would slide down the hill this winter unless it were propped up. This has been done! The small bathroom and extra bedroom are now being built of rough undressed lumber and hand-hewn shingles for the roof (like the rest of the Lower Shelf) and a heating plant will be installed in advance of freezing weather. The Lower Shelf has never had a chimney but one is being built now.

This enables us to keep empty of permanent occupants both the guest room and the staff room in the Big House at Wendover. The guest room almost always has guests, and the staff room takes care of an extra guest, as well as of members of the out-

post stations coming in to report, and staff members who are sick. Even so we are overcrowded because we sometimes have six guests at once and have to reshuffle ourselves. We sometimes have to send some of the regular staff eleven miles up the river overnight to make room for unexpected guests.

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There is another alteration to be made at Wendover in the interest of safety. We told in our last Bulletin how one of the new oil stoves flamed up in the Lower Shelf. All of these stoves will be eliminated in that house by the putting in of the small heating plant and the building of the chimney. But we have had to use oil stoves in the Dog-Trot (where we eat and where the clinic patients wait) in the winter months. To do away with these two oil stoves, we are installing a small two-pipe hot air furnace (with cold air returns) in the little cellar under the Wendover living room. One pipe will throw its major heat into the Dog-Trot and the other pipe will carry a bit of heat into the living room. Our friends will bear in mind that Wendover Big House is heated only by open fires. During bitter winter weather, we have supplemented the open fire in the living room with a small pipeless furnace located immediately underneath. After doing its bit for sixteen years, this little object cracked wide open last winter. We take this opportunity to install the two-pipe furnace and thus heat the Dog-Trot and the living room simultaneously. The total cost of the new furnace, its installation, local labor, hauling, and cement, will not exceed \$250.00. We hope that some of our friends will help us with this; and also help with the cost of keeping the Lower Shelf from rolling down to the river, heating it, and adding the two little rooms.

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After our Spring Bulletin went to press we had some terrible thunder storms of flash-flood proportions which started slides all over again below the Hyden Hospital. As soon as the ground dried off we put in marvelous surface drains of stone and cement running the length of the mountain below the upper Hospital retaining wall, and continuing both at the right and the left on down to the road. They cost exactly \$204.69 and they do take care of all *surface* mountain torrents.

We were so troubled over the slides that our grief spread

far and wide and brought help to us. We have several warm friends high up in the American Rolling Mill Company of Middletown, Ohio. An appeal to one of these friends sent up to us (as a courtesy) one of their drainage engineers, Mr. C. W. Bean, Pipe and Formed Products Division, and his assistant, Mr. John Robertson. These two men spent four days at our Hyden Hospital drilling and making tests to ascertain the *subsurface* cause and source of the slide.

The engineers found *underground water seepage* for a distance of about fifty feet along the hillside, about midway between the upper and lower retaining walls. They dug a hole at each end of this seepage area and found that approximately sixty-four gallons of water collected in each hole in a twenty-four hour period. Mr. Bean will send us a complete report of his findings, and blueprints, together with his recommendation as to how this water can be drained off, and his estimate of labor and materials. The principal cost will be for local labor.

Mr. Bean said the surface drains were perfectly placed and should adequately take care of all *surface water* on the Hospital mountain. He said, in a language more technical than ours, that the cause of the first slides (to control which the retaining walls were built) had been the displacement of the normal contour of the mountain to build the Hospital. He thought that a major cause for this second slide between the two retaining walls, but carrying with it top rocks of the lower wall, had been the displacement of the contour of the mountain a second time in building a wide motor road. He said that the reason the slide had not caused more damage was because we had set out a small forest in that area. These trees, which we planted thickly years ago, had held back quantities of soil. Of course the normal forest should never have been taken off the mountain, to grow corn, as was done before we bought the land. Where the forest has been left, as above the Hospital, there has never been a slide.

It is easy for us to believe that faith will move mountains since we have seen with our own eyes how easily mountains are moved. We also hold the faith that some of you who read these lines will give the money needed to render our mountain immovable.

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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."

Of course, gifts are welcome where a particular use is prescribed, but it is preferred that gifts be made without restriction in order that the trustees in the future may have a broader latitude in making the best possible use of them.

As illustrations of what can be accomplished through the gift or bequest of certain funds, the following table is presented:

\$ 5,000 will endow a Frontier baby crib.

\$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.

\$25,000 will build and equip a Frontier Nursing center for the work of two nurse-midwives; and will provide for the upkeep of this property.

\$10,000 for buildings.

\$15,000 for endowment (for insurance, repairs, replacements).

\$50,000 will endow a field of Frontier work in perpetuity.

Any of the foregoing gifts may be in the form of a memorial, if the donor wishes.

Gifts to the General Endowment Funds to be used for the work of the Service, in the manner judged best by its trustees, are especially desirable. The principal of these gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington, Kentucky.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



**JOHNSON CHILDREN, WITH GOLDEN RETRIEVER
PUPPIES AND THEIR MOTHER
"URSULA WENDOVER"**

See "Field Notes"

