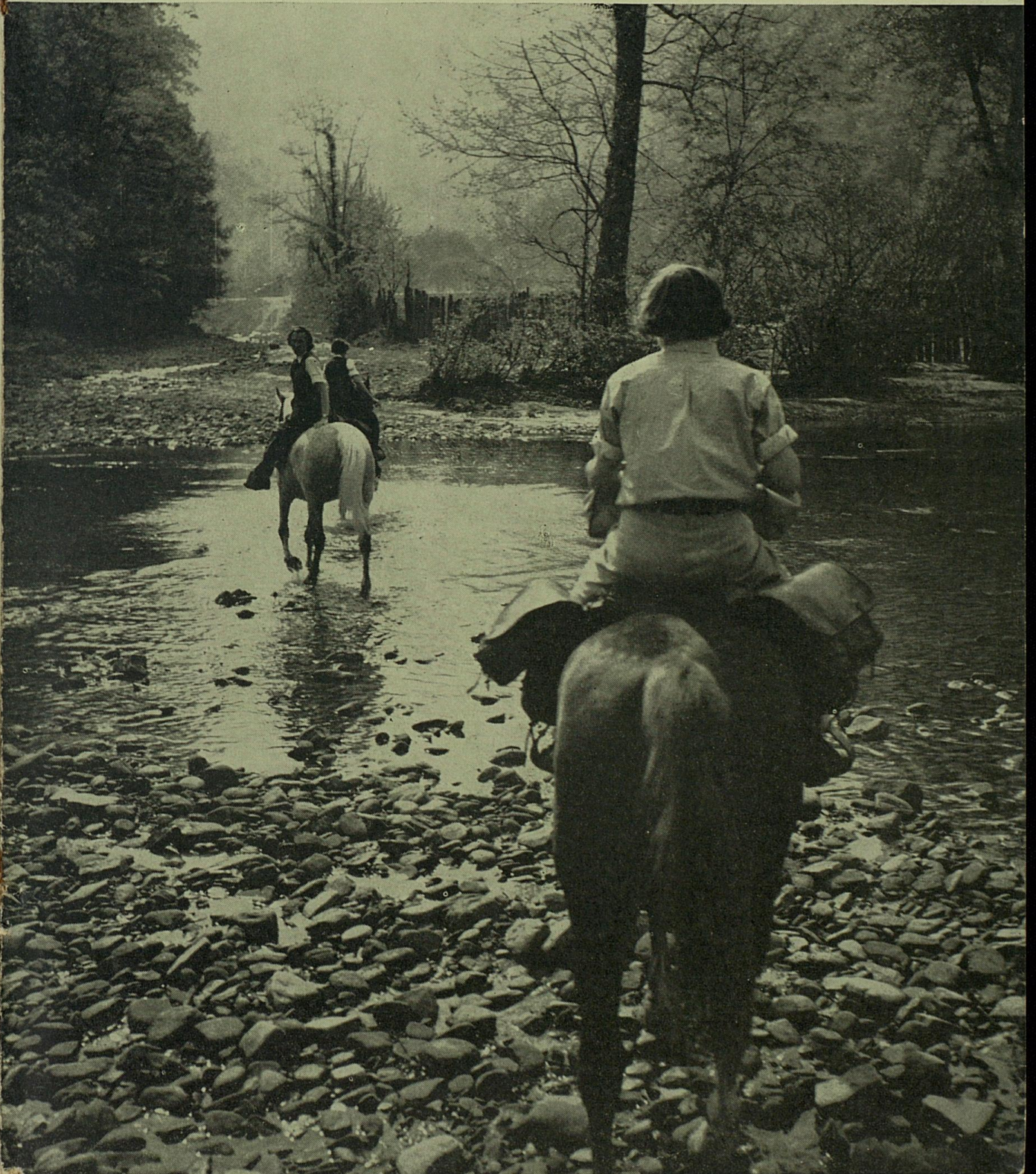


The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.  
SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 18

SUMMER, 1942

NUMBER 1





STONE STEPS AT WENDOVER

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
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VOLUME 18

SUMMER, 1942

NUMBER 1

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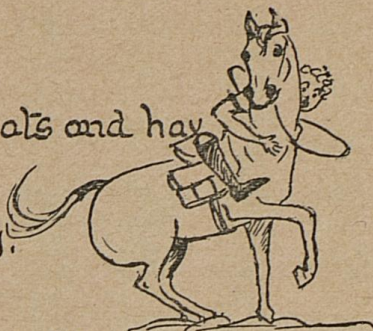
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# To Our Horses.



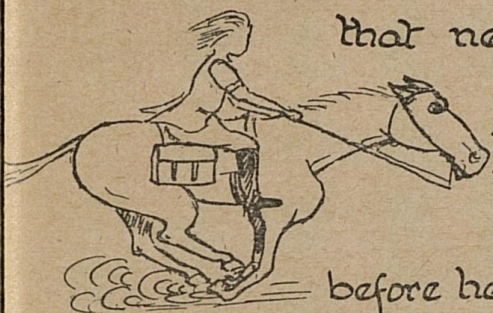
## IF.

If you can eat your oats and hay  
and be on call both night and day.



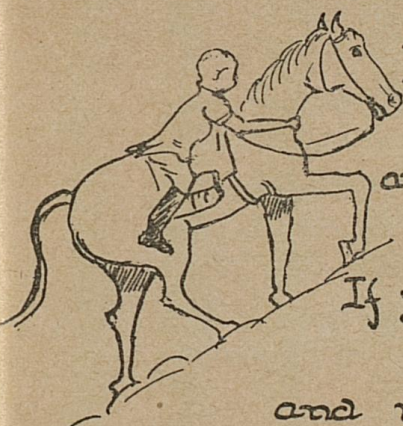
If you can meet that wiggling pest

that nearly scares you half to death.



If you can catch that

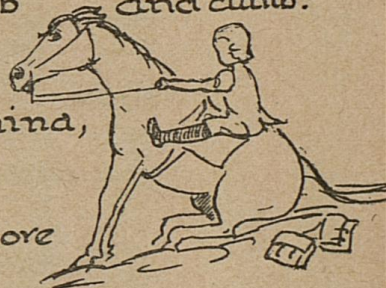
before he drops what he has brought.



If you can climb and climb

and climb.

and then come down on your behind,



If you can take all this and more

and mind your manners to be sure



And still come home as spry as paint

then you're a saint my friend.

## A Saint.



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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, 1942, 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-second,  
Nineteen Forty-two.

ANNUAL REPORT  
of the  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
May 1, 1941, to April 30, 1942

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PREFACE

The Frontier Nursing Service was midway in its seventeenth fiscal year when our country entered the war. The Service, which had opened its gates for study and observation to people from every continent, and drawn its staff from all over the Anglo-Saxon world, has been called upon to loan many of its workers back to every fighting front except the Russian, and we wish we had nurses there too. On the other hand, the Service has received new workers, and kept many of its ablest people, because of its proven value to rural mothers and children in war as in peace.

The military calls upon the medical profession have drastically reduced the number of doctors available to women in childbirth, young children, and the civilian sick of all ages. In remotely rural areas there never were enough doctors to attend the women in childbirth. Now that we are at war, the need for the nurse-midwife is poignant. Without her the remotely rural mother faces her battlefield of childbirth with no skilled care.

Through its Graduate School, the Frontier Nursing Service is training nurses in midwifery to care for the rural mother. This School, opened in the Autumn of 1939 to meet the drain of the battle of Britain on our own Anglo-American staff, has now become of national significance. Our work is listed as "in the national defense," as we discovered when we applied this Spring for permission to get materials to rebuild a structure, essential to our work, which had burned. In our Graduate School we no longer give training in midwifery to meet our own needs only. We began during this past fiscal year to train graduate nurses sent us on Federal scholarships for service in other remotely rural areas. As more and more doctors are called into

the armed forces, it becomes urgent for us to increase the number of nurses we can qualify as midwives. To do this we will have to enlarge the maternity section of our Hospital. At present we cannot begin to meet the demand. Of one thing we are sure. If it is our lot in this war to fill more and more of the gaps left in rural areas by the departure of physicians, then the ways and means of doing so will come to us.

## I FISCAL REPORT

The fiscal statements in this annual report 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.

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, and fire insurance on the old Garden House, a total for running expenses, new construction, retirement of debt, and new endowment, of \$176,148.39.

The total number of subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service during the year was 3,187, the largest number we have ever had. Total gifts and contributions were \$109,800.86, inclusive of \$2,661.48 from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority and chapters for Social Service. Included in this total also is \$18,549.00, which represents gifts made up to May 1st for the rebuilding and re-equipment of the Garden House. Additional gifts have been made to this fund since the close of the fiscal year. The house will be finished and occupied in early autumn, and a complete report will be printed in the Autumn issue of the Quarterly Bulletin.

Our grateful thanks are due the chairmen and members 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 \$5,520.69. Of this sum \$2,856.36 represents the Frontier Nursing Service share of the receipts from the Bargain Box in New York.

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

Fees from Nursing Centers.....	\$ 3,292.71
Medical Fees .....	2,050.99
Hospital Fees .....	1,124.97
Wendover Post Office.....	810.56
Investment Income.....	11,889.99
Federal Scholarships for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery .....	1,600.00

#### ENDOWMENT

The Frontier Nursing Service received \$34,748.17 in new endowments during the past fiscal year. Our late Trustee and National Chairman, Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard of Louisville, Kentucky, left us securities to the value of \$32,226.30 in her will. This, added to the \$53,024.53 she gave in her lifetime, makes a total of \$85,250.83 for the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial endowment of the Hyden Hospital. Included in the endowments received during the year is also \$1,500.00 from the late Mrs. Marie L. Willard of Rochester, New York towards an endowment on the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Center at Bowlingtown. This estate is not yet settled and there will be a further payment on this legacy during the current fiscal year. Included further in the total of \$34,748.17 of new endowment is a gift from Miss Matilda E. Hume of Washington, D. C. in securities to the value of \$1,021.87 as the nucleus of an endowment the income from which will be used eventually for the training of graduate Indian nurses in midwifery.

The total endowment funds of the Service up to date are taken from Exhibit A of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial.....	5,000.00
Matilda E. Hume Fund.....	1,021.87
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	1,500.00
Anonymous Fund .....	102,400.00
Total .....	\$302,672.70

Note: Under the will of Nelson Fant of Flemingsburg, Kentucky, who died in 1934, the Service was left a substantial residuary bequest as a memorial to his son William Nelson Fant, payable upon the death of his widow. Mrs. Fant died December 9, 1941. When the estate is settled the Fant Memorial will be added to our endowment funds, but the amount is not determinable at the present time.



## CASH IN BANKS

The current accounts and salaries of the Service were paid up in full at the close of the fiscal year, and the cash on hand in banks and petty cash funds was \$21,400.62, of which, however, the greater part is money for construction and equipment of the new Garden House 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 \$14,993.35, representing the amount, on a two-thirds basis, of unpaid salaries during the same years of adjustment and reduction. This sum is reduced annually and has been reduced by \$2,662.20 during the past year.

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 \$240,043.72, 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, and a frame Annex, Memorial to "Jacky" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; the Midwives' Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; water tank; two tenants' cottages; and out buildings such as garages, work shop, pig house, forge, engine house, fire hose house, and the Wee Stone House.

## Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Old House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"), the older Cabin, the Ruth Draper Cabin;

the new Garden House (now under construction); 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, and the new Pebble Work Shop.

**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; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

**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.

\* A picture of this nursing center is on the inside back cover of the Bulletin.

### Livestock

Twenty-eight horses; one mule; seventeen cows; ten heifers; one calf; one registered Jersey bull, "Elmendorf Frontiersman"; over four hundred chickens; and four pigs (two barrows and two spayed sows).

### Equipment

Equipment includes: three old Ford cars (two Model A's for district use); one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; fifty pairs of saddle bags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishings in twenty buildings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

## II

### REPORT OF OPERATIONS

#### HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden has 18 beds and 9 bassinets. It is staffed entirely by graduate nurses. The Superintendent, Miss Vanda Summers, and the head of the Maternity Division, Miss Helen Edith Browne, are graduate midwives as well as registered nurses. The Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, whose residence is in the Hospital grounds, carries the medical work of the Hospital and minor surgery. He also carries on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday huge outpatient clinics with the assistance of two clinic nurses. These nurses help in laboratory procedures and in X-ray.

The Hospital admits every type of illness, medical and surgical, except mental cases, communicable disease and tuberculosis, for which we have as yet (unfortunately) no provision. It has an obstetrical division, a blood plasma bank and a large modern X-ray machine.

Our major surgery is handled by Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard assisted by Dr. J. E. Hagan, with surgical clinics given us during the year by eminent men from outside the mountains. During the past fiscal year, Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville again spent three days with us, assisted for anaesthetics by Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, for his regular annual tonsillectomy clinic. For our special gynecological-surgical clinic we were so fortunate as to have the services of Dr. Arthur B. McGraw of Detroit and Dr.

Francis Massie of Lexington for several days. The services of all these brilliant surgeons is given us gratuitously. Dr. Collins has been coming over to Hyden on our general surgical and emergency calls, with no cost to us, at all hours of the day and night over a period of many years. Until the highway was completed he had to make the twenty-five-mile ride on horseback, and sometimes his horse had to swim the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River to get him to us.

During the past fiscal year the Hyden Hospital was occupied 6,641 days by 713 patients with a daily average of 18.2 patients. Put into plain English this means that the Hospital has been desperately overcrowded a good part of the year. Of the 713 patients, 361 were adults of whom 221 were obstetrical patients. The Hospital cared for 352 children of whom 142 were newborn. It is difficult for us to compute exactly the cost to us per patient-day, because when our Hospital Superintendent requisitions the orders for supplies she includes in her requisition those relayed over to all of our outpost station clinics, and supplied to the sixteen district nurses, and the graduate students of the midwifery school for their saddle-bags. However, if we take the figure for running the Hospital from Schedule B-4 of the audit which is \$18,890.52 (after deducting board of residents) and add to that figure a proper ratio of the total cost of hospital and dispensary supplies and then add the proportionate costs for medical services which cover of course our whole area, we figure that \$25,000.00 covers approximately the cost of running the Hospital. This would work out at a cost per patient-day of \$3.76.

Our charges are \$1.00 a day for adults other than obstetrical patients and that is as much as 95% of our patients can pay. Even so, this charge is usually met by the labor of a member of the family, or is paid in produce. For our obstetrical patients there is a flat charge of \$5.00 which covers their delivery and entire stay in the Hospital. There is no Hospital charge made for children but not infrequently the grateful parents make a donation to the Hospital of whatever they can afford, or make a present of produce and supplies. In the case of twin babies (Enos and Eva) brought to us years ago by a man from outside our territory whose wife had died of childbed fever, the

father brought a cow with his babies to stay at the Hospital as long as they did.

At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital there was a total of 5,863 visits paid during the past fiscal year.

#### DISTRICTS

In the 13 districts carried by the Frontier Nursing Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and 6 outpost stations, we attended 8,706 people in 1,794 families. Of these 4,982 were children, including 2,314 babies and toddlers. Beside nursing care was given to 2,142 sick people on the districts, of whom 28 died. The district nurses paid 19,400 visits and received 27,116 visits at the nursing centers and at their subsidiary clinics. In addition to this, we held 163 special field clinics, with an attendance of 4,495 people. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 5,227 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox et cetera, and sent 1,980 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district nursing only and does not include the midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

#### MIDWIFERY

##### Registered Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service admitted 434 new antepartum patients to its regular midwifery service and closed out 386 mothers after postpartum care. The Service delivered 396 patients, thus making this past year the fifth consecutive year in which regular deliveries have been well over "a baby a day."

Of the 396 women delivered, 310 were delivered in their own homes—257 by graduate nurse-midwives, 52 by pupil midwives, and 1 by the Medical Director. The remaining 86 were delivered in the Hyden Hospital—19 by graduate nurse-midwives, 63 by pupil midwives, and 4 by the Medical Director. In all cases delivered by the pupil midwives (graduate nurses) the pupils were under the direct supervision of graduate nurse-midwives. Of the five cases delivered by the Medical Director, one was that of a breech with extended legs, one was a caesarean

section, and the other three were cases in which forceps had to be applied.

Of the 396 women delivered 5 miscarried. Five of the women were delivered of twins. There were 380 babies born at full term; 16 prematurely; 11 were stillborn. There were no maternal deaths.

#### Emergency Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service was called in for 31 emergency deliveries by patients who had not been seen during their pregnancy and had received no prenatal care. Of these 31 women, 14 were brought to the Hyden Hospital and 17 were attended in their own homes. Thirteen of the women in this emergency group called in the nurse-midwife because of miscarriages. Two of these miscarriages were handled by the Medical Director and for one of the remaining 18 women he had to use forceps. Of the babies born to the remaining 18 women, 14 were born at full term, 2 were stillborn, and 4 were live, premature babies. The pupil midwives delivered 8 of these emergency cases, under the supervision of their instructors. The remaining 20 were delivered by the graduate nurse-midwives. There were no maternal deaths.

#### Outside-Area Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service delivered 51 mothers who came from outside its territory. Of these, 47 were delivered in the Hyden Hospital and 4 in homes within our districts where the women were visiting. One woman miscarried. One had twins. There were 48 full term, live babies; 1 full term, stillborn baby; and 2 premature, live babies (the twins). The pupil midwives delivered 28 of the mothers; the Medical Director, 2 (one a caesarean section and one a miscarriage). The other 21 women were delivered by the graduate nurse-midwives. There were no maternal deaths.

#### THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The report for the midwifery training school for the past fiscal year covers the last period of the third class, the full six months period of the fourth class, and the beginning of the fifth class. The examinations for the third and fourth classes

were again conducted through the courtesy of the Kentucky State Board of Health who sent two of their physicians, Dr. Charles Crittenden and Dr. Oma Creech, up to us at Hyden for this purpose. All pupil midwives passed both examinations which included written, oral and practical work.

With the opening of the fourth class on September 15, 1941, the School moved over to its own quarters and was reorganized on the basis of a four-pupil class. The Instructor, Miss Eva Gilbert, R. N., M. A., certified midwife, was given an Assistant, Miss Hannah Mitchell, R. N., certified midwife, who is one of the graduates of our first midwifery class. Our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, handles all medical lectures and the Hospital Nurse-Midwife, Miss Helen Edith Browne, carries the teaching on the Hospital midwifery cases. In order to get the extra deliveries needed as teaching material for the enlarged School, we added to the teaching area the third of the three Hyden districts and some of the mothers from the Wendover and Red Bird districts who live along the state road. We also used more of the Hospital beds for midwifery.

We kept only two places in the School for our own pupils. The School had been enlarged in order to accommodate two pupils on Federal scholarships. These graduate nurses are picked by various State Boards of Health and return after completing our six months' course to their own states to work. The two on Federal scholarships in our fourth class were Miss Josephine Kinman, R. N., from Georgia and Miss Rosa Clark, R. N., from South Carolina.

The fifth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery opened April 15, 1942 with two of our own graduate nurse students and two more Government-sponsored students, Miss Ruth Herron, R. N., of New Mexico and Miss Aileen Murphy, R. N., of Alabama.

#### PELLAGRA CLINICS

Dr. Kooser's Pellagra Clinic, held in cooperation with the Perry County Health Department, at Hazard, Kentucky, treated 33 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 287 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 2 active new pellagrins and 5 subclinical cases.

#### MEDICAL STUDY

The paper on "Rural Obstetrics, A Report of the Work of the Frontier Nursing Service," by Dr. John H. Kooser, which he delivered to the Section on Obstetrics of the Southern Medical Association, Thirty-Fifth Annual Meeting at St. Louis, Missouri in November, 1941 has been printed in the Journal of the Southern Medical Association, Volume 35, February 1942, Number 2. It is a scientific study of great interest of which we have reprints that we will be glad to send without charge to those of our members who apply for them.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

The records of the Social Service Secretary, Miss Edith Anderson, B. A., were burned in the Garden House fire. Unlike the statisticians whose master sheets were accessible and could be saved, Miss Anderson lost not only all her records for the current fiscal year but all the social service records of many years past. The following report is therefore an understatement of the work accomplished. No case is reported on which has not been traced back through evidence supplied by the Medical Director and the nurses and the Hospital who had all relayed cases needing social service to the social service section.

Miss Anderson gave intensive care and relief to 5 families with tuberculosis and to 21 dependent children. These children are placed as follows:

- 7 at Buckhorn School
- 1 at Berea
- 2 at the Blind School in Louisville
- 5 at the Deaf School in Danville
- 6 in private mountain families

Miss Anderson sent 41 patients and their attendants out of the mountains on passes furnished through the courtesy of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati. In this figure are included 24 patients sent out for special hospitalization and the crippled children relayed through the courtesy of the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission.



The Children's Hospitals of Cincinnati and Louisville cared for the children we sent them this year again without charge. Dr. Josephine Hunt and her associates on our Medical Advisory Committee in Lexington, and other Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati physicians gave their services without charge.

The social service section handled a court case for adoption and (in cooperation with the Federal Government) a court case for a delinquent minor. Many and various were the Social Service Secretary's extra duties. She distributed clothing, food, seed for gardens, and cows (given through the kindness of friends) to needy families. She handled hundreds of books sent to us and distributed them to local schools and to the loan libraries at our outpost nursing stations.

#### GUESTS

The figures for guests entertained by the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover during three of the last twelve months were destroyed in the Garden House fire. The figures given for the year are an approximation based on the other nine months.

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 107 overnight guests who stayed 427 days. In addition, Wendover entertained for meals 278 guests for 445 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-four couriers and other volunteer workers (Christmas Secretary, volunteer clerical assistants) worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1,262 days. They lived at Wendover, the Hospital, and the Outpost Centers.

#### SEVENTEEN-YEAR TOTALS

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

Patients registered from the beginning.....	23,210
Babies and toddlers.....	9,616
School children.....	5,171
Total children.....	14,787
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	4,935
Inoculations—Total .....	118,341

Typhoid .....	82,584
T.A.T. or Toxoid.....	21,439
Other .....	14,318
Nursing visits paid in homes.....	308,975
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' regular clinics.....	295,866
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' special clinics*.....	85,600 plus
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital**.....	5,485
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital**.....	55,529

## III

## BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1942-1943

The budget for the current fiscal year is \$104,000.00. We hope to be able to operate within the limits of this budget but our doing so depends upon two things. We have allocated only \$2,500.00 for repair and upkeep and replacement on our realty, equipment and livestock valued in the audit at over two hundred and forty thousand dollars. This allocation is too low and will cover only the bare elements of maintenance. It does not provide for the terrific emergency break-downs that so often occur in winter in a rough mountain country. The second uncertain factor in planning a budget today is the cost of living. Already the price we pay for such essential things as car-load lots of hay and hospital supplies and food has risen considerably. We have allowed for the current increase in price in this year's budget, and we can only join with all other Americans in hoping that the cost of living will be stabilized.

There is nothing that can be taken out of our budget to offset an 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 \$59,000.00 of the \$104,000.00 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, and many receive less. Out of their small salaries the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, wherever stationed, pay their own living expenses. The

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

\*\* For 13 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.

volume of work done, and the number of people doing it, is so large that even these small salaries make a formidable total.

The work of the Frontier Nursing Service is so unique that it is hard to find a comparable basis of expenditure. It is as though we ran a university extension-training field in the well-being of remotely rural people from birth to death. If we compare our budget with the budgets of educational institutions, then our expenditures are almost unbelievably low in relation to the work accomplished. For example: small American colleges, with an enrollment of fewer than a thousand or so students, expend from \$125,000.00 on up to \$200,000.00 or more annually. With its meager budget of \$104,000.00 the Frontier Nursing Service maintains a Graduate School, does research, carries a statistical department and a social service section, operates a hospital, and covers a vast remotely rural area from numerous outpost stations with an annual enrollment of nearly 9,000 people. These people are more than patients. They are "students" as well. They share the throes of creation with us and join us in weaving a pattern designed to re-create in beauty and strength the fabric of our remotely rural life.

We give here an analysis of our budget, accepted by the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service at their eighteenth annual meeting at the Louisville Country Club, on May 27, 1942.

Field Salaries .....	\$ 59,000.00
Field Expenses (General)	
1. (Bulletin, stationery, stamps, printing and appeals, auditing, advertising, telephone and telegraph, office supplies, etc.) .....	8,000.00
2. (Dispensary and Hospital supplies, freight and hauling, car expenses and gasoline, laundry, fuel, etc.) .....	17,000.00
Feed, Care and Purchase of Horses.....	6,000.00
Social Service Department.....	3,000.00
Repayment of Borrowed Money.....	1,000.00
Insurance (Fire, employer's liability, car insurance on three cars and a station wagon).....	1,700.00
Repairs, Upkeep and Replacements.....	2,500.00
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (scholarships)	3,200.00
Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses (Invitations, stamps, petty cash sent outside city committees for annual meetings and benefits, etc.) .....	1,000.00
Contingencies .....	1,600.00
TOTAL .....	\$104,000.00

### CONCLUSION

Although this report of a year's work is perhaps unduly long, it only touches the fringe of what the year has meant to the Frontier Nursing Service. It has never been easy to organize, operate and finance a Service as remote as ours from modern centers of communication and wealth. We have been faced all along with a dual problem. In our rugged territory we had to meet the difficulties of frontier conditions and, on the outside, we had to reach the imagination of people to whom such conditions were unknown. Our work is a testament that such disparate groups of people are linked in spirit with those divine realities without whose help no good work is ever done. We operate on the fringes and touch the fringes only, but we know that the measure of our success can only be the exact measure of our surrender "as creatures to the Creator." For the shortcomings of our work we assume full responsibility. For its worth we thank our thousands of friends inside and outside the mountains, and, in the old-fashioned language of that religious faith which is born anew with each generation in war as in peace, we give glory to God.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman

C. N. MANNING, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

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### THE TRAINING GROUND OF THE FAMILY

Two small boys of my acquaintance, who have been expecting their father home from abroad, have consistently refused to eat the chocolate given them at Christmas or to partake of marmalade, of which they are very fond, in order to "keep it till daddy comes." When their father arrived a week or two ago, having safely eluded the enemy submarines, they said to their mother, "Let us put everything on the table and not let him know for three days that there's a war on." Thus children reveal to us in these benighted and furious days the presence and persistence of the world of relationship. This education, acquired in the home or in the school, is the force that can restore the world to sanity; it is the stuff of which the new world must be built.

—The Christian News-Letter,  
21 Northmoor Road, Oxford, England.

## GRANDFATHER'S ERRAND

by

CATHERINE UHL, R.N., Certified Midwife

At "the edge of dark," after a busy Monday clinic, Golden arrived at Hyden saying that his sister-in-law Faith's "time had come." She was beginning to "punish badly" when he left home a couple of hours ago to cross Twin Mountains by Ellis Branch on foot. The evening was hot and sultry. Most of the way was a rocky, uphill climb. Rogue is a good climber, but occasionally he needed to stop for rest because of the heat. Occasionally I dismounted to lighten his burden and led him part of the way. This was to be Faith's first baby, so I had plenty of time and one has to consider one's horse.

As crops were growing, all of the gates along the trail were closed. Some could be pushed open and some had to be unlatched. One neighbor, knowing the nurse had been sent for and hearing the horse, had opened her gate and was waiting for us to pass through.

When we reached the home of Faith's mother it was evident there would still be some hours before the baby arrived. The mother was away "tending" the children of Polly, Faith's sister, who had come to stay with Faith. Polly had had three babies delivered by the Frontier Nursing Service and was a real help. Two other sisters and a brother-in-law had gathered to be on hand in case they were needed, but Ben (Faith's husband) was away and did not know that she was in labor. After a weekend with his wife at his mother-in-law's home, he had left very early to travel many miles on foot to their own little place where he had to spend his week-days "tending" his crops. Polly, knowing what was needed from her own experience, had plenty of hot and cold boiled water ready when I arrived and a lamp on the table and the baby clothes laid out. Faith had fortified her strength for the night's task by eating a nourishing supper, which many mountain women fail to do when labor has started. She bore her "miseries" well, while her sisters whiled away the hours by reminiscing of many mountain events—some of long ago and others of yesterday.

The windows were fairly well screened at this home, but some bugs entered and flew to the light. Most of them were caught and disposed of but once my elbow was stung at a most trying moment. At 1:00 a. m., Faith smiled at her eight-pound baby boy and then she gladly turned over for rest and sleep. While it was still dark her mother, the new grandmother, arrived, her face beaming with pleasure. All of the family wanted to get word to Ben so that he could return to his wife and child as soon as possible. The question arose as to who would carry the good news. Crops must be harvested and the younger men and women were needed in the fields. "Why, of course," said grandmother, "grandfather will start at 'break of day' to find Ben and tell him of his wife's well-being and of his son and to 'fetch' him home." Grandfather was nearly seventy but he looked eager to start his long journey afoot at the earliest possible moment.

When Rogue and I left this happy home for our own journey back to Hyden it was not yet three o'clock in the morning. We rode in a heavy mist, by the light of a last-quarter moon, and in stillness save for the sound of Rogue's hoofs on the stones. When we forded the river at Owl's Nest it seemed lighter. The trail had given place to a road and the foliage was not nearly so thick overhead. Rogue was ready for his breakfast. I was thrilled and made happy once again by the evidence of the devotion and self-sacrificing spirit displayed by the mountain folk toward one another.

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**JUST JOKES**  
**Talking of Food**

Jim—Who's your cook now?

John—Della.

Jim—Della who?

John—Della Katessen.

Tilda: "Pass the 'lasses."

Lizzie (who has attended school): "Don't say 'lasses. Say molasses."

Tilda: "How come I say mo' 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?"

Diner: "What kind of pie is this—apple or peach?"

Waitress: "What does it taste like?"

Diner: "Glue."

Waitress: "Then it's apple. The peach tastes like putty."

## COURIER'S CATALOGUE

by

TWO JUNIOR COURIERS

No wonder we couldn't answer curious queries as to just what a courier does when even Webster's suggestion, "an attendant on travelers who arranges for their convenience at hotels and on the way", seemed hardly applicable to the Frontier Nursing Service. Now that we're here there still is no such thing as a rigid routine of day by day duties that we can state—specifically.

There is an absorbing assortment of things to be done. Just under the heading "The Care of Horses" comes every-day watering, grooming, exercising and cleaning tack! Then it's so interesting to go with the nurse on her District calls. The rides along and through the rivers and creeks and around and over the mountains are beautiful. It's an experience to meet such real people, and as a novice Nurse's Aide, there is a new satisfaction in boiling water for the baby's bath, or helping "set up" for the school-house typhoid inoculation clinics. And a courier's medical experiences don't end here, for with the able advice of an old hand, she tries her own hand at Veterinary Science—a quicked hoof needs a bran poultice, blue lotion for a bad back and a "dose every two hours" for a cunning little three-day-old calf.

All this and "Rounds" too—which is the circuit of the nursing centers via horseback and the loveliest trails, made all the more adventurous by a wrong right turn taken or a right left turn not taken, and sodden saddlebags due to an under-estimated flooded ford! As the Errand Girls on horseback, couriers deliver everything from pills and patients to horses and cows and hopefully—maybe—go with a nurse to deliver a baby. After an all-day ride, how good it is to arrive at the cheerful center where certainly Southern hospitality is at its best; for the horses their hay, oats and a beautiful barn bed, for the riders a hot bath, delicious dinner, a nice chat with our hostess, clean sheets—and one Saturday night even a square dance!

So, every day holds something new—from sandpapering

wooden salad bowls to teaching Sunday School, which is the fun and fascination of being here. Although perhaps we can't all be WAAC's or WAVES, how gratifying it is to be a small part of an organization whose work is adding such strength to the "home front."

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### CHRISTMAS BULLETIN SUBSCRIPTIONS

If those of you who wish to make a Christmas gift of the Frontier Nursing Service Bulletin for one year will send us \$1.00 and the name and address of the friend to whom you want the Bulletin sent, we will send a greeting card in your name in December and start your subscription with the Autumn number of the Bulletin which gets in the mail at the same time.

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### WAR-TIME BABIES

(Abridged)

With perhaps one-third of the nation's doctors in the armed services, Miss Katherine Lenroot, chief of the United States Children's Bureau, foresees a necessary extension of trained nurse-midwife service, especially in rural districts. The Frontier Nursing Service of Kentucky, famous for its horseback nurses, has pioneered in this field, as has the Lobenstine School for nurse-midwives here. The first school for Negro midwives now has been opened at Tuskegee, Ala., and a number of other schools are including midwife courses in post-graduate nurses' training. The main difficulty, as in so many phases of the war effort, is one of facilities for training. The problem is one which warrants the interest not just of the Children's Bureau and public agencies but of private agencies and private funds as well.

—New York Herald-Tribune

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### AFTER TEN YEARS

It is rather difficult to believe, but ten years have elapsed since I saw the mist drift down Hurricane or heard the slosh of horses' hooves down near Short Creek, or the scraping of riding boots along the flagstones at the Big House. Marion (*his sister*) has told me several things about bridges built, roads improved and the change being shown in the hill folk and it all has been very interesting to me. No doubt other changes have occurred which she has not mentioned but there is one thing that does not change much and that is good, solid friendship such as the type gained in Kentucky. Of course one meets with such wherever one goes but it seems to me there was more of it per acre, or per capita, in the hills than I've bumped into during the past few years.

—Alan Ross



## MESSAGE FROM SINGAPORE

by

Squadron Leader  
G. L. CREED, R. C. A. F.

"So long, my Canada! You may not hear again  
From one to whom your very name is dear . . .  
And so this message I must send you ere  
The yellow tide of death that creeps so near  
Flows over yet another of your sons  
Whose priceless freedom is your greatest dower . . .  
To help preserve this birthright for mankind,  
I dedicate my life to its last hour . . .

"I go to join my comrades of Dunkirk —  
Narvik, — Tobruk — Hong Kong — and many more  
Whose names in tears are written on your heart  
From sun-lit West to grey Atlantic shore . . .  
Gladly give I, as they have given, all  
One man can give to pay the debt I owe  
To you, my Canada, who, freedom-blest  
This blessing on your children still bestow . . .

"The sands are running out . . . the yellow pack  
In full and snarling cry is closing in! . . .  
So little time is left in which to play  
My humble part . . . but, if my death should win  
One single foothold for the steps of those,  
My brothers, who — to save your freedom dear —  
Must follow me, with gladness I shall go  
To meet my Maker . . . and without a fear!"

### EPITAPH

He died, this son of Canada, for **you!**  
To help preserve **your** towns from raining hell  
**Your** wives from rape — your daughters from the lust  
Of beasts — **your** shores from shot and shell . . .  
He died for lack of guns — of tanks — of planes —  
Of ships — of all that wins in modern war . . .  
All he had left was courage! . . . and the rest  
Is what we stay-at-homes are paying for.

*Our grateful thanks for permission to print this poem, as  
read over the CBC National Network on a special Victory Loan*

*broadcast, are tendered to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.*

*This poem appears in a volume of Poems—FOR FREEDOM—by Squadron Leader G. L. Creed, which has just been published by J. M. Dent & Sons, (Canada) Limited, and will shortly be published in the United States by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York City. We extend our thanks to J. M. Dent & Sons, (Canada) Limited, for their permission to print this poem.*

*Lastly, we gratefully acknowledge permission given by Squadron Leader G. L. Creed in the following letter:*

Ottawa, Ont.,  
July 1, 1942.

My dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

Thank you very much for your kindly letter of June 26th and the copy of your Quarterly Bulletin which Mrs. Creed and myself have both found interesting.

You are, of course, perfectly welcome to use "Message from Singapore" in any way you think fit. By so doing, you will be conferring a favour on the author and not vice versa.

I am taking the liberty of forwarding a copy of your letter to my publishers, J. M. Dent & Sons, Canada Ltd., Toronto, who, within the next few days, are releasing a small volume of war-time verse entitled "For Freedom", of which I am the author. Dodds & Meade, Publishers of New York, represent Dent's in the U. S. A. and are also handling this collection. All proceeds therefrom have been donated to certain Service Benevolent Funds both in Canada and the United States. You will undoubtedly receive further information concerning this book from the publishers, should it be of any interest to you.

The article concerning your distinguished brother, General Breckinridge, is one of the most beautiful memorials I have been privileged to read. He must have been a very, very fine man. The world can ill afford, in days like these, to lose such a man.

Thank you again for your letter and interest. It has been indeed a pleasure to make your acquaintance in this way.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) G. L. CREED,  
Squadron Leader.

## BABY IN A TIDE

by

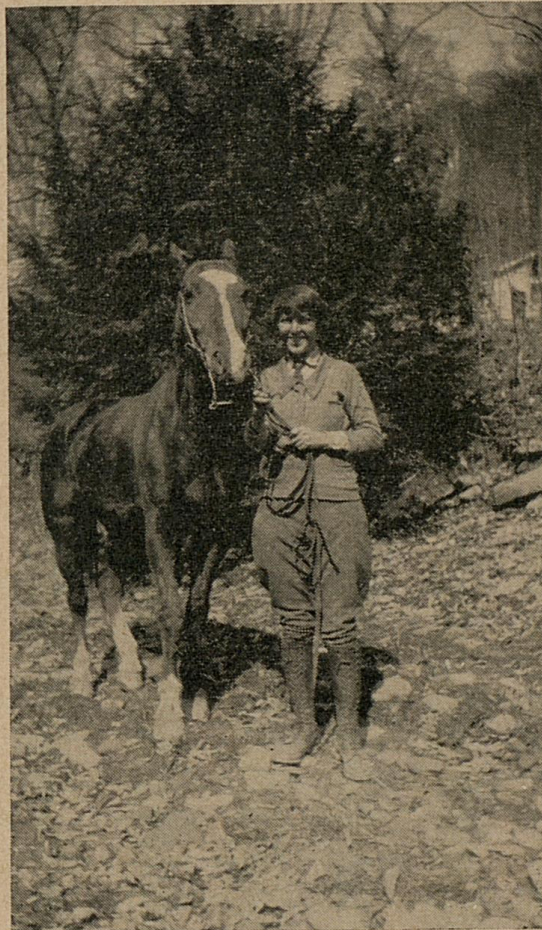
GLADYS M. PEACOCK, R.N., S.C.M., B.S.\*

There was a "tide" in Red Bird River. By a "tide" it is meant that the river is so swollen, due to heavy rains, that it is impossible to ford.

We were at that time living in a little two-roomed cabin on Red Bird River. We discovered later that we were on the wrong side of the river for most of our deliveries. However, that could not be avoided, as we could hardly insist upon babies coming just the side of the river on which we happened to be.

We realized we could not possibly ride out that day, as the river was too deep and too swift to attempt to swim our horses, so we walked across the swinging bridge, to the site where we were building the new center on the right side of the river for babies, and decided to spend a much needed day there.

About noon, our plans were suddenly upset. A wet, bedraggled looking man arrived at the site,



THE AUTHOR IN 1928

\* This story is about an experience in 1928 while Miss Peacock and the late Miss Mary B. Willeford were living in a cabin they called "Buckingham Palace" and building the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River. It was written in 1931 but has not been printed before. Miss Peacock has been in London since soon after the heavy air raids began.

looking very perturbed, having walked six miles from his home on Sugar creek.

With a hesitating and apologetic air he came up to us, and said, "My woman sent me to get you women to come to her, she's punishin' mighty bad, and thinks as how it won't be long before she's sick." He hesitated, then said, "I told her hit warn't possible you'n's 'd come to her as the travellin' was too bad, but she insisted that you'd come—she said you'n's had said that no matter what the weather or the time, if I could come for you you'n's 'd come back with me." He looked worried and anxious, then continued in a half-questioning tone, "I told her it warn't no good me coming."

We hurriedly collected our saddle-bags, gave them to the father to carry, and started on our trip. We expected it to be bad, but never dreamt it would be as exciting as it was.

We started by crossing an enormous field, freshly plowed, into which our feet sank about a foot. Every step was a long drawn out process, and we did not appear to make any progress. When we finally dragged our way out of the field it seemed as though we had been walking all day. Our next move was to cross a very broken down swinging bridge. If you have ever traversed one of these horrible inventions you will know the agonizing sensation of trying to keep your feet on planks and miss the gaping holes through which you see the black roaring water of the angry river rushing below you. Every step you take the bridge takes with you. You wish you had eaten no breakfast. You try not to look down, yet if you look ahead you feel that you will never make it. How you wish that babies would be more considerate. The rail of the bridge (what was left of it) had short spikes of wire from the cable sticking out, and our hands were looking distinctly the worse for wear when we finally got to the other end of the bridge.

Our guide then began climbing up an almost perpendicular mountain side. Throwing the saddle-bags in front of him, he swung on to the branches of the trees and pulled himself up by them. We followed, but much more slowly. The ground was soaking wet, and slippery, and we wondered, as we leapt from bough to bough, what would happen if we didn't chance to catch the branch we were aiming for. The river was roaring below

us. Many streams that were hurrying down the mountain side to help swell the river, had to be waded. Slowly we plodded, scrambled, slipped, and rolled from one obstacle to another.

Would we ever get there? Could this be the same six miles we had so often travelled on Betsy and Bruna? Would the baby be born before we got there? These thoughts raced through our heads.

After three hours of this strenuous exercise, the cabin at last loomed in sight. We were almost too bewildered to be glad. Our hands were bleeding. The seats of our breeches were caked in mud. Our sleeves were torn to shreds and there was hardly a spot on us that was not soaking wet and thick with mud. As we arrived at the porch we both burst into loud roars of laughter as we surveyed each other's appearance. Never have I seen two more appalling tramps.

As we entered the door a most welcoming smile of satisfaction greeted us from the bed.

"I knew you'n's 'd come," said Mrs. Howard, "I told Henry so. I'm sure glad ter see you. Set right down in that cheer and git you a good ———." The sentence stopped abruptly. A look of pain spread over her face, and a low groan announced to us that there would be no "settin' in a cheer." We dived for the wash basin; set up for the delivery. In ten minutes Mary Gladys Howard was born.

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**JUST JOKES**  
**Socially Speaking**

Stranger (at party): "Dull, isn't it?"

Other: "Yes, very."

Stranger: "Let's go home."

Other: "I can't, I'm host."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Janet said to tell you she is not at home."

"Oh, that's all right. Just tell her I'm glad I didn't come."

He: "Since I met you I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink."

She (cooly): "Why not?"

He: "I'm broke!"

A clergyman, who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," replied the preacher, "it will be your hole."

## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

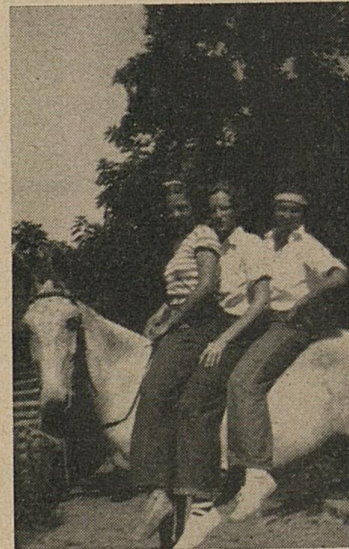
At Wendover we missed the usual large gathering of couriers in June for the Conclave, with its attendant confusion and merriment. Only Marion Shouse from Washington and Lisa Pugh from Cincinnati were able to attend and, of course, the couriers in residence for the early summer period, namely, Fanny McIlvain from Philadelphia, Nancy Dammann from Winnetka, Illinois, Mary Burton and Jean Sawyer from Glendale, Ohio.

The absent couriers regretted that war-time activities, coupled with both tire and gasoline rationing and the imminent departures of husbands and fiancés for duty in the armed forces, made their June visit to Wendover impossible this year. Abroad and from all parts of the States they wrote how sorry they were they could not get away to attend the convention; and while missing them, we were proud of the work our couriers are doing and happy that the glad, loyal, intelligent service they have so freely given the Frontier Nursing Service is being channeled now for the war effort.

Helen (Pebble) Stone wired:

"I feel very badly missing the courier convention for the first time. The best of luck to the Service and the convention."

From her post in England with the Auxiliary Territorial Service our Alison Bray cabled the courier convention her good wishes. . . . Joan McClellan has been teaching riding to children from two years old and up at the Rolling Rock Club, Ligonier, Pennsylvania, and has now been accepted for the WAVES; and Anne Preston was deep in a business course, preparatory to war work in mid-summer. . . . Mrs. William B. Chace (Nancy Burrage) wrote:



"I am very sorry I will not be able to make the courier convention this year. My husband is in the Navy and we will be in San Francisco at that time saying farewells. But I do hope the convention goes off well and that this year will be a good one for you."

. . . .

From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson) in Blacksburg, Virginia:

"I'm terribly disappointed. I won't be able to get to the courier conclave. The best time I can make is twenty-eight hours on the bus to Hazard. I just can't possibly arrange to be away for so long. I'm disappointed, too, because I'm afraid no one will want to visit me from Wendover—I guess it would be easier to get to New York—and actually it isn't much over two hundred miles!"

. . . .

Janet Chafee writes from Providence, Rhode Island:

"I'd love to go back to Wendover but I'm rather involved here. I had planned to go to the Yale Nursing School next week. Today, however, I heard that I'd gotten into the WAVES, so I guess I'm in the Navy now!"

. . . .

Louise (Weezie) Taylor—Hartford Courier—is busy with a war job in New York City—drafting with a firm of naval architects, Gibbs & Cox. . . . Louise Lewis and Mrs. Willard Reed, Jr. (Mary Cowles) are both in Washington, Louise in the Navy Department and Mary in the office of the Coordinator of Information.

. . . .

Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship had hoped to get to Wendover for her usual courier term this fall but she was unable to get leave of absence from the U. S. O. office in Pittsburgh and for the first year since she was a junior courier we have missed having her at Wendover in September and October. She writes as follows:

"I don't know whether I can stick by my noble idea of not giving up my job to go down. The F. N. S. is in my blood and there is naught I can do about it."

. . . .

Nancy Hillis wrote us how much she would have liked to come down for the Conclave:

"However, I am a working girl now and such inviting things are no longer a part of my curriculum. . . . I am working for a pediatrician in White Plains, New York, and just love my job. It is the sort of thing I wanted but never thought I would be so

lucky as to get. I have been here almost four months and still like every minute. My boss is a very busy man and I do all the bookkeeping; then during office hours, which are every afternoon except two, I have to be with him all the time and undress the babies, weigh them, and so on. . . . I have been doing some volunteer work in New York but I find it rather difficult to go in after a hard day at the office, so I am giving it up momentarily. I go into the Junior League and entertain soldiers occasionally too, but I don't consider that work!"

. . . .

From Mrs. Rodman Page (Sheila Clark) in Miami Beach, Florida:

"We have been here since April as Roddy is on a submarine chaser. I see him very seldom and worry about him constantly but I fully realize how very lucky I am to see him at all, and thank God for it. Sometimes I think I will burst waiting for this dreadful war to end and we can all return to the normal way of living again."

. . . .

From Mrs. John Frederick Kraft, Jr. (Mary Gordon) in Pittsburgh:

"I just had Marion's annual letter about the courier conference. . . . I was planning to come as usual, and as usual I can't. Jack just had word that he had to report for duty with the Army Air Corps on June 28th. Naturally I want to be with him as much as possible as I will not be able to follow him. He had a commission which he had to let go because of business and now he has it back with a raise in rank. Like all men he is so anxious to be in it and like all women I want him home. But not really, for I am very proud of him of course and could never stand in his way. He naturally hates to leave us and so the Krafts are now just one more divided family to be blamed on that devil in Germany. I am truly sorry not to be with you. It would be wonderful to see you all again."

. . . .

From Mrs. Herbert T. Holbrook (Betty Wynne Rugee) in Milwaukee:

"It has been a very busy time. Herb has been moved to Washington with the War Department, and I have been flying back and forth trying to decide which is better—to move or stay here. I haven't quite made up my mind which is best for the children. . . . Ever since I left those lovely hills I have wanted to come back. I wouldn't trade my months down there with all of you for anything in the world. You know how I loved it. Some day I'll come riding in and feel again that glow of happiness and contentment that only Wendover can bring."

. . . .

From Catherine Mellick in New Jersey:

"First and most important is that my not being down there with you at this very moment upsets me and makes me feel very badly. At this point I have my Nurses' Aide just about



half finished; and an Ambulance Course, to relieve internes and nurses, with four weeks to go, and my name on a waiting list for a radio operator's course that's to begin at any moment. I have to see some of this through. The Nurses' Aide especially, because the doctors and nurses are being simply wonderful to us. Later on, when I've covered about 150 to 200 hours on Nurses' Aide, I can easily have a month or two off and would seriously love a "rain check." . . . For the past three weeks we've had six lectures on "catching babies" in gutters during air raids. I'm more thankful than ever for having witnessed the arrival of the tenth little Morgan into this world. It's all so easy and wonderful up Camp Creek. If only everyone could go just once with an F. N. S. midwife on a delivery, they'd feel awfully differently."

#### From Dorothy Caldwell in Cincinnati:

"Since the first of May I've been working in the Nursing Office at the Cincinnati General Hospital. My title is Nursing Administrative Assistant—a sufficiently vague title to obscure my various duties. I'm sort of a registrar to the School of Nursing and Health, keeping student records, recording class and ward grades and hours of duty. I keep employment records on all Nursing Office employees—nurses, orderlies, attendants, and maids—and I never have just to sit and wonder what I can find to do! We are all so busy in that office that we sometimes go all day long without a word being spoken between us except to answer phone calls or speak to visitors who drop in to ask how they can go about entering Nurses' Training or get on the Hospital staff. I'm really enjoying it all thoroughly; and though it's taken me all this time really to get onto all the angles of my job (and I'm sure I still don't know all of them), I get fonder of it all the time. The only fault I find with it is it's so very confining. I find it very hard, after all these years, never to be able to alter the rigidity of the 8:30 to 5:00 every-day program.

"Goodness knows when I'll ever again get to come down and see all of you and Wendover and Hyden and those blessed Kentucky hills. As you know, I'd rather be there than just about any place I've ever been, and ever so often I feel as if I simply *must* do it again before too long. Then comes the stern realization that I'm now a Civil Service employee."

#### From Nancy Blaine in New York:

"Since last writing anyone at Wendover, my plans and activities have changed a good many times, but all with the same basis on which I originally went to Vermont to work—that of work service, in a rather broad sense. As you can see . . . some of us have now started the Land Corps to get school and college boys and girls to help out with the farm labor shortage in Vermont and New Hampshire this summer. The organization originated with Arthur Root, a Dartmouth boy who had worked in Camp William James in Vermont, and with Dorothy Thompson. Actually it is really an outgrowth of Camp William James and our efforts to establish a work service group on a small scale last summer. When war was declared, two other girls and myself joined the organization; and since then we have had a

twenty-four-hour-a-day job speaking at schools, to recruit people, interviewing them after they have applied, and so on. We plan to have from 1000 to 1500 boys and girls this summer, and have nearly 1800 applications to date. We do our best to weed them out and turn down a great many, which is always heart-breaking, since farm work is one of the few ways boys under draft age with only a summer vacation at their disposal can help in the war effort. We can't place girls either, which is too bad but understandable from the point of view of the farmers. All in all, it is extremely fascinating work and satisfying to a certain degree when the one thing one really wants to do is get into the war actively, at the front."

Elizabeth (Bubbles) Cuddy writes from her home in Blue Hill Falls, Maine as follows:

"We have a wonderful doctor and a wonderful hospital (small but complete) and with the war his nurses are rapidly being drafted and it is leaving the place very shorthanded. Dr.

Bliss has asked me to come in on full time to learn and undertake work there. I'm very excited over this opportunity as you can well imagine, so I have accepted and will remain there as long as I can be of use. As I wrote you sometime ago I had a feeling that I'd never see Kentucky this year and now I won't. You know without my saying how sad I am about it. . . . I've often wondered what effect this war is having on your courier situation."

"Since I last wrote I have been acting as chief observer of an observation post. It has been a task! The country is sparsely populated and few cars and many miles to get to it for most people and still it has to be manned twenty-four hours of the day. It has proved very interesting and exciting as we have been able to give quite a bit of information to the armed forces through our observations. The Maine coast is quite a hotbed. I'm so glad we don't live inland."

In addition to such new and spectacular occupations, many of our couriers were busy with home and babies. Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Jr. ("Tips" Stevenson) epitomized the problem of the active young mother when she wrote, in connection with David, her youngest baby:

"It seems to me I no sooner get started rolling dressings than I have to beat it home for the two o'clock feeding, or get right in the thick of registering an illiterate Polack with a speech defect and nine children, for the sugar ration books, than another feeding period pops up again! He eats so much we've named him the elephant child. . . . You know how I'd love to come down to Kentucky, this year especially, and I'd come if I could possibly make it."

From another home front, Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack) wrote:

"We are in our busy season on the farm, and . . . besides

getting meals for my husky husband there are five hundred new chicks, and they take a good deal of attention while so young."

From Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin (Sally Morrison) in Cotuit, Massachusetts:

"I have rarely done anything which has meant as much to me as the summer I spent with all of you, and I have always felt so badly that I haven't been able to get back for reunions or another spell as courier. Now that my daughter has arrived, I will have to wait until she can go instead. . . . As soon as it cools off a little in Miami, we are hoping to join my husband there. He is working for Pan-American Air Ferries—the branch of Pan-American which sends bombers from Florida down to South America and across Africa to the Middle East."

From Mrs. Richard Hays Hawkins, Jr. (Christine Eken-gren) from an outpost in Australia comes this interesting glimpse of life "down under" in April:

"So many Americans have gone home that I feel quite 'left' at times. I am so glad now, though, that I am still here. It is very interesting, but I have no doubt that things will get tougher and tougher—i.e., servants, food, clothes, repairs of any kind, etc.—this is true of other things besides the housewife's point of view.

"Dick has just returned from Brisbane, where he was for about two and a half months on temporary duty. Of course he was there during most of the crisis, and I can't tell you how differently I feel about everything now that he is back here. People seemed to get so harrowed. . . . —Dick, on the other hand, is so calm and so very clear about his decisions. So I stayed put. . . .

"I've taken a tiny house in Canberra, away from the sea, and expect to divide my time between Bellevue Hill and Canberra if the two hundred miles of curves and mountains don't wear me to a bone. . . . Canberra is a funny little country town, the so-called capital. . . . I have now been here in my cute little house for about ten days. Dick drove up and spent the night; he brought the commercial attaché in his car, and then drove our car back with bags of mail and a passenger. One doesn't like to use the gas just to transport oneself."

#### ENGAGEMENTS

Mary (Molly) Hays of Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania, to Mr. Samuel Willock Off of Chicago.

#### WEDDINGS

There has been a flurry of courier weddings this summer. In fact, one day, June twentieth, three of our couriers were married:

Florence Booker of Louisville to Lieutenant James Nester Rawleigh, Jr., United States Army. The young couple are living at Fort Bliss, Texas.

Barbara Bullitt of Louisville to Mr. Lowry Watkins of Louisville.

Katherine Pfeiffer of Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York, to Mr. Louis Vaczek of Montreal. Mr. Vaczek came back from Arabia last spring with Kay's brother, and is now working with a chemical plant in Montreal, where the young couple will live.

On May twenty-sixth, Catherine Louise (Kitty Lou) Taylor to Leonard Woods Bughman at Ligonier, Pennsylvania.

On June twenty-fourth, Edith Verbeck of Manlius, New York, to Lieutenant Charles Parker Wood of the Air Force of the United States Army. They are stationed in Miami at present. Edie wrote early in July:

"Parker and I have had the most wonderful twelve days before he had to report to duty yesterday. We were very lucky that he was granted so much leave.

"The Bulletin arrived last week and it kept me deeply absorbed for several days. It means a lot to me to get it and read about the interesting things everyone I knew three years ago is doing. How spread out all the nurses are now!

"Babs and the 'Skipper' are home now as Guido left for ? a few weeks ago. That makes both of my brothers in unknown localities."

On July fourth, Patricia Pettit of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Mr. Raymond Joseph Kelly, Jr., at Racine, Wisconsin.

On July eleventh, Barbara Glazier of Hartford, Connecticut, to Corporal Armand Eugene Girard of Brooklyn, New York, and the United States Army. Corporal Girard is stationed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, while Bobbie is continuing her Red Cross Motor Corps work in Hartford. She is now an adjutant.

On July fifteenth, Barbara Brown of Cleveland, whose engagement was announced in the Spring Bulletin, to Mr. Robert C. Webster.

On August twentieth, Eleanore George of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, to Mr. Hugh Williamson Nevin, Jr., of Sewickley.

On August twenty-sixth, Doris Briggs of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, to Lieutenant Edward Haverstack in Pensacola, Florida.

On September fifth, Eloise (Deedie) Hunt Dickinson of Detroit, to Mr. Richard Stevens, in Detroit.

On September nineteenth, Celia Coit of Winnetka, Illinois, to Mr. David Alexander Bridwell of Forest City, Arkansas, and Chicago.

From the bottom of our hearts we wish these young people a full measure of happiness. We are confident that their lives together will be richer and fuller in the mutual sharing of the strain and stress of these difficult times.

### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin (Sally Morrison), a daughter, Sarah Kerlin, on May thirtieth. She has been entered for the courier service, and her mother writes "Sarah will be looking forward to 1961."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), a daughter on July twenty-ninth. Weight: nine pounds, two ounces—which Mardi says is a family record! As Mardi so charmingly announces,

"Aggie can keep that courier entry on the books for March-April, 1962, and just add the name: Susan Bemis Perry. . . . She is such a fat, round-faced, funny-looking thing . . . that I'm perfectly happy to have a daughter instead of a son (it's traditional in our family to begin with a girl always, anyway).

"I really had an easy time—and am certainly grateful to you for all I learned with the Service. It sure was a comfort to know (even if only approximately) what the next step would be."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Kemp, Jr., ("Roey" Crocker), of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, a son, John Crocker, on August eighth.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Longstretch (Lucy Norton) who lost their little son last spring. Lucy writes,

"I had and I lost our little son only a few weeks after his birth this spring and it is wonderful to know how many parents are spared this through your efforts."

---

### AN AIRMAN AND WILD GEESE

An airman flying over Lincolnshire came on a formation of wild geese so high up as to be completely out of sight from the ground, flying 'absolutely magnetic north'. When the pilot went close to the geese the formation scattered, but later on he found the birds again, still out of sight from the ground, and back on their dead-north course.

—The Countryman, Idbury near Kingham, England.

## OUR "PROPERTY"

Among the old-timers in the Kentucky mountains, cattle are called property and one speaks of "feeding the property." This is the King's English in its purest form. In our Annual Report under Inventory we account for our "property." To make them as real to you as they are to us we now list them by name.

### OUR CATTLE

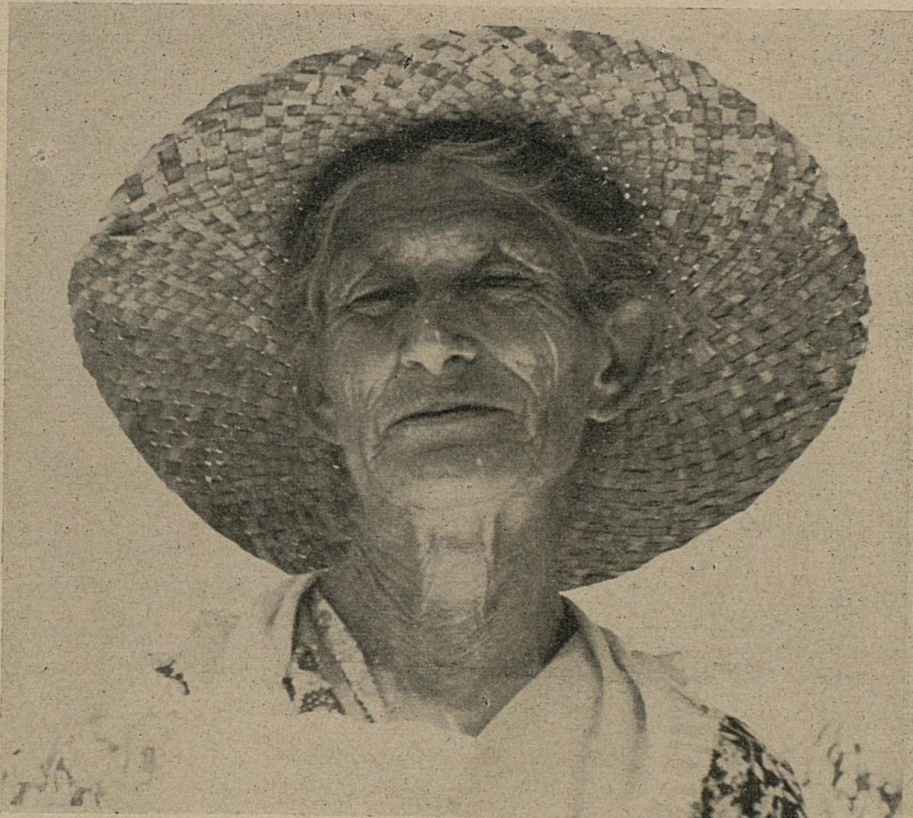
COWS	HEIFERS (Daughters of Frontiersman)	BULL
Blinkie	Brenda	Elmendorf Frontiersman
Brittania	Buttercup	
Cherry	Chocolate Drop	Frosty's Calf (a bull) Sold
Caledonia	Cocoa	
Criss Cross	Dilly Dally	
Crocus	Fancy	
Frosty	Hallie (named for Lady Halifax)	
Goody Two Shoes	Lucy Lindsay	
Hildegarde	Madcap (calved after April 30th)	
Mary Chase	Fawn	
Nora		
November	} Deceased in Winter 41-42	
*October		
Petunia		
Spicey Step		
Tulip		
Whiteface		



**\*OCTOBER, THE FAMOUS HOSPITAL HOLSTEIN, WHO DIED OF PNEUMONIA  
LAST WINTER.  
MAC IS FEEDING HER TEA CAKES.**

## OUR HORSES

Babbette	Faith	Pinafore
Blackie	Gloria	Puck
Billium	Gypsy King	Robin Hood
Calico	Heather	Rogue (Deceased 3-28-42)
Cameron	Kelpie	Sunshine (Sunny)
Camp	Kensowe	Tommy
Captain Pat	Lady Ellen	Traveller
Cholmondeley (Chumley)	Lassie	Wildfire (a filly, daughter of Sunny)
Convoy	Llanvechan (Llan)	and Tenacity
Erin	Pal	(Hospital mule)
	Patsy	



MOUNTAIN WOMAN IN STRAW HAT

**FRONTIER  
NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

**Organized  
May, 1925**

**Hyden District  
Work begun September,  
1925**

**Wendover Dedicated  
Christmas, 1925**

**Beech Fork  
(Jessie Preston Draper)  
P.O. Asher, Leslie Co.  
Work begun October, 1926**

**Possum Bend  
(Frances Bolton)  
P.O. Confluence, Leslie Co.  
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Dedicated  
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(Margaret Durbin Harper)  
P.O. Bowlingtown,  
Perry Co.  
Work begun July, 1930**

**Beverly  
F. N. S. Nurse-Midwife  
loaned the  
Evangelical Mission  
from June, 1930  
to July, 1932**







### ROADS AND RAILROADS

In 1925 when the Frontier Nursing Service began its work, there was no motor road in this whole country. Travel was by horse and muleback or mule team only.

State Highway No. 80 from Hazard to Hyden was completed in 1931 with a bridge over the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. State Highway No. 80 was completed from Hyden to Goosetown, near Manchester, in 1937 with a bridge over Red Bird River. A State Highway from Hyden to Harlan is partly constructed—in 1942—There are several stretches of C. C. C. and W. P. A. roads.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad has a branch line to Hazard and another branch line to Manchester.

### TELEGRAPH

Western Union via Krypton or Hazard.

### TELEPHONE

The Bell Telephone System reaches only to Hazard. The Leslie County Telephone Service runs along the Middle Fork. A State Forestry Service telephone runs along Red Bird River. A private line, built by citizens for the use of the F. N. S., runs between Bowlington and Brutus. There are numerous small exchanges.

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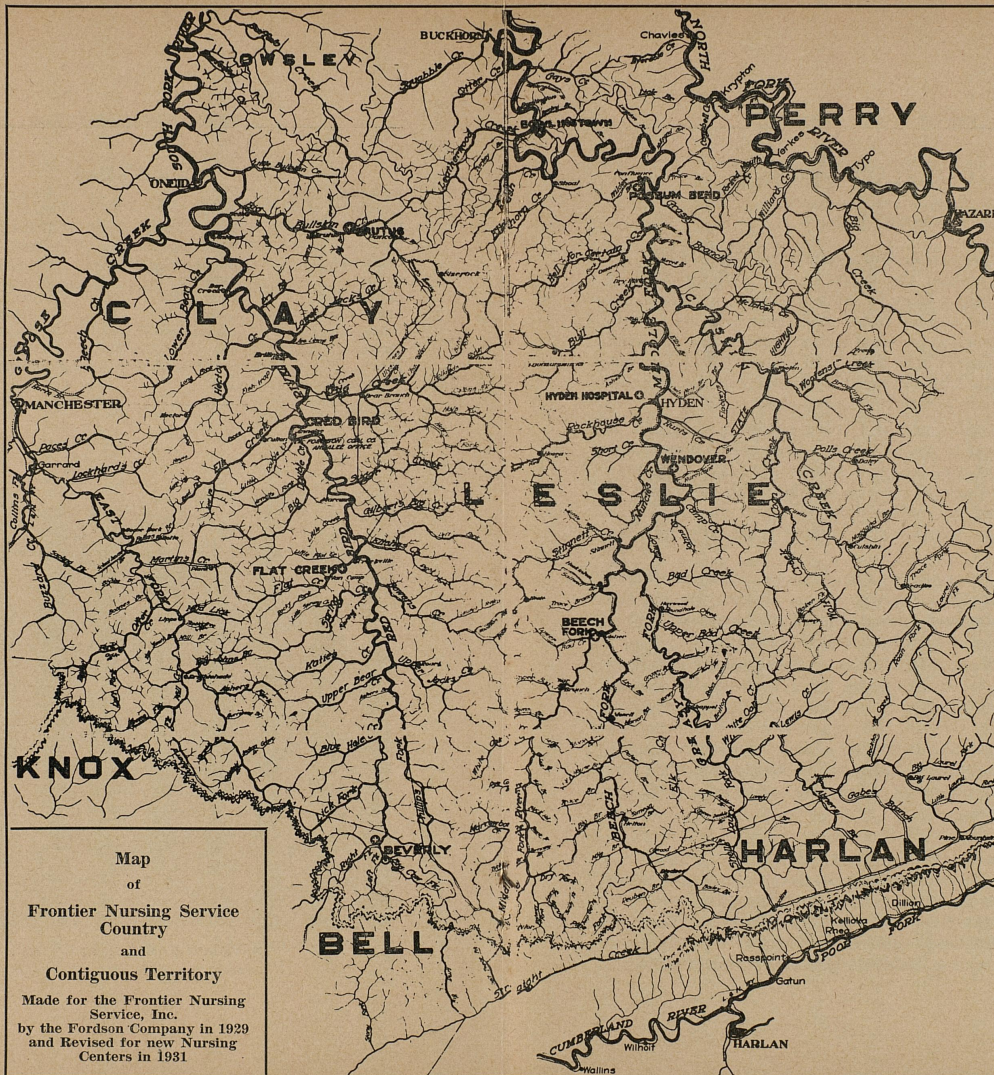
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## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
DOROTHY F. BUCK

### **From Janet Coleman in Worcestershire—May 8, 1942.**

I have just received the latest Bulletin, Winter 1942. I hasten to write straight-away to say how sorry I am about the loss of the Wendover Garden House. All those precious records as well as all the precious personal belongings of those who lived in the Garden House. It is so difficult to know what to say, but a hasty letter by Air Mail will help all of you concerned to know that we over here are just terribly sorry about it all. . . .

Seeing the pictures of the Garden House in the Bulletin made me feel so near to you all again. I have indeed been thinking a great deal of you lately as it was April 27, 1935, that Scotty and I left England for you and May 6th we landed in New York. I could not believe that Willeford has died. She died as I'm sure she would wish—working practically until the last.

I do hope you received my Christmas letter because it was full of the most thrilling news about my brother winning the D. F. C. He has now been promoted to Flight Lieutenant and is going to Canada for a further course in navigation.

The Girl Guides and Old Guides of Tensbury are collecting money to buy an R. A. F. dinghy for a bomber. By various means—social jumble sale and individual efforts—we have collected 35 pounds for our aim. So we are now off for 15 pounds for a fighter dinghy. The individual efforts include car cleaning and gardening. I have made 1 pound, 4 shillings and 6 pence gardening at 1 shilling per hour! All of this has to be done in our spare time, of course.

. . . . .

### **From May V. Green in London—May 12, 1942.**

I've just had a hurried note from Grace (*her sister*). I've been anxious about her since the last blitz, but, thank God, she is safe. She said the place was a blazing inferno and that she has had hardly a minute to spare as there are over 150 "priests, nuns, ladies, bus men, a little old grannie, big children, little

babies in prams, whose mothers had pushed them miles." . . .

I am doing private duty just now and enjoying a quiet time at the moment. I have been busy and tired, and this is a grand change. There is lots I would like to tell you but the censor would have to erase it so I must refrain. I'm often "in the hills". How very sad I was to hear about the death of Willeford and the burning of the Garden House with all those precious records, but thank goodness nobody was seriously hurt or injured.

. . . . .  
**From Grace Dennis (Denny) in Assam—May 17, 1942.**

Photostatic letter—posted in England July 27, 1942.

Received August 27, 1942.

Am sending this from Assam via England to let you know the latest news. I did 1½ years civilian work here, but have left that now and hope to be on active service soon as I'm on the Q. A. Reserve. Have been helping the last month at a canteen in the Dak Bungalow, Tezpur, for Anglo-Burmese refugees. This finished, so came to Manipur on medical service for same refugees. Only arrived but must return at once as the canteen here is closing and ladies going elsewhere. Hope to be in the I. M. S. field hospital being installed in fields near Thakabarri 17 miles from Tezpur. Mails are poor these days—I would love news from U. S. A. Address: Dennis, c/o Tezpur P. O., Assam. Things are lively here. Situation calm though. Can't tell you more, might not pass censor! All civilians (British) in Assam seem to be working on war work: Red Cross, road construction, relief, etc.

. . . . .  
**From Betty Lester in London—May 26, 1942.**

I do hope all is still well with you and the F. N. S. I'm hoping to be back by this time next year since we are talking of victory in the West in 1942. Sometimes it looks as if the Russians will be able to push the Nazis right back before Christmas, and I read the papers from "kiver to kiver" every day following their every move. Also, if all the United Nations go on working as they are doing, surely this must be the victory year! What marvelous things the war factories of the States are doing and how they have stepped up production! I'll get my long wanted fried chicken yet. . . .

You will be interested to know that I am once more a midwife. I did a year in the Civil Defense and most of my time I spent knitting socks, etc. I tried three times to get out as I felt when so many appeals came for nurses that I really ought to go back to my profession. I was refused permission until last month when I made my final appeal. I even asked to be allowed to join an army unit but that was flatly turned down. The only thing the London Ambulance Service would consent to was a transfer to a London County Council Hospital. . . . I am doing midwifery at Lewisham Hospital which is a Part II training school and I am finding the work quite interesting.

I went to the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies one day and mentioned you and the F. N. S. Everybody was charming to me and Matron took me all around, showed me the ruins, etc. and we just talked and talked. . . . She invited me to go down to the evacuation home and I went with a convoy. It is a lovely spot and we went out into the woods picking bluebells and primroses. I hope to go again one day soon. Today I had notice of a Midwives' meeting there next month and if I can possibly get my off-duty fitted in I shall go. . . .

July 22nd.

Our letters seem to arrive much more quickly these days. Yours of July 4th arrived in about two weeks—ain't that sumpin!! I also received the Spring Bulletin which I have read right through. . . .

I'm working hard—terribly hard—as midwives are in a minority in this country. . . . The hospital I am in is a 2nd part training school and we only take abnormal cases. . . . When we sit in your room at Wendover you'll hear all my joys and sorrows. However, there is a war on.

. . . All is quiet in England at the moment—big things are in the offing and everywhere there is a feeling of expectancy as if soon something big will happen. May it be soon and may we soon get better news from the front. . . .

. . . . .

**From Annie MacKinnon ("Mac") in Essex—May 31, 1942.**

. . . I am enjoying my work and it is grand being with the men, looking after their comforts. I have met some of your

boys but none from Kentucky—I am on the lookout for them, believe me. There was an American from Long Island sick in one of the wards and whenever he was up, he came over to my place—and did we talk! I am in charge of the Dining Hall and Recreation Room, so they are in and out all day and I have to be ready to listen to their joys and woes. I go up to London for a long week-end every four weeks and the last time I met Parkie. We had a great time together and talked about you. She is just the same, full of fun. . . . The other day, I met Wallie. . . . I was a very cold day, but there she was without stockings, only little anklets. . . .

Now there are lots of things I would love to tell you, but hush, hush—so will close. . . . Won't it be wonderful, you calling at the LaFayette for me, going home, having one big dinner? It makes me so homesick, but we must win the war and just go on until we do.

**In another letter on the same day Mac writes:**

Two years today I left the mountains with a very heavy heart. What ups and downs since then! I didn't think the war would have gone on so long then, but here we are fighting hard to win it—and we shall, side by side.

I enjoy the Bulletins and never miss a word. Thank you for sending them. Please remember me to all old friends. . . .

**From Margery Tait (Madge) at Sea—May, 1942.**

Just a hasty "Hello" note, as we are calling at a port within the next day or two, and we're to have all mail ready for censoring by tomorrow morning.

You'll see I'm with a new unit, and we are on the sea going somewhere, but only the Lord and a certain few, seem to know where! I most certainly don't!

It's as hot as h—ot! We donned tropical kit yesterday, but I'm darned if I feel any cooler. I'll write again when we reach our destination.

Thanks for newspaper cuttings re my acting as hostess to American sisters. I enjoyed doing it immensely.

Never a word have I heard of Mac for months. I am with Margaret Watson again. We are sharing a cabin. Isn't it funny how we move together?

**From Madge in Egypt—August 10, 1942.**

... It was a tremendous wrench leaving my beloved Ambulance Train in Ireland. I had been in charge of it two years and loved them all. We left England early in May and landed here several weeks ago. We spent two days in a female transit camp, sleeping in tents and waited on by prisoners of war—and jolly fat and healthy they looked! We came a four days train journey over the desert to this hutted hospital where we are lodged until our own hospital is ready. Margaret Watson is still with me and the Mickles are only an overnight's journey away, so we hope to see them before we go off to our own place, which is to be a long way off we hear.

We are right in the desert, camel trains pass the camp daily, women in veils balancing water pots on their heads pass us on the roads, and men wear fezzes and long white nightshirtish garments. All British camps have excellent water supplies—a great boon—and we can have showers often. The heat is intense during the day, but the evenings and early mornings are delightfully cool. So far the warmth has not affected me at all and I am as fit as ever. We go for shopping to Port Said two or three times a week. I love it, especially the curio and junk shops and the haggling in the bazaars with the natives.

We had our first mail from home yesterday, so you can imagine the excitement—the first home news since May! I am sending this air mail as ordinary mail takes weeks and weeks. Remember me to everyone I know please. . . .

. . . .

**From Margaret Watson on Shipboard—May 25, 1942.**

... We have had a most unexciting journey so far but pleasant. The sea has been almost too calm, so that if I didn't occasionally look over board and see the ocean, I'd scarce believe we were on a ship. . . .

It is getting to be quite hot now so we have changed into our tropical kit. It certainly does look cool even if it isn't really. . . . Last evening our Tait sang a couple of songs—you know she has an extremely good voice. . . .

Tait and I for our sins find we have to lecture the rawest orderlies in the unit. Neither of us mind at all having done it fairly often in the past and it is one good way of getting to

know the men with whom one day we expect to be working.

The American doctor from Washington, whom I met in Ireland, is one of our M. D.'s. He is a nice laddie; a bit lonely I think and plays the piano very well. . . .

**From Margaret Watson, 22nd General Hospital,  
Middle East Force—July 27, 1942.**

. . . Gosh, it will be a great day when we get together again. In the meantime I'm looking forward to getting my first batch of letters. The waiting at times is difficult especially for an impatient body. Have had letters from the Mickles and hope to come to some arrangement about meeting them in the not too distant future. Of course nothing definite can be fixed up yet as we are still not in our own place. Once we get established on our own, things will be lots easier I think. . . .

I got a book of Arabic without a teacher, mind you. I hae ma doots about ever making myself understood but a word here and there may be useful and I do know just one or two now. It isn't really necessary, of course, but it is rather fun and helps to pass the time.

On our way out yesterday we got mixed up with a bunch of camels which the natives were taking some place or other. Never in all my life have I heard such noises or smelt such smells! The natives yelled and shrieked and beat up the camels and the beasts roared and screamed and bit out at everything. At one point I was sitting on a fence with a leg on either side not knowing which way to go. It was quite an experience but one I'd not care for every day. The natives appear to love noise for on the slightest excuse they blow horns. As for the trains, they really are rather dreadful. The poor whistles are fair worked overtime.

Regards to the folks I know.

**From Beatrice Boxall (Boxie) in London—June 3, 1942.**

Well, here I am after all this time, safely and happily in England. The sun is shining—the grass is green—it's just springtime and marvelous. I had begun to think I should be unable to come back since they kept me waiting three months—I had about twenty-four hours notice before sailing. Everything



plus myself was pushed through at a terrific rate at the eleventh hour. I don't know how much I am allowed to tell you—anyway, let's chance it! We came over in eighteen days and we spent our time trying to guess where we were. En route we picked up a lifeboat full of merchantmen who had spent twenty days adrift. It had been snowing—it was frightful. It was the fourth time for some of them. It was an experience I shall never forget. I don't think I had realized the seriousness of our trip until we picked up these seamen. They were simply marvelous and so were the crew and passengers. Our own ship had been badly hit once but she was going strong again. On two occasions something broke down and we were left behind the rest of the convoy.

. . . Oh, I can handle an anti-aircraft gun—unfortunately (and yet I suppose fortunately), I haven't had a chance to pop at Jerry—I probably won't ever get a chance. In our week-ends we go and plant beans and tomatoes, etc. I can't wait for them to grow so that I can pick them. We also go into the maternity homes so that the midwives can have a week-end off—and on many evenings a week we do "fire watching". So, you see life is full.

. . . The children over here on the whole look better than they did when I left. They all get extra milk, eggs, and priority for fruit. Although we now have a National bread, it is good because it has almost all the germ in it. Babies up to two years get orange juice and C. L. O. provided for them. Some people manage to contact farmers that keep a few chickens—but not a chicken farm, so that the distribution of their eggs is not taken over by the government. The same thing can happen with fresh vegetables. School children get an extra ration of meat; they have a midday meal at school. Nobody need have a really inadequate diet over here—of course, it isn't a fancy diet. . . . There is nothing the matter with the English child if the mother makes full use of everything possible. The children come first over here—The adults may not have seen an egg all through the winter, they won't taste an orange for ages. But centuries ago, we Englishmen had never seen an orange and we were not ill for the want of Vitamin C.

. . . I was in the country and I heard a woodpecker—I

dropped my rake (I was digging—pardon me, raking for victory!) and remarked on the woodpecker. A friend with me could hear nothing but occasional artillery fire—which turned out to be my woodpecker!

. . . If I send odd messages to the staff, this letter will never get off—so please may I sent a general “good luck and best wishes” to everyone in Kentucky that I know?

. . . . .  
**From Lucile Hodges in Washington, D. C.—June 5, 1942.**

. . . “We’re in the army now!” Of all the places in which I had hoped to be placed, Washington wasn’t one of them—that is, until I found how little chance there was at this time of being placed elsewhere. So much of the construction program has been canceled that there wasn’t the same demand for helpers near home that there was a year ago. . . . You probably wonder how I like my work. It seems this is a new agency (Dependency Allotment Division) set up as a result of what happened in the Phillipines and Java. . . . So far, I find the work very interesting and I’m learning a lot and enjoying it thoroughly. There are only six other girls in the same office with me—that is, aside from the supervisor who is seldom in. All of these girls are younger than I, though many in the same department are older. So far, I know only those in two offices and we all get along with one another like a house afire. The job is strictly a War Service one which is just what I wanted—that is, if I had to be this far away from home. It’s for the duration of the war only—not over six months after it’s over. . . .

. . . . .  
**From Worcester in Sussex—June 17, 1942.**

I am still enjoying my job. . . . Actually I’m bursting with pride, because I’m strong enough to do ward work, and I do love it. It was disappointing to be given general nursing when my one desire was to do midwifery, but now I’m beginning to carry my weight, I feel equally useful as a general nurse, and I have learned a great deal in the few months I’ve been at the Hospital. . . . I’m getting quite good surgical work, as the great men travel to the country hospitals now, instead of having the patients go to them in London.

As a member of the Civil Nursing Reserve, I was originally

appointed to our convalescent annex, but Matron had decided to use me at the Hospital for a time. Now I'm no longer to be a C. N. R. nurse, but I'm going on the hospital staff, until the end of the war. The C. N. R. are pleased.

David (*her husband*) is struggling with the weeds at this moment. The roses are beginning to come out, and they will soon be at their best.

I'm struggling with the piano, I'm terribly slow but I do progress, very very slowly. All the same, I intend to keep on, until some one else weakens.

Cheerio. I must round up my cats. They are naughty these light summer evenings.

. . . . .

**Mickle Minor (Edith) with the Middle East Force—**

June 28, 1942.

I was delighted to have your January letter about three weeks ago and am answering it quickly. . . . Life during the past three years has been like a book, a very ghastly book. Do you remember our discussing that book "Fire and Ordeal" and thinking it incredible? How horribly more than feasible it now seems. . . . Although it is only an illusion I still think of the Service as it was with the same people and animals. . . . And although Skye Baby, Carl, Snootie, Sootie, and Toots are now only ghosts, these still remain to make up the last sane spot of a now completely mad world.

It is difficult to believe Willeford gone. I was rereading your letter written a short while before Christmas in which you said how well she was looking. She was such a mentally alive person. And the Garden House gone! The letters in the Bulletin about it were a marvelous study of the various staff members. We could literally see them on the job and in action just as each different one would react. It was especially vivid to me as the night before we received your letter the ward next to me went up in flames at 5 a. m. and was completely razed to the ground in about 45 minutes. All patients and much equipment were saved. The Polish and British officers were topping and but for their help much more than the building would have gone west. The records were not saved—much work for the medical officer!

Needless to say we do not much feel like celebrations just

now. Many of the folks we know are in Tobruk. However, we must hope that the tide will turn in our favour and we'll get it back again. It certainly was a knockout after holding it for so long. Things happen so suddenly in this war.

We have several Polish Boy Scouts in our Hospital just now from twelve to fourteen years old and whatever abnormal life they may have lived, they still remain children and are a delight to have around. . . .

Many thanks for the sweet little coloured picture of the children (*Nancy and Johnnie Kooser*). Nancy is certainly becoming very long legged and I can very well imagine her lording it over the other kids at school and I expect Johnnie thinks she is a great guy.

All our wild flowers have gone now and we are left once again with our sandy wastes. It has been too hot, but now is settling down to more normal summer heat.

. . . .

**From Margaret Oetjen in Cordele, Georgia—June 21, 1942.**

. . . I have been here in Cordele over three months now working with the midwives—all colored except one. I met Miss Kinman (*A Graduate of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery*) at a midwives' meeting in Atlanta lately and am doing the same type of work that she is except she has white folks to work with, I believe.

I have fourteen registered and ten non-registered midwives in this county of 277 square miles. Some of these midwives are quite intelligent, can read and write, own their homes and keep them neat and clean, and themselves too. The busiest one has had some twenty-three cases since January; another one, who can't read and write, has had almost as many. They are prompt about bringing in their birth certificates. Others are pretty poor, are full of odd superstitions, and don't report births promptly. I have had a few calls from several of them but so far have seen none in action. They call either after the baby is already here—they say they have many B. B. A's.—or the cases are abnormal and a doctor had to be called. . . Since they say "de Lawd called them" and "gave them knowledge" they think they can just go on as they have and don't want an outsider to observe or interfere with them.

There are five of us nurse-midwives in Georgia; all of us began between January and April. One is a colored nurse-midwife who trained at Tuskegee; Two others at Lobenstine, one with the F. N. S., and myself in Scotland. We are to go with the midwives, observe them and then the next time demonstrate how we deliver. So far, I have seen one oil a baby, which she did by filling her palm full of oil and sloshing it over the baby's face, eyes, ears, hair and, finally, the remainder of the body. They like to put oil on the cord too, but we got them away from that pretty well. They prescribe dry sulphur for the new baby to bring out the hives. It is smeared in the mothers' nipples and found on babies' tongues when examining their mouths. Many colored mothers want to keep their heads tied up in bandanas or stockings for a month and not comb the hair. Others wear a coin or mole's foot around their ankles or necks for some special protection.

The young mothers are kept on a very scant diet of grits, bread, rice, etc., and must not eat eggs, fish, milk, etc. until the baby is a month old. It is hard to get that idea out of their heads. Some mothers have confessed that they sneak into the kitchen to eat what they liked. The babies, most of them, thrive and are plump and cute, but the mothers get thin. We don't see many rickety ones.

I have about four sets of black twins under six months old. There seem to be a lot of black twins hereabouts. I don't see how they survive. Flies are as thick as can be—they think screens keep the air out of the houses. They have wooden doors, and the houses are kept dark.

The prenatals are good about attending clinic. Saturday is the one day they can come to town as the "boss man" drives in in the truck. Roads are good—the county roads are scraped regularly—but some of the side roads going through fields of cotton, peanuts, or corn are bad in spots. I got stuck in some dry sand last week, ten minutes from town, and thought I'd never get started. There are no rocks or stones in these parts. Many of the prenatals are share croppers and work in the fields "chopping" cotton, etc.

. . . I enjoy reading the Bulletin. Best regards to all I know at F. N. S.

**From Norah Kelly in Essex—June 30, 1942.**

. . . Nearly every day I think of you or Mrs. Breckinridge or Wendover in some shape or form, but you have no idea how busy I have been these last nine months since I started out for my midwifery diploma (*to teach midwifery. She is, of course, a certified midwife*) I really have enjoyed this course but it has been an awful grind. Lectures, coaching classes, studying—It has been plenty hard going on top of my night sister's appointment. However, I sat for my paper last week three days—and take my oral on Thursday; so I am hoping against hope for a kindly pair of examiners.

I am on holiday now as I did not feel I could do justice to myself if I took the exam, after working all night. I have spent the time at home with mother, going up to London for the clinic days, and coming back each night. We have had lovely weather so have been able to sit in the garden and study.

We have had word from my sister Violet that she is in Calcutta now. (*She escaped from Burma.*) What her eventual move will be, of course, we don't know. . . .

**From Sybil Holmes, West African Force—Received July, 1942.**

. . . This is a nice station—swimming pool, delightful club, and, yes, I am playing polo now. Scored a goal yesterday. As I'm one female to seven men, there are loud cheers from all the horse (Dobie) boys too. I've only been playing for a week, as I was posted away from my unit for three months and the polo there was much too good for me. . . . Polo is the greatest excitement of any game I've ever played. Of course, I can't play but have two goals to my credit and have refrained from fouling so far. I tried to bang a very large man off a rather large horse yesterday. I did get him off the ball but I nearly lost my seat. It is exciting. . . .

I'm on the medical side of a native hospital, but will be in a European one in a week's time. I did some midwifery where I was posted (not troops). I was in a civil hospital where the Service patients also are as, in that place, there was no military hospital. I loved it after a while and hated to leave. . . . I made heaps of friends and was lent horses. I have my own horse here and three others under my care and have a job keeping them

exercised; in fact, one is an awful handful. He's a glorious brute, very fast. I can't use him at polo as I can't control him with one hand and not always with two. Can he go!

I'm on duty and have just been given a pint of tea. When the orderlies make tea, they make it! It replaces some of the lost fluid. Gosh, how one drips in this part of the globe! Where I was on leave, it was cool and even cold at night,—and how I loved it! We had glorious moonlight picnics and things.

. . . . .

**From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Essex—July 10, 1942.**

Do you remember giving me a red toilet bag and a gaily colored scarf before I left the U. S. A.? I still use the bag for my sponge and the scarf I have just used for my garden hat and very gay it looks!

I'm giving myself three months holiday, so have time to write a few letters which have been owing for a long time. . . . We have had some lovely weather while I've been with my sister. The flowers are beautiful, especially the roses. They have been marvelous this year, and all the little gardens round about are blooming with them. Today quite a serious drought has been broken and we are having rain. All our little gardens, so carefully planted, were quite parched. Now gardeners and farmers are all rejoicing and there is a blackbird just outside the door singing a most marvellous song. Its notes are two or three keys lower and richer since the rain. He sounds pleased to be wet.

. . . . .

**From Laura Noodel at U. S. Naval Hospital,  
San Diego, Calif.—July 15, 1942.**

. . . The Naval Station here is huge. There are dozens of buildings and more in the process of being built. The place is literally alive with sailors, marines, and other personnel. Our job is to teach the corps men how to give nursing care. They're a good bunch and willing, even though they range from physical education instructors to morticians to cow punchers. . . . We are not busy here as nurses; there are so many at the present time. We have been told that as soon as the new hospitals are finished, we will be shipped out to these coast base line hospitals. Everyone is anxious to do more than their share in this

business in order for us to have the right kind of peace on this old earth. . . .

. . . . .

**From Doris Park (Parkie) on holiday in Devon—July 27, 1942.**

Once again I'm enjoying a lovely seaside holiday, but I return to Sutton Saturday. The sirens went in the early hours of this morning and the all clear roar after breakfast, so we are sitting at peace on the beach and it is wonderful. . . .

I was in Exeter last week and it's tragic—the lovely old cathedral and buildings just gutted, with the walls left standing. What purpose can there be in such destruction? Scores of small, working men's dwellings and shops are all destroyed. I was reading about Pearl Harbor in the Reader's Digest. It doesn't seem possible that such dreadful things can have happened. I sat with Mac in Trafalgar Square a short while back; it was a lovely warm afternoon and we had a regular reunion all our own. . . .

We were very relieved my brother escaped from Singapore the day it fell. His wife and two children flew to Australia just after Christmas and the day Singapore fell Hugh and forty-eight more officers and men escaped in a boat and got to Perth, Australia, where he is serving on the General Staff. . . .

Babies continue to arrive in a steady stream. I have had nearly eighty this year and am starting on my second thousand. I feel I ought to write a book—maybe I will some day. Mothers and babies still get their pint of milk and extra eggs; babies get extra soap and cod liver oil and orange or black currant juice. Now the sweets are rationed from next Sunday—what a game!

. . . . .

**From Bridget Tothill in Central Australia—August 6, 1942.**

. . . I wrote in April telling you of our Nauru Island adventures—now for our life in Central Australia. Instead of 48 hours in Port Augusta we were six and a half weeks. Finally Vincent (*her husband, Dr. Tothill*) and I and 120 Chinese got away. We had a special train with carriages for the Chinese. We had a hard wooden compartment in the Brake Van—no toilet facilities at all. Neither were there any at the majority of stops we



made—so, as the one lone woman, I found life exceedingly difficult.

We were 2 days and 3 nights en route. The first day the scenery wasn't bad but the second there was literally nothing but stones. We reached Alice Springs at 5 a. m. and continued the journey in lorries at 10 a. m. Were it not for the bits of paper and empty beer bottles scattered all over the place Alice Springs would be quite a pleasant little town.

The next 200 miles was by lorry on a main road and we passed three buildings. The last 85 miles, off the main road, we passed nothing! Even animal life is scarce—two kangaroos and emus were all we saw in 1,200 miles.

Both ourselves and the Chinese have been promised the sun, the moon, and the stars. All we ask are essentials and even these are lacking. The F. N. S. was a pioneering job, but compared with this it was New York. No water—no wood—no shade—appallingly hot in summer—very cold nights in winter—no transport—millions of flies. One bright spot is that the country is not unpleasant to look at.

. . . For a month we had a part of a room in someone else's house. Now we have an oblong of cracked concrete under foot, a piece of galvanized held very insecurely by ant-eaten wood overhead and fly wire around. We share this with the Hospital orderly and staff patients. Our wood and water are carried 4 miles and the latter is very doubtful. There are only 2 lorries to do all the carting necessary. Vincent (*her husband the doctor*) has to wait hours for one of them to take him to the farthest camp in the morning and then hours to get back. The essentials provided are 2 beds, mattresses—no pillows, 2 lamps (one works, one doesn't), and 1 stove. Luckily I bought a few cooking utensils in P. A. and we saved our cutlery and were rescued with an enamel plate and cup. Vincent is a good carpenter and, as we saved some of his tools, he has made a few chairs and tables out of packing cases. But even these are scarce as there are about 400 newcomers here, all with literally nothing.

#### BITS OF NEWS

Kathleen Doggett, who gave excellent service in our record department for three years, was married in Thomasburg, On-

tario, on June eighteenth to Mr. Arvin O. Gardiner. According to her letters "Kay" is finding the happiness we all wish for her.

Trudis Belding, who left the Hospital in May, was married on June twentieth to Mr. James Corwan. Mr. and Mrs. Corwan will reside at 3634 Reading Road, Cincinnati. Our best wishes go with "Trudy".

We send our affectionate congratulations to Wilma Duvall Whittlesey (Secretary to the Director 1929-1936) and her husband on the birth of a son, Philip Austin. Philip arrived on June twentieth and weighed just over eight pounds. Fine work, Wilma!

Several of our former nurses and secretaries have been continuing their scholastic work. Clara Dale Echols received her M. A. degree this June from the University of North Carolina. Genevieve Weeks is studying at the University of Chicago in the School of Social Service Administration. Frances Fell is taking a year's leave of absence from the State Board of Health in New Mexico for study at Wayne University. Margaret Ferguson, working toward her degree and certificate in public health, completed another six months of study at George Peabody College in Nashville, Tenn., this August.

Several of our former staff members are in active war work besides those whose letters have been quoted. Dorothy Ann Martin is doing secretarial work for a Red Cross unit in India. Georgia Nims is in charge of an Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat ward at Fort Jay. Josephine Green is with Rochester's 19th General Hospital unit, training at Camp Livingston, Louisiana. We hear from her aunt that Gladys Peacock is still in ambulance work in England.

Mary Jane Pattee working at the State NYA office in Louisville writes:

"Our Organization like many others has suffered the loss of a great many employees due to the war situation and, therefore, our administrator has asked us not to take a vacation this year unless we feel it absolutely necessary to do so."

We learn with regret that Mary Cummings (Mrs. Lloyd)

has met with a motor accident near Montreal which has injured a disk in her back. It was first thought that Mary had only minor injuries, but later more serious symptoms developed. The Montreal "Star" of August 5th says:

"When ambulances arrived on the scene the victims had received all the first aid possible (*from Mary*) and they were rushed immediately to the hospital. The shortage of hospital nurses however found the institution unable to cope with a situation where five patients were thrust upon it at once so the nurse (*Mary*) slipped on a spare uniform from the hospital wardrobe and went to work helping the hospital staff to make her friends comfortable. At the end of two hours when the others had been completely cared for the tired nurse gratefully shed her uniform and took her turn as a patient."

#### BORN SOLDIERS MAY BE TAUGHT TO READ

The problem of illiteracy among prospective draftees, particularly acute, to the shame of the rest of the Nation, in the Appalachian area, is highlighted by the famous mountain hero of the last war, Sergeant Alvin C. York.

In asking permission to lead a battalion of these rejected youths, Sergeant York himself the leader of an impressive list of heroes from the mountains, says of them:

"They are crack shots. They know how to handle themselves and they can endure hardships. They are the best soldiers in the world."

They are, too, the Sergeant might have added, about the most patriotic volunteers in the world as well. No Kentuckian needs to be reminded of Breathitt County's record in the last war, or the response of Casey in this, even though technically Casey can qualify as no more than a foothill county.

The plight of these boys, and there are more than 8,000 of them in Kentucky and Tennessee alone, reflects what must be construed as a shortsighted and unimaginative policy which the Army pursues to its own detriment. It is not half so difficult to teach young men to read and write as it is to teach them to be good soldiers. To reject these able-bodied youths because, educationally and in a large part economically, their Nation has neglected them, is a foolish as well as a cruel discrimination.

It is to be hoped that the Army will accept the offer of Sergeant York and that he can call to his aid the other mountain heroes, including Kentucky's own Willie Sandlin. But the simplest remedy for the plight of the rejected ones is to lift the illiteracy ban on their service and to teach them, either as part of the Army training or before their formal induction, to read and write. Their country owes them that much even if it never needed them for soldiers. But it does need them, which should be a double incentive to solve the problem they present as quickly and as simply as possible.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, April 30, 1942.

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Our mail comes from people all over the world and is a source of never-failing interest to us. A lot of it starts us musing to the point of reverie. Only the other day we had a note from a charming gentleman who wrote that he didn't see the wisdom of encouraging perpetuation of the "so-called human race". He added kindly, "If it must continue, let us have Kentuckians." This reminds us of an indignant gentleman who, in denouncing some scandal of fifty years ago, referred bitterly to this "so-called Nineteenth Century!"

Now if you are given an apple pie to eat and, upon taking a substantial bite, discover it to be filled with prunes you have the right to be outraged and exclaim, "This so-called apple pie!"

We have sympathy for the pessimist and think there is something in the saying that "A pessimist is one who has had to live with an optimist," but we enter a plea for precision in speech, spoken or written. The late Frederick Maurice of King's College, London, was so factual in his statements that some of his students jibed, "The Seventeenth Century was followed by the Eighteenth, and that, gentlemen, is a fact." Now the human race also is a fact and we belong to it. It will perpetuate itself whether we care for it or neglect it. For certain bellicosities of the species, Hitler, Tojo, *et al*, we may crave, in the words of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "something lingering with boiling oil in it." But people in general are piteous. The more we care for our human race the nearer we will be drawn, all of us together, to the

". . . one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

From an Anglican Anchoress in the foothills of the Himalayas in India, a friend who has carried the Frontier Nursing Service since its inception, in her prayer life, we quote from a letter of the seventeenth of June which has just reached us:

"Here, too, now, we are well into war, though these remote places where I am have no military value. The Japs are not likely to waste bombs on us.

"There are some very attractive Chinese evacuees from Singapore in another flat in this house—a young and charming little woman, cultured and very pretty, with her five small chil-

dren, four boys and one girl. I marvel at the serenity of the Chinese. Her face hasn't a line on it after all she has gone through. Her home and all her possessions are gone, her husband is missing from the English army. He is lost since February and she can hear nothing of him, whether living or dead. We English in India are too sheltered, though we realise that any day a match may alter all that."

The help our friends give to us in getting out this Bulletin we cannot begin to express. As one example, take the poignant poem by Squadron Leader Creed called Message From Singapore. Our Trustee, Mrs. Francis C. McMath, heard this read over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and wrote for a copy of it which she sent us. Whereupon, we wrote for the necessary permissions to print it. But for Mrs. McMath's thoughtfulness in remembering the Bulletin, you wouldn't have had the privilege of reading that poem in this issue.

The lovely poem, Now We Have Grown Up, printed in last Autumn's edition was sent us by our Washington courier, Marion Shouse. That led us to a delightful correspondence with the author and her permission, as well as that of her publishers, to print the poem.

From an officer in the U. S. Marine Corps we have received the following message given by Col. Leroy P. Hunt, Commanding Officer of a combat group of Marines, to his men shortly before the attack on the Japs in the Solomon Islands:

On the eve of our first contact with the enemy it is my desire to express myself regarding a few pertinent points in connection therewith.

The coming action in the Guadalcanal area marks the first offensive of the war against the enemy, involving ground forces of the United States. The Marines have been selected to initiate this action which will prove to be the forerunner of successive offensive actions that will end in ultimate victory for our cause. The Marine Corps is on the spot. Our country expects nothing but victory from us and it shall have just that. The word failure shall not even be considered in our vocabulary.

We have worked hard and trained faithfully for this action and I have every confidence in our ability and desire to force our will upon the enemy. We are meeting a tough and wily opponent, but he is not sufficiently tough or wily to overcome us because we are Marines.

Our Commanding General and staff are counting upon us and will give us whole hearted support and assistance. Our contemporaries of the other task organizations are red-blooded Marines like ourselves and are ably led. They too will be there at the final downfall of the enemy. Each of us has his assigned task. Let each vow to perform it to the utmost of his ability with added effort for good measure.

Good luck to you and God bless you and to hell with the Japs.

From a friend in New Jersey we have just received a check in the name of her "three men." Her husband is a Captain in the Army Air Corps; her elder son is a lieutenant in a Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop; and another son is a Private First Class in the U. S. Marine Corps and now at Guadalcanal Island. Money given for the care of women in childbirth and young children in the name of three men who will gladly die to protect them, is a kind of consecration.

A Detachment of retired enlisted men in the Marine Corps in San Francisco has taken the name of General J. C. Breckinridge Detachment, Marine Corps League. As indicated in this letter to General Breckinridge's widow, few of these Marines have remained on the retired list since we got into war.

San Francisco, Calif.  
31 May 1942.

Mrs. J. C. Breckinridge.

My Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

I have waited until this time to write you as I first wanted to get the unanimous vote of every member of our Detachment before you were told of the news.

It has taken quite some time to get in touch with all the members of our Detachment in times such as we are going through now. Some of the boys are in Australia, The Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Tahiti, Iceland, Ireland, Panama, and many other remote places. Some of them were on Wake Island, Guam, and Midway. These we could not contact, but got the vote from their folks at home.

I just got the final vote today so am writing to let you know of the decision of our Detachment.

We belatedly extend our most heartfelt sympathies in your recent bereavement and we will miss him greatly.

We would like to hear from you from time to time as any word from you will be greatly appreciated by our membership.

Semper Fidelis

Signed: J. A. REYONLDS

The health of our friend, Dr. Charles B. Crittenden, continues to be far from satisfactory. He has announced his resignation as Director of the Division of Maternal and Child Welfare of the State Board of Health of Kentucky, giving ill health as the reason. During the five years in which he has directed the affairs of this department, his kindness and friendship have meant more to us than we can begin to express.

We are proud to announce that our friend Dr. W. W. Dimock, Head of the Department of Animal Pathology at the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station in Lexington, has been installed as President of the American Veterinary Medical Association at the annual meeting of the association in Chicago.

Our courier Helen Stone, "Pebble," of New York, has sent us a copy of the New Yorker of May 23rd in which there is, under Profiles, a delightful write-up of our Trustee and friend, Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. We are keeping it in our archives.

Our chief Statistician, Ruth Joliffe, "Jolly" attended the National Institute of Mathematical Statisticians, held at Vassar College early in September, and reported a thrilling meeting. We listened with awe to her description of subjects discussed, far too abstruse for most of us.

The following members of our staff, past and present, have spoken on the Frontier Nursing Service during the summer months. Miss Lyda Anderson spoke at a Child Welfare session of the class in Home Economics of the Illinois Teachers College, at their request.

While she was on her vacation, our Hospital Superintendent, Vanda Summers, made a recording for broadcast on WOR on the Bessie Beatty program. She received a check for the Frontier Nursing Service from a lady who wrote:

"It is a blessed work and I want to send you a small amount for you to use as you see fit in relieving some of the need of your patients."

Catherine Uhl, while on her vacation, spoke before the following groups: the class in Principles of Public Health Nursing at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis; a group of about twenty friends of Miss Doris Lake at her home in St. Paul; a group of sixty young persons of the Fourth Baptist Church of Minneapolis during the Sunday Evening Worship Hour.

Also on vacation, Nola Blair spoke before the Woman's Club of Middleton, Michigan and Mary Patricia Simmons spoke before the Kiwanis Club of Charlevoix, Michigan.

Early in the summer, the Director spoke to a joint meeting of the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lion's Clubs of Hazard but not on the Frontier Nursing Service this time. She was asked to make a sesquicentennial talk on the history of Kentucky. She was introduced by Circuit Judge Roy Helm. About a week later, she spoke to a joint meeting of the Kiwanis Clubs of Manchester, Clay County and McKee, Jackson County, Kentucky on the same subject. She was introduced by Mr. Chris Queen.

Just as we go to press our senior nurse, Louise Mowbray ("Charlie") has had her gall bladder removed at the Hospital where she trained, the Massachusetts General in Boston. At the same time a stone was removed from the common duct. We are terribly relieved to have this critical operation safely over. "Charlie" is doing well.

Friends, from England to California, have written us enthusiastically about the article in the National Geographic Magazine for July, 1942 called "Kentucky, Boone's Great Meadow" and the way in which it introduced the work of the Frontier Nursing Service into the general picture of Kentucky.

The Frontier Nursing Service received a check with a personal touch so lovely that we want to make special mention of it. Mrs. C. C. Bovey, of Minneapolis, was in Russia in 1896 for the coronation of the late Emperor. At that time, my father was the American Minister. Mrs. Bovey was then Kate Koon, a young and beautiful girl. I remember her coming with her sister and their chaperone, the late Mrs. John A. Logan, to the Legation in Moscow, and how thrilled I was to get a glimpse of the girls, because they were young ladies and I was only fifteen, and they were charming and I was at a gawky age. Mrs. Bovey sent me a book sumptuously bound and illustrated, in which she has had printed (for her children and grandchildren) her girlhood letters of her visit to Moscow, and the following note:

"I am sending you a book on the Russian Coronation at which your father made my stay so delightful. I have always been so grateful and perhaps can show it in no better way than to help with your work. I have just gotten your address from Carolyn Christian."

One of our badly burned little girls is now at the Cincinnati Children's Hospital for skin grafting. A member of our Cincinnati Committee, Mrs. George Hoadly, has been so kind as to write us the following letter about her:

"As your little Pauline Goss has been under my daughter-in-law's care, I am thinking you might like to hear about her. Helen thinks she is the brightest and most attractive child she has. Helen is a Red Cross Aid and little Pauline calls her 'Miss Red Cross' . . . She never complains or really cries; the other day when the doctor was applying what he hoped, would lessen the pain, he said, 'Now, Pauline, how does this feel?' and Pauline said (the tears streaming down her face), 'Feels like nothin'.' Pauline has even asked Helen to go home with her. If Pauline is a sample of your Kentucky stock you have reason to be proud."

Nearly fifty years ago, I heard a story about two children acting a play, but I never heard where it came from. In the Summer number of that adorable Quarterly, The Countryman, edited by J. W. Robertson Scott at Idbury, near Kingham, Oxfordshire, England, I have read the story and learned its source. Mr. Scott writes as follows:

I knew that admirable man the late Sir Henry Rew pretty well but he never told me that he had edited a magazine called



the 'Country House'. I find that it lasted through the autumn and spring of 1895-6. On one of its sedate pages there is a story about the squire's two children who got up a play by themselves. The drama began with the heroine (aged nine) explaining to the audience that her husband had been in India for three years but that she was expecting his return. Upon this the hero husband (aged ten) entered, and, after affectionate greetings, proceeded to give an account of the battles in which he had taken part and of the lions and tigers he had shot. When he at last paused for breath his wife rose, and taking his hand, led him to a recess. 'I, too, dear,' she said proudly, 'have not been idle,' and displayed six cradles occupied by six baby dolls.

Is it fate or sloth on my part as editor that the Bulletins have all been late since the beginning of this second world war? In either case, I never seem to have time for them; but the unusual delay in getting out this Summer issue is due to my having taken my first real holiday in three years. I did not get back to Wendover until September third. For my holiday, I stayed with two old friends on a little island in the Muskoka Lakes in Canada that had belonged to my mother and then my brother and where I have attachments going back over a period of forty years. In going through Toronto I saw that dear Marion Ross who was the first Statistician with the Frontier Nursing Service and is interwoven with all the struggles of our pioneer beginnings. With Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Hannah, we had a delightful drive out to a country inn for dinner. Since gasoline is rationed in Canada, I felt that the use of it on behalf of a guest for sheer pleasure was the height of hospitality. Marion told me that she had the joy of a visit from Janet Coleman's airman brother (see Old Staff News) who had come over to Canada from England for purposes known best to him and those who run the war. I saw Elizabeth ("Biz") Campbell and her father and mother who have an island in Lake Joseph and used some of their rationed gasoline to come to see me. On the Muskoka Express, I ran right into "Ellie" George and her husband, Hugh Williamson Nevin, on their way back to Pittsburgh from a brief honeymoon.

As to the Muskoka Lakes and all the beauty of that far northern land where I spent happy summers in my girlhood, they were as always abjectly lovely,—a country of one's dreams. Canadians, I have known and loved the better part of my lifetime. Once before I was with them when we fought side by side in the other great war. To be with them again now, to go through the news of Dieppe with them, was an adventure of the spirit.

"Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending; . . ."

## FIELD NOTES

To our delight we have contributed nearly three truck-loads of scrap to the war from the Hospital and Wendover and elsewhere. When a new furnace was installed at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork the old one had been buried. It was dug up and added to the scrap. We are combing our resources to see what else we can spare. Hitherto, we have hoarded old metal, because one never knows when it may come in handy to patch up things in a region where new metal must be imported. Such things have been our "jewels" but we give them gladly now.

In the matter of rubber, we have had practically nothing to give (except the dogs' rubber toys) as there is no use digging up the buried raincoats of all the early years. We never cumbered ourselves with old rubber. When a riding raincoat no longer sheltered us from the weather, it was no good for anyone else and when our hospital gloves were patched beyond further repair, nobody else could use them. Consequently, we saved no old rubber. This was not because we did not foresee there would be need for rubber. Some of us saw in Time of July 1, 1940 the following footnote:

"From British Malaya and The Netherlands East Indies the U. S. gets 85.9 per cent of its crude rubber (plus 4.5 per cent from French Indo-China), 78.4 per cent of its tin. The U. S. must have rubber and tin, has nowhere else to go for the amount it needs, has failed to lay in stockpiles."

This startling information so worked upon us that we quoted it in an article for the Lexington, Kentucky Sunday Herald-Leader on August 11, 1940 in which we said:

"Isn't our whole modern economy geared to wheels with rubber tires? How in Heaven's name can we create and maintain our national defense if we let the Dutch East Indies fall into unfriendly hands?"

We knew nothing two years ago about the use to which old rubber could be put or we would have started saving it then. We mention this situation now because we think that other institutions, as well as people, had never thought of conserving old rubber. Consequently, as far as rubber saving is concerned, it should be continuous for all of us from now on and deposi-

tories should be opened to receive it in Driblets and not in Drives only.

Our Bulletin cover this month is from a photograph taken in May, 1940 by Mr. Rodenbaugh of the Louisville Courier-Journal staff. The courier in the foreground is Fredericka Holdship of Sewickley, Pennsylvania on "Pal"; the nurses are (from left to right) Hannah Mitchell on "Puck" and Sybil Holmes on "Babbette." Sybil is now on the West Coast of Africa (see Old Staff News) and Hannah is Assistant Instructor of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

The inside cover picture was taken and developed by Dr. R. Glen Spurling of our National Medical Council.

The picture entitled "Mountain Woman in Straw Hat" was taken and developed by Edith Anderson ("Andy"). She and Dr. Spurling are both distinguished amateur photographers.

The inside cover picture of Possum Bend was photographed by Mr. Brower of Caufield and Shook, Louisville photographers.

The snapshots were done by different members of our staff.

The drawings and poems on page 1, TO OUR HORSES, are the work of Rose Evans ("Cherry"), one of the senior nurses, or sisters as the British call them, at the Possum Bend Nursing Center.

The drawing for the Sanitary Privy jingle is the work of Barberie Whipple ("Bobby"), one of our Rochester couriers. In the Spring Bulletin we inserted her Kind Old Cow and explained that she was doing the drawings and your editor was doing the rhymes for a series of Helpful Hints in Jolly Jingles for country mothers. We hope that none of our readers will be offended by the inclusion in this series of one on the sanitary privy. This Bulletin is subscribed for by a number of our mountain friends and they know that the arch enemies of our children are hookworm and *Ascaris Lumbricoides*. We believe that the illustrated jingle is a better weapon of attack against these diabolical pests than a preachment. In planning a book for the remotely rural mother we cannot leave this question out.

The inclusion of one of Dr. Spurling's lovely photographs in this Bulletin reminds us sadly that it will be long before we



O, see the sanitary privy stand  
Low on the land  
Below the well  
There is no smell  
O, join the sanitary privy band  
For a clean land  
Filth to dispell  
Where'er you dwell

have another visit and clinic from this distinguished brain surgeon and neurologist and before we can relay any more of our patients to him in Louisville. He has gone to the war.

The following letter was written us exactly a year ago by a man on one of our districts who had the most agonizing pain from tic douloureux. We sent him to Dr. Spurling. We will let him tell the result in his own words:

"I thout I would drop you a few lines in regard to the work Dr. Sperlain done for me. I feel I have meny thanks to the fonter nursing service fo my grate relife in my face. I had this truble for 7 years and at times I coulden hardly eat or sleep at night with seven children to care for. I don't have any moe pain so far Dr. Sperlain said I some time might have a tuch of the truble higher upon my head . . . but he says he can stop it with less truble than it was in my face. I hope I can be able to carry on my work again soon."

Readers of our Winter Bulletin will remember that a committee of three of the women members of the Hyden District Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service set out to raise \$100.00 to buy four bedside tables for the Hospital wards and a spotlight for Dr. Kooser's clinics. Our readers will recall that the Committee transmitted to Mr. Manning the sum of \$103.00 donated by 67 people whose names were listed.

In the Spring Bulletin we made mention of the generous act on the part of a friend who sent a gift of \$100.00, to be added to this fund and to be used as this Committee wished for something else needed in the Hospital. In consultation with the Hospital Superintendent, Vanda Summers, it was decided to buy four hospital beds with the extra hundred. We now have the happiness of making a further report on this fund. Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Farmer and Mrs. Begley have been the means of providing the Hospital not only with four modern bedside tables and four beds and mattresses, but also with the spotlight Dr. Kooser needed, and everything has been paid for in full.

The following are the names of the people who contributed to the fund since we made our last report.

Mr. Albert Brown, Hyden	Mr. J. L. Galloway, Peabody
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In their third and last letter of transmittal of money, the Committee have written as follows:

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

We are herewith enclosing \$14.00, which we understand from Miss Summers, is quite enough to finish paying for our little obligation at the hospital.

On a separate sheet, we are listing the last donors with the amount of each.

This has been a privilege and a pleasure for us to do this, and will you please thank the kind gentleman who so very generously helped us. He is indeed a friend to all of us.

Yours very sincerely,

Mrs. Rex Farmer, Secy.

Committee Mrs. Hoyt E. Porter

Mrs. J. D. Begley

The Rev. B. P. Deaton of the Wooten Community Center and his boys have made their promised gift to the Hyden Hospital of a fifth bedside table, with a beautiful enamel top, which they made in their own shop.

We are proud to announce that our Hospital Superintendent, Miss Vanda Summers, has been appointed Key Nurse for Leslie County for the State Nursing Council of War Services.

Our senior couriers this year have been Nancy Dammann of Winnetka, Illinois and Doris Sinclair of Williamstown, Massachusetts. Doris was so kind as to spend one month of her courier period in relieving for the vacation of the Hospital secretary at Hyden and she has thrilled us by volunteering for work in the Wendover offices until December.

Our junior couriers were, first, Mary Tylor Burton and Jean Sawyer of Glendale, Ohio; and, next, Catherine Troxel of Tiffin, Ohio and Anne Lee Rose of St. Louis, Missouri. As we go to press, Susan Potter of Sewickley, Pennsylvania is the junior courier. All five of these juniors have been tops in their horsemanship and in their camaraderie.

The sisters of two of our staff volunteered to help in the Wendover offices this summer. They were Jane Jolliffe, sister of our Statistician Ruth Jolliffe ("Jolly") and Katherine Ford, sister of the Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and Postal Clerk, Alice Ford, They were an immense help to us.

Our first guests of the summer were Mrs. Henry B. Joy

and Mrs. Francis C. McMath of Detroit on their annual visit following the Annual Meeting of Trustees. For the first time in the years they have been coming up, the third of the trio, Mrs. James B. Shaw, fell ill and was not able to come. This made us heartsick as the annual visit of all three has become a tradition in the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Shaw, who was on a visit to her niece in Knoxville, Tennessee, has broken her hip since then, which was a shock not only to her, but to the many who love her. She is staying on in Knoxville and we hope all three friends will be back again next year. They have come to us on horseback and in "Edsel" and, as this little picture will show, by boat, according to the seasons and the state of the roads. Mrs. Joy and Mrs. McMath were a source of dear delight to us as always.



#### AU REVOIR

Mrs. Joy, Mrs. McMath and Mrs. Shaw, of Detroit,  
Leaving Wendover in 1940 in the Tadpole  
Propelled by Kermit

Our next guests were Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Berentson of Wheaton, Illinois. It was lovely to welcome back to Wendover Mrs. Berentson who, as "Bobbie" Sitton, made a brilliant record in our statistical section and carried the children's singing classes as a hobby.

Near the middle of June, we had another traditional visit paid us. All of our friends know how dear the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati is to us but perhaps everyone doesn't know that their class of graduate students come to spend a weekend with us in a body annually. We cling to tradition and, overcrowded as we were pending the building of the new Garden

House, we just had to find room for the Children's Hospital nurses. With its row of cots touching each other, our guest room must have reminded them of one of their wards. Anyway, in the guest room and on its adjoining sleeping porch we put up the whole lot, and great fun they were too.

Not as many people came to us this summer as ordinarily because of the tire and gasoline situation and all the extra work falling upon everyone during the war. Nevertheless, some charming people did come. Among especially welcome ones were Mrs. J. C. Richardson, Jr., Miss Mary E. Johnston, and Mr. John Sawyer, the grandmother and the aunt and the brother of our Glendale couriers. They were voted among the nicest guests we ever had.

We also welcomed with very real pleasure Dr. Alice D. Chenoweth, the new Director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health of the State Board of Health of Kentucky and Dr. Y. K. Tong, of China, who came with her. Dr. Tong is particularly interested in studying the work and the training of nurse-midwives because she recognizes that they are desperately needed all over China. She was born in Changsha in Hunan Province and her own life, including her escape through the Japanese lines, has been as romantic as anything written up by the war correspondents.

Another interesting visitor from the Kentucky State Board of Health was Miss Miriam K. Christoph, R. N.; and other welcome relations of couriers were Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Troxel, the parents, and Florence, the sister of "Kitty" from Tiffin, Ohio. Unfortunately, the Troxels were only able to take time to look in on us and we do want them back for a real visit when "Kitty" returns as senior.

In early September we had with us for nearly a week, at the Hospital, at the Midwives' Quarters, and at Wendover an enchanting physician, Dr. Tegualda Ponce, Kellogg Foundation Fellow from Chile. We have never had anyone who studied more astutely or more appreciatively our methods of work or who was a more enchanting guest. If all Chileans are like her, then the sooner that intercontinental road gets built all the way down to the tip of South America, the better for the U. S. A.

Lastly, John Breckinridge (aged 16) stayed with us from



the third to the eighteenth of September and was a huge help to the couriers in the care of the horses and barn equipment. This is not his first visit to us and we feel as if he belonged. He has gone back now to his school, St. James in Maryland, and he hopes to enter Virginia Military Institute next year for his military training. His older brother Jim (aged 18) is already there. Both boys are the sons of our Trustee, the late General James Carson Breckinridge.

. . . . .

In the early summer when there was a leak in our huge cedar water tank at Hyden, we wrote the W. E. Caldwell Tank Company, Louisville who installed the tank for us to ask if they could tell us where to get the proper kind of wrench for tightening the hoops. Mr. W. T. Barriger kindly loaned us one of their wrenches in order that there might not be any delay in stopping the leak, and gave us the name and address of the manufacturers. When we wrote the DeMuth Steel Products Company in Chicago, Mr. L. H. DeMuth, Manager, sent us the proper wrench with three sockets free of charge. We are deeply grateful for this valuable gift.

. . . . .

The war is making further inroads upon our staff. We use the adjective "further" advisedly because we began responding to the demands of war in 1939. It will be recalled that eleven of our British nurse-midwives left us in 1939 and 1940. Josephine Green, one of our best Hospital nurses, has joined the Rochester, New York Hospital army unit. Edith Anderson ("Andy"), our gifted Social Service Secretary on the Alpha Omicron Pi Fund, and amateur photographer, is, as we stated in a former Bulletin, engaged to be married to a soldier. She feels she must prepare for his possible long absence by taking a full graduate course in social work leading to an M. A. degree. She has therefore gone to the Western Reserve University on a well-deserved scholarship. Clara Louise Shiefer of Rochester, New York has replaced her. Our Assistant Statistician, Jean White ("Jerry") has left us to be married to Mr. Arthur D. Byrne, Jr. of Gainesboro, Tennessee and has asked for a furlough until he is sent overseas. Then she wants to come back to us for the duration.

Her place is being filled, to our great pleasure, by our old courier, Louise Will ("Scoopie") of Rochester, New York.

One of our ablest nurse-midwives, Audrey Dyer, has gone to practice active midwifery in North Carolina. Much as we hate giving her up, we feel that she will be a frontier nucleus of great value in another remotely rural section. As mentioned under Old Staff News, the Hospital nurse, Trudis Belding, left us to get married.

New members of the nursing staff are Gladys Moberg of South Dakota, assistant clinic nurse; Margaret Eimon of California; Nancy Wilson of Louisville; Jane Rainey of New Orleans; and Myrtle Onsrud of Wisconsin. We welcomed back for the months of July and August our own Clara Dale Echols who came again to carry vacation relief in the office staff.

. . . . .

In our Autumn Bulletin we will make a complete report on the New Garden House and print a picture of it. As we go to press, the offices are occupied although the house is not finished on the inside and the rooms are not completely furnished. It is hard not to exaggerate in speaking of what this house means to us. I am reminded again of my Cousin Laetitia Bullock who could have lived in the pages of Cranford as easily as in Lexington, Kentucky. She disliked exaggeration. She lived, on narrow means, the life of an old-fashioned gentlewoman. It was a real effort for her to have new linoleum laid down on the bathroom floor. Knowing this when I looked at it, I bumbled out that it was glorious. "No," she answered quietly, "it is not glorious, but it is decent." In spite of Cousin Laetitia's memory and example, I shall let myself go in the next issue of the Bulletin on the subject of the new Garden House.

. . . . .

Nobody has sent us any candlesticks to replace the ones that burned up with the old Garden House. We need them desperately because we have no electricity and we prefer candles to lamps in our bedrooms. Will you, our readers and friends, send us any old candlesticks you have or can find in second-hand shops? We don't want anything fancy, just solid and safe utensils for holding candles. It is an amazing thing to us that although we Americans mass-produce cheap candles we don't mass-produce candlesticks. The mail order houses don't carry them and one cannot pick them up in department stores. Please help us out with whatever candlesticks you can locate or spare.

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 Miss Ruth W. Hubbard, Philadelphia, Pa. Miss Marguerite A. Wales, Battle Creek, Mich.  
 Miss Lillian Hudson, New York Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, New York  
 Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.

**FIELD WORKERS**

(Executive)

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

Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

**Statistician**

Miss Ruth Jolliffe, M.A.

**Bookkeeper**

Miss Audrey Collins

**Quarterly Bulletin Secretary**

Miss Alice Ford, B.A.

**Secretary to the Director**

Miss Wini Saxon, B.A.

**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY****Medical Director**

John H. Kooser, M.D.

**Hospital Superintendent**

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

**Hospital Head Midwife**

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

**Instructor****Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**

Miss Eva Gilbert, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

**Assistant Instructor****Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**

Miss Hannah Mitchell, R.N., C.M.

**Social Service Secretary**  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Miss Edith Anderson, B.A.

**Alternate Resident Couriers**

Miss Jean Hollins

Miss Fanny McIlvain

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

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

Miss Della Int-Hout, R.N., C.M.; Miss Jean Kay, R.N., S.C.M.

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

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

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

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**

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

Miss Catherine Uhl, R.N., C.M.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**

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

Miss Louise Mowbray, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Ruth Peninger, R.N., C.M. (alternate)

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**

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

Miss Minnie Meeke, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Nelly Kelly, R.N., S.C.M.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

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

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

C.M. stands for Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse who qualified as a midwife under the Kentucky Board of Health examination and is authorized by this Board to put these initials after her name. Dr. McCormack does not want these nurses to use the S. before the Certified Midwife because Kentucky is a Commonwealth and not a State. The only other Commonwealths in America are Virginia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington, Kentucky.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

. . . . .

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



**POSSUM BEND NURSING CENTER**  
Gift of Mrs. Chester Bolton of Cleveland, Ohio

This picture shows one of our oldest outpost nursing centers on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River just where the river makes a great bend. The house has a clinic and a waiting room and beds to put up patients who are too sick to be moved up the river to our Hospital. The barn accommodates two horses and a cow, has stalls for visiting horses, and a great hay-loft. The two nurse-midwives at this center give mid-wifery, bedside nursing, infant care and public health teaching to over a thousand people in the area within a five-mile radius, which covers nearly eighty square miles of rugged mountain country.



