The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME XVI WINTER, 1941 NUMBER 3

WINTER

ST. MICHAEL'S IN THE BASEMENT
(See "Beyond the Mountains")

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2

FOR THE CHILDREN

By KATHERINE TYNAN

(Irish Poems, Sidwick & Jackson, London)

I build a strong tower for the Children, the Children,
With moat and portcullis I keep it still.
The foe clangs without, but within it the children
Sleep soundly and sweetly till cock crow shrill.

I wage a holy war for the Children, the Children,
My hand against the world that they may live,
I am cunning and crafty as the fox for her children,
Wise as the serpent lest the children grieve.

I build a warm fire for the Children, the Children,
To my tower oft beleaguered, allies I call,
They shine like the sun to the eyes of the Children,
God's men-at-arms keep us by gate and wall.

I leave in safe keeping the Children, the Children,
Down to the cities my way I take,
Past the walls and the sentry, alert for the Children,
I creep into the shadows for the Children's sake.

I gather rich stores for the Children, the Children,
The lowing of oxen is heard as I come.
I carry the sheaves in my arms for the Children,
O, sweet on the hill-top the lights of home.

Unless the Lord build it, the house for the Children,
Unless He be with me my labour's vain,
He has thought it, and planned it, the fold for the Children,
Where the lambs are folded without fear or stain.

I fight the holy fight for the Children, the Children,
The Sons of God, glorious, sit down at my board,
Though foes hem us in, shall I fear for the Children,
Fighting the strong fight in the Name of the Lord?

INDEX

BRIEF BITS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
New York City

LOUIS I. DUBLIN
Third Vice-President
and Statistician

November 13, 1940.

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge
Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover
Leslie County, Kentucky

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

I take pleasure in sending you a report prepared by Miss Steele of this office on the last thousand maternity records of your service. I have read this report with a great deal of interest. I believe you share with me the feeling that this is a very satisfactory report on a most valuable service. I do not know of another instance in the literature where there have been such consistently good results shown in connection with a maternity service. You and your associates are certainly deserving of all praise.

I need hardly tell you that we thoroughly enjoyed this opportunity to study these records, and we hope it is your plan to make the results of this study available in the literature for the guidance of others.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS I. DUBLIN
Third Vice-President
and Statistician

REPORT ON THE FOURTH THOUSAND CONFINEMENTS of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

We have just completed the tabulation of another thousand maternity records of the Frontier Nursing Service covering the period May 1st, 1937 to April 30th, 1940. In this thousand records there was only one maternal death. This is an improvement over the record of the last thousand cases although it is not quite as favorable as the record made in the first two thousand deliveries when there were no deaths assigned to puerperal causes.

Altogether, the Frontier Nursing Service has now delivered four thousand and four mothers with only five maternal deaths, two of which were due to cardiac conditions. This is the equivalent of a *puerperal* death rate of .76 per 1,000 live births. In the white population in the United States, in approximately the same period, the average was 5.6 deaths per 1,000 live births. In Kentucky the comparable figure was 5.2 per 1,000. Such comparisons are not exact, of course, since the age of the mothers, the order of para, etc., which affect mortality, differ somewhat in the three groups. Adjustment for this would not materially change the results however.

The age distribution of the women in the present series of a 1,000 cases resembled closely that of the white mothers of Kentucky in 1936 and 1937, the last years for which general population data are available. That is, approximately 50 percent of the women were less than 25 years of age, and about 85 percent less than 35 years old. In spite of the similarity in age distribution there was considerable difference in order of para in the two groups. The women delivered by the Frontier Nurses were multipara in 78 percent of the cases and of sixth or higher para in 29 percent. In the white population of Ken-

tucky about 70 percent were multipara and about 20 percent sixth or higher order of para. Thus the favorable effect on mortality of the smaller proportion of primipara in the Frontier Nursing Service series is largely counterbalanced by the larger proportion of women of high para where the hazards of pregnancy are above average.

Since many of the women in the series were of a high order of para it is of interest to compare their record of pregnancy wastage with the figures quoted by Dorothy G. Wiehl and Katharine Berry in an article on Pregnancy Wastage in New York City*, namely, "The rates for total pregnancy loss from natural causes reported in these various studies show a surprising degree of similarity, and the wastage from stillbirths and spontaneous abortion is too consistently about 11 or 12 percent in these studies of very different population groups to be dismissed as a mere chance phenomenon." In the present series, at the time of registration for care, excluding the current pregnancy, the thousand mothers totaled 3,425 gravida as compared with 3,109 para. That is, these women reported 316 previous abortions or a rate of 9.2 abortions per 100 pregnancies. Since the stillbirth rate among these women appears to be approximately 3 per 100 the total pregnancy wastage is over 12 percent. Although comparison with published data must be made with extreme caution because of differences in definitions the above results seem to indicate that the pregnancy wastage of these rural women in Kentucky is about average.

The Service seems to be increasingly successful in its educational program as to the need for early registration for prenatal care. In the present series, 8.7 percent of the mothers were registered before the end of the first trimester of pregnancy and 64.4 percent before the end of the second trimester. In the third 1,000 cases, these figures were 4.9 and 55.7 respectively, and in the earlier series even less. In all series the date of registration has been computed from month of delivery.

That the Frontier nurses kept in close contact with the women under their care is evidenced by the fact that 92 percent

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* From the Milbank Memorial Fund Quarterly, July, 1937, XV, No. 3, pp. 229-247.

of the women registering in the first trimester received 10 or more prenatal visits and that 70 percent of those registering in the second trimester also were visited 10 or more times. On the average the women registering in the first trimester received 16.4 prenatal visits, in the second trimester 12.2 visits and in the last trimester 7.9 visits.

The proportion of women examined by the doctor during pregnancy was higher in this series than in prior thousands. The doctor examined 156 or 70.9 percent of the 220 primipara during pregnancy. This may be compared with the 49 percent of primipara examined in the third thousand, 35 percent in the second thousand and 13 percent in the first thousand cases. Even the proportion of multipara examined in the present series of cases was as high as 42.8 percent.

Another example of the improvement of the Service in recent years is the increased proportion of laboratory tests performed. We find that 548 of the women in this 1,000 were given either a Kahn or Wasserman and in some cases both tests. Tests were made for practically all of the women registering at Hyden or Bowlingtown Centers or at Hyden Hospital. Even for the outlying districts, the number of tests made each years is increasing.

I. Period of Pregnancy

More complications of pregnancy were reported for this thousand deliveries than for previous ones. This is largely due, no doubt, to the improvement in record keeping. Altogether, complications of pregnancy were reported for 372 women. Puerperal complications were recorded for 236 women and non-puerperal for 197. The specific causes are listed in Tables VII and VIII.

In the present series, the most common non-puerperal complications reported were 45 cases of enlarged thyroid, 20 cases of cardiac disturbances, 18 cases of intestinal parasites, 17 of anemia, 11 of simple goiter, 10 of dental caries and 7 each of trichomonas vaginalis, positive Wasserman, gingivitis, and colds. From the very type of non-puerperal complications listed it is

evident that the Frontier Nursing Service was checking closely on the mothers under their care.

Among the puerperal complications, the most common were the toxic symptoms. Albuminuria, high blood pressure, etc. were recorded 81 times. In one instance the pregnancy was terminated prematurely resulting in the loss of the infant.

After the toxic symptoms the most common complications were the varicosities which were reported 42 times. Bleeding was next in order of frequency, with 39 cases, being closely followed by 38 cases of yellow discharge without mention of gonorrhea.

A generally contracted or an abnormal pelvis was reported during pregnancy for 21 primipara and 4 multipara. The condition was confirmed by the doctor in each of the cases and the mother transferred to the hospital or a center for delivery in 14 instances. Twenty-two of the mothers were delivered of a live infant that survived the neonatal period. One case terminated in a late abortion and in one case the doctor delivered a stillbirth at term. The remaining case was that of the mother who died following a Cesarian section, the infant, although live born, surviving only 50 minutes.

Malposition was reported for 23 cases, of which 19 were persistent breech. The doctor examined 10 of these during pregnancy and was present at the delivery of five, using forceps on one case of transverse arrest and on two of extended breech. In an additional case of extended breech the Smellie Veit method was used by the nurse in attendance for the extraction of the head for the second of a pair of twins. There were no stillbirths and only one neonatal death in the group which included two pairs of twins.

The pregnancy was terminated prematurely in 52 cases, 12 before the end of the 28th week and 40 between the 28th week and term. Among the 12 abortions one was therapeutic, performed because of a cardiovascular-renal condition. In 8 of the remaining 11 cases the mother had suffered from complications of one or more types during pregnancy.

The premature births also were higher among the women

suffering from complication of pregnancy. That is, the rate of prematures was 75 per 1,000 among women for whom a complication of pregnancy was reported as compared with 38 per 1,000 for mothers experiencing no difficulties in that period.

II. Period of Labor

Again as in previous series, the majority of the women were delivered by the nurses of the Frontier Nursing Service in their own homes. In all, 47 or 21.4 of the primipara and 76 or 9.7 percent of multipara were transferred to the hospital for delivery.

The infant was born 153 times before either nurse or doctor arrived. In 780 cases the nurse delivered the infant alone while in 67 cases she had the assistance of the doctor in one or more stages. An abnormal delivery was reported 19 times. In three cases there was a Cesarian section, in 2 cases an episiotomy, in 13 cases forceps delivery, and in one case the Smellie Veit method of delivery was employed.

The history of one of the Cesarian sections may be noted as in the case the mother died. The mother, a secundigravida had a record of a difficult labor in her first pregnancy. In that instance she was delivered prematurely of a stillborn monstrosity at Hyden Hospital by Duhrssen's incision, low forceps, and manual removal of placenta by the surgeon after a labor of 64½ hours. This time she was admitted to the hospital in premature labor which was intermittent in type. She was originally arranged for a terminal Cesarian section with sterilization. Due to premature labor and premature rupture of membranes with signs that the cervix was dilating the operative procedure was deferred. When the dilatation proved not to be adequate the Cesarian section was performed with removal of a viable foetus of about 28 weeks gestation which expired within an hour after delivery. The patient did not respond to usual post-operative evacuation treatment despite the care with which this was arranged. An obstinate fecal impaction developed leading to local peritonitis. The mother died six days after delivery of intestinal obstruction with fecal impaction, paralytic ileus and pelvic peritonitis.

The length of labor in the current thousand corresponded closely to that in the earlier cases. In general over two thirds of the multipara were in labor less than twelve hours while nearly the same proportion of primipara had labor of twelve hours or more.

Some 320 puerperal complications of labor were reported for 252 women. The most common was excessive bleeding. In 96 cases there were hemorrhages (a loss of 20 ounces or more of blood being considered a hemorrhage), 20 of which were accompanied by shock. The next most common condition was laceration or rupture of the perineum. There were 61 such cases as compared with 47 in the third 1,000 and 34 in the second 1,000 cases delivered by the Service.

Malpresentation of foetus occurred 23 times, while in addition, there were 25 cases of persistent posterior, 22 of impacted shoulders and one each of prolapse of hand and of cord. In 12 cases of malpresentation and one of persistent posterior the infant was stillborn. In 12 out of the 23 cases in which the foetus presented abnormally the mother had been examined by the doctor during pregnancy and in 10 cases had been transferred to the hospital for delivery.

The toxic symptoms which, as previously stated, manifested themselves 81 times during pregnancy, were recorded as complicating labor in only nine instances. Eight of these were women whose toxic condition had persisted from pregnancy. The remaining case and the only one where eclampsia developed, had shown no symptoms during pregnancy and the convulsions at labor were quite unexpected. The toxic condition at labor was in no case fatal to mother or child. Other complications of labor which ocurred in more than occasional instances were 19 cases of prolonged labor and 16 of retained placenta.

To summarize the experience of the period we may note that there were 52 premature terminations of pregnancy resulting in 34 livebirths and 22 stillbirths. In addition there were 11 stillbirths among the deliveries at term. That is, altogether there were 33 stillbirths. This may be compared with an average of 29 stillbirths per 1,000 in the previous three thousand deliveries.

III. Period of Puerperium

The number of complications reported in the puerperium was much higher in this thousand cases than in the earlier series. As we noted under the discussion of the "Period of Pregnancy" this is largely due, without doubt, to the further improvement in the keeping of the records. For example, we find a startling increase in the number of cases for which septicemia was reported. That is, in this series, there were 88 cases of endocervicitis and endometritis as compared with 12 in the previous thousand, 13 cases of low grade temperature, where there were none before and 15 cases of gonococcic vaginal discharge as compared with one in the last series. Also it may be noted that the toxic symptoms increased from 14 to 23, the breast complications from 16 to 25 and the cases of subinvolution of the uterus from 45 to 65.

At the same time some of the more common terms showed little change in incidence. For instance there were two cases of hemorrhage and 11 of flowing in this series as compared with 3 and 10 respectively in the previous series. The cases of salpingitis numbered three in both series while pyelitis was recorded 8 times in this series and 7 times in the previous thousand. Likewise the number of cases with elevation in temperature differed little in the two series.

The non-puerperal complications of the puerperium were similar in type to those reported last time although somewhat higher in number. The one exception was the respiratory conditions. In the present series there were only 10 cases of respiratory disease, as compared with 24 cases in the third 1,000. The diseases with higher incidence this time than last were those of the circulatory and of the genitourinary system. Heart conditions were reported for nine women in this series as compared with three in the previous series and chronic pelvic disease seven times as compared with two previously.

The condition of the mother was reported as satisfactory in 939 cases at the end of the month's post-partum care. In 53 cases the condition was fair and in 7 unsatisfactory. The one death in the series occurred in the puerperium.

The infant mortality during the first month was 29.5 per 1,000 livebirths or slightly below the rate for Kentucky during

the same period. Nineteen of the 29 deaths occurred among premature infants. That is, the neonatal rate for babies carried to term was only 10.5 per 1,000 as compared with 558.8 per 1,000 for those delivered prematurely. The neonatal deaths among the ten infants delivered at term included 2 cases of malformation, 5 cases of asphyxia, one case of weakness at birth—the mother having fallen in the 8th month, one case of probable pneumonia and one case of an unknown origin. In six of the 10 cases, pregnancy or labor had been complicated for the mother.

IV. Comparison with Earlier Studies

Finally, it may be of interest to compare the outstanding results of the four thousand odd cases delivered by the nurses of the Frontier Nursing Service.

1. In the first and second thousand cases there were no puerperal deaths, although there were two deaths charged to chronic conditions. In the third thousand cases there were two pneumonia deaths, which under "joint cause precedure" as indicated by the Manual of the International List of Causes of Death and Joint Causes of Death would be charged to the puerperal state. In the fourth thousand there was one death charged to a puerperal cause. That is, the Service would record a puerperal death rate of .75 per 1,000 pregnancies or .76 per 1,000 livebirths in the total of 4,004 cases.

2. There were 52 premature terminations of pregnancy in the fourth thousand as compared with 69, 41 and 42 respectively in the third, second and first thousand cases.

5. In the first series of 1,004 pregnancies there were 27 stillbirths, in the second series of 1,000 cases 29 stillbirths, in the third series 32 stillbirths, and in the present series 33. That is, the stillbirths in the 4,004 pregnancies occurred at the rate of 30.2 per 1,000 pregnancies.

4. There were fewer neonatal deaths in this series than in the last thousand although more than in either the first or second thousand. The death rate per 1,000 live births in the present series was 29.5 as compared with 25.3, 26.5 and 39.8 in the first, second and third series.

5. The nurse was assisted more often by the doctor in this

than in the earlier series. The doctor's assistance was required in one or more stages of labor in 52 cases in the first series, in 61 in the second series, in 53 in the third series, and in 67 in the fourth series.

6. The mother has been transferred to the hospital for delivery in an increasing number of cases in each thousand. While 16 mothers were delivered in the hospital in the first thousand, 66 were transferred there in the second thousand, 85 in the third thousand and 123 in this last thousand.

7. The baby was born before the nurse arrived in 115 cases in both the first and second thousand, in 134 cases in the third thousand and in 153 cases in the fourth thousand.

8. The average date of registration for prenatal care is earlier in this series than in prior ones—41 percent registering before the sixth month as compared with 32 percent, 21 percent and 18 percent in the third, second, and first series, respectively.

9. There were 236 women with puerperal complications in pregnancy in the present series as compared with 193 in the second group and 182 in the third group. In the first series puerperal complications were reported for 287 women. The toxic symptoms, which are the most common puerperal complications of pregnancy, dropped sharply in the fourth thousand as compared with the earlier series. They were recorded only 81 times in this series as compared with 200, 101 and 129 times in the first three thousands. The varicosities which were recorded 120 times in the first series and dropped sharply to 48 in the second series and to 37 in the third series rose slightly to 42 in the fourth series.

In the present group of 1,000 cases a generally contracted or abnormal pelvis was reported 25 times as compared with isolated instances reported in earlier series. A part of the increase is, no doubt, due to a change in recording.

10. In the first series of cases, 366 women reported 434 puerperal complications in labor. In the second series, 277 women reported 343 puerperal complications, in the third series 235 women reported 306 complications and in the fourth series 252 women reported 320 complications. A difference in the definition of "excessive bleeding" in the first and later series

accounts for a large part of the apparent decline in complications.

11. The number of malpresentations (23) were identical in the third and fourth thousands. In the first and second thousand there were 13 and 22 such complications, respectively.

12. There was more interference necessary in the delivery of the fourth thousand cases than in the earlier ones. In this series there were 3 Cesarian sections, 13 forcep deliveries and 2 episiotomies, and one delivery by the Smellie Veit method. In the first group there was one Cesarian and nine forceps deliveries; in the second group two Cesarian sections, one episiotomy and four forceps cases and in the third group one Cesarian, one Duhrssen's incision with low forceps and one episiotomy. Also, in the third thousand, internal version with ether was necessary for four cases.

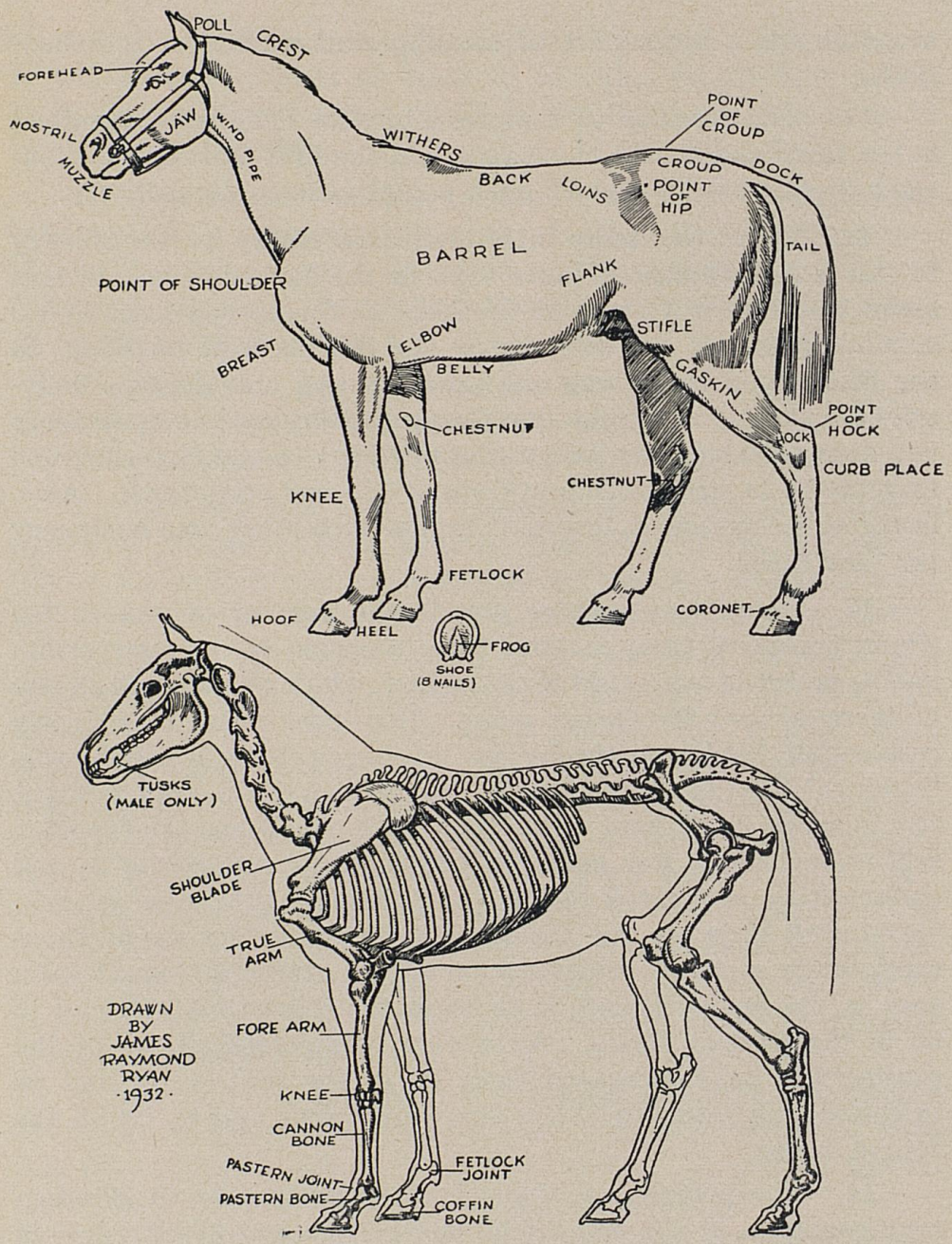
13. There was another rise in the number of women for whom puerperal complications were reported in the puerperium in this series as compared with the last, which in turn had shown an increase over the earlier series. The cause which was largely responsible for the apparent rise in complications last time was "subinvolution of the uterus". In addition there was a slight rise in septic conditions. This time, both conditions are reported still more often. For example, the cases of endocervicitis and endometritis accounted for 88 complications this time as compared with 12 in the last thousand and none in the second thousand, while cases of subinvolution of the uterus increased from zero in the second thousand to 45 in the third thousand and to 65 in the present series. Altogether, the complications of the puerperium have increased from 95 in the first series and 92 in the second series to 137 in the third series and to 299 in the fourth series.

14. The proportion of mothers considered as in satisfactory condition at the end of the puerperium was slightly less in this fourth series than in any of the earlier ones, 939 as compared with an average of 958 in the prior three thousand.

E. J. STEELE
Statistical Bureau.

November 12, 1940.

ANATOMY OF THE HORSE



"New Canaan, Connecticut
February 17, 1941

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I am so glad the couriers like the horse pictures I sent. And you sure have my permission to do anything you want with the pictures. I was ten last December so I still have 9 more years to wait [to be a courier].

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN WADSWORTH."

ADVENTURES IN MIDWIFERY

Introduction

As a comment on Dr. Louis I. Dublin's analysis of our fourth thousand maternity cases, we print the two stories following.

"An Ounce of Prevention," by Beatrice Boxall shows what can be done during the prenatal period to forestall disaster. "A Pound of Cure," by Peggy Brown, illustrates the methods of the Frontier Nursing Service in assembling all of our resources to save a mother's life when prenatal care has been denied us. Both Miss Boxall and Miss Brown are registered nurses (R. N.) and State Certified Midwives (S. C. M.) and the care they have outlined is routine care in the Frontier Nursing Service. Neither nurse knew that the other had written an account of a curernt case, and the titles have been arbitrarily chosen, in order to emphasize two aspects of the F. N. S. work. We stress prenatal care, and we emphasize the deep need for care in childbirth too, and afterwards. We throw ourselves heart and soul into every emergency, and it is not exceptional for us to place day-and-night special nurses in the home of a woman who cannot safely be moved.

The plan of the Frontier Nursing Service is revealed in these simply told tales—a plan of skilled nurse-midwives working in primitive homes, reporting to and carrying out the orders of a Medical Director at Hospital Headquarters. Revealed also is the trust and cooperation of the frontier mother.

An Ounce of Prevention

By BEATRICE L. M. BOXALL, R. N., S. C. M.

Cassie had a very bad midwifery history of postpartum haemorrhage with collapse, late miscarriage, and stenosis of the cervix.

Cassie was extremely frightened when she found she had become pregnant again. The first task was to give her confidence and then eliminate every possible cause of suspected com-

plications, thus making her as strong and healthy as possible. Many routine tests were performed to give us a basis from which to work.

At one and a half months Cassie suffered severely from persistent vomiting, consequently becoming wretchedly miserable and very weak from the loss of weight. This was a bad start. I visited Cassie every few days while we tried one treatment after another. By the end of the third month she stopped vomiting and began to gain confidence in us and to cooperate with us. At this time she went to Dr. Kooser's prenatal clinic at our Hyden Hospital for a general examination, haemoglobin count, and coagulation rate. This was followed by two other check-up visits to him, and at intervals between them I repeated the tests at the nursing center.

Now that Cassie had stopped vomiting, we gave her an intensive course of iron. Her haemoglobin was extremely low because her diet was inadequate. Gradually we built up her diet until she was taking the essential food substances rather than the incorrect ones to which she had been used. Cassie submitted graciously to her new diet, being only too willing to cooperate entirely as she realized we had made her feel much better. Her haemoglobin increased steadily and she became stronger and more ready to face cheerfully the task that lay before her.

The next step was to correct Cassie's coagulation rate which was very slow and was, perhaps, the reason why she had previously suffered from such dangerous haemorrhages. The natural way always being the best Cassie took calcium in the form of two pints of milk daily. Slowly but surely we watched her coagulation rate become normal.

In the sixth month, Cassie showed early signs of toxaemia which quickly cleared up under treatment, except for a persistent headache which we seemed unable to cure for her. It was decided that the headache was possibly due to an optic condition and not to toxaemia and so Cassie was sent to an eye specialist who prescribed spectacles for her. Cassie had no money income, so it was arranged that the Social Service Department (Alpha Omicron Pi) should lend her the money for the glasses until her husband could work out the bill with the Frontier Nursing Service. In time, Cassie's headaches stopped. She began to gain the

weight she had been losing for so long and she became much happier.

By her eighth month Cassie seemed to have gained strength and at last she was confident. Unfortunately, the flu epidemic came along and we wondered if Cassie, so near term, would contract it. We kept a careful watch over her until there was no one on the nursing staff to visit her. The nurses, one by one ill with the flu, had been taken off duty.

The next time Cassie was seen, it appeared as though she were going to deliver prematurely as she had with her previous pregnancy. She was still more than a month from term. If she delivered now, this baby too might be stillborn. However, Cassie was much healthier and the likelihood of premature delivery was far less. We observed Cassie continuously and with careful treatment and her willing co-operation she was warded over this dangerous period.

Then, at two weeks from term, Cassie caught the flu. Every effort was made to combat this infection. Once again she showed signs of premature labour. Cassie was by no means as strong as she had been before contracting the flu. Naturally we wanted her to go to term, to gain time in which to become strong again. Fortunately she responded to treatment and became well and happy before she was due to deliver.

The morning of February 13th I rode the four miles to Cassie's cabin. She was not in true labour. I made other calls on the district, returning to her at 2 P. M., and thought then that she was going into labour. I came back to the Center for my midwifery bags and had reached her cabin again by 4 P. M. At 7:15 P. M. she was delivered of a healthy, eight and one-quarter pound boy. The delivery was normal throughout, with no undue exhaustion. The baby is now a week old and Cassie is perfectly well and extremely happy.

A Pound of Cure

(Illustrated on inside back cover)

By PEGGY BROWN, R. N., S. C. M.

"Will you stop by and see Julia, she's real bad off and has a hurting in her side?" This was what an anxious young husband

said to me one morning late in January. Thinking that his wife had probably fallen victim to the flu epidemic, I told Morris I would see her later that morning.

Julia was a sick woman indeed, but seemed more comfortable after I had given her bedside care. She was lying in one of the two large double beds that almost entirely filled the small one-room cabin. A heavy quilt hanging over the doorway kept out the draughts from the windowless lean-to kitchen.

Julia was seven months pregnant but had not come to register, having constantly put it off for one reason or another. My hopes that she would not have serious trouble were in vain, for Morris came to call me the following morning before daybreak, saying that Julia was in labour. She was so disappointed when her little girl, a premature baby weighing 2¾ pounds, was born dead.

Julia seemed to get a little better the day following the birth of her baby, but during the next three days she became gradually worse with rising temperature, pulse and respiration rates. Twenty-four hours later her condition was critical. Dr. Kooser came out from Hyden to see her, riding horseback from Dryhill up to the head of rocky Sugar Camp Branch. He diagnosed double broncho-pneumonia. Poor little thing, she did have a fight that night to hold her own. I stayed with her, giving her the drugs Dr. Kooser had left (sulfathiazole two tablets every four hours and injections of digifoline every six hours, with heart and respiratory stimulants when needed). Through the long hours of darkness she dozed fitfully, talking irrationally and calling incessantly for Astor, her little boy, who is not yet two years old. Julia's mother and husband took it in turns to sit up with me to take care of the "heating stove," a temperamental heating apparatus which became red-hot at times and at others gave out but little warmth.

By morning Julia seemed a little better. Her temperature had come down steadily through the night (from 104 to 99 degrees), though her pulse remained at 140 and respirations at 40 per minute. Through the day I stayed nursing her and then Jean Kay came to relieve me for the night. I took over the following day and nursed her through the next night and by morning was able to report considerable improvement to Dr. Kooser.

He advised keeping Julia at home a few days longer. Finally, a week later when she was able to be moved we prepared to take her to our Hospital at Hyden.

Julia's father made a fine stretcher with a big patchwork quilt and two long chestnut poles. Wrapped up in many more of the gaily-coloured quilts she was warm and comfortable as her husband, father, brothers and neighbours took it in turn to carry her down the creekbed and along the muddy river road. When we reached the ford, an empty wagon drawn by two mules, which happened to be crossing, gave the entire party a lift. I followed on horseback.

The men carried Julia slowly on the stretcher the remaining miles along the river road to the highway. There the lovely new station wagon from Wendover with nurse and courier, were waiting. We lifted Julia from the stretcher on to the cot in the wagon, and how easily, smoothly and swiftly the car rolled away, taking Julia to the Hyden Hospital and to a complete recovery.*

*Illustrations are on the inside cover page at the back of the Bulletin.

A BOOK REVIEW

CULTURE AT A PRICE

By ELLA WOODYARD

(Published by the American Association for Adult Education)

Our Trustee, Dr. Ella Woodyard, got a year's leave of absence from her work as an associate in psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, to do a fascinating piece of work for the American Association for Adult Education, namely, to make a study, from the point of view of a student, of thirteen of the correspondence schools whose advertisements flood the country.

She took courses in radio, draftsmanship, "how to shine in society," "how to become a nurse," French, "how to be a better foreman," Self-improvement through Occultism, cartooning, "how to be a detective," advertising, and general courses leading to the B. A. and Ph. D. degrees. She conscientiously did all of the work herself, except in one or two courses (like draftsmanship) when she used a surrogate, and won the diplomas and degrees.

Dr. Woodyard's little book tells all about it, and gives her conclusions. We recommend it in the highest terms for all good citizens. Those who read it will get information it behooves them to possess, and enjoy many a chuckle in the process.

OLD COURIER NEWS

In our last courier column we mentioned that Mrs. Willard Reed, Jr. (Mary Cowles) had skipped to the Dutch East Indies. Those who want to get in touch with our old courier Christine Ekengren (Mrs. Richard Hawkins) should address her: c/o American Consulate, Brisbane, Australia.

. . . .

The letters from Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (Mary Marvin Breckinridge) which reach us through the embassy pouch from the American Embassy in Berlin are so interesting that we would like to quote from them at length. We think better not. Her many friends will be glad to hear that she and her husband have lately had a week's holiday in Switzerland at Davos, where they went to get "sunshine and snow and neutrality." She says of her husband, "He works so hard over his job, for his heart is in it, as well as a sense of duty, that it is well to get away from the tension for a time." Marvin was alone at the time of her last letter, because Jeff had gone to Belgium to visit "the last few British wounded there who were still too ill to be moved." His duties constantly take him to the prison camps of both the British and the French soldiers. Once only Marvin was allowed to go with him. We wish we could write more.

About the Frontier Nursing Service Marvin writes as follows: "It must seem strange in the F.N.S.to be without Mac and Betty Lester and Kelly—so many of the old guard who helped to build up the Service. It is good to hear that you are starting your own training in midwifery. I believe it is the beginning of a great development in the history of nursing and public health. Again and still, I admire what the F. N. S. stands for and what it has accomplished.

. . . .

From our English courier Alison Bray we learn that her brother, Jim, is with the British forces in Libya. The air mail from Alison's home takes five weeks each way, and ordinary parcel mail anything from eight to eleven weeks. Alison's family

exchanges cablegrams with Jim occasionally, and "feel much nearer to him in consequence."

. . . .

The work of Marion Benest (Bennie) with the Frontier Nursing Service so many years ago was so interwoven with that of the couriers that we know those who remember her will be glad to read an excerpt from her letter of December 5, 1940, from England: "This conveys my greetings to all the F. N. S., especially to those whom I knew. It carries too my own appreciation (which is insignificant compared to that felt throughout the Island) for the great sympathy and help the American people have extended to us. Such help fills us with renewed vigour and even a stronger will to win—it strengthens too that tie which holds our countries together, and I hope the future will bring us much closer together in an understanding, and mutual regard. The winning of this war is going to prove a great factor in that respect because you support our ideals and our efforts to sustain them. . . . The days pass on to the end we all hope to gain—Victory and Freedom for all oppressed.

"All my thoughts go to you who carry on in the hills a work that must go on from one success to another, and I hope you will never hear the sound of exploding bombs over your Kentucky mountains."

. . . .

In the Junior League Magazine for December, 1940, appeared a most appealing article called "Another," by one of our Sewickley couriers, Eleanore W. George. It describes a confinement case to which she went with one of the Confluence nurse-midwives.

. . . .

Our couriers continually, bless their hearts, speak about the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. Late in the year Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis) gave a talk to a Mission Society in East Providence about the F. N. S. On January 14th Mrs. William H. Noyes, Jr. (Adelaide Atkin) of Chicago spoke to the Villa Park Mothers' Club of Villa Park, Illinois, after which they sent us a donation.

Barbara Jack has been speaking for the F. N. S. almost constantly since she returned to her home in Decatur, Illinois. On December 5th she wrote as follows: "I seem to be in quite a series of Experiences in Kentucky. I spoke to the Bird and Tree Club Sunday, Trail Riders today, and speak to a church group tomorrow. I have a sorority (Pi Beta Phi) Alumnae group booked for next Wednesday, and the Decatur Woman's Council January 6th." When we last heard from her, Barbara was still going strong.

. . . .

An engagement of great interest to us is that of our old courier Barbara Stuart Glazier (Bobbie) to Armand Eugene Girard of Brooklyn, in Hartford, Connecticut. The time of the wedding, like many others nowadays, depends largely on whether the groom is called up for service or not, and when. Our loving wishes go to Barbara in her new happiness, and our warmest congratulations to Mr. Girard.

. . . .

Several lucky babies have been born to old couriers lately. Mr. and Mrs. Guido Verbeck (Babs Van Duyn) have a son, Guido III, born in December. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wendell (Harriet Morley) of Saginaw, Michigan, also have a son, their second, named Foster Duane, born in January. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Bissell, Jr. (Susan Adams) of Dubuque, Iowa, had their second baby and first daughter in December. Susan writes: "I followed your instructions and had a baby girl this time,—Susan Adams Bissell—and she wants to be enrolled for the courier service of 1959."

. . . .

Mrs. Edwin Allen Locke, Jr. (Dot Clark) has gone with her husband to Washington, to the deep regret of our New York Committee and the great gain of our Washington Committee. She is succeeded in the chairmanship of the courier section of the New York Committee by Helen Stone (Pebble) who had previously held the chairmanship for a number of years, and was dear enough to take it back.

. . . .

In coming down to us lately from Philadelphia, Fanny McIlvain stopped off at Hot Springs, Virginia, to see Joan Mc-

Clellan, who is one of those in charge of riding and the horses at The Homestead. Fanny reported Joan in fine spirits, and enthralled with her job. Apparently the horseflesh thereabouts is rather tempting, because Fanny bought a brood mare in foal, and had it trucked back to her farm in Pennsylvania.

. . . .

Mrs. Andrew Yeomans (Betty Pratt) of Brookline, Massachusetts, has taken over the chairmanship of the courier section of the Boston Committee, to succeed Sylvia Bowditch, who has gone to California to do a really thrilling piece of work. In a letter just received from Sylvia in San Francisco, she writes as follows:

"I think I wrote you that I was coming out to run a machine called an electro-encephalograph, which is able to record the tiny electrical impulses given off by the brain and by muscle. All it really is is an amplifying system which works on the same order as a radio with tubes and amplifiers strong enough to magnify the original impulse from 750,000 to a million times, so you can see it's pretty potent! In order to get the impulses, little soldered discs on wires (electrodes) are attached to the patient's scalp or muscle, depending on what you are doing, by adhesive tape or collodion. All the patient has to do is keep still and the machine does the rest. The University of California has got this machine on an Infantile Research Grant and will use it mainly for muscle work, although one of the neuro-surgeons, who has been instrumental in getting the machine set up and really knows more about it than anyone else, is going to use it on encephalograms, with cases of epilepsy, brain tumors, etc. He is the husband of one of my best college friends and he was the one who got me out here. At the moment we are not running any patients as the Hospital has to fix over a room for us, but I am testing the machine by running it for one minute out of every five or six and writing you in the between times so the letter probably won't be very coherent. I am also working on a problem involving white rats. We find them a bloodthirsty lot, as three have already been killed off by their friends! . . . .

"Those letters in the Bulletin are the most interesting things I've read."

Our hearts went out in deepest sympathy to Mrs. Robert Frederick Muhlhauser (Ann Danson) and her husband in the loss before Christmas of the baby, a boy, they so ardently wanted. His birth was premature, and he lived only an hour. The young couple have moved to their new home near Ann's mother in Glendale, Ohio, and Ann writes gallantly, "We are still planning a nursery."

. . . .

One knows so little of the Poles, whose courage and suffering have touched the heart of the world, that I know everyone will be interested in the following excerpts from a letter from Peggy Harrison of Philadelphia, written in Scotland on November 13, 1940:

"The end of September I was sent as ambulance driver to the only Polish Army Hospital in Britain. It is an awfully good job, as besides driving all over to the camps, there is interpreting, via French-German, translating anything from love letters to medical theses, looking after the ambulances, doing odd commissions, and so on. The other two drivers and I are the only English-speaking people on the hospital staff. The Poles are a grand lot to work with. Among all the Scottish villages I have never heard a bad word spoken of them. My homesickness fades away here amid so much sorrow and anxiety. Especially when sick, or if still suffering from wounds in the Norwegian campaign or in France, the Poles get depressed—no country, no communications, not much hope. We are all moving away to winter quarters, but while here I have often been to the hospital with patients for special treatment, or when we are too full up, the hospital where Robbie and Mickle and the other F. N. S. nurses were last winter. They are all out in Palestine now, I believe. . . .

"I still carry some F. N. S. photographs around with me. So long, good luck, and my love to all."

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT!

Mistress, interviewing applicant for post as general maid: "Have you any religious views?"

Applicant: "Just a couple of picture postcards of Durham Cathedral, mum."

—*Church of England Newspaper.*

AMATEUR EDITOR

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

It sometimes seems to me that although God meant me to be a nurse-midwife, I have had to make myself an editor.

When the Frontier Nursing Service began its work not sixteen years ago, the Executive Committee (which had a mind of its own then, as now) decided that we must issue a little publication at periodic intervals to report on what we were doing. They asked me just to throw it together. A quarterly was suggested, but we got out only three issues the first year. This often puzzles the libraries which write us for the early issues of the Bulletin to complete their files. It seems hard for them to realize that there was no Number 4 of Volume I.

The second year we got second-class mailing privileges, and became a true quarterly at once. Second-class mailing privileges confer responsibility. On the one hand, we are able to mail out each issue of the Bulletin from Lexington, at a low rate. On the other hand, we have to state on our form of receipt for gifts to the F. N. S. that one dollar is a bona fide subscription to the Quarterly Bulletin, and we are allowed a limited number only of complimentary copies. The Bulletin makes a yearly profit.

From the beginning, we called our publication a Quarterly Bulletin, because that was what it was. We decided we would accept no advertising. This reminds me of what Miss Mattie, in "Cranford," said about her sister after their mother died and the older daughter declared that no matter how many men asked her to marry them, she would never leave her father. "I don't think anyone ever did ask her, my dear," said Miss Mattie, "but it was just as noble of her to say she wouldn't marry them."

This is quoted from memory, because I haven't time to ramble through "Cranford" again, and that brings me to my first of the amateur editor's woes:

Woe I
Lack of Time

Presumably a real editor, even of a quarterly, makes the getting out of his publication a full time job. Possibly, for even as small a publication as ours he has an assistant. The postal form called "Statement of Ownership" that we are required by law to fill in and print once a year has spaces for the names of an editor, a managing editor, and a business manager. I always feel like writing, "Oh sirs, we are none of these things."

My job is to run a big remotely rural organization with a budget of ninety-eight thousand dollars. Part of my job is to discover the $98,000.00—in itself no mean task. I work under the direction of an Executive Committee and a Board of Trustees, to whom I have to make periodic reports, and in co-operation with committees in many distant cities and in our eight mountain areas, to whom I also make periodic reports. As an executive I have to coordinate medical, hospital, district nursing, graduate midwifery school, social service, statistical, bookkeeping, auditing, post office and courier departments and the welfare of an average of more than eight thousand patients annually. I am directly responsible for the department handled by the Executive Secretary, which includes repairs, maintenance, and construction on vast properties in a remote and difficult country. I must be accessible at any hour of the day or night to anyone who wants to see me. Throughout the open season of the year, I entertain as many guests as the average small summer hotel. I have an overwhelming correspondence from all quarters of the planet. I am not a young person, and I have a patched-up bargain-counter back. Where is the time, in such a life, for the editing of a magazine?

Woe II
Inexperience

The early issues of the Quarterly Bulletin, when I look back through their meagerness, almost break my heart. I lived in the saddle so much in those days that a lot of my office work was done at night. Every day was so chock-full of adventure in those "crowded hours of glorious life" that it didn't seem possible to edit. When I think of the amazing experiences we all

had in those days, of the really hairbreadth escapes from death, of the utter charm of our children and the things they said to us, of the customs, speech and manners of a vanishing age, I am overwhelmed with regrets that more of all of that was not written down. I just didn't know how to assemble it, or even how to gather it. Even now, after fifteen years of editing, I know only too well how poor a job I make of it, and that brings me to

Woe III
Gathering Material

Since the primary purpose of the Quarterly Bulletin is to tell our thousands of members and supporters what is being done with their money, the essential stuff for the Bulletin each quarter must be supplied by the workers themselves, and nobody ghost-writes for anybody else. Every signed article is written by the person whose name is signed to it. But none of these people are trained writers, and all of them are terrifically busy. Just try once to dig stuff out of that kind of a crowd, and you will find out how hard it is.

We have had nurses for years with us, like Mac and Peggy Tinline, sparkling with humor, deeply sympathetic and with more of what professionals call "human interest" in the experiences of an average working day than lots of people can get out of a lifetime. We have had nurses, of which those two dear people are examples, who were with us for years and years, and never one line has the Quarterly Bulletin had out of any of them. To pleadings from me that should wring the heart of a dictator, let alone such tender hearts as theirs, they just reply "I can't write" in a tone that has the finality of the Roman god Terminus. Occasionally one of them would reveal herself for a moment in a letter, as indeed, back in Britain with all the heartbreak that separates yet binds us, they do now.

Woe IV
Sorting and Shaping

As soon as one issue of the Bulletin goes to press, we open folders for the next one. Into these folders go communications from the field and from the world beyond the mountains. Into them go letters from the old couriers and the old staff. Here,

too, we tuck away a variety of what the trade call "fillers," which are the Brief Bits of humor and pathos and information that we come across in our daily lives or in our reading, or that someone is so kind as to send us. Into these folders finally go the longer articles which bear on the general interests of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Since we are an international organization, there are few things on the planet that don't interest us, but because our trustees represent many different points of view, we are careful to avoid controversial subjects. We do aim to be constructive. We touch upon everything that makes for good will "in this world and the next." We search for uniting things and avoid disrupting things. We assume religion on the part of all our readers, and there we think we are right, but we never handle the sectarian in religion. Because political issues are partisan in their very nature, we never discuss national or local politics. Hotly debatable questions we avoid. As a policy this is so rigidly adhered to that we positively slither away from suggestions sometimes made to us by partisan friends. One is reminded of that saying of an old colored woman, "Honey, you got to slip and slide through life."

All of the stuff that is gathered between Bulletins and put into folders has to be shaped up into the final form in which you readers see it. Cover pictures must be chosen that suit the season and the context. Excerpts have to be copied from letters. The stories that we have literally dug out of the staff must be gone through and sometimes cut. On the other hand, sometimes they must be sent back with the request for more information. The unsigned stuff is mostly mine, and this brings me to

Woe V
We, She, They, I

Half a century ago, a man went from Virginia to the Southwest to edit a small weekly paper. After ten years, he decided to go back where he came from, and he wrote in his paper somewhat as follows: "When we left our native land of Virginia, we said that we would never return until we had become in all respects a perfect man. We are now returning."

What is the correct pronoun for an editor? I am sure I don't know and I try all of them in turn. The collective "we" works out all right when I am referring to the Service as a whole, but when I refer to a personal friend or a personal incident, then the "we" looks plumb silly to me. Sometimes I get out of it by speaking of myself as "the Director," and starting off with a "she." That looks plain pompous when it is I who am writing. Do you remember Mr. Dooley on the Dreyfuss case? "It's a *je*," "sez I," "for I spake the language." I get out of the problem sometimes by reporting on my outside work and my rounds over our own territory under my own name, with the title "Trails, Town and Train." Then again, as in this issue, I work all of that into one of the columns. Anyway you look at it, it's a headache. If a real editor should chance to see this, just let me say to him here and now that any advice he has to offer will be accepted on my, her, their, our bended knees.

Woe VI
Deadline

Before the war began, I had little time for editing the Bulletin. Since the war I have none. That is why they are all late. Except for the summer issue, which we don't aim to bring out before September, because most of our subscribers are not at home in August, we do plan to have every issue printed and in the mails the last month of each quarter. We aim to have the autumn news of the Service in the autumn issue, the winter news in the winter issue, and the spring news in the spring issue. That means that these Bulletins should be received at the end of November, February, and May.

In other words, we *have* a deadline, and when it approaches we start the work we should be closing. It reminds me of a poem I loved in my childhood, which ran as follows:

" 'Seven o'clock,' says nurse at the door,
Kate lifts not up her drowsy head.
'Eight o'clock,' says the nurse once more;
But Kate is still in bed.
'Nine o'clock,' says nurse with a frown;
Kate opens one sleepy eye.
'Ten o'clock,' and Kate comes down
And the sun is in the sky.
Alas and alack, when the day's half done
Kate's work is just begun."

It all goes back to the fact that my primary job is not being an editor at all, and my primary job keeps breaking through the frenzied, last-minute, desperate burdens of editorship. There are things, sometimes life and death things, which just must be seen to and the deadline gets pushed further and further towards infinity. Sometimes, to get the final work on the Bulletin done, I literally go to bed and stay there. For a recent issue I stayed in bed working, with hardly a break for meals, from seven in the morning until into the night. People come to my room on tiptoe, with hushed voices, and a scared look, poor lambs. They act as though I might throw the cat at them, or a pillow.

Well, the Bulletin ultimately does get off to press, and the proofs do get corrected, but my secretary and I often say we can hardly bear to look at the finished product when it arrives.

Rewards

Is there compensation for all these woes? There is indeed. Nothing is ever without compensation. Every issue of the Bulletin brings letters that warm that part of the heart known as cockles. People are too kind. They overlook the amateurishness and pull out the bits of reality embedded here and there to praise. I am sure that more than one member of our staff who has gone through veritable birth throes to write of an experience is rewarded a thousand times when she learns that someone read and liked her story. I know that I am. My mail shows me that the Bulletin does fulfill its primary purpose, which is to keep our supporters abreast of what we are doing.

Will you who read this let me know in what way I can better my task?

"WHAT IS THIS—UNION NOW?"

Quebec, Oct. 16, 1940.—The Governor General of Canada, Earl of Roosevelt at the White House in Princess Alice, are planning to visit President Roosevelt and Mrs. Athlone, and her Royal Highness, Washington next week, it was learned here today.

From the New York *Journal and American*
reprinted, with query, by *The New Yorker*

OLD STAFF NEWS

New Year, be good to England,
Bid her name shine sunlike as of old on all the sea;
Make strong her soul; set all her spirit free.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

FOREWORD: When we started this column a year ago it was to give the old staff, now so widely scattered, now living so dangerously, news of one another. As will be seen from some of the letters, they count on the Bulletin for this very thing. We thought only of the staff when we opened the column. In recent months, we have learned from our mail that no other part of the Bulletin is more widely read. For the information of our own old staff, we want to say that the reason most of them did not get our Christmas letters is that some twelve thousand bags of mail were lost at sea between November 18th and December 6th, many of them on *The Western Prince*.

From Green in London—September 25, 1940.

(*Written after Peggy Tinline and her husband James had been to tea*)

We have had a lovely afternoon together, Peggy, James and I, in spite of having unexploded bombs around us. Peggy and I think it a good thing we like fresh air as a nation. Windows are mostly blasted out, but we just board them up and laugh. They are a minor detail. We are surrounded with homes just a heap of rubble, but as the bus man said to me yesterday, "Hitler can knock our homes and buildings down but *not* the people." This house has been lucky. We have had incendiary bombs either side also back and front, but not directly on the house itself. The house opposite was afire and the one behind, but thank God they were soon got under control, but of course did quite a bit of damage. We lie down at night fully dressed, yes complete with shoes on, either in a shelter or basement on a mattress with a rug or blankets, and with gas masks handy. Sheets and pyjamas seem to be put out of the question for the duration.

The government is trying hard to evacuate women and children from London. I see that "Children to go from East End" by today's paper. Poor dears, they have suffered, but it is terribly hard for the parents who have lost some of their kiddies. No place seems really safe for them. They are being sent to re-

ception areas. I am going to one next month—Torquay. I will tell you more about it later on. I had four women evacuées for one week—they had to make a hasty exit because of time bombs. I wish you could have seen them arrive, with their canary, parrot, and two dogs and a few belongings they could hastily grab. We have a kitten so you can imagine what a time we had with the animals. People are having to give up their pets because of their homes being bombed, and it is awfully sad at the animal hospitals—beautiful animals being put to sleep. But it is far kinder. When you hear the cry of a dog that has been hit by shrapnel and see the fright they get from the terrible fires, you realize this more. Now it is blackout time and Adolf's time so I must black him out.

What an existence these days. Sometimes in spite of yourself you think of all the deaths you could die without being blown to pieces or being buried for days, or being burnt to death. I've just seen so much that you cannot tell, but folk are wonderful. One sees people just escaping with nothing but what they have on. It is terrible for them to *have* to rely on generosity and kindness, but they go on with a smile, and you think it could have been you. Seeing the poor souls being taken off in truck loads makes a lump come to one's throat. Grace's hospital has been bombed nine times. She has just been sent back to London, and, believe it or not, they were bombed the first night she got back. The second night the hospital was hit by oil bombs but the incendiaries were quickly got under control, so prevented devastation. A school close by was hit and it was full of evacuated families that had been bombed out, and Grace said it was terrible, parents trying to find their children—lots of whom were killed.

Enclosure by Peggy:—Have spent a lovely afternoon here with Green, James and I. Plenty of tea, toast and plum jam. Love to all.

Enclosure by James:—With our chins, with a tilt of at least 90 degrees.

. . . .

From Green in Devonshire—October 27, 1940

You will notice my change of address. I was almost heartbroken leaving London but it had to be. This is a reception area

and my, what a busy place. 'Tis full of Londoners and thousands of London children—a good many of whom would have been on the other side of the Atlantic if it had been possible. When I see the busses bringing fresh children I'm so thankful to see them and yet I always feel a horrid lump in my throat when I think of what the poor dears have come from. You can tell the difference in the kiddies, as the local ones have such wonderful rosy cheeks. . . .

November 18, 1940.

Well, I got my baby at 11:30 p. m. I came home at 7:30 for supper and at about 10 I was called back again. I was exasperated trying to get a car. I was 50 minutes late before it was possible, due to petrol shortage. "Jerry" paid a visit and shook the place a bit, but mother and baby are both well. I got home —by walking—about 4 a. m. and was on duty again at 8 and have been busy right up to 6:30 p. m. I tell you with this job there is no glamour or show but just honest to goodness work—with no frills, but it is grand to be doing one's bit.

Wednesday, November 20, 1940.

It was my half day yesterday so did not finish my letter as I wanted a haircut and had some shopping to do. I put my light out at 11:15 p. m. and was called at 12:45 a. m.—a first baby. A fine baby boy, eight and a half pounds, arrived at 10:40 a. m. Mother and baby fine. The father is a sailor somewhere at sea. Unfortunately there are lots of posthumous babies; daddies lost chiefly at Dunkirk. "Jerry" is buzzing overhead; I wonder where he is making for. Life is really queer.

. . . .

From Green in Devonshire—December 1, 1940.

Last Thursday I thought oh! so much about you all at Hyden and Wendover celebrating "Thanksgiving" and I knew you were all thinking and praying for us. I do hope and trust all goes well with the F. N. S. I wish I could fly in and see you all just for a few moments. Life and friends are so precious, and more so in these dark and trying days.

I know you follow the news closely and know what is happening daily here. Really, everyone is doing his or her utmost.

Practically everybody has lost someone near and dear to them, —in the services but more especially in these terrible air raids. We are *very* busy here. It is a reception area and we have not the normal peacetime staff to cope with the work, but that is our little "bit." Sounds as if "Jerry" is above again. I wish he would buzz off. The poor mothers certainly are going through hell, what with living in terror in shelters, losing their loved ones, and then the children to care for. They are wonderful! ! Life in general for them is a terrible struggle—but we are all trying to help in every possible way.

I hope you have heard from Betty Lester. She wrote and told me she had written you. Jacko was still O. K. when I heard yesterday. Several of my friends have been badly hit. I've not heard from Mac for two or three weeks. The Mickles are in Palestine. Doubtless you have more news of "the family."

I really wish you could see some of the beautiful winding lanes around here, their banks are covered with ivy and evergreens. Today I was so thrilled as I discovered a tulip poplar tree, and of course I thought of Kentucky, and of you all. I never realized that anywhere in England had blue skies like Kentucky, but we certainly do here and in the summer it must be wonderful. I wish I could send you some Devon violets that are blooming, and have such a delightful scent.

Here are some of the flowers that are still to be seen: Hydrangeas, marigolds, carnations, roses everywhere, celendines, hedges of fuchsia, stocks, geraniums, red hot poker, cherry pie, petunias, antirrhinum, barberry in blossom, periwinkle, and there are lots of rock plants in bloom too. The grass and hedges are green and fresh.

The Devonians are kind and friendly, and have a soft, smooth, drawling, dialect. They are clean and houseproud, and oh dear, how they miss their cream. The soil is rich and red-brown. The climate is very different to other parts of England I have lived and worked in—it is so mild. We have had slight frosts. The coast is beautiful—but it is impossible to go on the beach now.

Thank you so much for the Bulletin. I was interested to know what had been happening, and look forward to the next one. It seems strange that the news of one another over here

comes through the Bulletin, but everyone is busy in countless ways.

Please give my love and good wishes to everyone of the staff I know. I would love to write to them all individually but that is imposible now. We have to be careful of paper, expense, time, and more especially not to put too great a strain on our gallant Navy. Please give the little oak leaves to the girls with my love and good wishes for Christmas. Goodbye and God bless you. Happy Christmas Everyone.

. . . .

From Green in Devonshire—January 3, 1941.

Happy New Year, *Everybody.* Life is so hectic these days that I get little time to write. . . . The babies have to be well taken care of. Lots of our London mothers and babies have been killed. One of mine (a deaf mother), and her husband were both killed but the baby (about six months old now) escaped. Somehow we have got accustomed to horrors and we only hope and trust we will be brave like our many friends and relatives playing their part, and those that have made the supreme sacrifice.

The guns were going out at sea last night and "Jerry" was flying high. Jacko is terribly upset as Don, her 19-year-old brother, has his marching orders. He has left for "somewhere abroad." They saw him off the day after the City attack (Dec. 8). Standing amongst the débris wishing him Godspeed made them all particularly sad, but he was in the seventh heaven of delight—all agog to have "a go at them." I expect Jacko's Dad lost everything at his office in the City in the recent fire of London.

I have not had news from the hills since the last Bulletin. Your letters may be down in Davy Jones' locker.

. . . .

From Mary Cummings (Mrs. Dudley Lloyd) in Montreal—October 10, 1940.

I have just finished reading the "Old Staff News" in the Bulletin and find it difficult to believe so many old friends are engaged in such dangerous work. Such a short time ago all were in Kentucky. Your staff has been sadly depleted; it is not difficult

to realize the reorganization and trying times you must be having. I wish I were nearer. I could not offer to come down for a long period of time for I feel that now, more than ever, while I have Dudley I can only be doing my little by keeping our home happy and comfortable for him. But we both know the tremendous amount of war work you are doing and agree that if in the future you are very short of staff and need a temperary fill in, I will be glad to come. . . . It would really be a great thrill to be back with you, but I could not stay for months. . . .

My thoughts of the Service are as bright as ever and I often think how much more I got from the F. N. S. and the mountain people than I ever gave. It is grand to have such pleasant memories when we are in such a chaotic world.

. . . .

From Dougall, at Sea—November 6, 1940.

I am on a boat with the children and we are on our way to Jamaica. When we arrive there we shall get on a United Fruit Company boat for New York. After a short stay there we shall go to Virginia, where we are to be the guests of friends for the duration of the war. When we get to the U. S. I will notify you.

We are nine passengers in all on a small cargo boat. Peter and Ione are the only children. Greetings to you and hoping to meet.

. . . .

From Dougall in Virginia—December 23, 1940.

Here we are at last. Our trip across was not absolutely uneventful. We had the new experience of "depth charges" and our convoy sank a U-boat. German planes around Ireland, then continuous "lookout" for surface raiders. It was good to get to Jamaica. Now safely here. Good wishes.

. . . .

From Dougall in Virginia—January 29, 1941.

Thank you very much for saying I might be sure of employment with you in the Service. I would like it very much, but see my place as here at present. There are my two children and my friends' two children and the four seem more like eight.

My hosts are delightful to us and I do not get to sleep one night without feeling we are indeed very, very fortunate to have been asked to be guests in such a home.

. . . .

From "Holly" in Northwestern London—November 9, 1940.

I loved to get your letter of June 4th. I know how you were sharing in all our troubles; everything seemed so very grim then but I think we are getting used to things now, and perhaps are just beginning to realize now what we are up against.

I have been at this hospital since June 1st, when the huts were first opened to receive hundreds of French and Belgian soldiers, sailors and policemen from Dunkirk. They arrived just as they had been embarked, with dressings many days old stuck to themselves and their clothes. They were wonderful, and so pathetic in their anxiety for their families of whom many have never yet had any word. In the middle of June, when France collapsed, we had a convoy of our own boys in and for some time in my ward we had half French and half British, and all got along very well. Our last two Frenchmen left three days ago, not cured but able to travel and are gone to a port to await a ship to take them to Marseilles. We miss them, and wish they could have gone home cured, but they were just thrilled at the idea of going home.

From January 1st till I came here in June I was night sister at the small hospital in Ongar, Essex, 26 beds, 6 of them maternity, and had plenty of babies to "catch" and lots of sick babies, and the 20 beds for surgical-medical cases nearly always full, so the one probationer and I were always quite busy all night. I thoroughly enjoyed it. In March I had joined the Red Cross and was expecting at any moment to go to Finland but owing to unforseen circumstances the unit never got started and so I stayed on at Ongar till I got sent here. It was very disappointing not going to Finland. There were many delays and finally two days before we were to start the invasion of Norway "put the lid on it."

We are on the outside fringe of London here and have had "Jerry" over every night since the London "Blitz" started. So

far the hospital has been lucky, bombs all round, and a land mine closer than was comfortable! but no direct hit or any casualties among the staff or patients. I have been on night duty since the beginning of August, and it is wonderful how we get used to things. At first all the hut woke up when a gun went off near—now it takes a bomb really close to wake anyone up.

All the staff who are billeted out now have tin hats, and I must say it feels a lot better coming along in the evening when all the guns are going and "Jerry" is just overhead to have the tin hat on! One also gets quite good at deciding whether the bomb one hears swishing down is coming near enough to make it best to lie down in the side of the road—or not! It is really amazing how everyone takes such things for granted.

All the other huts except this one are now filled with air-raid casualties. Many are sole survivors of families and many are terribly maimed for life, but are they downhearted? NO! These are the most unconquerable optimists of all. This is an orthopedic centre and I have learned a lot about the wonders that Plaster of Paris does for compound fractures.

It was grand to get the Summer Bulletin and to have some news of the Service. It must indeed be a hard time for all to carry on, and it is wonderful how quickly the training of new midwives was started.

I hope to trace Mac and Margaret from the letters in the Bulletin.

My most carefully treasured belongings are my return ticket to New York (just extended for another twelve months to October, 1941!) and my re-entry permit, also duly extended for the next six months, and I only hope they don't get tired of extending them till all this is over!

Please remember me to all in the staff and on the district. I will hope to be thinking of you on Thanksgiving Day. Quite a bit of my heart is still in Kentucky.

P. S.—November 11.

I must tell you that so far all my brothers are safe—one each in the Navy, Army and Air Force, the two at home, and the doctor in Nigeria. My mother too, and sisters and their

children are safe. Of five cousins in Belgium, four came back from Dunkirk. We have all been lucky so far.

This is a busy day for our fighters, since I have been back in my billets from 9 a. m. to 11 a. m. we have had four raid warnings and all clears. From my window I see our Spitfires and Hurricanes going up to meet them over London, and see them come back again, and it is a thrilling sight—twelve or more in a formation like a flock of birds, and I often see one doing a Victory Roll as he comes back over his own aerodrome.

. . . .

From Mac on Ambulance Train No. 22 in England—

November 10, 1940.

I feel as if I have been living on a train all my life now and when this is all over, I shall buy it and travel out to Kentucky in it. Wouldn't that be fun—arriving at Wendover with my train and train bearers? . . . You will laugh at this. One of the orderlies came to me this morning and said the tank was dry and the hose was out of order. For a few seconds I was back in Hyden and was ready to phone you!!! It seems wherever I go, there is trouble with the water works.

. . . How far away it all seems, like a dream, and getting more so as the weeks go by. If I could only drop in to see you, I would have some thrilling tales to tell. Can you imagine me crawling along a hedge and being machine-gunned with shrapnel and bullets from the airplanes flying all round me? I don't think I was the "military objective" but I nearly got it all the same. It was exciting but my heart was pounding pretty strongly.

I don't pay much attention to the siren now until I hear an explosion close at hand and then take notice.

How are all my friends in Hyden? Remember me to the M. Begleys and the J. D. Begleys and tell Judge Lewis not to forget his old friend.

When you go to Hazard remember me to Dr. Collins and Mrs. Hibler. If Sooty has any more kittens, call one "Spitfire" for me.

We are planning to have our Christmas dinner on the train, but what a different Christmas for me this year. I feel very

sad at the thought of it, for Christmas in Hyden was a happy time and I loved it.

. . . .

From Mickle Minor, in Palestine—November 17, 1940.

The war goes on and the folks at home are still taking the brunt of it but they will keep their end up all right. . . . We do not speak of a short war these days. It will go on and we shall eventually win. We have to. We are going into tents in two days' time and are quite looking forward to the prospect. We haven't had a break for three weeks! Hope it will be as lovely as this camp. We are surrounded by orange groves, now full of ripening oranges. The garden fences are still covered with morning glory though it's beginning to look a bit thin. Petunias, zinnias, cosmos and many others are still thriving though the very cold nights are making it difficult for them. For company we have the flies by day and the jackals by night. The noise they make is something heinous! A small snake, like a viper, fell off our bedroom door and believe it or not I killed it with a broom-head and much screaming. Wish it had been Hitler I was whacking at. Buzzards swarm the walls but are not so pretty as the Kentucky ones being dull gray and much bigger.

Are Mitchell, Burton, and Gonnie—also Thelma still with you? If so wish them good luck from me. I am learning Arabic, but as it takes fourteen years hope I'll never know it thoroughly. . . . Our new camp is some distance from the beaten track so we are to have bikes or donkeys. The "powers" are still pro-ing and conning. The burning point is as to whether the number of flies each mule would introduce would make him a very desirable beastie in the camp. On the other hand, he doesn't puncture. . . .

A few minutes ago Matron asked us to do something very interesting. So we've had to re-arrange and hasten the packing. Wish I could tell you what it is. . . . We look forward to more news from you and both join in wishing you all a happy Christmas. Turn down an empty glass for us.

. . . .

From Mickle Minor (in Palestine) to Nancy Kooser—
November 17, 1940.

Dear little Nancy,

It will be Christmas time when you get this and you'll be all

excited and jumping around, and the Christmas tree will be looking as gay as only a Christmas tree can look. On the mantelpiece, or somewhere in that lovely new house of yours, all the animals will be around the manger where Jesus was born.

A little while ago I went through the hills to Bethlehem where Jesus was really born and there was the real manger after all these long years. All round the manger were little boys and girls like you and Johnnie—some a little bigger and some just wee ones so high. Each little child had a lighted candle and knelt down while their mothers told them about Jesus. I didn't hear what they were saying because they spoke a different language from us. They had come from a country where nobody wants them just now, but one of these days when they get a little older they will all go back. So they all looked very happy and when their mothers had finished they got up and blew out their candles and went home.

I hear you are a very big girl now and taking much care of Johnnie and helping your Mama. Perhaps one of these fine days we shall be able to come and see you again and we might even have pancakes for breakfast on a Sunday morning.

Hope you will have a lovely Christmas and Santa Claus will bring you and Johnnie lots of lovely things.

Love and a kiss from

MICKLE

. . . .

From Ellen Marsh in London—November 21, 1940.

How pleased I was to receive the Bulletin and to read the news about all the nurses. You must have had a trying time, losing so many of your staff. Your thoughts are often with us, I am sure, during our struggle. You no doubt keep in touch with all the news.

Christmas will not be as usual. One doesn't feel like too much enjoyment but we must remember what the festival means. Our wardens and A. F. S., A. R. P. Services are doing a really wonderful piece of work and for them there will not be any holiday.

A patient the other day said to me, I thought it rather nice: "You are as good as a tonic, the quiet way you go along with your work," so I must live up to that.

May you all have a happy and peaceful Christmas is the sincere wish of, Yours affectionately, Marshie.

. . . .

From Betty in Berkshire—November, 1940.

The mountains are calling so loudly today that I'm homesick for you and all the folk and for Barrie (*her collie*).

I am in a maternity home for evacuées from London—women who have been bombed out of their homes and who come to us for two or three weeks before delivery and two weeks after. They seem quite glad to go back as soon as they can, but the rest and quiet do them a world of good while they are with us. It's a lovely old country house right up on the Downs—loaned to the Government for the duration of the war.

I read every bit of the Bulletin. Isn't the world small? I seem to keep meeting people who know about us. I was staying with my sister in London the weekend the Bulletin arrived. Needless to say we slept in the shelter each night and spent quite a few daylight hours there too. I am going up again for my next weekend—at least I am if Mr. A. Hitler does not interfere with my plans. We have visits from his airmen quite often but they pass us by in search of bigger targets.

The weather is awful—tonight the wind is howling, doors rattling, windows shaking as if nature is furious about something. Being up on the Downs makes us exposed to winds from every quarter and tonight it is almost impossible to keep one's feet. Also it is pouring with rain.

I am longing to hear exactly everything that is going on in the F. N. S. and yet I know when I get an answer to this I'll be more homesick than ever. I hope this letter will arrive but we seem to be having a little trouble with U-boats and raiders again in the Atlantic.

Do you or rather will you want any new recruits? I think I must be a good saleswoman for the F. N. S. because I chatter away and so many nurses I've met say "Oh, how I'd love to do that work." Needless to say they are not all suitable but some are, and I just wonder how you'd feel if I suggested that they apply. However the war is not over yet!

Give my love to all the folk I know—all the nurses, staff and

people on the districts. I'm not doing any exciting work but at least I feel I offered myself when I came home.

. . . .

From Peacock in London—November 25, 1940.

FOREWORD: Although it has been years since Gladys Peacock left the Frontier Nursing Service, and discontinued all nursing work, her vivid personality is remembered on many creeks and branches of the Kentucky hills. She took the rough going of our early days in the same spirit in which she writes now. Her many friends in the Service will welcome news of her and will hold her in their hearts.

I was enrolled as an ambulance driver twenty-four hours after my arrival. I have only just got around to seeing all my family. In spite of being overseas in the last war four years I have seen more of war in the last four months than I ever saw there! It's all so incredible and unreal it seems rather like a "bogey tale!"

I am stationed in London—where, I can't say. We do twenty-four hour duty on and twenty-four off, but can lie down on camp beds (fully clothed) during the night until calls come. The work of course varies—sometimes very busy, sometimes slack, but we can live "home" or wherever we like the odd twenty-four hours, so I am in my aunt's house. She is in the country.

The "Jerrys" seem to like me as I have been bombed out of five places so far! Two time-bombs, one direct five hundred pounder, etc. Uncle Tom's flat is no more. We were in the ground floor empty flat on cots the night the five hundred pounder dropped. We none of us were touched, but it took me two hours to dig out my uniform from under bricks, glass and débris on my bed upstairs. Then Aunt Cornelia's house got the front blown in. So we are living in the back. The house opposite deposited its masonry and railings in our dining room, not to mention several pieces of its chimneys! You really would laugh to see a perfectly respectable crowd of people in a perfectly respectable London street suddenly fall flat on their faces. I'm getting so agile in falling quickly that if all trades fail after the war I shall try being an acrobat.

They may have got several buildings in London—but there are still a lot left. And what does it matter if they do get a few bricks and mortar? It just makes the people more determined than ever to put an end to Hitler and all he stands for. The

East-enders are simply magnificent. The people we take in our ambulances—fractured spines—pelvis—faces black and blue with contusions and all their homes gone—and all they say is "You just wait till we get Mr. 'itler." One bus conductor said "'e may get our 'ouses and our 'omes but 'e won't get our lives, and then those lives will be worth living." That's the spirit everywhere.

Could you let me have Betty Lester's address as I'd love to look her up. We drive all over the country so I might happen to be where she is.

I do hope the Service is going on O. K. Please give my best to all I know including the dogs.

Muchest love and a very happy Christmas.

. . . .

From Kelly in Essex—November 10, 1940.

Last week I called at the Midwives' Institute and of course Mrs. Mitchell was anxious to hear all about the midwifery school. I gave her Buck's reprint of "The Nurses on Horseback Ride On." After I got home I received the enclosed note from Mrs. Mitchell.* I have answered it and said I was sure the F. N. S. would be pleased for her to publish it in Nursing Notes.

Mrs. Mitchell urged me to call on Mr. Farrar Brown of the Central Midwives Board who is assigning all midwives to the various organizations. The doctors and hospitals then put in to him their needs, and he tries to send the midwives where they are needed most urgently. He is a very nice man, has travelled in America quite a lot, and until the war was secretary and barrister to the C. M. B. Since the outbreak of war he has been given the huge task of placing the midwives. It seems a good idea to centralize things, I think. We talked a long while about the F. N. S. Midwifery School in which he was deeply interested, and then he asked me what I was going to do. I said midwifery, in or near London. I also said I would like to work towards my teacher's exam; which he thought was good, as he said we must

*She says: "I have just read Miss Buck's perfectly delightful article and I am wondering if we may publish it in our paper, with of course the usual acknowledgements. It would save you writing another account of the work and it gives the details which I know our members will love to have. The meeting with you this morning was most inspiring. We must carry on cheerfully in spite of the trying conditions, heartened by the fact that people like yourself are willing to rush into danger for the sake of the country."

not let the war stop things going forward. After giving me a good deal of advice regarding the type work I should do, he asked if I could help out an urgent situation now. I said I could. . . . He laughed and said I might find conditions worse than Kentucky, but hoped I could make the best of things. . . .

I wish you could see how our beautiful London is being bombed, and above all how people are carrying on; it is very sad to see how so many of our lovely old churches have suffered.

I spent a night at my aunt's. All her windows have been blown out and also the doors. They have had their doors put back and the windows boarded up with black material. There are very few families still living in her road. After I got there we had tea and about 6 o'clock the warning went. Almost immediately there was the rush of bombs through the air, ending in a terrible impact as they fell in a nearby street. We rushed out to the dugout in the garden and stayed until the all clear went at 7:20 next morning. My aunt has not slept out of her clothes for six weeks. She says they only bathe and change quickly. In the dugout it is fairly comfortable: three bunks, radio, oil stove for warmth, and I was surprised to find a picnic hamper with cups, saucers, apples, light refreshments and everything for making tea.

Of course there is not much room to move around, but once we were all seated it was quite comfortable—a little stuffy perhaps. We knitted for awhile, read the paper, and then out came a small folding card table and cards. Meanwhile outside one could hear the planes zooming about and bombs falling. The din of barrage is simply terrific. Of course I do not think these dugouts are safe against direct hits, but two of my friends have lost their homes and their entire furniture, but have themselves been quite safe in the dugouts. One was six months' pregnant and is perfectly fine. She plans to leave her husband when she is eight months and go to L—— to have her baby. She says her husband, who is a London County Council surveyor, spends his day dodging bombs and going into the houses bombed the night before to decide which are safe to live in, which and what have to be repaired, and which ones have to be condemned and pulled down. He leaves his office at 5:30 p. m., comes home to tea, then

to the dugout. If he can do that she can stay by him until the last month of her pregnacy, she says.

After I left my aunt's I got onto a bus. After we had gone a short distance we were asked to get out and walk a section and then pick up another bus. We all piled out and the conductor told us to keep our tickets. I started to walk and a little man came along and said, "You are going to ——?" I said "Yes." He said: "We'll walk together." Then, "This is always happening to me, and I wouldn't care if they said a bomb has dropped, but it makes me see red when they ask you to walk a section." I tried to be sympathetic. It must be annoying to be asked several times a day to walk a section.

Soon we came to where the road was fenced off—police and A. R. P. workers were all around. We had to circulate round the back of a church which had been badly hit, also the graveyard was in ruins. We then found another bus waiting to take us on. The little man asked how long the bomb had been there, and the conductor said "About fifteen minutes. Jerry just swooped down and let it go." I could not but be thankful I had chatted to my aunt awhile after breakfast. The little man chatted all the way. He told me, amongst other things, that he had a new dugout, that we would soon have them on the run, that they were already cracking in Italy, etc.

Of course everyone asks me if America thinks we will win.

Later—

I went to my old training school [*in southeast London*] and found the place a total wreck. It had already been hit twice, and was to re-open on the Monday, when it was hit by bombs and land mines. Later that night, incendiary bombs set it on fire. I could not help shedding a few tears with the Matron. It was such a beautiful hospital.

. . . .

From Kelly at a Maternity Hospital in London—

January 15, 1941.

It is so long since I had any news from anyone in the F. N. S. that I really wonder what can be happening. I have had only one letter and that from Elisabeth. I did get the Christmas

telegram which cheered me up tremendously and I do thank you all for sending it. I wonder if you have been getting my letters. I have written to someone almost every week. I have not heard from Charlie and do not know if she is at Hyden or where. What has happened about the Midwifery School? I am anxious to know. I can't tell you how much you all are in my thoughts. . . .

I am sending this letter by air mail and shall write to Buck and send hers ordinary mail, hoping that one may arrive. When one thinks of the marvelous work our Navy is doing one has to be thankful for any mail that gets through, but I was dashed last week when the only American letter I had was an announcement. . . . It really made me laugh too.

The war seems to be like that, so many tiresome things: trying to work in half light, struggling to find one's way around in blackout; being without gas and water (if the bombs fall near); getting patients in and out of bed in wheelchairs, stretchers, etc., and down to the air raid shelters two or three times a day if the warnings go. Today we had several inches of snow so none of them could walk. We had to wheel them all down. But it really is wonderful to me how plucky and uncomplaining these mothers are. Every night, about five p. m., they all go down to the shelter. It has been built with three entrances, so that there would not be a block in case of a rush.

All normal cases are wheeled down for the first three days, but have to walk gently to their bunks when they get into the shelter. For the first three days we try to give them lower bunks. After that they have to climb up to the upper ones, "stitch cases" as well as the others.

Caesarian sections and major operations are operated on on a canvas stretcher and are lifted on and off their beds to the trolleys by long poles slipped through the sides (mountain stretcher fashion). They spend their first five nights in the shelter on the trolley—after that wheelchairs and the bunk. So far it does not seem to hurt them at all. Two blocks in this hospital have been badly hit, but the patients were all in the shelters and no one was hurt. Our labor ward is the only one used and it, and a small side ward, have been reinforced with huge steel girders; all windows are boarded and blocked up; and, besides using it for delivery work, all the operations are done there as

they do not feel that the theatre is very safe because it has a glass roof.

Sunday night we had a very heavy raid around here. There were several near bombs and the gun barrage was simply terrific. All the patients and staff were in the shelters, except for those of us in the labor ward. I had three women in labor (different stages), a medical student on one and a pupil midwife on another, and, incredible though it seems, no one took any notice of the din at all outside.

Several times women have asked me during the day if I thought that their babies would be born before the raid started. I must say I have never worked so hard—7:15 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. Monday and Tuesday, although Tuesday I did get off in the afternoon for two hours, but Monday not at all, as we had three deliveries, one manual removal of placenta and a caesarian, and at 9 p. m. a fourth day puerperium had to have her appendix out.

We have very few pupil-midwives here, as most of the work here is the abnormal. All the normal cases are sent either to a castle in Nottinghamshire, or a large country house in Warwickshire. The staff are divided and Matron spends her time between the three places. Also, as the pupil-midwives are most of them with the normal cases, we have several medical students. The doctors are all here and Miss Baseden* (our consulting surgeon and chief) has given up living at her house and sleeps in a bunk in the shelter. It is very funny to see her in her steel helmet, regulating traffic when a raid is on. She is a huge woman, over six feet tall, and they had to make a special bunk for her. The shelter is a deep one, long and narrow, first built for people to sit in during raids, and only lately fitted with bunks. It is in three sections, with upper and lower bunks on either side, fitted with electric light, heating, water, and three toilets. There is just room to walk between the bunks. The women can read, knit and write down there. It has bombproof doors.

I had lunch with Peggy and Wallie two weeks ago. They both wanted to know all the news of F. N. S. I must close now with love and best wishes to you all.

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*British surgeons are always called Mr. or Miss, not Dr.

P. S.—We had a hectic day today. Three times we had to take the patients down to the shelter. The gunfire was very heavy and close. Miss Baseden was marching up and down in her steel helmet, and rushed and opened the door for me when I was carrying down two babies and had two mothers walking. It makes no end of extra work, getting the patients in and out of bed so much. Many of them have stitches too. However I must say the women are wonderful. They get a bit peeved if they are in the middle of their afternoon nap. This afternoon one mother was in the middle of feeding her baby. We had had a hard time getting him started. She said "Oh let me stay up . . . I'm not afraid."

. . . .

On December 27th, 1940, a dispatch by the Associated Press from Melbourne, Australia, reported an announcement by the Australian Government that the tiny island of Nauru in the Pacific had been heavily shelled by a ship, supposedly German, but flying the Japanese flag.

As all of the old staff know, our former nurse, Bridget Ristori, now Mrs. Vincent Tothill, is married to the Medical Officer of the British Phosphate Company on Nauru. There hasn't been time to hear from her since this dispatch, but in an earlier letter she expressed herself as distressed to be living in so peaceful a spot. Now poor old Bridget and Dr. Tothill seem to have had their share of the prowling danger that is over-running the world.

LINES FROM THE LAST SPEECH OF LORD LOTHIAN

"The plain truth is that peace and order always depend . . . upon there being overwhelming power behind just law. The only place where that power can be found behind the laws of a liberal and democratic world is in the United States and in Great Britain, supported by the Dominions, and in some other free nations . . .

"The issue now depends largely on what you decide to do. Nobody can share that responsibility with you."

The speech added: "And before the Judgment Seat of God each must answer for his own actions."

(Read to the American Farm Bureau Federation a few hours before Lord Lothian's lamented death) Quoted from *Federal Union World.*

THE INVISIBLE GUEST

By ELISABETH HOLMES

The old tradition of setting an extra place at the table on Christmas Eve for the Invisible Guest is dear to us at Wendover, and for many years there has been an empty chair at our table on that night.

This year we had no empty chair—for the Invisible Guest materialized into four small but very visible ones—the Johnson children. Fair-haired and blue-eyed all, they each have a definite and charming personality. Betty Jean, aged seven, is a dancing sprite of a child. David, aged nine, is chubby and mischievous. Gordon, the grave-eyed one, is thirteen and acts as shepherd of the little flock, and O'Neil, aged fourteen, has already begun to lose the carefree attitude of childhood and to take on the responsible airs of a man.

We found them just before Christmas, living in a tiny little cabin, thinly clad and with only a little flour in the house for food. Their father, an unemployed miner in poor health, had come into our neighborhood to work a small coal mine, and had to be away a good deal. Motherless, and with scarcely the barest necessities of life, the little Johnsons amazed us with their natural gaiety and merriment, which seemed never to desert them, even in these desperate circumstances.

Obviously there would be not even the vestige of a celebration for these youngsters, so we asked them to spend Christmas with us at Wendover. Their joy at the prospect was unbounded, and they scrubbed their hands and faces till they glistened in preparation for the visit. The boys look after Betty Jean in a most touching fashion. They told her to put on her "clean" dress, and after serious inspection in stern but kindly tones made her wash her face all over again, since the results of the first set of ablutions didn't quite come up to their standards.

At Wendover, after they had been given hot tub baths and complete changes into new clothing by the Pittsburgh courier, Eleanor Stineman, they devoured enormous quantities of turkey with all the trimmings. Their stockings, hung over the huge fireplace in the Big House, were sources of rapture. They

listened, round-eyed and very still, while Mrs. Breckinridge read to us The Legend of St. Christopher, and Lawrence Housman's poem, "The Death of St. Christopher,"—an honored custom at Wendover, since St. Christopher is the patron saint of the Service—and went to their beds, the boys in the big guest room and Betty Jean in the courier Mary Wilson's room at the Garden House, tired but happy, clutching their stockings to them. But just before going they participated with great interest in another ancient tradition followed at Wendover—the setting of a lighted candle out on the stone terrace, to light the way of the Christ Child on His birth-night visit to His world.

Long after "The Night Before Christmas" had been read to the boys and their lamp put out, we downstairs in the living room could hear excited whispers and the sounds of apples and nuts dropping on the floor, as they re-lived the experiences of the evening with each other. And all of us, as we sat around the fire, were thinking that it was Providence which sent the Johnsons to us just at Christmas time. For everyone celebration of Christmas, 1940 was subdued, saddened as we must have been by the conditions prevailing in the world on that Day. The F. N. S. is bound by the essence of its being to the Old Country, and by ties of deep affection to our nurses now in the war, nurses who had shared former Christmases with us. We were grateful to the Johnson children for filling the empty place at our table and reminding us that Christmas is The Child's Day.

Our responsibilities towards the Johnson children didn't end with Christmas Day. They were brought back to Wendover for another stay for medical treatment and Betty Jean, after being seen by Dr. Kooser, was sent to Dr. Brown, the ear specialist in Hazard, for treatment of a middle ear infection which had already affected her hearing. It was impossible for them to go to school where they lived, and for their father, in poor health, to care for them at home alone. He is devoted to his children and they to him. After consultation with him it was arranged that the Frontier Nursing Service assume the costs of their education. We have sent all four Johnsons to the mission school maintained by the Northern Presbyterian Church at Buckhorn, Kentucky, and we hope somehow to be able to keep them there. We feel it imperative that such winsome and intelligent youngsters as these have every opportunity available for the training of their really fine minds and charming personalities.

A SANTA CLAUS JOB

BY KAY BULKLEY
(Cleveland Courier and Christmas Secretary of 1940)

This year I was fortunate enough to be Christmas Secretary which is, I think, the nearest anyone can come to paying a visit to the famous workshop at the North Pole. Early in November, I moved into the "Christmas Cottage," an attractive little white house perched on top of the hill near Hyden Hospital. All the furniture had been moved out and aside from the room where Davey (Hospital clinic nurse) and I slept, the entire building was used for the storing and sorting of Christmas shipments. It was thrilling, unpacking the barrels, crates and boxes which poured in from the friends of the Service, knowing that each contribution meant a merry Christmas for another mountain child.

The cottage soon began to bulge, all the rooms being piled high with stacks of clothing, toys and candy. We were sometimes forced to put on coats and unpack on the porches because of lack of space inside. Finally, when Davey and I had to do a trapeze act to reach our room, and were apt to find anything from a teddy bear to a Christmas pudding for a bedfellow, we annexed the Hospital garage as an overflow storehouse for clothing which had already been sorted. The deluge was most welcome and we were always glad to see Tenacity, the mule, winding her way up the Hospital hill pulling a sledful of packages behind her, as we hoped to provide a toy, and clothing if possible, for each of the five thousand children who live in the seven hundred square mile area served by the F. N. S. This also meant that repacking must begin early enough for a truckload to be sent to each of the outlying centers, in time for their annual Christmas parties.

The job of Christmas Secretary carries clerical duties with it. The contents of each barrel, box, parcel are listed in a card index file with the name and address of the donor or donors. Every gift is acknowledged, as promptly as possible, and the card of the donor is marked to show that it has been done.

At the Hospital party, which is similar to the ones given at

the other centers, I had the pleasure of continuing my role as Santa Claus. A pillow and the rubber boots used to clean out the water tank supplemented my costume and I was hustled into the living room to stand in front of the Christmas tree and hand out apples, oranges and candy. A few of the children were frightened by my appearance, for in the mountains Santa Claus is not the common street corner phenomenon he is in the city. Some of the mothers had to urge their children to shake hands, explaining that this was the first time they had ever seen Santa. However most of them were starry-eyed with excitement by the time they reached the tree, for wonderful things had been happening to them.

Many families had been up before dawn and had walked miles down the rough creek beds to come to the party. Mothers toted their "least ones" who could not be left at home alone and the other "young uns" danced ahead. The families who were fortunate enough to ride took utmost advantages of their mules, covering every available inch of backspace with a child. It was a colorful assembly. Many of the women had gay kerchiefs tied about their heads and some of the children were in costume. There was a holiday atmosphere as the crowd gathered and old acquaintances met. However all were anxious for the party to begin and pushed eagerly at the door when it was finally opened.

Mitch and Sammy stood in the clinic amid rows and rows of brown paper shopping bags called "pokes" in the mountains. On each "poke" was printed the name of a family and inside were presents carefully selected by the nurses for each child. When these had been handed out and the first excitement of opening the presents overcome, the people were ushered into the dining room where hot chocolate and cookies were provided to warm them up and brace them against the long trip home. The mothers chatted sociably with one another and were delighted to see Vanda, the Hospital Superintendent, who greeted them all cordially and joked with them about things which had happened when she was a nurse on one of the Hyden districts. The children nibbled timidly at their cookies while casting shy glances at their newly acquired toys and the enormous Christmas tree in the next room. When they finally reached Santa, they looked bewildered, but all were happy to receive the fruit and bags of candy, which they tucked carefully away to save until they reached home.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS HARVARD HOSPITAL

By Mrs. EDWIN ALLEN LOCKE, Jr.

One of the most interesting events in medical history is taking place today, thanks to a joint project of the American Red Cross and Harvard University. A prefabricated hospital, composed of 22 units, is being shipped piecemeal to England. Dr. John Gordon, one of the Harvard Medical School's most distinguished doctors, will be director of the hospital, and will be assisted by 20 other well known doctors and technicians. 50 Red Cross nurses who have been carefully selected from a large group of volunteers will be headed by Miss Gertrude Madley, of the Herman Kiefer Hospital in Detroit.*

The purpose of this hospital is to make a first-hand study of the prevalent war-induced diseases such as influenza, pneumonia, measles and meningitis, to perfect cures and to impede their spreading over the world.

Mr. Bruce Smith, who is in direct charge of the project representing the Red Cross, has already left for England. The Red Cross is financing the construction of the hospital units and is furnishing the nurses and non-professional members of the staff. Harvard University is supplying the medical staff and laboratory and equipment. The English are building the foundations, supplying the power and paying so much per day for each patient.

By far the most unique aspect of the study is the erection at an un-named site in England of the 126-bed hospital and laboratory, consisting of 22 units joined by vestibules to insure complete blackout when opening and closing doors. The hospital will cover a five-acre tract, and will be camouflaged to match the surrounding terrain. Air-raid shelters will be dug deep in the chalk strata. The windows will be made of duty glass reinforced with wire mesh and yet allowing vision to the outside. There are screens and blackout shutters for each win-

*Miss Madley, although an American citizen since 1934, was born at Llanelly and trained at the Swansea General and Eye Hospital. She is on the Register of Nurses for England and Wales. She was on active nursing service with British troops throughout the Great War and later held an administrative post in the King Edward Hospital, Bermuda.—Nursing Times, London.

dow—ventilation experts have devised a system to circulate fresh air through rooms during the nightly blackouts. This system will also include filters between wards as a precaution against transmitting disease germs. The buildings themselves will be made of a special five-ply building board with an insulating core sandwiched between fire resistant sheets. The whole will be bolted to a structural steel frame.

This entire group of 22 units could be erected in 48 hours if all the parts arrived at the same time. Unfortunately this is impossible, but it is hoped that the hospital will be operating before the end of March.

This is a wonderful project, holding inestimable promise both for the British and mankind in general. These fifty nurses are a particular source of pride to our country, for they will not only be fighting the pandemic plagues but will be soldiers at the front.

BARGAIN BOX

(A notice for the friends, members and subscribers of the Frontier Nursing Service living in and around New York City)

The Frontier Nursing Service is one of seven appealing charities, New York and National, which maintain and benefit from a "thrift mart" at Third Avenue and 68th Street called the Bargain Box. The Bargain Box Chairman of our New York Committee is Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Locust Valley, Long Island, and the Frontier Nursing Service Bargain Box Treasurer is Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, of New Canaan, Connecticut.

Please donate the things you don't want. Three useful ends are met whenever you do. First, you have rid yourself of superfluities. Second, another person buys those superfluities because she wants them. Third, this mutually satisfactory transaction means money to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Telephone REgent 4-5451 if you wish our expressman to call
The following articles sell at the BARGAIN BOX, 1175 Third Ave., cor. 68th

MEN'S WOMEN'S, CHILDREN'S: Clothes, Hats, Stockings, Shoes of All Kinds, Galoshes, Skates, Material Remnants, Corsets, Sewing Materials, Underclothes, Trimmings, Fur Scraps, Ties.

UNIFORMS: Maids', Butlers', Chauffeurs'.

Lace, Veils, Belts, Bags, Gloves, Scarves, Costume Jewelry, Artificial Flowers, Embroidery Frames, Knitting Wool, Trunks, Suitcases, Glassware, China, Kitchen Utensils, Fireplace Fixtures, Bric-a-Brac, Draperies, Curtains, Furniture, Lamp Shades, Bed Linen, Blankets, Comforters, Brooms, Candles, Electric Heaters, Electric Wiring, Baskets, Toys, Books, Magazines, Music Scores, Gramaphones and Records, Garden Utensils, Christmas Decorations, Old Silver or Plate, Oil Paintings, Watercolor Paintings, Engravings, Etc.!

Please mark all packages FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The cover picture on this Bulletin has been drawn by our Vanda Summers, from an English panel picture representing the four seasons in the form of four babies. The artist is J. B. Pearse. The picture copied for the Bulletin is called "Winter."

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The inside cover picture, "St. Michael's in the Basement," has just reached us from London. That is the name the dear British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in southeast London has given its Shelter—and the Shelter is almost all that is left of the Hospital since it was bombed in September. In sending us the picture the Matron, Miss Maude Cashmore, writes "We revel in your letters and Bulletins. They go the rounds. American help is marvelous. This is our Shelter, called St. Michael's in the Basement."

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Some years ago we went with Mrs. Arthur Bray to spend a weekend with the Plumtres in Kent. Among the treasured memories of that visit are Canterbury Cathedral and the Kent County Nursing Association, which is affiliated with the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. We met the Hon. Secretary, Miss Margaret Babington, and have exchanged reports with her ever since. In a letter of 11th January, she says: "I must apoligise for the late issue of the report, but you will be the first to realize that many things are difficult to accomplish in these days." Terrible snows complicated the work of the district nurses of Kent last winter. One of their Queen's nurses, who had worked in Newfoundland for five years, said she did miss the dog teams she used to have there. In fact, the nurses were able to get to their patients only on foot, through drifts up to their waists, or else in the Army lorries on trails cleared for them by His Majesty's forces. The nurses as well as patients shared in the terrible bombing of the last few months.

"In October the home of one of our nurses received a direct hit. Her mother, with whom she lived, died in hospital that night. Nurse herself is making a wonderful recovery and longing to return to her work on the District. Only two things were saved from the débris unharmed—her

clinical thermometer and her Bible, the symbols of her profession and her Faith."

In concluding her report, Miss Babington quotes from one of our letters to illustrate "the volume of help, yes, and the volume of remembrance that comes to us from all parts of the Empire and from the United States of America," She writes:

"Encompassed about with so much remembrance, and with our faith and hope and love to guide us, as stars in the sky may guide the mariner to port, let us go forward, our courage renewed each day. For did not a man of great ideals write: 'O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.' " (Robert Louis Stevenson.)

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In our last Bulletin, we quoted from the letter of an old friend, Miss Annie Nield, in England: "The children are well and happy, and much of what is happening goes over their heads (quite literally!) However, one small boy of seven remarked: 'I think it would be better for a baby to be born now, for he will always have lived in war, and not had peace first.' " A few days ago, a letter came to us from an English lady, now a refugee in Pennsylvania, who writes as follows:

"A friend lent me the Autumn number of the Quarterly Bulletin, so that I could read the accounts written by the nurses of their work in England. Imagine my pleasure when I came upon Miss Annie Nield's name and saw her letter quoted. I am an English parson's wife, refugeeing in the U. S. A. with two little boys, and Miss Nield and Miss Wilder and their children attended our church at home. They were two of our dearest friends. In addition to this, my elder boy attended the school as a weekly boarder and Miss Nield refers to *him* when she speaks of 'one small boy of seven. . . . ' I thought you might be interested to know this."

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Among our Christmas letters from the Old Country is one from the Lady Hermione Blackwood in London. Not only is she herself a nurse and a midwife but she comes of a family which has fostered nursing and midwifery in remote parts of the British Empire. Lady Hermione's mother, the late Marchioness of Dufferin, whose husband was Viceroy of India, strove endlessly to get proper midwifery and nursing care for Indian mothers. One of her sisters, as Lady Plunket, wife of the Governor-General of New Zealand, started the first remotely rural nursing service in the world, and the Plunket nurses in New Zealand are outstanding to this day. After wishing "our large family" a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Lady Hermione writes as follows:

"We all hope that 1941 will end more happily here than it can begin. It is a hard struggle, but what splendid help you are giving us, and how generous all of you are with your gifts. We could never hope to carry on as we are doing without your help."

To us here in America it doesn't seem as if we had done anything as yet, aside from private gifts which have indeed been generous. Let us strive as a nation to help on so vast a scale that the praise of our British kinsmen will be more deserved by us than it has been up until now.

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We have been reading Wordsworth's "Lines on the Expected Invasion," written in 1803, and that other glorious sonnet of November, 1806, in which Wordsworth says:

"Another year! Another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the foe."

. . . .

In "Science and Human Progress" that great soul the late Sir Oliver Lodge wrote as follows:

"Results of high value can perhaps only be achieved through blood and tears. . . . Perhaps we cannot reason out why it should be so; but surely we can learn from experience that so it is, and may have faith that someday we shall understand it better."

Is not progress for the human race the outcome always of struggle and suffering? In the world's agony, creative forces are at work to bring together like-minded, freedom-loving peoples from every nation—from those nations now crushed and bleeding, from those defending liberty and even from those poor subjugated souls in the nations now attacking liberty.

This realization comes to us in our mail from all over the world. A friend in India writes of "the grim necessity of fighting those—Germans, Italians—whom we don't even dislike." An Englishwoman we met only the other night at the Federal Union dinner in New York has just written:

"It seems to me that even now, *now* Creation is taking place, and amid this weltering Darkness the triumphant mandate thrills 'Let there be Light!' . . . and those that hear it are drawing together."

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At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, we decided to ask several of our British friends to become members of our Board of Trustees.

The reason we hadn't done this before, in spite of our British-American nursing service and of our many supporters from the Old Country, was because we didn't want to embarrass British friends by a sense of responsibility for a charity so remote from them. Now, however, when there is nothing they could do for us, and possibly are many things we can do for them (in addition to letting a large part of our staff go back to them) we unanimously felt that we wanted to have them at the heart of the governing body of our organization. We wrote that although it was only a gesture, it was a gesture that came from the depths of our hearts. We invited only a few, who had actually visited us and knew our field of work at first hand. The first to respond was the Hon. Arthur Villiers, who sent us the following cable from London:

"Many thanks for your proposal. I accept with pleasure appreciating the compliment and the thought that lies behind it. We are gradually gaining strength and feel confident that with the moral and material support of our friends overseas the sun will eventually shine on a more friendly world where Germans also will be happier. Good luck to Kentucky Nursing. (signed) Arthur Villiers."

In this cable too there is an expression of creative good will, of that "Light" that is breaking through "the weltering Darkness."

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Mrs. Arthur Bray, the British friend who has stayed with us three times and who calls her place in Yorkshire "English headquarters of the Frontier Nursing Service" is another friend we have asked on our Board of Trustees, and whose acceptance we have just received. She says "Can I be of any use to you? You know that I will do anything in the world that I can." Well, she is one of us and we are one with her, and if that were not "of use" then the God we hold and love in common, whose fatherhood makes us all brothers and sisters together, this God, of the Christian religion, would be meaningless.

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Another of our Christmas letters is from a woman in Derbyshire, who has been the friend of one of us since we were little girls in Russia in the nineties. We quote from her letter because it expresses yet again the spirit of almost all of them:

"We must suffer for our muddled thinking . . . our mistakes were great and many, but slowly we hoped we were working out a better world order

for mankind . . . One feels sorry for the prisoners everywhere. Nothing could be worse to bear than the physical privations and mental strain of thousands of men in all countries. No matter of what nationality they are, my heart aches for them . . . Christmas! The peace and happiness that always simmer in those who know the secret meaning of this Birthday, bubble over in acts and words of good will at this season, which neither bombs nor shortage can affect!"

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Friends of Mrs. Vashti Duvall, for some years our hostess-housekeeper at Wendover, will be glad to learn that she is living happily at Big Clifty, Kentucky, on the place which belonged to her late mother, and that her son, Forrest, has a bride. In a recent letter she says: "The Bulletin was thrilling, and also heartbreaking. What those dear girls are going through is so dreadful."

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Dr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Kirkwood, of Boston, are discovering at first hand the charms of a baby. Mrs. Kirkwood writes of their son: "Douglas has the most wonderful time in life, and seems to be enjoying every minute of it. He is great fun to take care of because he is so well and happy. So far he hasn't kept us awake one night."

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On Tuesday, January 28th, at the Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis, Miss Elizabeth Washburn (Betty) was married to Mr. Lyndon M. King. This is a wedding of profound interest to the Frontier Nursing Service, because of the deep affection in which we hold the bride. Some years ago she gave her services through all of a long and hot summer to the F. N. S., and has remained a close friend of a number of us ever since.

Betty has had a most variegated and thrilling career. After she graduated from Bryn Mawr, she took her training as a nurse, and gave her services to the Grenfell Mission in Labrador, as well as to the Frontier Nursing Service. When she was advised that the kind of pioneer work she always elected to do was physically unsuited to her, she went back to Bryn Mawr and took the graduate course in archeology. After that, she spent several years in Greece with an archeological expedition at Athens.

With a mind as alive as hers and a heart as profoundly understanding, she brings to marriage such a wealth of character

and experience that we wonder if Mr. King can know what a prize he has captured. We extend our ardent good wishes to Betty and her husband.

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In the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service, we occasionally had medical students and very young doctors staying with us in the summer months. Now we are maturing plans for an affiliation that will give us doctors who have done their general interneship and are taking graduate obstetrical work, as assistants to Dr. Kooser on a rotating basis of six months each.

Among the most pleasing of the medical students who came to us in the early days was Miss Esther Smucker. She was with us in the summer of 1930. It was delightful to hear from her recently, and to learn that she is not only a practicing physician but a happily married woman with two children, a boy and a girl. She wrote that she had been asked to address a large group of nurses meeting in Peoria, on the subject of the Frontier Nursing Service. We sent her a batch of recent information, with deep appreciation of her courtesy.

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We regret to learn that Dr. Russell Kinsey, who will be remembered as an old friend of the F. N. S., and a personal friend of Dr. Kooser's, is confined to Christ Hospital in Cincinnati with a serious heart ailment.

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Our readers know how many kindnesses we have received from a number of the Altrusa Clubs, and probably also know that the Director is an honorary member of the one in Lexington. In the December, 1940, issue of The International Altrusan, appeared an illustrated article called "Christmas in the Kentucky Mountains" by our Elisabeth Holmes.

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At the January meeting of the Chicago North Shore Alumnae Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority Mrs. Warren C. Drummond was the principal speaker, and her topic was the work carried by the Sorority for the social service department of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Drummond

showed moving pictures to illustrate her talk, and clothes made by the alumnae for our children, were worn by the little daughters of the members, who acted as models.

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Several of the eastern committees of the F. N. S. asked for annual meetings this year, so the Director left the mountains on Saturday, January 18th, for an absence of exactly three weeks. The first stop was in Philadelphia, where I was the guest of our Chairman, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, at her country place of many happy memories near Downingtown, Pennsylvania. The night of my arrival, Sunday the 19th, Mrs. McIlvain and our courier, Fanny, and I went to the Hill School at Pottstown, for Sunday supper and an evening meeting. With us was Mrs. McIlvain's son, Alan, who is so fortunate as to attend the school. As our readers know, Mr. and Mrs. James Wendell and the Hill School are among the Service's warmest friends, and I have spoken there before. In spite of the fact that my talk was to be followed by one from a G-man, those jolly boys greeted me with an enthusiasm that went right to my heart, and that I shall never forget. In talking to young things, I stress the exceptional opportunities the world offers them today. When I remember my own youth, and how much I longed for the adventurous and heroic, and how little I wanted to have an easy life, I can, with no great effort of imagination, get into the hearts of the young people of today. They too are cast in the heroic mold, for that is a characteristic of youth. They too can say with Rupert Brooke, "Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour."

The next morning at the Barclay Hotel we had the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Committee, members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was a lovely occasion, followed by a luncheon of the Committee for me, where I had a chance to see and talk with them, and with such of our old couriers as were in town; Mrs. S. Pemberton Hutchinson, Jr. (one of the first couriers and now the mother of three children); Susan Page and Sheila Clark. Peggy Harrison is still working in Great Britain and Betty Thorn was away.

The Committee also had an official meeting to discuss the plans for a forthcoming benefit for the Service. This took the

form of blocks of boxes and seats for the tennis matches at the Arena, which included such stars as Tilden, Budge, Alice Marble and Mary Hardwicke. Our clipping bureau has kept us informed of this benefit and of the names of all the kind people who gave dinners and took guests.

Late on Tuesday, January 21st, I went to New York, and Wednesday was a busy day. That night with my young kinsman Brooke Alexander I had the joy of attending the United States of the World dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, sponsored by the New York Committee for Federal Union, Inc. It was a profoundly moving occasion. Among the two thousand people who attended I met friends from other parts of the country, who had come just for the dinner, and I have never seen such unity of spirit expressed by so vast a group. One was conscious of it throughout the evening.

The speakers dealt each in his or her own way with a different aspect of this hope of the world. Thomas Mann, in words that made one's heart ache, spoke of the rebirth of democracy; Pertinax said France will be redeemed; Clare Boothe pointed to Federal Union as the way to freedom; Dorothy Thompson gave a profoundly thought-out address on "The United States as the Uniting States of the World"; Raymond Massey gave the Lincoln Gettysburg Address; the title of Lord Marley's speech was "There Will Always be an England"; and lastly Clarence K. Streit gave "America's Answer to Hitler."

During the next few days in New York I had many engagements, and so many old friends to see that there isn't space to give the details of so congested a diary. The Frontier Nursing Service meeting, sponsored by the New York Committee and members of the Service in New York, took place in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club on the morning of Friday, the 24th. Because our Chairman, Mrs. H. Harvey Pike, Jr., had gone to Mexico with her husband, our former chairman and trustee, Mrs. Henry James, presided with all of her customary charm. Because in the audience of people were so many faces known personally to me, and dear to me, the speaking came as naturally as if I were talking to each one singly. After the meeting Mrs. Langdon Marvin entertained all of the Committee at her house for luncheon, including of course lots of the couriers. Everyone

sat at little tables for four, but for me Mrs. Marvin had prepared a movable chair, and it was taken from table to table so that I could talk with all in turn. That was the nicest kind of a party.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 28th, I went to Providence, to stay with that dear couple, the Sinclair Armstrongs, and that night they had our old courier, Mardi Bemis Perry and her husband, and three of the Brown University people to dinner. It was one of those delightful evenings in which the conversation flowed all over two centuries. The next day, Wednesday the 29th, was frightfully busy. Among the people I saw something of late Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday were our former Chairman, Mrs. Walter Ball, and my old friend of the American Committee for Devastated France days of so long ago, Mrs. George Lumb. I had lunch with our present chairman, Mrs. Edward Jastram and her son and Dr. Ruggles and Dr. Gifford. Our first Chairman, Mrs. Gammell Cross, wasn't in Providence, but I had seen her in New York and Mrs. Marvin had asked her to the luncheon there.

Our meeting Wednesday afternoon was at the Handicraft Club, and the place was crowded in spite of the fact that the flu was sweeping Providence. Afterwards, a number of friends served tea and I had a chance to talk with lots of people. That night, by special request of the recently formed Providence Federal Union Committee, I spoke to their group. The next morning, Thursday the 30th, Mrs. Lumb drove me to Boston, where I stayed until Saturday afternoon.

Here again there was the joy of seeing many old friends, and especially our dear honorary chairman, Mrs. Ernest Codman. I had the deep happiness of dinner Thursday night alone with her. Our present able and charming young chairman, Mrs. Guido Perera, surrounded me with kindnesses, and I had the joy of seeing Zaydee deJonge again (Mrs. Mason Harris) who was up staying with Mrs. Otis Russell, and of meeting my young cousin, Mrs. John Grandin, Jr., for the first time since her marriage. I saw the two kind surgeons who had taken care of me two and a half years ago, Dr. Jason Mixter and Dr. William A. Rogers. In fact, the days were busy with the seeing of so many people.

Our Boston meeting was held at the Junior League Club on Friday morning, and in spite of influenza it was well attended.

Afterwards there was a Committee luncheon for me so that I had the chance of talking with a number of my favorites.

Friday night Dr. and Mrs. John Rock gave me a scrumptuous dinner. Their adorable children were going to bed, but I did get to see them and Ann Jane will be a courier of ours some day. We had such a good time at that dinner that we didn't start breaking up until midnight and it was nearly one o'clock when Faith Perera deposited me at my hotel. Saturday morning I came down with one of those throat infections, involving ultimately the right antrum. I won't go into details, except to say that within a week I was under the care of four different specialists in Boston, New York, Washington, and Lexington, Kentucky. From Saturday afternoon to Monday morning I had a quiet weekend with my lifelong friend, Mrs. I. H. Jones (who was Edith Ritchie when we went to school together in Switzerland in the nineties). She and her husband and their wonderful old house in Marblehead have been a haven of rest and joy to me so many times that I cannot enumerate them. We had dinner with Mrs. Arnold Smith and Miss Edith Fabens, and Mrs. Charles Davis who took me up to Boston Monday morning in her car.

There remained two and a half more days in New York, and they were crowded. To my regret I had to forego the annual meeting on Tuesday night of the National Institute of Social Sciences at Sherry's, to which I had looked forward with special pleasure. The evening meeting that I could not and would not give up was that of Wednesday, with our precious Riverdale Committee. Although I felt physically rather rotten, I was carried along by so much affection and so many dear memories extending over the life of the F. N. S., that I loved every minute of that evening. First, Mrs. Francis Boardman drove me out and we had a chance to talk together. Then our Riverdale Chairman, Mrs. Clarke Gibson Dailey and her husband, had a buffet dinner. After that we all went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nils Hansell where we had our meeting of men and women in one of the loveliest rooms in which I have ever spoken, and with a host and hostess utterly charming. After that there was buffet supper, and then the Daileys drove me back to the Cosmopolitan Club in the city.

Among the daytime things was a rummage tea at the home

of Dr. and Mrs. Carnes Weeks, with our future courier Nonie and her sister in pretty frocks helping to receive. Nobody could come who didn't have rummage for the Bargain Box, and loads of us were there and all of us brought rummage. Since then Mrs. Roland L. Redmond has given a tea for more rummage for all of the seven charities which are benefited by the Bargain Box sales. We have a special section in this Bulletin on the Bargain Box, so I won't go into more detail here.

A dear delight to me was an hour alone with my old chief, Miss Anne Morgan, home from her poignant life in occupied France. She gave me news of my old nursing service in the Aisne and of some of the families with whom we worked so many years ago. From her I learned that Jeanne de Joannis carries on with the training school for nurses that our old American Committee for Devastated France endowed in Paris. Often I think of France in terms of the children we had then, and I believe I personally knew most of the ten thousand for whose medical care I was responsible. In memories I see the faces of Jacques and Simone and Marcel. How fares it with them today? Miss Morgan talked about that too, but all that part of the conversation is off the record.

I found time to drop in on headquarters of Federal Union, Inc., at 10 E. 40th St., with Mrs. Samuel Valentine, who was our courier Elizabeth Duval. It is always a mental refreshment to me to see the men and women there. The morning of Thursday we had a meeting of the New York Committee at Mrs. Warren Thorpe's home. It was a frightfully good meeting, and most inspiring to me to get into the swing of their activities. Mrs. Pike got back from Mexico for a few days before going to Quebec, and I had a delightful time at lunch with her and some of the others at her house on Wednesday. She presided at the meeting on Thursday. After lunching with Mrs. Thorpe and Mrs. Stone, I caught a train for Washington.

In Washington I was met at the station by our courier Marion Shouse with Reeve Lewis and "Too Much," her Cairn, and went out for the night and next day to stay with her mother, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, our Washington Chairman. I had a quiet hour before bedtime with Judge and Mrs. Groner, Marion, "Too Much" and the Pekingese "Pfui." On Friday morning

there was of course a trip to the inevitable nose and throat specialist, and a wee visit to see the apartment of the bride, Elizabeth Shouse Train. After luncheon Mrs. Groner had all of the Washington Committee to tea. I think it was the largest representation at any committee meeting I ever attended. Nearly every member was there who hadn't the flu or wasn't out of town. Mrs. Groner was assisted in receiving by her three vice-chairmen: Princess Margaret Boncompagni, Mrs. John W. Davidge and Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth.

The whole Committee are hard at work on the benefit for March first. This poor belated Bulletin won't get into the mails until it has taken place. We are honored by a group of patronesses headed by Mrs. Roosevelt and including Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Hughes, wife of the Chief Justice, and Lady Halifax. Mrs. Groner has set up her subcommittees, each under an active chairman and each assuming a definite section of the work. Of course the benefit is as always the John Mason Brown lecture on "Broadway in Review" at the Mayflower, followed by refreshments. This is now a real event each year in Washington.

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The Boston Committee will have as its benefit this year a Magician's Show for children and for those fortunate fathers and mothers who understand a child's delight. Sections of the Committee are already hard at work under various competent sub-chairmen. We have no other details as we go to press but anyone in the New England area can get full information by writing either the Boston Chairman, Mrs. Guido Perera, Twelve West Cedar Street, or Mrs. John Grandin, Jr., of 512 Beacon Street, who has charge of tickets and reservations.

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As we go to press we learn that our obstetrical consultant, trustee and beloved friend, Dr. Scott Breckinridge, has had a serious operation at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky. This news will grieve the hearts of our old nurses overseas when they read of it, and we here in the Kentucky mountains are following his progress with a more profound affection than we can express.

FIELD NOTES

Right after Christmas came the flu. How did it come? An old woman, in her dear "Middle English" speech, told Andy at the Garden House just how the flu came to her in the great epidemic of the last World War: "Hit crept in at the break of day like a fog. I couldn't see hit, but I could sort of feel hit in the a'r. Hit come upon me while I was settin' in front of my cabin. First hit come in through my legs and worked hit's way up to my stomach. You know, the flu gits in a body and jest wanders round an' round lookin' fer a place to settle. This one went back and forth across my stomach until hit come to the right lung. And thar hit sot until the yarb woman driv' hit out with hot pollices."

Fortunately this winter's epidemic of flu has not been "terrible as an army with banners" like the older one but it seems to us to have been quite as contagious. In our own staff of forty-one, twenty-two came down with it and a ratio nearly as high seemed to prevail on the districts.

Our Hospital was hit first and during one week the nurses, the patients, and the maids came down at the rate of one every few hours. Five of the six maids got it, a number of the prenatals got it. We had to divide the Hospital into flu and non-flu areas, and handle cases of flu with masks and gowns. The worst of it was that relief nurses sent over went flu on us soon after they arrived.

The Hospital Midwife, Brownie, came down with the flu early. We sent Nelly to relieve her; Nelly came down with the flu. Within a week Jo, a third midwife, had to take over. The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery closed for the duration of the epidemic, because the instructor, Eva Gilbert, and two of the three pupils were all down with the flu. The third pupil went into the Hospital to help.

When the Acting Superintendent, Vanda Summers, got flu the clinic nurse, Nellie Davis, took over the running of the Hospital, but with no one to relieve her in the clinics. At just that time she expected to leave us to get married, and her wedding

day was set. Davey acted quickly. The wedding was postponed indefinitely, and Davey stayed on to see us through, bless her heart. Our Cleveland courier, Kay Bulkley, who had been acting as Christmas Secretary and who escaped infection, now sprang into the breach and helped Davey run the Hospital. Imagine, there were five women new to the Hospital to replace five of the six maids. The hardest domestic gap to fill was the place of Mattie the Hospital cook, and warm Service friend, who succumbed early in the epidemic. Dr. Kooser escaped, but his wife and both children were ill.

The week after the Hospital was smitten the flu hit Wendover, and here again someone fell ill every few hours. From apparent perfect health, in what seemed like a few minutes, there would come a temperature of two or three degrees and an immense ache. It was almost as if people were being hit with stones.

With Dr. Kooser we worked out a system whereby the convalescent cases on the staff from Hyden were moved by truck to Wendover, and the freshly smitten cases at Wendover were taken back in the same truck to Hyden. Wendover Big House became one big convalescent ward, with some of the patients still needing bedside care. At first the truck made two trips a day, then we arranged for it to make one afternoon trip only. At lunch Buck saw everyone and took the temperature of those who were aching. After the experience of getting the first lot ready for the truck, and having to jam their bedroom accessories into Christmas "pokes", because their bags were in the attic, all at Wendover got their overnight bags ready. That made it simpler for those of us who were not stricken to get the stricken ones off.

On the districts we were reduced to one nurse at each center, with only one for all three Hyden districts and none at Wendover, with Buck standing by for deliveries. Our blue-gray line never wore so thin, but it held at every point and no woman was unattended in childbirth.

Was there ever such a group of standbys as our couriers? Marion Shouse and Mary Wilson had both returned to their homes in Washington only a few days before the flu epidemic. They heard about it, telephoned that they would come right back if they were needed. We told them that unless couriers Jean and

Kay came dawn, it wouldn't be necessary. The next day Jean was hit and we telegraphed Mary and Marion. Both left Washington at once by motor.

"It was gray and bitter cold when Mary and I left Washington to go to Wendover. We were both slightly bemused . . . The influenza had struck with a terrific impact. That was all we knew.

"We arrived and were amazed to find that practically everyone who ordinarily lives at Wendover was at Hyden in bed, and a good percentage of the Hospital nurses were at Wendover, convalescing. We helped in the short-handed offices, transported patients and nurses alike back and forth, took on the work of the social service department, helped Kay clean out the cottage where the Christmas things had been kept, took a relief midwife out to a case and took the new junior couriers on Rounds. Mary took them on Upper Rounds and I took them on Lower Rounds. Unfortunately one of them was stricken with the flu at Brutus—the furthest outlying center . . .

"Fortunately neither Mary nor I caught it, and when we started home, bringing Aggie with us for a much-needed rest and vacation, almost everyone was well again. We were pleased to be able to help in such an hour of need, and I think it gave us more understanding of the Service to see it in a stricken hour."

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We wanted to share our courier Mary Wilson's glorious voice, so we arranged through the courtesy of Mr. P. P. Estridge to have a service of Christmas Carols at the Hyden High School Auditorium on Christmas afternoon. Mary was accompanied by Elisabeth Holmes at the piano. She sang twelve carols—English, French and Latin—and the audience, which came from twenty miles away, rose and joined in the last verses of "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

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Our Christmas mail brings remembrances from former guests all over the world. We were particularly touched with a card of the Jade Fountain at Peiping from the Chinese nurse who came to see us in 1940, Miss Kwei-Chen Lo.

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From friends in Glendale, Ohio, we received a truckload of furniture given by one friend who was breaking up her home, and packed and shipped by another. Every piece was badly needed at the Hyden Hospital and was put to immediate use.

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We raise our hearts to Heaven in thankfulness for the layettes sent us by friends and groups of friends all over the United States—layettes on which we absolutely depend, since we

average more than a baby a day. We want to make special mention of a layette made for us by the girls in Miss Leota Sullenger's Home Economics Class at the Hyden High School—the same group of girls that our clinic nurse Davey taught in home nursing, personal hygiene, and baby care.

These girls submitted original posters this year again and the judges for the three best were Mr. P. P. Estridge, Mr. John D. Begley, Dr. J. H. Kooser and Mary Breckinridge. Most ingenious was the way in which the girls brought out the subject matter of their posters by using pictures cut out of magazines given the Hospital. They were all so good it was hard indeed to make a choice of the best.

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Our resident courier, Jean Hollins, is taking her annual midwinter vacation, and Fanny McIlvain is relieving for her as resident courier. The senior courier is one of our best, Molly Hays of Pittsburgh. Our junior couriers for January and February were Allison Forbes of Far Hills, New Jersey, and Florence Booker, of Louisville, Kentucky. To our deep distress Florence was called back to Louisville at the end of three weeks by her father's desperate illness. All our hearts went out to her when we learned of his death.

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Our courier Kay Bulkley was so kind as to stay on at Wendover, after her work as Christmas Secretary at Hyden was finished, and address envelopes for our May saddlebag appeal.

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Our Pittsburgh junior courier, Eleanor Stineman, broke her arm in a horseback accident shortly before Christmas. We sent her out for X-ray and orthopedic advice. She came back to us with riding and work around barns absolutely forbidden, and with the use of one arm only for the rest of her stay. We want to say here and now that Eleanor with one arm was as useful as lots of people with two. At our request she remained on for a couple of weeks after her term as junior was up, and proved invaluable over the Christmas holidays and through the flu epidemic.

We are sore at heart that the Hospital Superintendent, Miss Lyda Anderson, had to leave on an indefinite furlough for treatment of her broken wrist. She has been staying at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, and reports that she is much more comfortable, but that progress is very slow.

Our Vanda Summers, who has been so long in charge of the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River, has taken over the position of Hospital Superintendent.

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New non-midwife nurses who have lately joined us to replace nurses taken from the Hospital staff for the Frontier Gradate School of Midwifery are Miss Anne George Nims, of Bronxville, New York, and Miss Marion F. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia.

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All of our readers know how we have struggled since the war to get vacations in for our overworked crowd. We were enchanted when at last we got Agnes Lewis off with the Washington couriers, Marion and Mary, in their car. She had a delightful visit with them and their people in Washington, and then spent the remainder of three happy weeks with her brother and his wife in Middletown, Ohio.

As we go to press, Dorothy Buck (Buckett) is on vacation, a vacation unique even in the annals of the Frontier Nursing Service. She has gone to South Carolina with her golden retriever, Ursula Wendover (Penny) to meet Jean Hollins with her golden retriever Widgeon of Fernova (Dair). We hope to make a further announcement in the Spring issue of the Quarterly Bulletin. While Buckett is away Louise Mowbray (Charlie) is relieving for her with headquarters at Wendover. If all goes well, the Director of the Service hopes to take a vacation of three weeks in March, and then we will all have had one each.

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Our Norwegian nurse, Aase Johannsen, became an American citizen, but all the other members of her family are in Norway or at sea. She comes of sea-faring people. The whole heart of the Service went out to her when we learned that her brother's ship was destroyed in the Indian Ocean.

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FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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

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

$ 5,000 will endow a Frontier baby crib.

$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.

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

$10,000 for buildings.
$15,000 for endowment (for insurance, repairs, replacements).

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

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send supplies of clothing, food, toys, 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 sent is needed and will be most gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

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

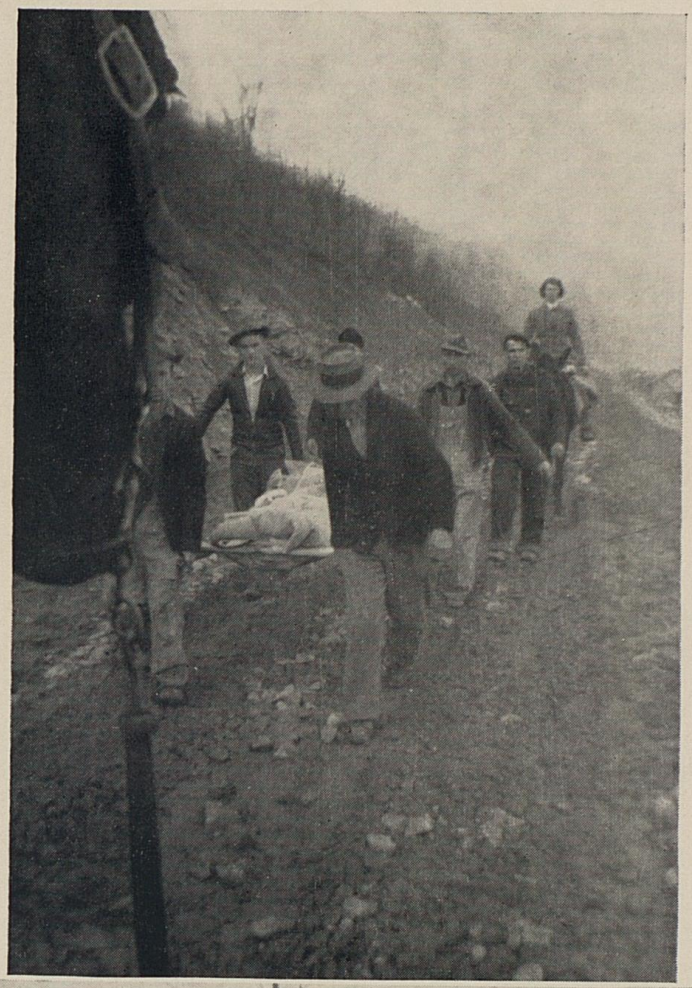
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



Transporting, by stretcher on trail and by station wagon on road, a maternity case with pneumonia.

(See "Adventures in Midwifery")