

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 18

SPRING, 1943

NUMBER 4



The year ahead -
what will it bring?
At least we may be sure
of Spring.



What will they hold -
the coming hours?
At least we may be sure
of flowers.



Blossoms, and birds,
and budding trees -
Thank God! we may be
sure of these.

BALFOUR



REES



SPRING COMES TO THE FRONTIER NURSE-MIDWIFE

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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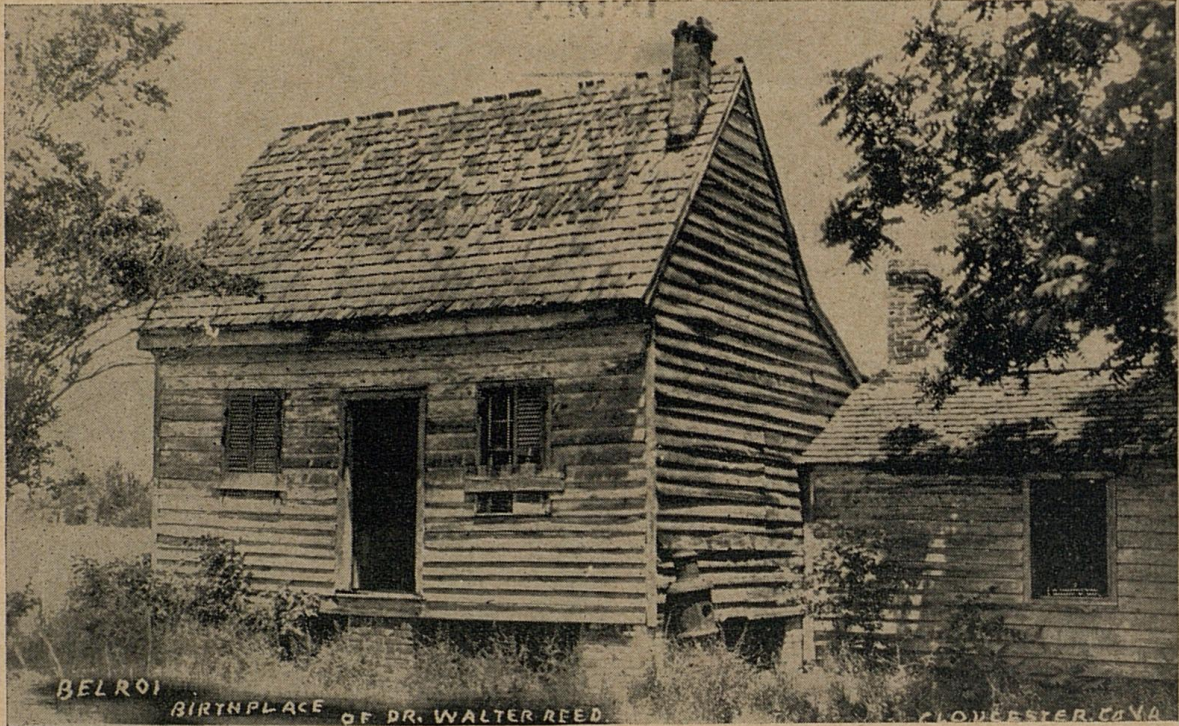
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BELROI
BIRTHPLACE OF MAJOR WALTER REED
GLOUCESTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Born September 13, 1851

Died November 23, 1902

Many of the shrines to which we Americans make pilgrimage are cabins, and we lavish upon them restorations and monuments while we continue to neglect the birth of children in cabins. Belroi has been "restored" to where it bears a faint resemblance only to the original dwelling,—the cabin whose mute patience testifies to the untended birth of genius.

Americans have forgotten the ravages of yellow fever in ninety-five epidemics in New Orleans, Philadelphia, Memphis, Charleston, Norfolk, Galveston, New York, Baltimore and that in one epidemic there were not less than one hundred thousand deaths. They have almost forgotten that, but for the researches of Major Reed and his Army associates in Cuba, we never could have built the Panama Canal and, without it, might have lost this current World War. Most Americans have altogether forgotten that privates of the U. S. Army volunteered for experimentation to be bitten by yellow fever mosquitoes "without compensation" and "in the interest of humanity and the cause of science." Let us at least remember Major Reed's comment on these private soldiers: "In my opinion, this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States."

THE PAGES TURN BACK

by

DOROTHY F. BUCK, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

When we first began work in the Beech Fork district, there was an empty house on its edge where a young mother had died in childbirth. The people used to tell us that sometimes when passing they could still hear the drip—drip—drip of the blood falling upon the floor and the sighing breaths of the dying mother.

It is now nearly eighteen years since the Frontier Nursing Service (then called the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies) began its use of nurse-midwives in the attempt to keep such sounds from haunting other mountain cabins. We have seen many changes. Among the most recent of these is the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery which helps provide nurse-midwives for other rural areas whose health problems have been intensified by this second World War.

When we listen to the problems of our graduates scattered throughout the South and Southwest, we turn back the pages to our own early beginnings when, for us too, obstacles loomed large and results seemed slow in coming. Among the most vivid are pages dealing with Beech Fork, our first outlying district, the district where the haunted house stood.

The problem of personnel for our work was huge in those days. The United States had no nurse-midwives and no schools where such could be trained. Nurse-midwives had to come from England; or American nurses went to England for graduate training in midwifery. Although both methods were not only expensive but also time consuming, we began further back than that in the preparation of the nurse-midwives destined to start the work at Beech Fork.

When the Frontier Nursing Service was only an idea and Mrs. Breckinridge was working in France with the American Committee for Devastated France she met Miss Gladys Peacock, an Englishwoman who had stopped her training as a professional singer to become a licensed mechanic and was driving a *camion* for the Committee. Mrs. Breckinridge interested her in

coming to America and taking her nurse's training in preparation for the work Mrs. Breckinridge planned to start in Kentucky. After her general training Miss Peacock had to return to England for her midwifery course. The Frontier Nursing Service gave her a scholarship for this and another to one of her classmates, Miss Mary B. Willeford of Texas, whom she had interested in the Service. It was these two nurse-midwives who, two and a half months after their return from England, were chosen to start the first outlying center of the Service.

In the Quarterly Bulletin for October, 1926, we read:

"The Jessie Preston Draper Center

"This is going up, as this Bulletin appears, on a lovely site at the mouth of Bad Creek, just above where Beech Fork and Middlefork come together. Miss Peacock and Miss Willeford, carrying on with dispensary and living quarters in two rooms at a local landowner's, are almost literally building it with their own hands. It takes a team from here over three days and nights to make a trip out to the railroad and back for supplies."

Between supervising the carpenters, the plumbers, the stone masons, and the plain day laborers, Peacock and Willeford went about among the people doing their daily nursing work and hoping always for a delivery. Finally they appealed to Mrs. Breckinridge. When she wrote them to "sell their personalities," Peacock replied that they had worn out the seats of their breeches sitting around on split bottomed chairs trying to do just that. But they were doing more than sitting. Following their Medical Routines, they were getting the children wormed, getting people vaccinated against typhoid and diphtheria, bandaging cut arms and legs, putting soothing salve on painful burns, giving advice on the care of the babies and bedside care to the sick. They were winning confidence, but slowly. No deliveries came. Still the mothers went to the old granny women. Still only an axe under the bed stood between the patient and the fatal hemorrhage.

Then one morning, three months and nineteen days after they had started work in the district, an expectant mother did register with them. She already had three children and the fourth was expected in another month. Although it would mean a six mile ride over one of the steepest mountains in the district,

there was loud rejoicing by the nurse-midwives. At last they could "catch" a baby. They could show the people how much easier they could make things, how much safer mother and baby would be. Alas! The next week Miss Willeford visited Emily. All went well until she wanted to examine her abdomen—then the patient quietly left the house. Before the next visit of a nurse-midwife Emily had been delivered by one of the grannies living near her.

Soon after this Peacock and Willeford moved into the Jessie Preston Draper Center, although it was far from completed and was more like a camp than a house. Still they had another month to wait before anyone else came to register for delivery. Then one day, as they were cooking around an open fire in the yard, Oma came up. She was expecting her first baby in two months' time. Her father believed in education and thought that, since the "foreign women" had been better taught than the grannies, they should know more about waiting on women in childbirth. He had "kept after" Oma to register and here she was. Thus it was that, over seven months after starting work in the district, a nurse-midwife had her first delivery and Oma a lovely baby daughter.

In the two months between the time Oma registered and the birth of her baby, five other women registered with the "brought-on" nurses. Of these, three were finally delivered by local midwives. It was no wonder. The people were not used to professional assistance and many were the tales that passed from mouth to mouth: the "doctor women" would sure turn the baby boys into bears; they were there to sit by the women and give them something to kill them; they put things up "the hind part" of babies (a thermometer?) to kill them. Is it any wonder that mothers hesitated to entrust themselves to such monsters? The nurse-midwives could only hope that the prenatal care they had given the patients would make them a little better prepared to meet the strain of labor without expert help.

Nancy Ann was one of the two who, despite all the tales, stayed by the "fotched-on women" and lucky for her she did. The call came about 1 a. m. on the fourth of July. "Hurry, my woman is floodin'." Both nurse-midwives answered the call, hoping that things wouldn't be so bad after all, but when they

got there they found the worst—a placenta praevia. A message was sent to Hyden and the two settled down to watch and work and wait. They packed—a hard and frightening task. After a four hour ride the supervisor from Hyden came to help, but she was only a nurse-midwife herself and it was a doctor who was wanted—desperately.

Meanwhile at headquarters at Wendover they were busy. This was before the Service had its own Medical Director or Hospital, and the region was too poor to maintain a health officer. The nearest doctor was away for the summer. We sent a messenger to the next doctor (in Bell county). After spending the whole day riding to Beverly and back, the messenger returned with the news that that doctor was away getting married. After another time-consuming struggle, a doctor was reached in Harlan county—but he would not come. Finally in Hazard, Perry county, thirty-three miles away, a doctor was found who promised to come. Thus about midnight on July 5th Dr. Boggs arrived on horseback. With what relief the nurse-midwives must have welcomed him! With what misgivings they must have seen him leave the next day!

The doctor could not stay, but the nurse-midwives must. They must be on duty day and night. There was no hospital to which the patient could be sent, and she must have constant watching. Two days later the bleeding again became alarming. Again the packing, the hurried call for the doctor, and again the thirty-three mile ride through the night, the clipperty-clip of Snip's feet* as he bore Dr. Boggs to the rescue. This time labor was advanced far enough, and at three-thirty in the morning of July 9th by the light of flashlights and with one of the nurse-midwives giving the anesthesia, Dr. Boggs performed an internal version and delivered Nancy Ann. The baby was dead, but Nancy Ann lived—lived to care for her other six small sons.

Such was the beginning of the work at Beech Fork. Since that time the haunted house where the young mother died has burned down and the sound of dripping blood has ceased. The Frontier Nursing Service has now delivered more than 600 women in the Beech Fork district. The success finally achieved by the nurse-midwives in "selling their personalities" is typified

* Dr. Boggs' horse, Snip, was later given to the Frontier Nursing Service.

by a letter one of the fathers from that district, who is now serving in the army, recently wrote from his camp to a nurse-midwife at Beech Fork:

ARMY AIR FORCES

Headquarters
Air Service Command

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE.
DEAR MADAMS

I am sending in my annual dollar for 1943 with best wishes that it couldn't be spent for a better meaning and help to my family.

For you will be needed more in the homes of Leslie CO. while men are away in the Army. Hoping you success.

YOURS TRULY
ULLEYSEES HOWARD
(Signed: U.S.Howard)

CONNECTICUT CADET WRITES UNBORN CHILD: HAVE FAITH

Student Flyer's Letter Printed in Maxwell Field Magazine

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 22 (AP)—A letter to his unborn child from Aviation Cadet Robert A. Keyworth, twenty-five years old, of Norwalk, Conn., is featured in the April issue of "Preflight," magazine of the Maxwell Field Preflight School, today.

The letter said, in part:

"The country, which in a few short weeks will claim you as one of its newest citizens, is fighting for its national existence. Your mother waits alone at home to bring you into the world while your father prepares for whatever may be his share of the combat which lies ahead. The risks are great and, though my comrades in uniform laugh with me as we joke of future danger, still in each of our hearts is the quieting knowledge that some day soon we must prepare ourselves to face the final fact of death.

"Forgetting all else, if you choose, remember what I say to you now. The army in which I am a soldier provides a corps of chaplains to minister to the spiritual needs of all the men in uniform wherever on the globe they may find themselves. These men of God had given to me two words on which to base my courage and my hope of a better time. These simple words encompass all that I know, all that I would be able to tell you in ten thousand others. Accept them, use them each day that you live in all your dealings with people and situations and yours will be the happy life. They are: Have faith!"

—New York Herald Tribune, April 23, 1943.

IT RAINED AND RAINED AND RAINED

by

ELSIE N. KELLY, R.N., S.C.M.

Frontier Nurse-Midwife at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center at Brutus
Now in England

It wasn't raining when I started. We were going to have the rare treat of fresh pork chops for dinner, and I was discussing the supporting menu with Sadie when we saw Howard coming. He told me that Cornelia was bleeding, so I didn't pay any attention to the gathering clouds, but started off full speed without a raincoat.

*It is a dreadful place to get to, where she lives. The mountain trail goes up a creek bed for a mile, then winds up the mountain following the creek, and the poor horse has to clamber over rocks and up waterfalls, over tree roots and through loose gravel and mud, up and up. Then there is a tiny footpath through thick brush for a couple of miles, cluttered with fallen trees which have to be gotten around or climbed over, until one comes to a clearing surrounded by lovely pine trees and little Christmas trees, and here is the log cabin.

It is a very tumble-down cabin; the roof leaks in several places; there is no grate, just a hearth for a log fire; the chimney smokes badly; the lofting is missing in places, letting the smoke and cold air down into the room; there are no windows, just a hole with a shutter; no barn to put one's horse out of the wet.

I found Cornelia in bad shape, so sent Clinton off on my horse to get Dr. Caffee at Oneida Hospital, Clay County, if he could (because he was a little nearer Cornelia's house than our Medical Director at Hyden) whilst I did my best. By this time it was raining, a cold sleet rain, and the house was bitterly cold.

Whilst I was doing what I could for Cornelia, her eldest child, twelve-year-old Viney, was cooking supper, and I shared the meal of fried sweet potatoes and flour gravy only. No pork

* This family had just moved onto a mountain at the extreme edge of Miss Kelly's district and the patient had registered just the day before she delivered. There had been no time for prenatal care or social service.

chops for them! The children were cold, and we needed the hurricane lantern in the room with Cornelia, so Viney and I made up a bed of quilts on a dry spot on the kitchen floor, and all six children packed themselves in like sardines in a tin. All the time it rained, and rained, and rained.

Four hours later Clinton came back with Dr. Caffee on a borrowed horse, both of them soaked to the skin. This doctor is tall and, when he straightened up, his head touched the lofting. We had nothing with which to work but the contents of our saddlebags, a dishpan, and a battered coffee pot to heat water. It held a quart. When, after several anxious hours, we premature Malvina arrived we had to tip Cornelia's fruit jars out of a cupboard box for a bed for the baby. A small pillow for a mattress, a quilt top to drape the box and make it warm, an old pair of underwear for bedclothes, and a fruit jar of hot water for heating, and we had an incubator for our premature baby. We dressed her in cotton wool.

Cornelia gave us cause for anxiety, and it was several hours before we could pronounce mother and baby out of danger, and prepare to leave, shuddering at the thought of the cold rain.

There was a crash and a snort, and I ran outside to find Pal with a section of fence hanging to his bridle. He had got cold and decided to go home, so had pulled the fence down. His bridle was broken, and Clinton had to tie it for me with a bootlace.

Pal knows that path pretty well, which is a good thing, as it was so dark I never would have got the doctor back across those mountains without my horse. The rain poured steadily, and the wet bushes smacked in our faces and cascaded cold water down our necks. The hill was the worst part of the journey. We slithered and slid, and stubbed our toes on rocks, and our horses slid down on top of us.

I called out to the doctor, "This isn't much fun, is it?" and he answered, "Well, it is an experience, but if it had been daylight and I had seen this hill, I never would have come up it." I found out afterwards that this doctor is a non-rider, and am amazed at his courage, riding over that awful trail on such a night.

We got to the place where a car should have been waiting

to take Dr. Caffee home, but found the driver had tired of waiting, and gone home, so we had another two miles to ride to get up with him and his car. The doctor was so stiff he had trouble dismounting, and it was only then that I suspected that he was not an accomplished rider, so uncomplainingly and heroically had he kept up.

I got home about 5:00 a. m. and found my pork chops in the oven, cold alas, but I ate them and enjoyed them before I went to bed.

MARE'S S.O.S. CALL TO HER MASTER

The late Mr. E. R. Calthrop kept a large stud of horses, and amongst them was a favourite mare named "Windermere." In his book *The Horse as Comrade and Friend*, he describes this strange experience in the following words:

"In the early morning of the 18th March, 1913, at 3:20 a.m., I was awakened from the most dense sleep, not by any noise or neighing, but by a call conveyed to me—I know not how—from 'Windermere.' I could hear nothing, not a sound outside, although it was a perfectly still night, but as I became fully conscious I *felt* the call in my brain and nerves, and I knew that 'Windermere' was in direst extremity, and was entreating me to come instantly to her aid.

"I threw on a coat over my pyjamas, pulled on my boots, and ran across the garden for all I was worth. There was no cry, but in some extraordinary way I could tell exactly from what direction this soundless S.O.S. call was coming, although it was perceptibly feebler than when it awoke me. As soon as I left the house I realised, to my horror, that the call came from the direction of the pond. I ran on, but the S.O.S. became fainter and fainter, and had ceased altogether before I could get to the pond. As I came near, I could just make out the surface of the water covered with ripples, which had not yet subsided, and, in the centre, a dark mass silhouetted against the reflection of the dim light of the sky. I knew it was the body of poor 'Windermere' and that she was dead.

"The poor mare was not got out until midday, and it was not till then that we undertsood exactly what had happened. That she had evidently gone for a drink from the steep side of the dam and had slipped in, we already knew from the marks on the grass, which were plain to see; but we could not understand why she had not been able to swim ashore. In the water, which was very deep, she had struck out to swim and in some way had thrown her right foot through her head-stall. She had made a most gallant struggle to free her leg, as the condition of the headstall showed. She had broken part, and the rest was nearly broken through—a little more and she would have been free. In her death agony she slipped a filly foal by Rohan, and its poor little body was found beside its mother's.

"I can only relate the facts. I cannot explain them. Call it, if you please, a case of mental telepathy, but it does not get one very much nearer. One deduction does, however, emerge with clarity—the receiving and transmitting apparatus must have been very closely attuned. I loved the mare, and the circumstances of her death made the most profound impression upon me."

Light, London, May 23, 1935.

TRIP OF A TRUSTEE

by

ALIDA McILVAIN

(Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, Chairman Philadelphia Committee
of the Frontier Nursing Service)

We started for the Possum Bend nursing center at Confluence on one of those beautiful still clear days that sometimes come in March. I have a special feeling for this Center as, on my first visit to the F. N. S. several years ago, I had stayed at Confluence. Then Kelly and Inty were there and the wonderful job that these two outstanding women were doing gave me my first inside glimpse of the life of a nurse-midwife. Now, after spending some days with Peggy and Cherry, I feel that the Center is living up to the high standard set by Kelly and Inty.

After a ride of about sixteen miles, we reached our destination and the sight of the nice white house and barn certainly looked good to me.

Such a warm welcome awaited us. Then a hot cup of tea and a hot bath—is anything more satisfying than these creature comforts after a day on a horse?

Peggy asked me if I would like to go on a delivery with her and I told her that I certainly should—but I secretly hoped that the call would not come that night as I was beginning to think that my bed would feel pretty good to me. Unfortunately the baby did not arrive while I was there. However, I did go out with Peggy the next morning and visited four mountain homes.

Our first visit was to see a little girl who had a nasty cut on her leg. She was rather apprehensive at first but Peggy's bright, cheerful manner and her gentle touch soon overcame her fears and the dressing was accomplished with ease.

Then we climbed a mountain. The footing was bad so we led our horses. It was steep and the only reason that I managed to make the ascent was because I feared that Babbette would step on me if I stopped climbing.

We had such a beautiful view from the top—ridge after ridge on every side—as yet unspoiled by the hand of man. We heard a strangely civilized sound and over us flew a huge plane.

We saw three that day and they seemed not to belong in that wilderness.

Finally we came to a tiny house. Numerous small children were playing about and the husband was getting wood. There were two rooms—a kitchen and a bedroom. There were two beds and a crib. The woman showed us with great pride a cupboard which her husband had just made. It had three drawers and three shelves and their clothes were neatly arranged. Peggy said that before this acquisition the extra clothing was just kept on the bed in day time and I suppose put on the floor at night. A gun hung over the doorway and a revolver on a nail near the bed. This mother was picturesque—with hair to her knees—platted and wound around her head.

The love and confidence of the people for the nurse is a joy to see. The nurse's guest was received kindly and a chair was placed for me by the open fire in each house I visited.

I was impressed by the look of patience in the women's faces.

I saw some lovely fat babies and the older children as a whole were pretty.

Every family I met had at least one of its members in the Navy, Army or Marines.

Everywhere gardens were being worked and potatoes and onions planted.

I passed several cabins with no window—just a door—what life would be in such a cabin is beyond my comprehension!

I doubt that any prospective mother anywhere has better care than these mountain women. Twice a month they are seen by the nurse-midwife: their temperature, blood pressure and urinalysis are taken; careful inquiry made as to how they feel. Measurements are taken and the position of the baby is ascertained. The last month the nurse-midwife sees them every week. They are urged to rest for a while each day and also urged not to do the washing or any such hard work. In case of complications they are sent to the F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden where they are put in the care of the Medical Director.

A day such as I spent with the Possum Bend nurses—talking with the mountain people in their homes, followed by an evening in the Center before an open fire, listening to the nurses

discuss their problems (which are many)—makes one realize the far-reaching job the Frontier Nursing Service is doing.

We had lunch at the Hospital at Hyden on our way back and I was thrilled to see their new equipment: a refrigerator for Blood Plasma, beautiful linoleum on the floors and the house for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery built since my last visit.

What an extraordinary service this is—so well rounded—so far-reaching.

Could anything be finer than to give one's life in the creation of this wonderful organization?

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these — my brethren—ye have done it unto me."

DEAR DIARY

by G. S.

Dear Diary:

Woe is me—woe is me. I've done it again. Remember when I first came up here. I told you how important it was for me to make a good impression immediately? Well, I impressed them—immediately. The very first night Miss Gilbert called us at midnight to come see a demonstration delivery at the Hospital. Gladys was already on the case so just Gracie, Ruth and I tripped over there.

Cold—I almost froze but it was not because of the outside temperature. I was scared to death. Nervously I watched the delivery—remember each step in it—but, my, how the chills ran up and down my back as the perspiration came out on my face.

Finally the baby was born and Miss Gilbert told me to take the hot water bottle out of the baby bed, put the baby in it and then make sure it would not be cold. Dear Diary—that's exactly what I did in my most efficient a la hospital manner. Then I sat down to watch the final stage of the delivery. Ah, how nice and warm I felt! No more cold shivers—no more fear, I almost fell asleep.

The patient progressed nicely and finally Miss Gilbert told me to look and make sure that I did not have the hot water bottle too close to the baby. Oh unhappy day—you've guessed it, Diary, I was sitting on the hot water bottle!

In Memoriam

LISTON RHODES COMER

"Dulce Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori"

We know he was a fool, the Roman who so tritely said
This shallow clause about all martial dead:
That it would sweet and ever-fitting be
To die in battle just for one's own country.
Doubtlessly he sat there—paunchy—with a bulbous nose—
Well warmed—well dined—and with an aged scholar's flair
for prose
Or poetry, he composed immortal propaganda for the souls
Of all the young before and since for whom the bell long tolls.
Did he like we but know you even half so well,
Or any like you, he could scarcely dwell
On such a theme—for you were life
And laughter, love and hope bound up in strife;
Knowing small fears, great triumph, and the last
Full joy—forgetting hate as soon as it was past.
And so dear friend—out where you are, be strong
Aid to the fearful young, who might hysterically join the throng:
Tell them you too had no desire to die just then;
But having faced it, would go back to do it o'er again;
Nor for the word "Country," nor for a greedy hateful crew,
But what you fought and hoped for when this wretched strife
is through—
A human everlasting peace—that all who follow then
Are guaranteed their own predestind life by such as you. Amen.

Lieutenant McMillan's mother, Mrs. J. William McMillan, of Baltimore, Maryland, has given the Bulletin permission to print these verses written in memory of a comrade killed in the South Pacific. Lieutenant McMillan enclosed them in a letter to his mother shortly after he had found and buried the body of his friend.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Mrs. Lewis Rodman Page, Jr. (Sheila Clark), Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, we hear the following:

"My little daughter Pamela is really nothing short of perfect and I am crazy mad about her. She truly is a beautiful baby—she looks just like Roddy with his dark hair and lovely ruddy complexion. The first chance I get I will send you her picture!

"Roddy left on Friday for Portland, Oregon, and I went to the hospital on Monday morning. The doctor said I'd have a slow time—the baby was born Tuesday night, March 17th. . . . I can't bear not to have Roddy see her when she is so little and cunning. He hopes to get around to the Atlantic in the late summer, but that is so far away. Darn Hitler and all he has done to all of us! Pam cried over the phone to Oregon so at least her Daddy has heard her!

"I think of you all so much and long to go back. I typed my diary of my two winters there and put all the pictures in—now I am going to have it bound into a book. Doing it made me very homesick."

. . . .

Our last news of Helen Stone (Pebble) was from Houston, Texas, on April 4th as follows:

"We have been flying basic trainers for over a month and doing instrument flying for a week. Very interesting and tiring flying. School is moving to Sweetwater but do not know if or when my class goes."

. . . .

Nancy Hillis, who is an assistant in a doctor's office in New York, writes:

"We are terribly busy at the office—what with the birth rate tripled and the number of doctors lowered so very much by the war, etc. . . . I feel so sorry for my "boss"—if he were in the army, I think he would get a much earned rest. I have gotten a liberal education at this job and have no regrets. I feel as though I could bring up a hundred children."

. . . .

Elizabeth Campbell (Biz) of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, has been inducted into the WAACs and when we heard from her in March, she was en route to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, to take her basic training. Freddie tells us that Biz is quite entranced with the army life and that she sleeps in a barracks with 40 other girls, double-decker bunks—Biz is on the top!

From Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack) of Elmhaven, Oakley, Illinois:

"I had a letter recently from a cousin in the Middle East whose path crossed with an F.N.S. nurse. He was in a British hospital and writes: 'It's cured now (some sort of tropical fever) and the night nurse on the Officer's Ward is a Sister Robertson from Edinburgh. . . . She's a grand old scout and raves about Kentucky'."

Mrs. David Alexander Bridewell (Celia Coit), of Chicago, Illinois, writes:

"I was afraid for awhile that Wendover would pass into the old lumber room of past experiences and be forgotten, but it hasn't. Curiously enough, it is with me—a sort of a living part of me that I use often for comparisons, reminiscences and wistful reflection. I really enjoyed more and got more out of those two months than any other two months I've ever spent.

"About three months ago, I left the motor corps and took a job. I'm an under-mail, file and record clerk in the Inspection of Navy Material Department. I have to wear a badge with my picture and number on it and report at 8:15 every Monday and work six full days a week. . . . I'm doing it because I knew they needed people badly.

"We are still hanging fire as to David's plans. . . . I've been living in a state of suspended animation rather wondering what is coming and when. It makes one feel restless and unwilling to plan anything and unable to live a normal life.

"If things should so happen that I could, I will most certainly come down again."

From Frederica Holdship (Freddy), Sewickley, Pennsylvania:

"Now that spring is a'comin', I am again longing for a breath of the good, damp mountain air!

"Did I tell you that I am now working for Dravo Corporation (shipbuilders)? I applied for a job as "welder" and ended up in an office working on the 'Controlled Materials Plan', priorities, etc.! which was really quite interesting—then was changed to another office, in the expediting department, doing a bit of secretarial work and working on different materials for the Navy's ships that are being built called LST's—the work is interesting and my partners in crime are very nice."

Mrs. Lowry Watkins (Barbara Bullitt) writes the following from Skylight Farm, Prospect, Kentucky:

"I have often thought about all of you and have wanted to come back for a visit many times, but getting married seems to be keeping me pretty busy.

"We now have five hunting horses (thoroughbreds), three broodmares, two yearlings, and one three-day old colt, so are well stocked. We also have a kennel full of fox hounds, and have hunted regularly two days a week all winter, so you can see I have not forsaken the saddle!

"I have so enjoyed reading the Bulletin and the news from the nurses in England, Africa, etc.—particularly Madge whom I knew the best."

.
Excerpt from Mrs. Tyson Gilpin's (Catherine Mellick) letter, dated January 29, 1943:

"Tyson is now at Fort Hancock on Sandy Hook and we have a tiny house near by. I have been so lucky I hardly dare breathe; and just hope that now he will be kept in this country a little longer anyway. He really is such a wonderful person, I'd love to have you meet him and will have to arrange that some day. I'm all for this married life, but can't seem to get domestic very quickly. There's so much else to do it seems."

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Ann Ellis, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, wrote us on March 27, 1943, as follows:

"Latest addition to my own extra curriculum is a course in Modern Greek, which includes some fascinating introductions to the Greek fraction of Poughkeepsie's population. The language is most confusing—all the letters are pronounced differently from ancient Greek. Theory has it that some knowledge of ancient Greek enables one to 'pick up' modern with no difficulty. That is not true. Of course, we are hopeful about embarking for the starving shores of Greece tomorrow to help the Greeks, but in spite of reports in the N. Y. Times of a summer offensive to retake the Balkans, I doubt if we will be sailing the blue Mediterranean for many months—perhaps never. Meanwhile, this course in language and culture is proving fun and beneficial."

.
Undated letter from Carmen Mumford received just as we go to press:

American Red Cross
A.P.O. 616
c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

Just a note to tell you how delighted I was to see you in Washington, even if it was just a minute, and to give you my new address,—whither, I very much hope, the Bulletin can be sent.

We are set for getting going, and my tummy is turning over like a churn—great excitement and I am looking forward to it. You should see the gear we embark with, everything from helmets (we call them our Easter bonnets) to gas masks. I am planning to apply for a job as pack horse when I get back.

This letter will be mailed when we are well on our way.

Love,
CARMELITE

In Memoriam

IN OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS

If this poor "wandering little star"
 Holds so much beauty, so much bliss,
 What unimagined splendours are
 In other, happier worlds than this!
 If seas are blue, and sunsets red,
 And towering mountains capped with snow,
 And continents with corn are spread,
 And spacious rivers leap and flow,
 What scenes the enraptured eyes may trace,
 Undazzled at the depth of noon,
 On continents that spin through space—
 "East of the sun, west of the moon."
 If human lips are heavenly sweet,
 And human eyes so softly glow,
 And human forms, from head to feet,
 Are fire, and ivory, and snow,
 What skies may shine, what flow'rs may bloom,
 What radiant souls may walk above,
 Where beauty has survived the tomb
 And life is everlasting love!

—Arthur Bennett in *Light*, London, 1930.

MRS. JAMES FOSTER BARBOUR, New York City
 DR. CHARLES B. CRITTENDEN, Louisville, Kentucky
 MR. GEORGE K. GRAVES, Lexington, Kentucky
 MR. ALBERT KAHN, Detroit, Michigan
 MR. WALKER LEWIS, Middletown, Ohio
 MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, New York City
 MRS. ARTHUR V. MORTON, Philadelphia Pennsylvania
 MRS. TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY, Detroit, Michigan
 MR. FRANK L. POLK, New York City
 MRS. CHARLES HENDERSON RANDLE, Chicago
 MISS SUNIE SATTERWHITE, Louisville, Kentucky
 MRS. JENNIE SPEED STEIN, Louisville, Kentucky
 MRS. THOMAS D. THACHER, New York City
 MR. and MRS. GEORGE M. VERITY, Middletown, Ohio

In some parts of Scotland the old Gaelic inscriptions on the tombs and monuments to the dead use a Gaelic word which does not mean dead but means a changed life. Thus, of some of those Highland warriors who fell in the battles of "the '45" it is recorded that they "changed their life" on the date on which they fell in battle. It is so that we think of those friends

of the Frontier Nursing Service who were called by the inevitable years, who are as Thackeray says "only gone into the next room" and whom we, in our turn, "will presently get up and follow."

Nonetheless, it is hard to give up old friends, hard for us in the Frontier Nursing Service and poignantly hard for those of their families who deeply loved them. Some of the men and women whose names are given here have cherished and supported the Frontier Nursing Service almost from its inception. Such are **Mrs. Barbour, Mr. Graves, Mr. Kahn, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Newberry, Mr. Polk** (the Honorary Treasurer of our New York Committee), **Mrs. Randle, and Mrs. Thacher**. The letters they wrote us, the occasional glimpses of their kind faces, these we shall greatly miss in the years to come. Others like **Mr. Morgan, Mrs. Stein** and **Mr. and Mrs. Verity**, knew us less well but gave support to us and believed in us, and our memories are honored because of their presence in them.

Three of these old friends were an intimate part of the very life of the Frontier Nursing Service. **Dr. Crittenden**, during the years in which he was the Director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health of the Kentucky State Department of Health, gave more encouragement and help to the Service than we can begin to express. With his wife and little girl, he came up several times to see us. He was so great a gentleman that it was a high privilege just to meet him. To have known him as a friend is something to cherish always. **Mr. Lewis**, the brother of our Executive Secretary Agnes Lewis, who was struck down suddenly in the very prime of life, was another man who "bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." In his family circle, with his sisters, in his community, in the services he rendered to charities like ours, as Vice-President of the American Rolling Mill Company and as a person, in his profound religious convictions and their influence upon his life, in every contact he made he rang true. **Miss Satterwhite** was one of the little handful of people who believed in the Frontier Nursing Service, supported it, upheld it, when it was just an idea and greatly needed friends like her to become a reality. Hers was an intellect of a high order clothed in one of the frailest bodies in which a woman ever lived. Through all the years

of her physical incapacity, her spirit shone in its fine loyalties, its high courage, its faith in this world and in the world to come. Now that she is divested of that frail body she can soar, but we never doubt that her compassionate spirit will continue to enfold the people and the causes she loved so long.

How should we bear our life
Without the friendship of the happy dead?
They see the steadfast purpose of Eternity,
Their care is all for us
We, all unknowing, wage our endless fight
By ghostly banners led,
By arms invisible helped in the strife.
Without the friendship of the happy dead,
How should we bear our life?

JOY

Take joy home, and make a place in thy great heart for her, and give her time to grow, and cherish her: Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee when thou art working in the furrows—ay, or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn. It is a comely fashion to be glad; joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Little Paul lost his hair from a fever. Soon afterwards, a long-haired new baby arrived at his house. "Gee-oh," said little Paul, "look at that hair. H'it's got more'n what I have."

.

A little boy received from his aunt a pin cushion for Christmas. He thanked her, and added politely: "I've always wanted one—but not much."

—Contributed by L. H.

URGENT NEEDS

The men who have remained in the Kentucky mountains to tend the land and try to wrest from their rugged acres the heaviest crop of food and fodder they have ever produced,—these men have a fairly slack period from mid-June to mid-September, after the crops are in and before the harvest with its foddering, the stir-off of the sorghum cane, the gathering of apples and potatoes. The women are busy during this period drying beans, pickling beets, canning corn and tomatoes to provide for their families during the long winter months.

It is during this slack period in the summer that the Frontier Nursing Service gets its urgent work of repair and renovation handled. Labor is available and eager.

As in previous years, we are listing in this Spring issue of the Bulletin our Urgent Needs and breaking down the total costs into smaller estimates, so that the friends who send us money may find specific items of the size they feel they can afford to give. Nothing not actually urgent is listed.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE HOSPITAL AT HYDEN

A great deal of work needs to be done on top of and underneath the Hospital this year. Everything we budgeted for the upkeep of the Hospital has already gone into essential repairs, mainly to the entire water system which was literally torn asunder by the winter storms.

The Hospital needs a new roof. The old one has been patched and patched until we can no longer control the leaks by patching.

COST OF HOSPITAL ROOF, ESTIMATE

70 Squares of asphalt shingles @ \$6.50 per sq.....(inc. haulage)	\$525.00
Roof sheathing	60.00
1½ Kegs of roofing nails @ \$10.00 per keg.....	15.00
Labor (estimate)	300.00
Total	\$900.00

HOSPITAL BASEMENT

Those of our Trustees and other friends who have penetrated the Hospital basement will remember that only the part under the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial Wing is fully excavated and concreted. The part under the Mary Parker Gill Wing was only excavated enough to put in pipes for plumbing and heating and the cable electric wiring. The Hospital desperately needs more room for storage space because it had hardly enough in the early days when it was not continually overcrowded, as it is now. When the basement is completely excavated and concreted, then our Maintenance Man, Mr. Oscar Bowling, can put in storage rooms, shelves and closets.

This is urgent, but what has made it poignantly urgent is an examination of the unexcavated part of the basement made for us by Mr. E. H. Sterner from the Henry Bickel Construction Company when he was up here recently. He reported that the bridging (bracing) between the joists overhead in the basement has pulled apart and, as a result, some of the joists are leaning to one side under the heavy load they must carry. The stone pillars are set on shale whereas they should be set on the solid rock foundation; and they are too far apart—ten or twelve feet apart when they should be not more than six or eight. The girders supported by these pillars are sagging. Mr. Sterner strongly recommended that we put in new bridging and additional stone piers as soon as possible. An examination of the old plumbing and heating pipes, made for us by Mr. Draughn and Mr. Montgomery of Hazard, showed that a number of these needed replacing and some of the steam pipes needed re-covering. They all need resetting to make room for the additional stone piers that Mr. Sterner says are essential to the support of a heavy stone Hospital.

In looking over the estimates for the costs of this work, which follow, please note that very little of it goes to priority material such as pipes, valves and electric wiring. In fact, only \$250.00 is spent on such material and we can get that much for use for a hospital. The really heavy cost lies in labor, stone (local), lumber, mostly local, and cement which needs no priority.

COST OF HOSPITAL BASEMENT, ESTIMATE

Item	Material Kind	Material Cost	Labor Cost	Total
Excavation, hauling off dirt, etc.				\$1,200.00
Digging ditches outside basement and carrying off waste and connecting with septic tank				375.00
Cutting doors and windows through foundation wall, pouring new concrete floor, putting in stone pillars, putting in stone steps to basement	Crushed limestone, sand, and cement	\$300.00	\$600.00	900.00
Moving old plumbing and heating pipes, furnishing new material where needed and making any necessary repairs, and putting in new cut-off valves where necessary; re-covering steam pipes		150.00	280.00	430.00
Electric wiring		100.00	50.00	150.00
Putting in doors and windows, repairing bridging, sealing basement, putting in new coal bin, and making storage rooms and shelves	Doors Windows Lumber Hardware Nails	820.00	880.00	1,700.00
Total				\$4,755.00

BARN AT WENDOVER

The older and larger part of the log barn at Wendover which was the first building we put up in the mountains under most primitive conditions eighteen years ago this summer, has long been in a state of disrepair. The roof, of local hand-made boards or shingles, leaks and many of the logs have rotted. This condition has been so obvious to the couriers that, for the past two years, they have been building up a fund in yearly subscriptions to help rebuild the barn with sound stone foundations and log stalls similar to the old ones but lifted well above the damp surface of the earth by the stone foundation. The new roof will be of asbestos shingles for protection from sparks from forest fires or any other fire. At the time of the Garden House fire, the couriers led all the horses out of the barn and it took nearly a tank of water through our big fire

hose to keep the barn roof from catching from the Garden House flames. We have already bought the shingles for the new roof with the couriers' money and have them stored underneath the "Pebble Workshop." We have no other money for the other costs of rebuilding this large barn. We do, however, have enough free logs given us by the Ford Company through their chief engineer, Mr. C. G. Queen, on Red Bird River. These logs have already been cut in the mountain belonging to the Ford Company which lies back of Wendover but they have not yet been "scalped" and "snaked" down to the site.

Second only in importance to the work at the Hospital is this rebuilding of the Wendover barn. Here follows an estimate of the costs:

COST OF WENDOVER BARN, ESTIMATE

Item	Material Kind	Material Cost	Labor Cost	Total
Roof	Local rafters and roof sheathing; asbestos shingles and haulage from Lexington; nails	\$396.00	\$100.00	\$ 496.00 (paid by couriers)
Logs (gift of Ford Company), "scalping" and "snaking" them to barn			100.00	100.00
Stone foundation (estimated on a yardage basis)	Cement	47.25	451.50	498.75
Carpentry work (exclusive of roof)	Lumber, nails, windows, rat wire (for feed room), lime	466.41	778.00	1,244.41
Rock drain and culvert			50.00	50.00
Total (not including \$496.00)				\$1,893.16

MANURE BENT

All of the barns of the Frontier Nursing Service everywhere have bins with small houses over them (called bents) made partly of lumber or log and partly screened (to let in the air and avoid spontaneous combustion) into which the manure from the stalls is thrown every day of the week except Sunday. Only

so can one keep flies from breeding in manure and save the manure to be spread on the gardens and pastures of the Service when the fly season is over. The manure bent at Wendover is as old as the main barn,—nearly eighteen years old. It has rotted badly and no amount of patching can make it flyproof again. In fact, in its present state, it is a nursery for baby flies. In rebuilding, we plan to have the whole foundation of stone which will never rot no matter how much manure it encircles.

COST OF MANURE BENT, ESTIMATE

Item	Material		Labor Cost	Total
	Kind	Cost		
Foundation wall	Cement	\$22.50	\$300.00	\$322.50
Getting out logs, and building			100.00	100.00
Roof	Roof sheathing	26.10		26.10
Copper-screen wire		8.40		8.40
Total				\$457.00

WENDOVER GARDEN

We have doubled the acreage of the Wendover garden this year so as to have more supplies for the Hospital and Wendover and to can at least a thousand quart jars of vegetables. We did this in two ways. First, we rebuilt the very old retaining walls that make a terraced garden of the hillsides and used for that purpose dead chestnuts out of the forest and the huge rocks that lay in the garden and had to be plowed around, and wasted space and time. Second, we took an acre of ground down at the Clearing and turned it into a Potato Patch where we planted five times as much potatoes as we ever had before and where we are planting soy bean seed in addition towards the end of May.

COST OF WENDOVER GARDEN

Item	Labor Cost	Total
Retaining walls for garden	\$161.28	\$161.28
Clearing garden and cutting back bushes, mending fences	10.50	10.50
New Potato Patch at the Clearing (clearing ground, hauling and scattering manure and phosphate, etc.)	27.00	27.00
Total		\$198.78

ANNUAL WHITEWASHING INSIDES OF ALL F.N.S. BARNS

The Service has fourteen barns located at all its widely scattered properties with seventy stalls for horses, mules and cows; the Service has ten chicken houses. To keep these essential buildings sweet and clean they should be whitewashed inside twice annually. Even in wartime they must be whitewashed at least once.

COST OF WHITEWASHING INSIDE OF SERVICE BARNS (Including Scraping off of old Whitewash)

Cost of Whitewashing 1 Stall	\$ 7.00	
Average cost of Whitewashing 1 Barn	35.00	
14 Barns of 70 Stalls		\$490.00
10 Chicken Houses, an average of \$10.00 each		100.00

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS AND COLUMNISTS GOOD AND BAD

A good reporter is one who knows a lot more than he writes. A bad one writes a lot more than he knows. Columnists can likewise be so divided—a useful check for the reader to keep in mind. Bad reporters tell in print, not only what they don't know, but what nobody, maybe outside two or three officials, knows. An astonishingly high percentage of their stuff is either inaccurate or flatly untrue. Facts, proof and evidence—these are the least of their concerns. They live beyond their mental means. In trying to tell you tomorrow's news, they tell you last night's stale gossip. What a good reporter writes stands up because he knows vastly more than he prints. To him go real confidences, since he has a record of keeping confidences, and that keeps his sense of direction true. His written produce is a small, strong tree with enormous roots. That's why you can tie a heavy load to it.

—Raymond Morley in the *Wall Street Journal*.

DOG DAYS

Dog days are a period of from four to six weeks, beginning in July and continuing until early in September, and are so-called from the heliacal (just before the sun), rising of the Dog Star, Sirius, which the ancients believed was the cause of the hot, sultry weather and the maladies which are common during that time. The oldtimers also thought that dogs were specially liable to go mad during the sultry part of the summer, but the name was taken, not from the dogs, but from the dog star, which is the brightest in the heavens.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Betty Lester in London—Early March, 1943.

Once more I send my re-entry permit for you to do the usual things. I hope that some day I'll be able to use it and return to my beloved Kentucky. It seems a long time, but the war news improves daily.

I have a sister's (*head nurse's*) post in the Sister Mary Abbot's Hospital—a nice hospital. I am in the Maternity Department. I do the ante-natal clinics, more or less take charge of a small ward, and do two nights each week relieving the Night Sister.

The most amazing thing happened yesterday. I was just coming off duty at 5 p.m. when the office rang through to say I was wanted there. When I arrived—you'll never guess who was there—E. N. KELLY (*Nellie Kelly*)* who had been sent to us by the London County Council for our Maternity Department. What do you think of that for making the world small? Can you imagine the questions I flung at the poor girl? Needless to say I got more and more homesick. I still can't believe it's true—that there is somebody in the building who has only just left Kentucky. Apparently she has a priority return. I must write to Mrs. Breckinridge and tell her I, too, want priority because just as soon as the war finishes I *must* be on my way. I don't want to wait one minute longer than I have to.

Strangely enough we had an alert and some very heavy gunfire during the night. I went down to Kelly's room and we talked till the all clear sounded shortly afterward. I don't think she had been under fire before and it is not a pleasant experience.

You'd better use my home address when you answer this as I never know what is going to happen to me. I may be transferred at any time.

Tell everybody "hello" for me. I am always thinking about

* This is one of the two nurses, stationed for years at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus, Kentucky, who have returned to England this winter.

the F.N.S. and shall be home when it's over. I expect I'll have to renew this permit a few more times, and yet it may be finished sooner than we think.

From Alice Pierce (Mrs. Crawford) in Greenfield, Mass.—

March 1, 1943.

Remember me? I think of you all so frequently and wonder if you are still all there or whether the war has scattered you about the country. I read my Bulletin eagerly for all the news. It seems as if the winter issue should be out soon!

There is a serious shortage of nurses here so I have been working again since January. Before that I was doing volunteer work at our local V.N.A. office and teaching Red Cross Home Nursing in the evening. I'm back doing Public Health Nursing on the Visiting Nurses staff here in town. I do love the work. In fact it's the only kind I really do like.

My family are all out for war work. My oldest brother, who was a Lieutenant Colonel was killed in an aeroplane crash in the Gulf of Mexico last October. He had just been made a commander of a new torpedo school at Eglin Field, Fla. There were seven men in the plane that he was piloting. They were in constant contact with the field by radio when an explosion occurred. They think it was sabotage, but we'll never know the particulars as everything was kept absolutely quiet. It was the first break in our family.

My next oldest brother, now a full colonel, is in England where he has been stationed almost a year. Both brothers have kept together in rank ever since they joined the air corps. My young brother is in the navy. We worry more about him—probably because he is the youngest. He has never been away from home before, and so many ships are being sunk! My father and another brother are both doing defense work. My kid sister is half way through her first year in training.

I wonder if Miss Summers is having trouble getting meat for the Hospital? Shopping is a day's work! Unless you get down early you just don't eat meat. Fortunately food rationing doesn't bother us too much. I canned quite a bit from our garden last summer and I hope to squeeze in time for a garden again

this year, even though I have a six-room house and job besides. I have also acquired a small half-grown kitten. He gets more attention than any cat deserves!

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From Ada Worcester in Sussex—January 25, 1943.

It's nearly a year since I first went to the Hospital. The work is very interesting. We have medical, surgical, orthopedic, ear, nose and throat specialists visiting regularly, so we keep busy. Last March we started a training school for nurses in affiliation with two larger hospitals. I love teaching these young and terribly enthusiastic girls. I have to study quite a bit myself as I still find new things cropping up all the time.

In May I shall have a whole months' holiday. I have seldom been more excited about one. A friend of mine has arranged to lend me her wee cottage in Devon for part of the time and I think it will be a grand rest. I used to think that the very best part of a holiday was coming home again, but now I'm not so sure after two holiday-less years.

March 3, 1943.

I saw Green (*May V. Green*) several weeks ago. She was then at the Royal Masonic Hospital, but she resigned that day. By now I expect she is fixed up with a district again. She was very keen to get back to Devonshire, and had met some one there with whom she would have liked to share a district. I only hope she is happily fixed up, as I have not heard from her again.

I'm always looking out for a chance Kentuckian but I really have very little opportunity of meeting any U.S.A. troops, although I believe I should hear if any of the mountain boys were about here.

All nurses and midwives are to register all over again, so they can be "directed" into other jobs when necessary. It's a funny life!

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From Grayce Morgan in California—March 3, 1943.

I was sent out here to the west coast on a war transfer by the Air Force. The trip out was an experience for me. Civil-

ian travel was practically nil and the only thing they could get for me was an upper berth. One night I was the only woman sleeping in my car. The next morning I rang for the porter and he didn't answer so after a time I stuck my head out. The aisle was full of sailors, soldiers and marines. I asked them if they had seen the porter. They said: "No, but we have taken over." I said: "Well, how are you going to get me down." They said: "Jump, and we'll catch you." I did, and as I came down the Army and Navy caught me while the Marines cheered! They said they were going to make a mascot out of me!

The Army moved into a big airplane factory and I am with them. It's a great experience but like everyone else, I wish this war was over so I could come home and try to forget it ever happened.

One sees wounded men from all branches of the Service out here. It just does something to you that you don't get over; it just leaves an empty feeling in your stomach. I'll never forget the first wounded soldier I saw in this war. I was standing on the Pullman steps at the station and they carried him from a train on the next track. To keep back my tears, I grinned at him as he passed—and he stuck out his tongue at me!

I just got news today that Maurice (*her nephew*) was called up in the Navy. He put his name on the reserve list the day he was 17. Tell Mrs. Breckinridge, there went one of her first babies, and I know the Navy has a kid that likes to fight!

I am looking forward to the next issue of the Bulletin.

. . . .

From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—March 8, 1943.

I'm afraid you will think I've forgotten all about Kentucky and the F.N.S. but I haven't. We had a wonderful crossing and arrived at a British port on February 14th. I was seasick only two days so did not lose too much weight. We got wonderful food on board considering there's a war on and everyone was happy. The time passed very quickly and I played bridge almost daily and even entered for the bridge tournament. We were heavily convoyed as you wished. I was held up in London and had to get a passport before I could go home. That is something new since the war.

I shall always have happy memories of our dinner with you that night and your other two distinguished guests. That Red Cross parcel was just wonderful. In fact it was a miniature Woolworth's.

My parents were thrilled to see me again after I had been five years away.

I have thought lots and lots about Brutus and all the families there. I miss Heather (*her horse*) very much, also Bridget and Peter (*her geese*). Bridget will soon be contemplating laying a few eggs.

I have not taken up any nursing yet. I'm hoping to get district work and would like if possible to be placed in North Ireland.

Please remember me to all at Wendover.

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From Edith Marsh (Marshie) in Cleveland, Ohio—

March 21, 1943.

Our patients are so ill and helpless that it takes a lot of doing to care for them. So far we have kept up the standard of care that we have always had and we will take fewer patients rather than give less care to more. When the war is over we are planning a 1000 bed chronic hospital which is sadly needed here in Cleveland.

I think we are going to have an affiliation with St. Luke's Hospital shortly to teach student nurses how to care for patients who are ill for long periods of time. They should learn this from practical experience and we can give them that training. There is such a rapid turn-over in some hospitals these days that it is hard for them to give this kind of experience.

My oldest nephew, Bill Bower, the one who helped Doolittle on the Tokio mission, is now a Lt. Col. in the Air Corps and is stationed in North Africa. My youngest nephew, Ned, is at Ft. Bragg in the Field Artillery and was chosen one of a group of 70 men out of 3500 for examination for placement at Georgia Tech. He is just 19 and has had no college. He wanted to get in the Air Corps but was chosen for Field Art. as he had had a good deal of experience with a surveying group.

I had a nice note from Peggy Tinline (*in London*) not long

ago. She is well, but her husband has not been too well recently. She said she was meeting Mac for lunch that day. She also said Mac didn't look a day older.

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From Della Int-Hout (Inty) in Illinois—March 21, 1943.

I have been going in all kinds of weather to my Home Nursing classes that I have volunteered to teach for the Red Cross. Right now I have 35 high school girls and they are responding with enthusiasm.

Aase (*Aase Johanesen in Georgia*) is getting quite a number of deliveries. She is so enthusiastic and likes midwifery better than anything she has ever done.

I received a letter from Genevieve (*Genevieve Weeks*) at Chicago University. As soon as my nursing classes are over, I want to meet her. She sounded happy—is going to get her Masters degree.

My nephew Danny Int-Hout's picture was in the paper this week. He received an air medal for carrying troops from England to North Africa last November at the time of the invasion. They did all that troop transporting by night. Once he was lost for 3 days in a Labrador swamp.

.

From Edith Mickle (Mickle Minor) with the Middle East Forces—January 1, 1943.

Now the war zone is going farther and farther away from us, and we grow daily more discontented with our lot, not knowing what may happen to us as we grow more and more useless. A few of us were posted off to another country last week and there was a grand send-off. One, a special buddy of mine, I miss terribly. This was the first definite break among the sisters (*nurses*) of our unit—hence the stir.

The war news is marvelous. Yesterday Tripoli fell to us and, of course, the Russian news just keeps up its record of successes. I hope this will be maintained in the spring. Whatever one may say about the Germans they certainly have guts and a pride of country.

I'm glad Johnnie and Nancy (*Dr. Kooser's children*) are good pals. I often used to wonder what sort of a job they'd

make of it as they began to grow up. Yes, we often think of the "froggings" and all those delightful, happy evenings. It is grand to have them to think back on. I learned a great deal about the simple enjoyments when I was in America and how to love a garden, however much of a mess one may have made of it, because it was one's own.

Robbie (*Catherine Robertson*), is well.

March 22, 1943.

by Air Mail Letter Card.

I am on night duty now and slowly but steadily fossillating—nothing to do. For a few nights I am specializing a sister (*head nurse*) who has had an operation. Sis and I have volunteered for forward lines but so far they haven't accepted our most valuable services.

I had a brief note from Jackson who is in North Africa and met Margaret Watson and Tait a few weeks ago.

We have had an awful lot of farewell parties lately. Four of our gang have been posted hither and yon and a married pal and her husband have just left for England. They lived in a farm house near by and we had some topping parties at their house. They rather reminded us of our Kentucky parties, very free and easy, a lot of singing and floor sitting. How we shall miss them! Theirs was the only home we had to go to.

.
From Wilma Duvall Whittlesey in California—

March 23, 1943.

Leonard (*her husband*) is repairing ships from 7:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. seven days a week, at present. I get Phil (*her baby*) up at 6:30 a.m. just so he and his father can have a little visit during breakfast as he, of course, is sound asleep when Leonard gets home for dinner at 8:15 p.m. Keeping the two of them fed, clothed, clean and happy turns out to be quite a job under wartime conditions. It's next to impossible to get anyone to stay with Philip or help in any way, so I hardly ever leave the neighborhood—but it's a pleasant one and Phil is grand company so I'm very happy in my job.

It will be fine to see the latest Bulletin. It's my only source

of F.N.S. news and the one piece of printed matter which I read from cover to cover.

Marcia Hays is doing a traveling job for the Children's Bureau, covering certain Western areas.

With every good wish for you and the Service and my friends with you.

.

From Margaret Watson with the Middle East Forces—

March 26, 1943, by airgraph.

Remember me, the gal who used to go out on "midder", shaking at the knees and hoping that you'd be standing by to do a little hand-holding. I haven't forgotten those old days though it might appear so the way I have failed to write any of you. The Bulletin usually manages to arrive, however late, and I thoroughly enjoy reading it. It's one jolly good way of finding out where all the folks are besides keeping up-to-date with the old Service. Do you suppose when all this beastliness is over and planes fly daily to the States, that we could have a real reunion at Wendover? The very thought inspires me and I feel the old tummy flip over. This place reminds me lots of my old Wendover district. When I do riding, which isn't often, I prefer to take to the hills. It's so sort of natural like, but of course I don't have to stop every so often to enquire if little Johnny has had his worm treatment this week, or if the sanitary place is getting on. Mind you, it would be an ideal place for such work, but probably very discouraging. Still it's a thought. Maybe Mrs. Breckinridge would like to consider another pioneer service. You'd like it in some ways, but the language difficulty—oh well, my vocabulary is still pretty limited, about 3 or 4 words only. However I'm hot stuff at the signs, very useful. Old Madge (*Margery Tait*) is still about the place full of vim and as vigorous as ever. We did meet the Micks (*Ethel and Edith Mickle*), both looking tremendously fit. Please give my love to all the folks I know.

.

NEWSY BITS

Thelma Hood is working in the Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois.

Lucile Hodges has a position with the Army, working in the Link Trainer buildings at Courtland, Alabama, where she is near enough her home to make frequent visits to her mother, who has not been well.

We were terribly sorry to learn that Ruth Waterbury of Chittenango, New York, has been ill ever since she left the Service in January. We all miss Ruth and hope she will soon be feeling on top of the world.

All of us in the Service extend our sincere sympathy to Clara Dale Echols whose mother died suddenly on March 28th of this year.

GOOD BUSINESS

A shopkeeper had for some time displayed in his window a card inscribed "Fishing Tickle."

A customer drew the proprietor's attention to the spelling.

"Hasn't any one told you of it before?" he asked.

"Hundreds," replied the dealer, "but whenever they drop in to tell me they always spend something."

—Toronto Globe and Mail.

"The plaintiff rests." He needs a rest.
For as experience will attest,
His suit (see any law report)
Was seven years in reaching court.

For seven years with hope deferred
He was "continued" and "demurred".
Postponed, Passed Over, Stipulated
Retarded and Procrastinated.

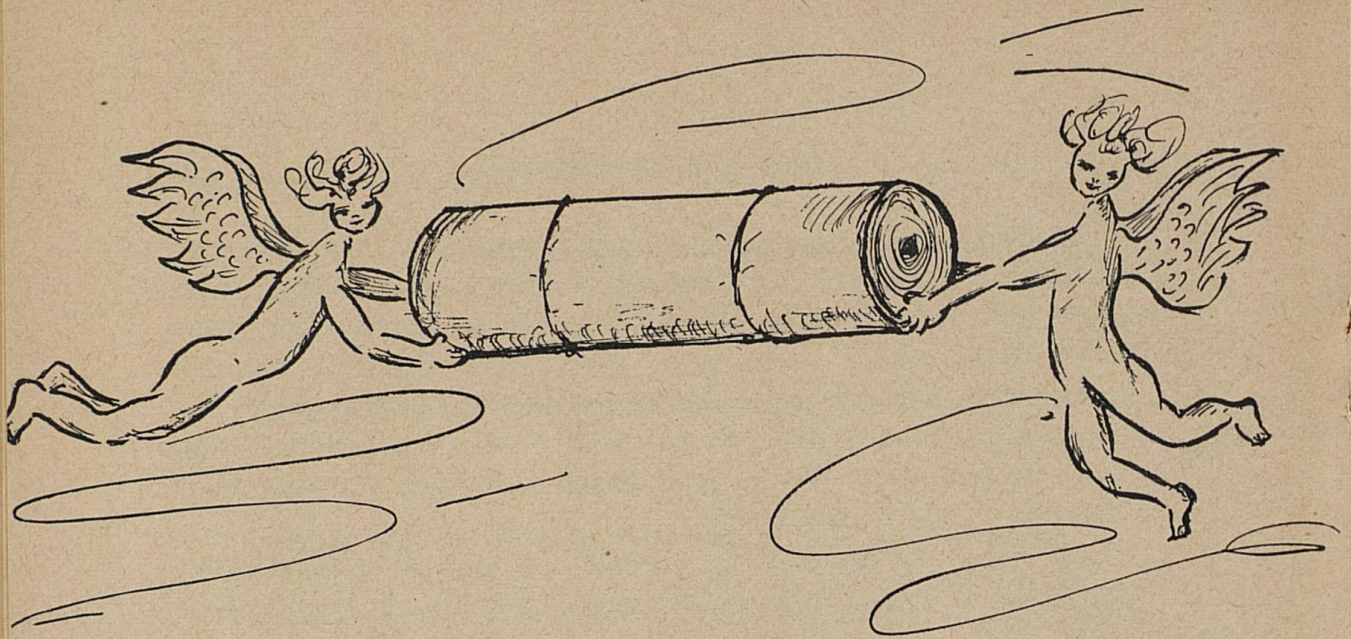
"The plaintiff rests" from tiresome fuss
Establishing the obvious.

But this is merely a rehearsal
For trial, argument, reversal,
With Wherefores, Therefores and Whereases
And other legal raz-ma-tazes.

And when the case has met all known
And customary legal tests,
It will be underneath a stone

"The plaintiff rests!"

—Exchange.



A DREAM COME TRUE

by

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

Superintendent of the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden

Yesterday the last sound of the hammer died away—the last blob of rubber cement was spread and the last strip of linoleum was laid, and each one of us is purring with delight. A dream has come true!

Remember one day when you were going around the wards and said, "Vanda, we are going to have linoleum on these floors"? Well—it's there! Lying so clean and noiseless.

The Hospital wards look lovely indeed. The cream walls and dark green linoleum with white beds and lockers, make an attractive combination.

The nurses were perfectly wonderful putting up with the inconveniences, such as, stepping over men's crouched figures, or leaping over areas which shouldn't be trodden on, or, almost getting one's toes crushed in the roller; in fact, all but navigating around on the curtain rods!

The noise of the "sander," that man who moves so slowly

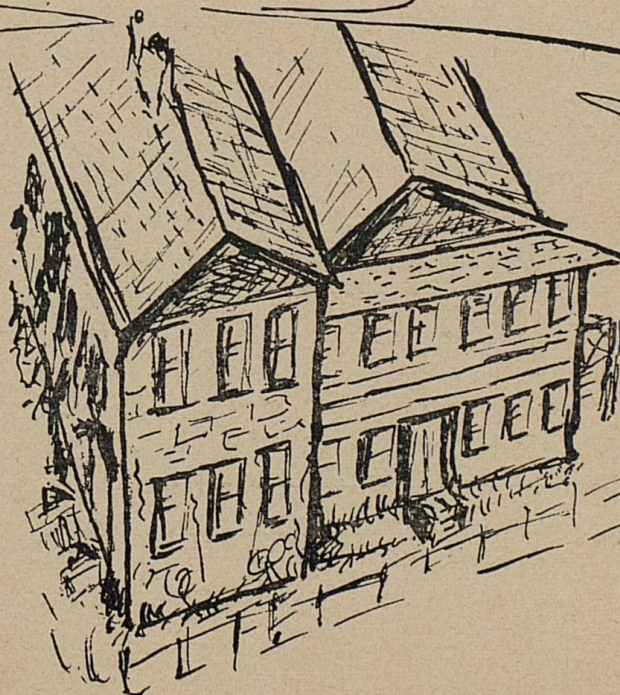
pushing a machine which makes a terrific noise—didn't faze anyone. The nurses could sing as they worked, as no one could hear them. One little mother was even lulled to sleep by the monstrous screech of the machine as it leveled off the poor old sadly worn boards, making them look like new ones.

We had hoped to have only a few patients—but oh no, every bed was full!

Mr. Oscar Bowling and Junior Howard did a wonderful job. Even the baths and toilets were removed and replaced so quickly that no one missed them!

Now the utility rooms, operating room, delivery room, wards and passages, all have their lovely new foundation garment.

We cannot thank those who contributed toward this dream—enough—and now we can say, with a little more confidence, "I can dream, can't I?"



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The poem and illustrations on the cover page of this Bulletin are reproduced from a card made by Savory in England and sent us by Canadian friends.

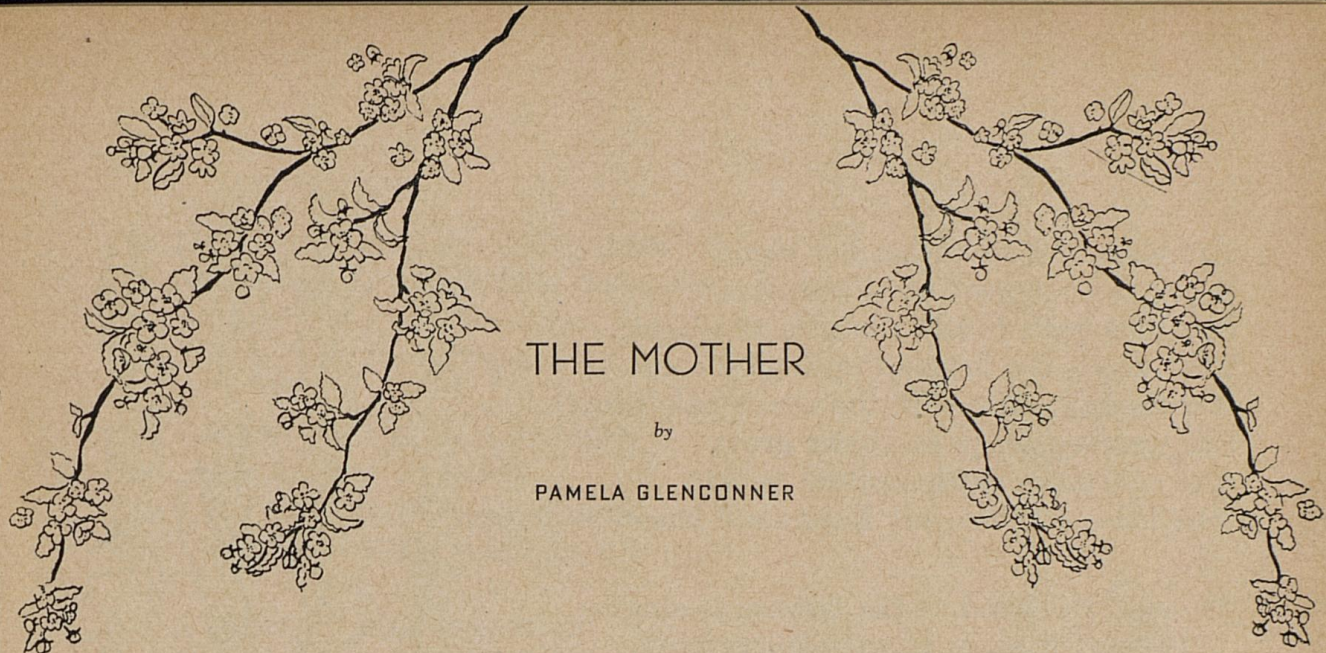
The inside cover picture is reproduced from a photograph taken by a photographer from the St. Louis Post Dispatch of Miss Vanda Summers, now Superintendent of the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden, but district nurse-midwife on Red Bird River when this picture was taken three years ago. The illustrations for the article called *A Dream Come True* were drawn by Miss Summers who wrote the article.

The photographs of the Service's first "grandchild" and of Ellen Bruce and Suivez were taken by two of our nurse-midwives, Ethel Gonzalez and Nola Blair; the photographs of the children of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Kooser were taken by their parents.

The original drawings for the poem called *The Mother* by Lady Glenconner were made for us by Miss Irene Cullis of Georgetown College, Georgetown, Kentucky. We extend our grateful thanks to Dodd Mead and Company for permission to reprint this poem from the biography of *Edward Wyndham Tennant* for which they hold the American copyright.

Edward Wyndham Tennant, Fourth Grenadier Guards, was the oldest son of Lord and Lady Glenconner and was killed in the Battle of the Somme September 22, 1916, at the age of nineteen. His biography by his mother is one of the most beautiful books ever written. In an appendix, she has printed the poem called *The Mother* in memory of an infant daughter "Flower of the Field," called Hester, who was born and died in June, 1916.

It was as Lady Glenconner that the author wrote several books about her children, about village life, and the collection of verse called *Windlestraw*. She also wrote a book called *The Earthen Vessel*, with a foreword by Sir Oliver Lodge, where she gives a series of remarkable book tests in which her son proved his identity after his death. Lord Glenconner died in 1920 and in 1922 his widow married Viscount Gray of Fallodon. She died in 1928 and was widely mourned as one of the most gifted and charming women of her generation.



THE MOTHER

by

PAMELA GLENCONNER

The budding branches spread their leaves
To catch the gently breathing air,
The Mother's heart recounts her sheaves,
Her harvest-sheaves of love and care,
Her nine months' joy of happy life,
Of quiet dreams and blessed days,
Of peace that even calmed the Strife,
And steeped her in a golden haze,
—A nimbus—of out-shed delight
Whose source so deeply in her lies,
As to give stature to her height,
And visions that outshine her eyes.

*O heart, that desolation knows,
O couch, where hooded sorrows sit,
O Mother's milk, that idly flows,
And no soft lips to gather it.*

She rises with the rising Sun,
Her bare feet brush the glittering dew,
She hears the crystal waters run,
The throstle with his note so true:
She sees the gentle listening hare,
Come limping through the tangled grass,
The kine, too indolent to stare,
Or lift their heads to see her pass;
She sees the sun-light on the Ridge,
She hears the swerving plover's cry,
The water weeds above the bridge,
The soft clouds sailing in the sky—

Are each and all within her sight,
 A joy too poignant to be borne,
 She lifts both hands towards the light,
 That floods the fields of springing corn.
 Her thoughts rise with the mist's pale wreath,
 She watches sedge and osier grow,
 And murmurs, with exalted breath,
"All this—all this—my Babe shall know."

"Hush," the wind to the flowers is singing,
"Hush," it sings to the clovers deep,
"Hush, Hush," to the tall grass swinging.
"Fall asleep."

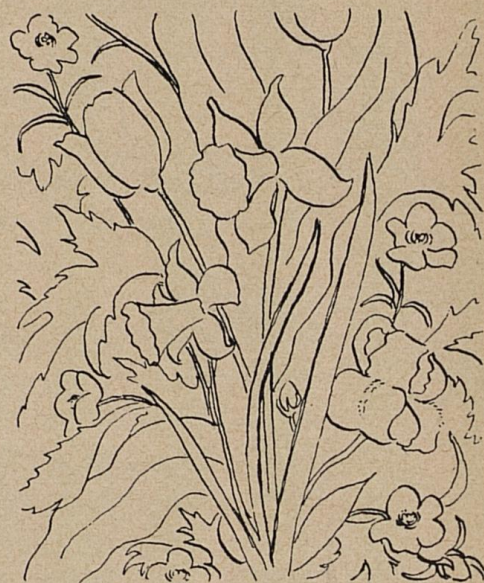
The days sweep by on burnished wing,
 The thrushes herald in the morn,
 The Mother's heart awakes to sing,
"Soon—soon—my Baby will be born."
 Her joys of hope are manifold,
 No pen may write, no tongue may speak—

*"O patient love, soon—soon I'll hold
 The little hand against my cheek. . . ."*
 What are the winds in the Ilex crying?
*"Fruitless labour and garnered dearth. . . .
 Why should the little form be lying
 Under the earth?"*

"Hush—Hush"—the scythes are saying,
"Hush and heed not, all things pass."
"Hush—Hush"—the scythes are swaying
 Over the grass.

In woodland ways where no feet come,
 Well hidden from all prying eyes,
 A song-bird built her little home,
 And brooded o'er her treasured prize.

She wove the rounded walls of moss,
 Threaded it through with lichens grey,
 She drew the slender strands across,
 Toiling from earliest break of day.

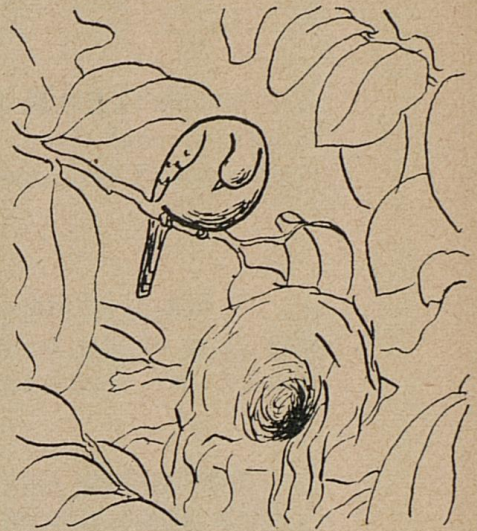


The far-sought down she softly blent,
Lining the nest for hoped-for treasures,
And all her pretty ardour spent
Upon such little lovely pleasures.

Her toil was joy—no labour there,
Only devotion wholly given,
You'd say she'd be the angels care,
That God would smile in His high heaven,

But long before the summer set
The first red poppy in the corn,
That little nest was dank and wet,
Forsaken, broken and forlorn.

Silent the hearts, that were born to sing,
Silent the mate, the feathered lover—
O frustrate hope, O drooping wing,
With no soft brood to warm and cover.

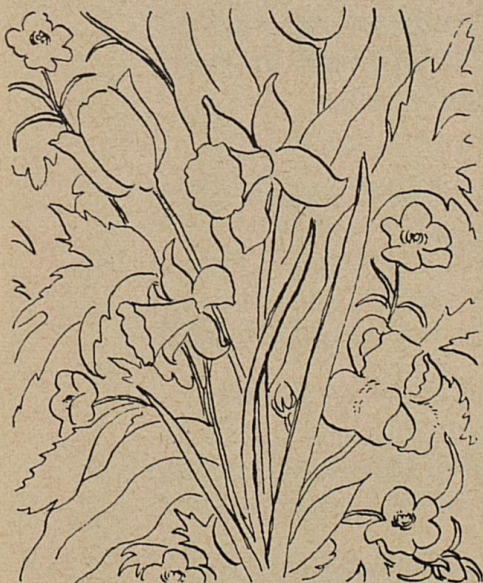


The Immortal Spirit is the wine
That God has poured in earthly shard,
But water mixed with bitter brine,
The earthen cup has filled and marred.

The shining soul may lend her wings
To speed Man's fallen pilgrim feet,
But joys, too great for common things
Lie with the stones upon the street.

The golden buds the summer shows
Winter destroys and lays away,
And the deep love the torn heart knows
Is all the light of all our day.

*O couch, where brooding sorrows sit,
The Mother's heart lies wan and cold,
You'd say her grief had broken it,
But O, how much a heart can hold.*



A YEAR SEEN FROM HORSEBACK

by

ROSE AVERY, R.N.
Certified Midwife

A bunch of hepaticas by the root of a queenly beech tree. The gray of the root is a perfect background for their delicate beauty. We decide to lunch here so that we may look the longer.

.

New-grown leaves on the beeches that cover a hillside. A little wind ripples them. It is as if someone lightly ran a scale on the keyboard. Both are delicate music.

.

Carpets of violets along the banks of Hurricane Creek. First the yellow dog-toothed ones, then the varied purples, lavender and white. Enough to make ones eyes bulge!

.

A school of minnows going up stream, their bellies gleaming in the morning sun.

.

The buds of the beech trees getting fatter and fatter until they burst their brown jackets and it dawns on me that, not one leaf, but a whole twig with its leaves, comes from each of those tightly wrapped buds! No wonder this queen of trees looks so extravagantly dressed in her spring clothes.

.

After a night of rain the murky, turbulent waters of a mountain stream swirl about my horse's legs.

.

A green snake slithering across my path in a densely shaded place. My horse pays it little mind.

.

Blackberries hanging lush and ripe under the summer sun. Traveler and I pull up, and he nibbles grass while I gorge myself from the briars.

August . . . and I do not ride for ten days. Suddenly, it seems, the vegetation is lush and over ripe. The ironweed flaunts its royal purple above the myriad summer flowers that line our roadsides.

.

Paw-paws yellowing in the autumn sun, and ahead of me, so silently, so resignedly, a yellow leaf comes floating down and settles easily on the roadbed.

.

The first frost of the season two days ago, and now day by day, the colors on the hillsides deepen. Each night The Master dips His paintbrush and puts in more strokes. Reds, yellows, browns, they mingle and overlap. About our feet the tender vegetation hangs limp and black, mourning for the summer that is gone.

.

A tiny chipmunk scurrying through the fallen leaves . . . or is it just the wind rolling a dead leaf over and over? One can scarce be sure.

.

A lone half-grown maple in a grove of walnuts, long since bare. It is like a maiden dressed in red and silver taffeta, surrounded by a group of men in sober attire. Its sheer perfection will long be remembered.

.

The snow falling silently about me as I ride through forests of beech and hemlock. The trail ahead is one of ethereal beauty. Each twig bears its weight of snow. I often must duck the overhanging limbs, but I do not mind for everytime I raise my eyes again the magic loveliness of it is fresh.

.

Mountain streams frozen over, with the cold waters flowing lazily beneath the crust. My horse is a bit perturbed as the ice cracks and he breaks through with each step.

.

Icicles gleam from the cliffs, big ones rooted to the ground,

lesser ones with dagger points. My fingers and toes tingle and I draw a bit further into my coat. Gently touching my horse I say, "Come, Billy, let's hurry home." He is willing. I think of bright fire and a cup of tea. He thinks of a warm stable and oats.

.

A dim silhouette of my horse and me on the snow as a winter sun tries wanly to shine in sub-zero weather.

.

Many and varied birds flying low and picking seeds from the brown weed stalks sticking up through the snow. Large and small, shy and bold, brilliant hued and somber. I wish I knew more about them.

.

A misty green on the pastured hillside. So faint it is, that I almost doubt my eyes. Two days later the same hillside is inches deep with snow. Maybe it was a sunshine mirage, the result of wishful thinking.

.

Spicewood bushed with tiny tufts of yellow-green and catkins on the alders getting fuzzy.

.

Windflowers and bloodroots like stars on the near banks. The first of the processional. Then in quick succession "sarvice", redbud, dogwood and cucumber blossoms. Now I know that spring has indeed come again to our hills!

When a man sets out to do any kind of job that is new to him he must first find out what has been done. Investigate! You don't have to go at your work as though nothing had been done since the year 2000 B.C. Begin where the other fellow left off!

—Henry Ford.

"We may be in the Universe as dogs and cats are in our libraries, seeing the books and hearing the conversation, but having no inkling of the meaning of it all."

(William James: *A Pluralist Universe*)

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.

—Emerson.

WANTED ON CUTSHIN

by

MARJORIE JACKSON, R.N., S.C.M.
Frontier Nurse-Midwife now in North Africa

"You're wanted on Cutshin," said the man to me, "the river's in tide, so hit will be a matter of walking." It was a pitch black night, with an east wind blowing and a flurry of snow in the air.

We walked fast and the man chatted gaily, carrying the bags easily, "they hoped it would be a girl."

From the only state bridge on the Middle Fork river we turned left and soon reached a few logs bridging a creek that sounded like a giant Niagara. "Wonder this bridge doesn't give way!" remarked my companion when I was insecurely balanced in the middle. In a few minutes we reached a back yard, where I was informed dwelt an "awfully mean dog." "But," said the man consolingly, "if you talk to hit we might get by all right." The dog came flying towards us, growling ferociously. I hastily muttered what I hoped would be the dog's password and we were allowed to continue on our way, along the river bank.

By this time the roar of the river was much louder, and the mud stickier and footholds less firm, in fact we were soon using hands as well as feet to keep from rolling down the hillside. We talked little (having other things to occupy our breath), but what we did say was very much to the point. "Shouldn't slip here," was one remark. "Hit's a sixty-foot drop to the river." And the path two inches wide! I clutched a blade of grass frantically and looked for somewhere to put my feet.

When we had nearly reached the mouth of Owl's Nest Creek I heard a thud and suddenly missing my guide I wildly shone my flashlight around. To my horror I found my beloved saddlebags vanishing over the cliff edge, and a pair of hands fumbling in the mud. It took me a few seconds to decide which to save, the man or the bags, and during those few seconds he scrambled up unaided, much to my relief.

A mule was waiting for me at Owl's Nest. His owner said apologetically:

"We didn't rightly know if you would ride a scary mule, and the saddle is fixed with string and hardly good for a woman." After the scramble we had had, even a "scary" mule seemed bliss, so I mounted (it wasn't as easy as it sounds—someone had to hang onto the stirrup on the other side to keep the saddle on the mule's back.)

After a few minor incidents, such as sinking to the top of the mule's legs in sand, and slipping on rock, and being "scary" in the middle of a rushing creek, we got going. The path was bad. Overhanging branches, fallen trees, and rocks that had rolled down the hillside, all seemed to choose to stay just in our path, and the hope of reaching the poor woman before the baby arrived seemed very remote.

The mule was splendid in getting over tree trunks; in fact all the credit of our getting to Cutshin Creek was due to that poor animal.

When we at last caught sight of a light flickering in the far distance I thought my eyes were deceiving me, but when we had slid and slithered nearer we plainly heard a lusty yell from the new arrival.

With a word of thanks to the mule and the man, I staggered into the cabin. A dim light, a fire burning low, a white-faced anxious woman on a tumbled bed and somewhere amongst the bedclothes, an eight-pound baby girl.

Two hours later, a clean baby, a happy mother and a bright fire—in fact, a peaceful cabin. All had to be left, and with a sinking heart I faced the return journey.

SEPARATION

By Walter Savage Landor

There is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and eventide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross—alas! alas!

A WELCOME LETTER

This letter from Mrs. Arthur Bray, our Trustee, our guest three times at Hyden and Wendover and devoted friend, came just as this Bulletin went to press. It will thrill all of the Service friends of Mrs. Bray, of Mac, of Peacock and of Alison to read it:

Keldale
Linton Lane
Wetherby
Yorkshire, England
April 15, 1943

"Here are three people spending the evening together, who have been talking about you and the mountains and wishing so much you were here with us. Mac is spending four days with me and Peacock has come to dinner. I am writing this wee note while the two of them are talking nineteen to the dozen. It is such fun and Mac and Peacock are so enjoying meeting after I don't know how many years.

It's lovely to have Mac for a few days and she is just the same dear person. She has made a wonderful recovery with her back and walks well and does not seem to get too tired. All the same, a few lazy days are very, very good for her. I shall hate to lose her in the morning when she is going to friends in Sussex for a few days.

Alison came last night for dinner and stayed the night. She could not come the same night as Peacock. That was fun too.

Oh, how I wish you were here. The April sun is still shining in the drawing room at 8:30 and the air is full of wall-flower scent.

Well, the air is alive with F.N.S. names and thousands of thoughts are coming to you and so much love.

Yours,

SIGNED: Evelyn
Mac
Peacock

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The day is longer than the brae: we will win to the top yet.
Scotch Proverb.

This proverb is brought to mind as one reads *The Outpost*, that fascinating little sheet published monthly by Americans in Britain at Aldwych House, London, W.C. 2. In the February issue, there is a column of quotations taken down by Americans in London who listen to the Axis-controlled radio. Among them is this choice bit:

"The Axis won this war a long time ago; the only difficulty is getting it finished off."

Our Allied victory in Africa suggests that the Axis is still in the throes of finishing off the war they won. As for us, we dare not be too hopeful in gauging when "we will win to the top" of even the European sphere of war, but I recently came across a curious prophecy in an old copy of *Light*, London, of February 21, 1935. Bear in mind that this was written exactly eight years ago. The editor of *Light* says that it is reported in the *Neuigkeits Weltblatt* of Vienna that a Bavarian writer called Baron Kunzendorf quotes one Therese Neumann, a so-called "miracle girl" of Konnersreuth, as prophesying that the Nazi rule in Germany would come to an end in eight years. The report goes on to say that an order was issued for Therese's arrest and she was taken to a concentration camp and kept there for five days. This is put down for what it is worth which will be apparent one way or the other before the end of 1943.

A friend sent us a book called *The Screwtape Letters* by C. S. Lewis, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is published in this country by the Macmillan Company, price \$1.50. This book is being avidly read by first one and then another member of the Frontier Nursing Service staff. Dr. Kooser was so impressed by it that he bought two copies, one for his very own, and one to lend to friends. We aren't going to try to review this book, but we recommend it with no reservation whatever

to everyone who has a sense of humor, a moral consciousness and an intellectual appreciation. This jolly well means that we recommend it to just about everyone who reads the Bulletin. You are practically all of you people with spiritual insight, a robust sense of humor and good mental ability.

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The casualty lists are mounting. Three of the young men who have been killed lately are from families dear to the Service. Bethel Veech Otter is the grandson of our beloved Trustee, Mr. Bethel Veech of Louisville. The Navy Department has written the boy's mother that he died on Bataan Peninsula. This information has come from the Japanese a year after his death through the Red Cross in Switzerland. His mother writes:

"Apparently he went out to meet the hordes of oncoming Japanese, and to fight and die rather than surrender. His commanding officer for two years wrote me that 'Red would have preferred it that way.' I am trying hard to get my boy's point of view."

Derek Rawnsley, a young airman and the son of our British friends Mr. and Mrs. Noel Rawnsley, was killed in Africa. I was privileged to read a letter from him to his father which began "My dearest old man," and which was full not of war but of bright hopes for a brave new world in which people would cooperate, a world where he would work for such cooperation as he had done before the war claimed him.

John Ijams, son of our friend Mrs. J. Horton Ijams of New York, was also an airman and killed in Africa. His mother writes:

"We are immensely proud of Jack's achievements, he lived so fully and joyously that he must have fulfilled his destiny here, and gone on to conquer new worlds."

It is because the mothers and fathers and grandfather of these young men have met their spirit of supreme sacrifice that we are writing rather fully about them. As the war deepens, there will be other deaths like theirs. Courage such as these older people have shown is communicable. Faith also is communicable, faith in a better order here on this piteous planet and in a more real world beyond this one where no young life is wasted, where every destiny is fulfilled.

.

Among the precious babies born this May, babies whose

tiny hands must lift in a few years and carry forward the burdens of earth, is a second son to our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Daily of Washington, D. C. We congratulate this boy on his choice of parents and we wish him good luck.

.

We have received from Mrs. Algernon S. Crapsey of Rochester, New York, twenty-four exquisite baby blankets the borders of which have been crocheted by her own loving hands. She is in her eighty-ninth year and her sight is not good. She apologized for "crooked stitches" which we cannot find. With the blankets came a card on which Mrs. Crapsey had written "in loving memory of Mrs. Ernest Russell Willard and her unflinching devotion to little children."

.

We extend our grateful thanks to Mr. Harvey Fuhrman of Riverdale, New York, who has again furnished the members of our Riverdale Committee with all the materials for the layettes they make us at exact cost to him and so without any profit. The work of the Riverdale Committee for the Frontier Nursing Service, in supporting a nurse and in making layettes every Lenten season, is almost as old as the Service itself.

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This issue of the Bulletin actually goes to press on time. We shall have copies for distribution at the Annual Meeting of Trustees, members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Lafayette Hotel at Lexington, Kentucky, on Saturday, May 29th, at 12:30 p. m. We chose a hotel instead of a country club this year because of gasoline rationing. The Lafayette Hotel is a warm friend of the Frontier Nursing Service, one of our best friends, and they are giving us a good luncheon at a cost of only one dollar inclusive of tips. To celebrate as an event the printing of this Bulletin in the last week of the last month of the quarter (which is the proper time for it to be printed) we venture to insert here a few of the hundreds of kind things that people write us about the Bulletin:

From a Friend in New York:

"I have just read the Winter Bulletin and again am greatly moved by it. Nothing you do is more important than sending

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tiny hands must lift in a few years and carry forward the burdens of earth, is a second son to our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Daily of Washington, D. C. We congratulate this boy on his choice of parents and we wish him good luck.

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We have received from Mrs. Algernon S. Crapsey of Rochester, New York, twenty-four exquisite baby blankets the borders of which have been crocheted by her own loving hands. She is in her eighty-ninth year and her sight is not good. She apologized for "crooked stitches" which we cannot find. With the blankets came a card on which Mrs. Crapsey had written "in loving memory of Mrs. Ernest Russell Willard and her unfailing devotion to little children."

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on the W.R.C. broadcasting station. This broadcast took the form of an interview by Miss Sylvia Milrod, the Director of WINX's Victory Programs, of three members of the Frontier Nursing Service Washington Committee; namely, its Chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner, wife of the Chief Justice of the United States Court of Appeals; Mrs. Stanley Reed, wife of the Associate Supreme Court Justice; and Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, wife of the Representative from Massachusetts. The script for this broadcast was so skillfully designed to bring out not only the charms of the forthcoming Benefit, but the work of the Frontier Nursing Service as well, that it brought results in both the sale of tickets and the sending of checks. Here is a letter that came with one of the checks:

"HONORED AND NOBLE WOMEN—

"Having been Born and grown up, in a region SIMILAR to that described in your Broadcast Yesterday, and SERVED by your Frontier Nursing Service—and knowing so well the pressing Need, and Importance of such service—please allow me to make a modest contribution to your most Noble and Worthy cause—.

Respectfully yours,

SIGNED: A. T. S."

As to the financial returns from this Benefit, they were tip-top. We cleared \$3,339.88.

It is traditional in New York to have the famous amateur organization known as the Blue Hill Troupe (which takes its name from Blue Hill, Maine) give its annual performance of Gilbert and Sullivan opera with the seven charities who use the Bargain Box thrift shop as beneficiaries. None of the seven charities except the Frontier Nursing Service were willing to carry on with this custom this year, so it looked as though the Frontier Nursing Service might have to stand alone in a vast undertaking formerly shared by seven charities. However, the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Playhouse offered to go in with the Frontier Nursing Service for three evening performances, and all hands agreed to give the proceeds of the Saturday matinée to the American Red Cross. At this Benefit took place at the very end of April and beginning of May, it is too early to get the financial returns but we do know that it was a success attended by hundreds of people. Here, too, the pub-

licity given by the New York papers was extremely good and we want especially to mention a singularly appealing illustrated article which appeared in the New York Herald Tribune through the courtesy of Mrs. Dorothy Bromley and which was made up almost entirely of quotations from the letters from our old staff from the various battlefronts of the world. The letters were given to Mrs. Bromley by the New York Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin in copies of the Quarterly Bulletin.

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We have been deeply struck by the increasing publicity about the nurse-midwife and the insatiable demands for nurses trained as midwives. The May issue of *Coronet*, which wisely advises us To Grow Our Own Chickens, has an excellent article by Edith M. Stern called Exit Granny Midwife where it says "with the current war-shortage of doctors, the country is welcoming . . . the 1943 style nurse-midwife." From a member of our National Nursing Council, Miss Naomi Deutsch now in the Canal Zone, we learn that the school of nursing in Panama has for a great many years included a fourth year in its training for nurses for those of its students who wish to prepare themselves to practice midwifery. Nearly every mail brings us letters from State Boards of Health and organizations who want us to supply them with nurse-midwives. These include everything from groups who are planning work for Latin America to crowded city areas short of obstetricians where it is felt that one obstetrician can increase his usefulness five-fold if he is supplied with five nurses trained in midwifery. This is all thrilling but, curiously enough, few of these groups of people are willing to send their own nurses to be trained as midwives,—in other words, to go through the first steps that we took in the Frontier Nursing Service eighteen years ago. One cannot arrive until one has started and the first step is to get the training.

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To many of the young graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery who are plunged suddenly on their own, the period of waiting for their first cases, and the obstacles they must meet, seem formidable. That is why Miss Buck has written her story called The Pages Turn Back printed on page

3 of this Bulletin. To us who read their reports and their letters, it seems as if their services were in eager demand rather quickly. For example, we quote from a recent report from Miss Rosa Clark, R.N., Certified Midwife and a graduate of our School, who has been put in charge of a nurse-midwife demonstration in Oconee County around Tamassee by the South Carolina State Board of Health. Her headquarters are at a school maintained by the D.A.R. Already Miss Clark's work has been so successful that she has been given a second nurse-midwife. We quote from this report:

"A clinic is held weekly by the nurse-midwives in which the patients are thoroughly checked. A doctor attends this clinic once a month to examine all new patients and check any abnormalities found by the nurses.

A fee of \$1.00 is charged for supplies to those patients who are attended at delivery by the nurses. (This is done primarily to protect the pride of the patients.) They are furnished protective medicines such as Calcium and Iron at a very nominal sum. These are given when needed whether or not they are ever paid for.

All the nurse-midwife activities cannot be given in figures but the following may be of interest. They cover the first seven months of the service.

Number of patients registered.....	54
Prenatal home visits.....	184
Prenatal clinic visits.....	125
Delivery of nurse's patients by doctors.....	5
Deliveries by nurse-midwives.....	12
Hospital deliveries	1
Portpartum home visits.....	237
Infant home visits.....	225

The above figures take on more significance if the weather is taken into consideration. This has been a very rainy winter and some of the roads in this section become impassable."

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TEN DAYS OF TOWN AND TRAIN

The afternoon of Sunday, April eleventh, Wini Saxon, of the Wendover staff, and I left Wendover for ten days in New York, Providence, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and Lexington. Not since gasoline was rationed have we been willing to use the Service cars for anything but urgent Service transportation. However, we were able to go out in the station-wagon the 125 miles from Hyden to Lexington because we had three patients with us to see Lexington specialists. One of them, Mrs. Ruck Woods of Bull Creek, was going to have a kidney removed at St. Joseph's Hospital and she had already taken a five-mile

ride on a mule before she could reach the highway and the station-wagon, poor soul. The courier, Fanny McIlvain, drove the station-wagon and her big German Shepherd, Jan, sat with his head out of the window nearly the whole way. Just as we reached Lexington with our precious carful, the engine sighed and died. A wrecking crew from the nearest garage got us in to the garage but the engine needed a bit of new gas line section and it was Sunday. A nice man in the garage took such a section out of his own Ford car and put it in our station-wagon because of the need for getting the patients to their destinations, and especially Mrs. Ruck Woods to the hospital, without any more delay. Kind people abound.

Wini Saxon and I took the train for New York on Monday and got there Tuesday not quite two hours late. After we had washed at the Cosmopolitan Club, we went around to the meeting of the New York Committee at the George Crocker's where the Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, presided and there was a good attendance. The subject under discussion was the Blue Hill Troupe Benefit. It was fascinating to be in on the prodigious work of the Committee and to hear also the reports and discussions of the success of the Bargain Box during the past year. To my joy, our Trustee, Mrs. Alfred Granger, had come from the Middle West and attended the meeting by special invitation. There is a freemasonry among the members of our various Committees that makes any one of them at home at the meeting of another committee. Late that afternoon I met a number of old friends at the Cosmopolitan Club and that night Wini and I took a train for Providence.

We had written our Providence Chairman, Mrs. Edward Jastram, with whom we were to have breakfast, that she need not serve us coffee as we would take a thermos and drink it on the train. Bless her heart, she and Mr. Jastram had fresh coffee made and insisted on our having another cup each. Mrs. Walter Ball dropped in and took us to my first engagement which was at the lovely Wheeler School where I spoke at ten in the morning to an enchanting crowd of girls at the invitation of their Principal, Miss Mabel Van Norman. After that, Mrs. Ball took me over to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. As all of the F.N.S.ers know, she was our courier, Mardi

Bemis, and her fascinating infant, Susan, is a courier-to-be. I had gone there especially to see Susan. To our amazement and deep gratitude, Mardi served us all coffee. We came to the conclusion that she had been saving it bean by bean in order to give us a special treat. From there we went to the Lincoln School to lunch with the Principal, Miss Marion Cole, and her associates. After the luncheon, I spoke to a delectable crowd of girls at this charming place.

The Providence Committee had sent post cards to the Providence subscribers of the Frontier Nursing Service telling them that, through the courtesy of the Schools, we were having these two School meetings which they were free to attend instead of a special meeting for them. When the second meeting was over, Mrs. Jastram took me back to her house again where a number of old Providence friends dropped in for an informal hour with more coffee! There were sandwiches also filled with old home-cured ham and one had the guilty feeling that one was eating up Mr. Jastram's Sunday supper. The way in which Providence friends showered on us the things of which they have so little, like coffee, meat and gasoline, gave a revealing insight into the innate hospitality of that lovely old town. We took a train for Boston that evening. Since I hadn't time to go to Marblehead this visit, my lifelong friend, Mrs. I. H. Jones (we were at school in Switzerland together as girls) came up to Boston to spend the night so that we could have our customary talk of four or five hours' duration.

This brings us to Thursday, a day in which there were three major events for me. Mrs. Codman had a few people to lunch and served some rationed food, bless her. Among them were such old friends of mine and of the Service as Mrs. Horatio Lamb, Mr. Malcolm Donald, Mr. Charles Jackson, Dr. Warren Sisson, and a new friend, Mrs. John Crocker of Groton, whose daughter we hope to have as a courier when she is nineteen. At six that evening we dined with Miss Beatrice Williams at Fox Hall of the University of Boston. She is a friend who goes back to my American Committee for Devastated France days and she has an old mother caught in Paris. She had lately had word of her through the International Red Cross via Switzerland and learned that she had been taken care of last winter

in the American Hospital at Neuilly. One cannot imagine greater anxiety than that of a daughter for a mother held by the Germans in France!

That night at eight o'clock, I spoke to over four hundred nurses under the auspices of the Nurses' Club of the University of Boston in a large hall belonging to the University. I was introduced by Miss Martha Ruth Smith, professor of Nursing Education. Nurses of the senior classes of all the hospital training schools in Boston, nurses taking graduate work at Simmons College, the district nurses, in fact all the nurses who could get off had been invited to come. It was intensely moving to me that hundreds of the busiest people in the world had taken the crowded buses and trams and even trains from outlying towns in order to come to this meeting.

The next morning, Friday, at eleven o'clock we had our Boston Annual Meeting in the Charter Room of the New England Mutual Hall at Copley Square. Members of the Committee received the friends who came and served them hot bouillon and wafers. Our Active Boston Chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, asked our Honorary Chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman, to introduce Dr. William R. Rogers, who introduced me with distinction and charm. The attendance was good for wartime and included a number of people from Marblehead and other areas outside Metropolitan Boston. I had the joy of meeting again a lot of old friends. A few of us lunched together after the meeting and that evening Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Smithwick had a supper for me of some twenty old friends, men and women, with more food than I believed possible for them to have gathered in. Among these friends were Dr. and Mrs. Jason Mixter, Dr. and Mrs. John Rock, Dr. William R. Rogers, our courier Mrs. Andrew Yeomans, Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Mrs. Henry Jackson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker and others that I particularly wanted to see.

Miss Isabella Grandin drove Wini Saxon and me out to the Smithwicks (more gifts of gasoline) and stopped first at Mrs. John B. Swift's home in Chestnut Hill for me to see my old friend Winifred Rand of the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit who has been ill this winter in Boston.

After this utterly delightful supper and an informal talk

on my part about the impact of the war on the Kentucky mountains and in the Frontier Nursing Service, Miss Grandin took us back to our hotel where we closed our bags and dashed to the station to catch a night train for Washington. This brings us to Saturday and from then until Tuesday afternoon we were continuously in Washington.

The first thing on Saturday was a luncheon given in my honor, and with plenty to eat, by Mrs. Edwin A. Locke, Jr., our old courier Dorothy Clark. She had about twenty of the most charming women in Washington to meet me at her place which is a lovely old house in Georgetown. The purpose of the meeting was for me to talk informally about the Frontier Nursing Service before we all went over to the Mayflower for the big annual event of the Frontier Nursing Service in Washington. I had a chance to see Dot's three children,—one of the dearest and prettiest little girls I ever met, a splendid small boy and a magnificent baby boy. The girl is ours as Dot is bringing her up to be a courier.

With our Washington Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, I got to the Mayflower an hour ahead of the Benefit but already people were arriving and filling the front seats of the huge ballroom. Several members of the Committee were on hand and it's fortunate they were because lots of things needed attention. The front screen around Miss Skinner's improvised dressing room was so low that people in the upper boxes could have spotted her. An electrician had to be found to connect up a phonograph. Chairs and yet more chairs had to be added everywhere on the floor and in the galleries for the people who were streaming in.

It is the only time that I have ever seen the Chairman of a Committee worried because a Benefit was too big. Mrs. Groner thought the young people at the door would have to stop selling tickets as there was standing room only, but Mrs. Perin, Mrs. Wigglesworth and other efficient members of the Committee located men to bring more and more chairs. Even so, the place was jammed.

As in other years in Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt graciously headed our list of patronesses, but she could not attend the Benefit. Mrs. Wallace and Lady Halifax did attend and sat in

Mrs. Groner's box. Mrs. Groner introduced me to the audience and I introduced Cornelia Otis Skinner whose graciousness in coming to us when John Mason Brown went into Naval Intelligence and was sent overseas was only exceeded by the loveliness of her performance on our behalf. She told me that she had included the presentation of the nurse at Corregidor because of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was as deeply moving as her other scenes were sparkling. What a range is covered by her art!

After the performance, we met in one of the dining rooms off the ballroom at the Mayflower as we do each year for refreshments (light because of the war) and the opportunity of meeting one another. That part of the afternoon is one of utter joy to me because I run into so many friends unexpectedly. Among them was our courier Carmen Mumford, in her Red Cross uniform, and it was the only time I saw her because she left Washington the next day for foreign service. Another courier, Mrs. Herbert Holbrook (Betty Wynne Rugee) of Milwaukee, ran up to me and I didn't even know she was in Washington. Mary Wilson Neal was there with her husband. Still a fourth courier, Louise Lewis of New Haven, turned up as did an old friend from Fort Smith, Arkansas, also a Marine officer's wife from Quantico whose husband is just off Guadalcanal, and a French woman (married to an American) I knew as a young girl at the Entrepot of the American Committee for Devastated France and had not laid eyes on in twenty years. Then there are all the regular Washington friends, like Dr. and Mrs. Greene, Robert Woolley, Justice Groner and various members of the Washington Committee whose dear labors had accomplished so much. Unfortunately, Mrs. John W. Davidge, Benefit Chairman, got sick the day of the Benefit and couldn't attend.

That same Saturday evening (and what a day it had been since we got off the Boston train early in the morning) our own Marion Shouse Lewis took us to Mrs. Reeve Lewis' place where we had dinner. Marion's husband, Lieutenant Reeve Lewis, U.S.N.R., joined us before dinner as did the young Harry Mitchells who had worked so hard for the success of the Benefit. It was an evening as stimulating as it was restful.

On Palm Sunday I went to old St. John's Church across from my hotel. There were no formal engagements for that day but I lunched with the Richard Wigglesworths and their children at their charming old house in Georgetown and a string of friends and cousins came in to see us in the afternoon and evening, such as the Henry Waites, Princess Margaret Boncompagni, Charles Kerr, Marguerite Woolley, Mrs. E. Waring Wilson.

Monday was a busy day and Marion Shouse Lewis gave her whole time and a week's gasoline, bless her, to taking us to our engagements in a deluge of wind and rain. We had a most interesting talk with Commissioner Collier of the Indian Bureau and with Dr. Yeager and Dr. Mackie of the Division of Health and Sanitation of Inter-American Affairs. We were back at the hotel to serve tea to Miss Matilda E. Hume of my own St. Luke's Hospital whose interest in our American Indians is poignant. Then Marion took us to her house where Mrs. Guido Perera, Miss Anne Carter Greene and Mrs. Edwin A. Locke, Jr., met to talk over the results of the Benefit. After that we went to Justice and Mrs. Groner's to a family dinner with more talk of the Benefit and much stimulating general conversation.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Gilbert Humphrey (Louise Ireland of Cleveland) and her husband brought their adorable twin babies to the hotel to see me on their way to their pediatrician. The boy, George, has a magnificent head and the girl, Margaret (Margot) who will succeed her mother as a courier some day, is a winning baby. I couldn't bear to leave without seeing these babies. Marion Lewis stayed for lunch and Miss Ruth G. Taylor and Dr. Edwin Daily of the Children's Bureau joined us at lunch. It was so kind of them to do this as I wanted to see them both and it saved a most wearisome cross-town trip for me.

That afternoon, Wini Saxon and I went to Baltimore. The F.N.S.'s Johns Hopkins nursing students, Elisabeth Holmes and Doris Sinclair, had arranged a place for Wini to stay near them and I stayed overnight with our Baltimore Chairman and lifelong family friend, Dr. John Bergland and Mrs. Bergland. Another lifelong friend, Mrs. J. William McMillan, came to dinner. We had a drawing-room meeting of Baltimore friends that night at the Berglands' house. Among those who came were our Vice-

chairman, Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon; my kinsman, Dr. Cary Breckinridge Gamble; and two of the old couriers, Betsy Pagon and Nancy Cadwalader; and of course the two from Johns Hopkins who brought friends. It was a heartwarming and dear meeting. Before I returned to Washington the next afternoon, Mrs. McMillan had Mrs. Bergland, Mrs. Gamble and me to lunch at the Mount Vernon Club.

The Washington station is a nightmare to me and I seemed to have to go through it continually on this trip. We had to go all the way back to the hotel in Washington to get our tickets because the porter had not been able to get reservations before we went to Baltimore. That meant three periods in the Washington station in twenty-four hours which was two too much. Finally, we caught the George Washington at 6:01 p.m. and reached Lexington Thursday morning, April twenty-second. There were a few things to do there but we were able to start for the mountains not long after an early lunch. The station-wagon had come down with a stretcher in the back because we were taking Mrs. Ruck Woods back to our own Hospital at Hyden. She stood the trip beautifully and we had the satisfaction of seeing her stretcher carried into the Hospital about five hours after we left Lexington. It will never cease to give me a thrill to be the nurse who takes out or brings back some of the patients.

We had only been out of Kentucky ten days on this trip but we had seen so many people and made so many talks and traveled on so many railroads and, above all, struggled through so many stations that it seemed like ten months in retrospect,—a crowded time but one shot through with pleasant memories.

JUST JOKES, MEEK MEN

Judge (hearing traffic case): "Had you complete command of yourself at the time of the accident?"

Meeker: "Er—no, sir; my wife was with me."

A meek little man was in court for a minor offense.

"Were you ever in trouble before?" asked the judge.

"Well, er—er," was the hesitating response, "I kept a library book too long once and was fined ten cents."

FIELD NOTES

If thou hast a fearful thought, share it not with a weakling,
Whisper it to thy saddle-bow; and ride forth singing.

King Alfred the Great.

Which of us hasn't fearful thoughts in times like these? King Alfred's ancient advice conforms to the facts that modern psychology has revealed to us. Fearful thoughts expressed to weaklings can start a veritable contagion, but they may safely be whispered to one's saddle-bow and overcome by the singing heart.

There are times, however, when the full weight of the war in any one community crashes upon one's consciousness in a degree that is almost unbearable. Such a time came to me one night in early April when I was asked by the Rev. B. P. Deaton to speak in his Church at Wooton to a gathering of the community of older men and women and young girls. This community reaches from Dixon's Branch of Cutshin Creek down to Macintosh Creek and includes the tributary creeks and branches. Some four or five hundred families live in isolated homesteads in this scattered neighborhood of the mountains and, in the Church, there was a Service flag of 117 stars. That many young men had gone into the Army, Navy and Marines from that handful of families. Where but in the Kentucky mountains could a neighborhood of that size give so many sons? Again and again these Scottish lines have come back to my remembrance:

Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he no come back again.

I was both honored and touched to receive an invitation this year to give the commencement address to the students of the Leslie County High School at Hyden. The class of students to graduate was much smaller than normal and included only four boys. Our young people in here have so terrific a struggle to get an education, most of them in the one-room schoolhouses

with terms of seven months only from July to January (and this brief period interrupted by the need to get out and harvest and by storms that often make the creeks to be forded impassable for children), that they are late in getting to high school. Aside from all else, those children who don't live within reachable distance of the high school have got to be boarded in town by their parents, who often cannot afford to board but one child at a time. This means that, after superhuman efforts, the child who goes to high school is usually older than in cities where he has nine months term of grammar schooling and where his people can let him attend high school and live at home. All of this means that a great many of the boys were eighteen when they reached their senior year, or before they reached it, and these boys have gone to war. Georgia Shepherd, in the Salutatory, and Carl Childers, in the Valedictory address, spoke of the comrades who were training for fighting instead of for civil life, and read a letter from one of them wishing his fellow students good luck.

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The nurses at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus wanted to buy some hay from the farm of Mrs. Sara Jane Baker. She had moved up with her husband to work in the war plants in Ohio but when she heard through her tenant, Granville Davidson, that the nurses wanted to buy the hay, she wrote the following letter:

"Granville Davidson, who lives on our farm, informed us that you wished to buy what hay we have there. We won't sell it to you, but gladly give it to you in appreciation for the services your Service has given us.

"Only two-thirds of the hay belongs to us. The other third belongs to Kenis and Lizzie Davidson. So when you send for your share, will you please insist that she be there when it is divided? I'm afraid it is rather a mess since it isn't baled as it should have been. Maybe your horses will get a few meals from it, though.

"Wishing you the best of everything,

Sincerely yours,

Signed: SARA JANE BAKER."

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As we go to press, Ruth Jolliffe ("Jolly") is leaving us after a year's most efficient work as Statistician. We are fortunate in having one of the old record department return to us. This

is Mrs. Arthur Byrne ("Jerry" White) who left us last September to get married. Now her husband is in the war and she is coming back to us for the duration.

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We have been lucky the early part of this spring in having both Jean Hollins of Long Island and Fanny McIlvain of Philadelphia as resident couriers. Jean is leaving as we go to press for her home on Long Island, but Fanny will stay on until Jean returns in August.

The senior courier was Ellen Bruce of Eccleston, Maryland, one of the ablest of all our crowd. Here is a picture of Ellen with her Terrier, Suivez, who made rounds with her in her saddlebags and often clung by an eyelash to the horse's mane when Ellen rode bare-back down to Muncy Ford. Suivez is a most engaging creature.

The junior couriers are Katharine Clarke of New York and Elsie Rockefeller of Greenwich, Connecticut. They are both most responsible girls and excellent horsemen.

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ELLEN BRUCE AND SUIVEZ RIDING
HEATHER

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A wedding of deep interest to the Frontier Nursing Service is that of Dorothy, the only daughter of our beloved Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard, who has married Mr. James Shelby Hall and who writes us that she has "the grandest husband in the world."

Another wedding among our friends is that of Miss Amanda Jane Knuckles to Mr. Michael M. Kelly on February fourteenth of this year. None of us have ever met Miss Knuckles but for over two years we have known her friendly courteous voice. She has taken our telegrams in and out of the mountains through the Krypton exchange and her patience with the poor phone connection, her anxiousness to get everything exactly right, have made her one of the most useful people in the world to the Frontier Nursing Service. We rejoice that her marriage is not taking her from Krypton, we wish her every happiness and we deeply appreciate a letter from her in which she says:

"May I say friends of mine since we have talked for over two years on the phone? . . . In this war torn world I look for and listen for kind voices, words of inspiration and beautiful words. . . . I sincerely ask your earnest prayers for a peaceful life."

We do not have as many guests now as we did before the gasoline rationing but we have had some particularly lovely ones. Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, came to see us again and was so kind as to write an article printed elsewhere in this Bulletin. Miss Ruth Doran, the consultant in midwifery for the Children's Bureau, spent ten days with us and was a real inspiration. When Dr. Chenoweth, from the State Board of Health, came up for only one night at the Hospital to hold the examinations for the graduate-nurse student midwives who had just finished the six months' course at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Miss Ruth Heintzelman of the Children's Bureau and Mrs. Helen C. Curry of the State Board of Health came up with her and spent the night at Wendover. It was an all-too-brief visit from three of the nicest people in the world. Miss Marjorie Grant, State Nutritionist, gave us several days and stayed with the Koosers at Joy House. We did learn a lot from her. As we go to press, our Trustee and dear friend, Miss Margaret Gage, is here with us.

A most welcome visit was that made us for several days by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sterner from the Henry Bickel Company of Louisville. The Bulletin readers already know how much we owe to Mr. George Bickel in sending up Mr. Sterner to give

professional expert advice on the slide below the Hospital at Hyden. You will all be delighted to hear that the work done on his advice, and paid for by the Mary Parker Gill Fund through the U. S. Trust Company in Louisville, has held up through the most terrifically freezing and rainy (alternating) weather that we have had in years. All that remains to be done on it is to move the débris from the foot of the slide and that will be done sometime this summer by the State Highway Department.

What we suffer from slides in this mountain country passes human belief. We have come to the conclusion that faith is not needed to move mountains in here but faith and works are both desperately needed always to keep them from moving. We have just come through a dry cycle of several years and entered a wet cycle which, presumably, also will last several years. There have been endless slides all over the roads and trails, and in and on the retaining walls of our various properties. The Hospital has had all of its pipe connections from the deep two-hundred-foot well up to the tank and down to the Hospital broken eight times on several different occasions. Every time the pipes have had to be dug up and reset and every time the Hospital has had to go low on water so as not to use up its tank reserve. Finally, the pump and motor broke down from a sand slide deep in the well and it was some days before this could be remedied. Mercifully for us, we did not have to get in a well-bailer. We had in our friends, Mr. Smith and Mr. Montgomery from Hazard, and an engineer came in from the Fairbanks Morse Company who said that he thought our pump and motor could carry off the sand from any more slides from now on but if not, we should get a turbine pump. He added that one couldn't be had for 225 days!

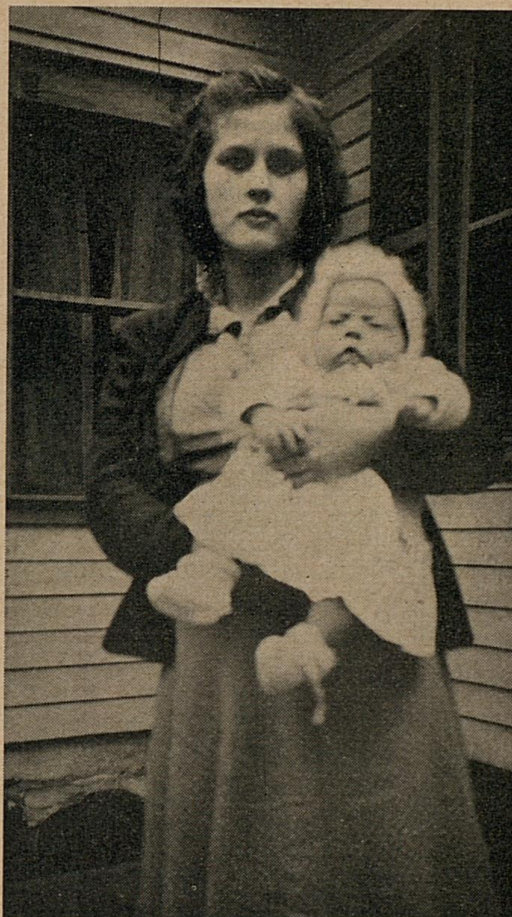
The immediate occasion of Mr. Sterner's visit to us was his wish and that of Mr. George Bickel to be of help to us again. The great retaining wall behind the Garden House, the new part, began to cave in. Props had to be thrown up in the basement as an added support to the house. All the workmen we could rake together have, upon Mr. Sterner's advice, been tearing down the retaining wall and excavating behind it. We have

caught one vicious subterranean stream that had lain dormant for years and that refused to come out of the pipes provided in the wall as exits for just such things. Since we built the Garden House for less than the estimates of its cost, there was money left over to handle this emergency, so that we have not had to ask anyone for extra funds.

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The Frontier Nursing Service has given a "son" to the war. One of the first babies we delivered, Maurice Morgan, aged seventeen, has just joined the Navy.

We mentioned in our Winter Bulletin that the Frontier Nursing Service became a "grandmother" on January 8, 1943. Many friends were interested in this announcement. We take pleasure in printing herewith a picture of this baby and his mother taken at the Beech Fork Nursing Center.



The First "Grandchild" of The Frontier Nursing Service, Richard Charles Hoskins, and His Mother.

"COME AGAIN LATER!"

This is the story of the subaltern who was woken up with the news that 500 Italians wanted to surrender.

"Tell them they can't," he said sleepily. "The battle isn't 'till tomorrow. Tell them to come again later."

—English Newspaper.

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington, Kentucky.

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
 2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
 3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
 4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
 5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
 6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.
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The principal of these gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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



Dr. John H. Kooser
Lower Left

Johnny
on
Calico
1942

John



"Aunt Hattie's Barn"
Upper Center

Nancy
on
Danny Boy
1942

Nancy



Children of
Dr. and Mrs.
John H. Kooser

These pictures are given
in response to requests
from members of the old
Staff from all over the
world.



Nancy
and
Tyloe
1943



Johnny
and
Mike
1943

