

*The Quarterly Bulletin*  
*of*  
*The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.*

VOLUME 19

WINTER, 1944

NUMBER 3

THE ROAD TO WENDOVER



COURIERS

FANNY McILVAIN

JEAN HOLLINS





THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.  
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

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"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,  
under Act of March 3, 1879."

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## PAGES FROM OUR EARLY HISTORY

1928 and 1931

Illustrated by Pictures Taken at the Time

We are so often asked questions about the early years of the Frontier Nursing Service that we decided to print in the Quarterly Bulletin the following two articles THE NURSE ON HORSEBACK, originally written for the *Woman's Journal*, and NURSES ON HORSEBACK, originally written for *Hygeia*, because they answer some of these questions. They will not have been seen by most of our membership of nearly four thousand people. *Hygeia* has extended us the courtesy of republication of NURSES ON HORSEBACK, and so far as our records show, this is the first time this title was used in a copyrighted publication outside our own publicity. Our letter to the *Woman's Journal*, published by the Woman Citizen Corporation of New York, requesting the same permission, has been returned to us with address unknown. We are driven to assume that this magazine is no longer published and if we are remiss in not getting permission to reprint, we are sorry, but we don't know any other way to go about it.

These two articles, between them, show the growth of the Frontier Nursing Service from its early beginnings as the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies to its expansion over the large territory we covered by the summer of 1930 when Mrs. Solenberger visited us. That was the year in which we began work on the nursing centers at Brutus and Bowlington and had taken up their districts. Some of the staff who were with us in other years are now scattered over the seven seas and three are dead. To old friends who read them, the following pages of early history are like rosemary, for remembrance.





THE U. S. MAIL AND THE FRONTIER NURSE-MIDWIFE

## The Nurse On Horseback

(Abridged)

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

PUBLISHED IN THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL—FEBRUARY 1928

Nowhere is a more difficult scene set for a nursing service to rural regions of the United States than in Leslie County, Kentucky. That is why the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies chose it as the county in which to begin its adventure—the adventure of bringing trained nurse-midwives to a countryside in which doctors are very rare. The adventure has now passed its second birthday, and in that time we have extended its limits until we cover nearly two hundred and fifty square miles of rugged highlands through which the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River cascades picturesquely in country of unsurpassed loveliness.

So remote are we from the turmoil of city life that it takes Uncle Sam's mail ten hours to travel overland from the railroad to Hyden, our county seat, by mule wagon. There the letters for our centers farther up the river lie over night and travel to



us on muleback the next day. So that when a letter from Lexington, Kentucky, about one hundred and forty miles away, reaches us at Wendover or at the Up River center, it has been on the road thirty-six to forty hours.

There is no railroad in our county, no automobile road as yet, and no horse bridge over the river. Foot-bridges are swung by cable about thirty feet above the water-bed, and when the river rises in a few hours fifteen or twenty feet, following a heavy rainfall, or the melting of snow, these foot-bridges are the only means of getting across to "yon side." During the terrible high waters of last winter, when the river almost reached the level of the bridges, the beams holding them up on both sides were so badly washed that three out of the five bridges fell in and were carried down with the trees and fences and other debris of the floods.

At the height of the storm, one of the nurse-midwives was called out on a delivery and followed the father across the swinging bridge at Hyden, with the flood only a few feet below.

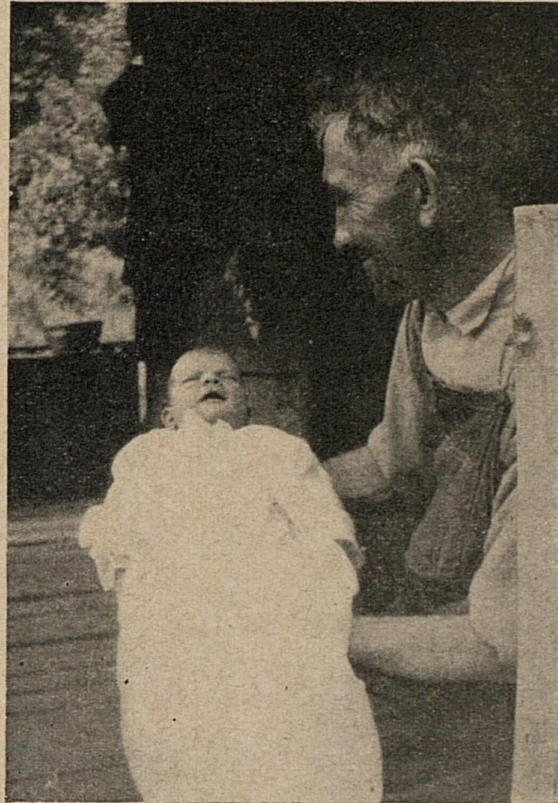
The expression used in the mountains for these freshets is "tides"—not so much a left-over from the days, one hundred and fifty years ago, when ancestors of the mountaineer lived in an island country and watched the ebb and flow of the sea, as an Elizabethan form of speech: "There is a tide in the affairs of men."

Often, with us in the Kentucky mountains, the river rises only a few feet, and then the nurses, in riding across the fords, just above the rapids, find their horses have to swim a "few licks." This is a bit disconcerting for a new nurse, especially if she is not used to riding and her mount is a frisky creature like Lady Jane or Teddy Bear, Silver or Major, Bruna or Dude.

"What makes him go sideways?" she calls out like Dicken's Mr. Snodgrass from the bin, when Mr. Winkle cavorted by at the mercy of his "tall quadruped." And it doesn't reassure her much to have a passing mountaineer reply composedly: "Oh, he's just manœuvrish and feisty." But usually the newcomer gets an animal of settled habits like Nellie Gray, to whom a river, however high it is rising, is just a wet place between her and the barn, to be crossed without one retarding caper.



Each nurse saddles and feeds and grooms her own horse, and no Arab ever loved his any better than we love ours. Not only the nurse's own life, on dark winter nights, but those the stork is bringing, depend on the speed and surefootedness of a devoted creature whose flying hoofs scatter the rocks from the narrow trails up creek beds and over the gaps of the tallest mountain. No matter what the weather, if the man can come for the nurse, the nurse can go with him. One of them followed a father up Thousand Sticks Mountain one time in a blinding storm, the last few hundred yards on all fours, he throwing the saddle bags up above them every few steps and both climbing up after.



MOUNTAIN FATHER AND BABY

At Wendover a nurse was called out at 4:30 o'clock on the morning after Christmas for a case on Coon Creek, six miles away. The man who fetched her said the back water from the river covered the road most of the last mile and his horse had sometimes to swim. The nurse rode off with him into the gray dawn. Eight hours later her horse, Nellie Gray, came back dripping wet, saddle bags dangling, and riderless. If one's hair turned white *every time*, we should all be crowned with snow. This time the strain was not for long. Soon the missing nurse came down the trail. She had been dragged off her horse but was uninjured.

What is this trained service of ours—the only one within these mountaineers' reach? It is a group of public health nurses who must be trained as midwives, as well as in nursing,



to qualify permanently on our staff. At the close of our first two years we have ten of them. They include American-trained nurses who have gone to England at their own expense to take the preparation given nurses in midwifery there and pass the English Central Midwives Board examinations; and equally splendid English nurses, three of them from the famous Queen's Nursing Service, who have come to help us put over in the new world the program which has lowered the death rate of mothers and babies in the old.

Our nurses live in centers, each in the heart of her district, in a radius of not more—sometimes less—than five miles in all directions. Such an area is approximately seventy-eight square miles—a huge territory, and yet the nurse in the heart of such a district is not more than five miles on horseback from her farthest patient.

The oldest of these centers is in Hyden, the county seat. There we have a loosely-made rented wooden house, with floors of one thickness of unseasoned wood, much warped, between the planks of which the wind whistles all winter. But there we are now building a hospital. It is a charming house of the native stone and stands on the slopes of Thousand Sticks Mountain above the little county seat, looking up and down the river. The site was given by our Chairman, Alexander J. A. Alexander. The central section of the new building is the gift of the Mary Parker Gill Estate of Louisville through the United States Trust Company, and the right section the gift of Mrs. Thruston Ballard of Louisville, in memory of her daughter, Mrs. David Morton.

Wendover, our next center following the river, is my home, and was built in memory of my two little children. The house, which is big enough for administration headquarters and guest house, as well as nursing center, is of logs, as are all the out-buildings, and the whole is so picturesque in its setting of beech forest that Little Red Riding Hood and Hop O' My Thumb would find themselves at home if they chanced by. Many are the children and their mothers who come in for visits of varying lengths, to bless the timbers with their presence.

Our third center, the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial, given by Helen Draper Ayer, of Boston, in memory of her Kentucky



mother, we call Up River [Beech Fork], as it is our farthest point up the Middle Fork. It is a white cottage with green shutters, in a forest above the stream, and has a dispensary, waiting room, living room, kitchen and two bedrooms, with two verandas and four guest beds tucked in odd corners. Teams from this center take four days to go to the railroad and return.

Possum Bend, the gift of Mrs. Chester Bolton, of Cleveland, is the last of the four district nursing centers. Situated on the lower reaches of the river, thirty miles below Up River, it is a charming house with ample dispensary and living quarters and a sleeping porch big enough to serve as a ward for special clinics. The money for another center has been given by Mrs. Henry Ford.

Our reason for existence is that America is still a frontiersmen's country for millions of citizens of the old stock, and because of that she has the highest death rate of mothers in childbirth in the civilized world. Fifteen other nations have a lower rate than ours. We lose approximately twenty thousand women every year in childbirth, more than from any other cause except tuberculosis. We have lost more women in childbirth in our history as a nation than men in battle. Maternity is, in very truth, the young woman's battlefield. Childbirth is the one basic fact underlying all others. No matter what we plan for the next



MOUNTAIN MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN



generation, it must first be born. To be born successfully is a prerequisite of any career. To survive the birth of her children is the right of an American woman.

What of the babies themselves for whom so much danger and suffering is undergone? We lose in America every year approximately 100,000 infants in the first month of life from causes due to childbirth, with perhaps as many stillbirths over and above that. A newborn baby of the old stock in America has less chance of life than a man ninety years old. There is no more hazardous occupation than just being born an American citizen.

To know these facts should be sufficient to lead us toward an attempt at changing them in the mountain wilderness so close at our hand. This is what a group of us in Kentucky thought between two and three years ago when we organized this Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, and declared our purpose—"To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and young children by providing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas where resident physicians are few and far between—these nurse-midwives to work under supervision; in compliance with the Regulations for Midwives of the State Board of Health, and the law governing the Registration of Nurses in Kentucky; and in cooperation with the nearest medical service."

With stirring resolutions proposed by Mrs. S. C. Henning, of Louisville, we formed and later incorporated our association. We had found by patient study that the fifteen other nations with lower death rates than ours had no better medical or nursing services, if as good, in their centers of civilization, but had one and all something which we totally lacked, and that was a skilled service of trained midwives for every peasant mother in Pyrenees and Alps, Highlands and Apennines. These midwives, trained in the centers of civilization by the obstetricians, and supervised, are able to reach the remotely rural mother, who is otherwise without skilled care.

We found that this work, so highly specialized on the continent of Europe, is in Great Britain, especially in isolated posts, usually grafted on to the nursing under the Florence Nightingale traditions. We have adopted this generalized system, which insures skilled nursing for the sick, and preventive hygiene, as well



as maternal and infant care. We use the Scotch Highland method in local formations. We select a District Nursing Committee from among the leading mountaineers in the area covered by each nursing center. This committee meets monthly at the center to hear the nurses' report and advise with them. They have stood between us and many mistakes. They help in other ways. Boyd Campbell, the chairman of the Possum Bend Committee, at Confluence, raised over \$500 in supplies and labor and cash from seventy-six neighbors to help build the nursing center there.

In fees we follow the Scotch Highland method of a small yearly charge which insures nursing care for a family, and we charge a \$5.00 midwifery fee, which is often paid in fodder for the horses or by the husband's labor. Sometimes we carry an account which is afterward repaid us—for instance: One of our Hyden Committee, a very responsible man, had a grown son needing hospital care in Lexington. We paid the bill for him at St. Joseph's for six weeks in the spring. It came to over \$60.00. The following October the father repaid us every penny in cane hay delivered in our barns. St. Joseph's Hospital didn't need the hay. We did. By carrying the account until the hay was gathered we got the boy under treatment in time to restore him, and preserved the father's sense of personal integrity.

Due to the appalling scarcity of medical service in our country districts, we have been asked by the State Board of Health of Kentucky, whose chief, Dr. Arthur McCormack, has been our big friend from the beginning and is one of our trustees, to give hookworm treatment and inoculate against typhoid and diphtheria. Because we render our neighbors essential services in hours of pain and danger, and because their leaders are on our district committees, they cooperate with us in this preventive work. Such has been their response that during the first two years since our nursing began we have given 6,360 inoculations against typhoid and diphtheria alone, and have practically eliminated these two preventable diseases from the area we cover. Through the generosity of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, which furnishes passes for our patients and their nurses, and of our leading Louisville and Lexington doctors, who give their services, we are enabled to take special cases down out of the mountains for treatment in the city hospitals.



Enough has perhaps been written to show that we are rendering an essential service, not only to maternity and infancy, which are our primary objectives, but to a whole population of the most sterling people in America today. The thing we want our friends to understand is that we get great fun doing it. When they struggle in to see us they are struck with the happy, eager faces of our nurses. Just at the moment of writing, one of these has been moving from the one-room log cabin she has occupied in the Possum Bend District, since July, into permanent quarters which are not yet complete. She reports:

"Yes, we are in, among the shavings, but in. The rains and wind beat in the cabin last night so badly we were almost floating into the river. So Van and I decided, at 3 A. M., to race a tide and cart our belongings into the center. So here we are, at least dry, and our horses under shelter. I wish you could have seen us loading our 'plunder' and wondering if we could make another load before the river rose too high. We managed to get in three loads, leaving one for when the river went down. Lady Jane and I finally made our way swimming, but nevertheless we made it. The new house is the most beautiful ever built."

The nurse had never ridden in her life when she came in twenty months ago. Her horse had to be led for her the first few miles after leaving the railroad. Now she takes quite casually swimming away from one home to another in November at three in the morning on our friskiest animal, the redoubtable Lady Jane. Such is the personnel of the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies. The governing body of the Committee is convinced that no finer group of women than these nurses were ever assembled, and one of Uncle Sam's officers, who has twice been up to see us, calls them the "Marines."

There is everything in the goal one sets out to reach.

"He whom a dream hath possessed,  
treads the impalpable marches,  
From the dust of the day's long road,  
he leaps to a laughing star."





SOME OF THE STAFF OF THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE IN A TYPICAL SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN SETTING

## Nurses On Horseback

(Abridged)

by

EDITH REEVES SOLENBERGER

PUBLISHED IN HYGEIA - JULY 1931

The Frontier Nursing Service has set out to provide nursing, public health service and midwifery under medical direction, and also dentistry, for the remotest sections of the southern mountains. Its work began five and a half years ago with two nurse-midwives in a remote Kentucky country in which in an area 50 miles square [over 2,000 square miles] there was no resident physician for a population of 10,000 people. The Service now has twenty-eight nurse-midwives, its own physician, in cooperation with the state health authorities, and an affiliation with an-



other doctor maintained by a medical mission. For six months of the year it has a dentist, in cooperation with the state health authorities.

The country is a veritable frontier—no railroads, no automobile roads, no bridges over its rivers and creeks. It is difficult for outsiders to realize how utterly remote are some of the farther pockets in this region of many streams and narrow valleys between steep, wooded hills. One would be put to it to lay out a golf course or even a croquet set within the 375 square miles of Leslie County, where the service began, and would find it only a little less difficult in most parts of the adjoining counties of Clay and Perry into which the service has expanded to cover a total of nearly 1,000 square miles. Land usable for farming is so scant that the people are very poor. Timber, white oak and black walnut, is the cash crop and is floated out in rafts on the "tides" which come to the rivers with the melting snows in the spring.

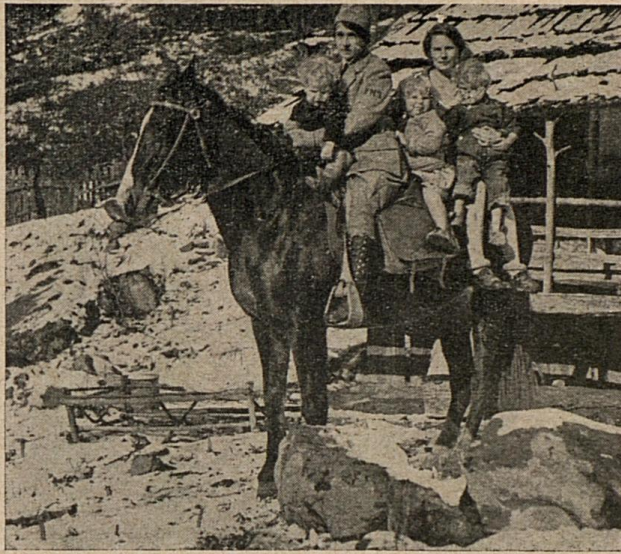
The mountaineers for whom the doctor and nurses work, and among whom they live as neighbors, are all of old American stock; their ancestors came south from the older colonies long before the American Revolution. Most of them were of English, Highland Scotch or Scotch-Irish descent, with a sprinkling of French Huguenots. They have been long immured from contact with the industrial development and varied immigration that have transformed other sections of the United States. Their continued use of old English words and phrases and the preservation of folklore and ballads forgotten in England itself have fascinated many friendly observers like the Americans, Dr. and Mrs. John C. Campbell, and Cecil J. Sharp of England, who collected a thousand old British ballads still sung in the southern mountains.

The mountaineers present a definite physical type—tall, lean, of great endurance, in temperament self-reliant, highly individualized, scorning charity, deeply religious and as closely interested in discussion of theological points as any native Scot. They have a real dignity, which includes friendliness toward those visitors who do not adopt a patronizing air. The men are almost invariably skilled marksmen; in all American wars they have been notable soldiers; that is, notable as "dead shots" and for courage and initiative, but sometimes worrisome to superior officers be-



cause they disliked routine drill and were homesick for mountain air and water.

The Frontier Nursing Service was started in 1925 by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge whose family background and experience gave her an easy approach to the people she wished to help. She prepared for the work by general nurses' training at St. Luke's Hospital in New York and later a midwife's course in London, passing the examinations of the English Central Midwives' Board. She made a long trip through the Scottish highlands and the islands of the outer Hebrides studying the work of nurse-midwives there as a partial pattern for the new service.



TAKING A MOUNTAIN FAMILY TO THE DOCTOR

Before this, Mrs. Breckinridge had spent two months on horseback in the Kentucky mountains, locating the midwives who had reported 824 of the 968 births for the preceding year, together with twenty other midwives who had not reported. Next came a careful survey [to locate unreported births and deaths] endorsed by the state statistician and directed by Miss Bertram Ireland, an Englishwoman, who was lent for this purpose by the Committee on Maternal Health.

Both studies showed that any attempt to improve the work of the midwives would be a hopeless waste of energy. Their average in age was over 60; they varied in intelligence and degree of cleanliness, and all were ignorant and superstitious. The Service has now practically replaced these midwives, oozing into their territory with such tact that hardly any of them or their families have been antagonized. Indeed some of them have become staunch supporters of the new service, calling in the nurses for their own granddaughters.



The Service has two keynotes: first, local backing with widespread support and, second, decentralized organization. Following the custom of the nursing service in Scotland and in line also with the natural independence of the mountaineers, small charges are made to patients, \$1 per year per family for general nursing care and \$5 for prenatal, delivery and postnatal care of a maternity case. The latter was the charge of the old midwives. Even these amounts must often be paid by work.

The bulk of the cost of the Service, the budget of which five years ago was \$11,000 and is now \$126,000, is supplied by gifts, a large part from more prosperous sections of Kentucky, the remainder from all parts of the United States, especially twelve large cities with active committees. Backers of the Service believe that such gifts are as reasonable as donations to schools and colleges which are not expected to maintain themselves on students' fees only and to district city nursing services where the fees meet a fraction of the costs.

But the interested outsiders work through rather than for local committees made up of the best of the mountain people themselves, the doctors and judges, preachers and teachers of county seat towns and some natural leaders among the country people with whom the nurses work. Sites for centers, much labor and often intelligent planning have been contributed by the country people.

The Service is decentralized because of the difficult transportation situation. Each nurse has a district. Specialization is not attempted save in the sense that all nurses have had training in midwifery. Nine nursing centers, with usually two nurses living at each, have been located at strategic points. An eighteen-bed hospital and clinic building of stone, in the town of Hyden, serves as one center. Here one of the physicians is in residence. The other eight centers, including Wendover, Mrs. Breckinridge's log home, with rooms for secretaries and guests, are attractive houses of logs or shingles or clapboards, all situated in wildly beautiful valleys far from any town.

Each center has a dispensary room for the nurses' clinic and other patients' calls, storage space for supplies, a living room with a big fireplace easily supplied with wood from the forest all about, a bathroom with modern plumbing, kitchen, and a sleep-



ing room for each nurse and one for the housekeeper, always a local woman, who takes messages when the nurses are out making calls.

The little hospital at Hyden, whose medical work is directed by the physician now living there but open to the practice of any state-licensed doctor within reach, was dedicated in 1928 by Sir Leslie Mackenzie, representing the Scotch Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service. The railroad brought him in the vice-president's private car to the nearest station, the mining town of Hazard. Then he and Lady MacKenzie, with the eight members of the Hazard band, covered the 25 miles to Hyden in buckboard and wagons, fording Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, swollen by heavy rain. Some of the fifty guests chose to ride horseback, taking from seven to eleven hours for the trip; the wagons took longer. Since that dramatic day, the hospital's eighteen beds have served many patients who could not be taken to distant hospitals. Between May 10 and Sept. 16, 1930, 318 patients received 1,541 days of care. Many of these patients had



DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE WITH A STRETCHER CASE



been treated or operated on by visiting specialists who generously gave their time for special clinics.

A gynecologist came to the hospital for three days in July, 1930, made twenty-nine examinations and did twelve operations. An oculist came for three days in August. He did complete refractions on 103 patients and prescribed glasses, secured at cost from a friendly corporation, for eighty-four. The nurses have also assisted with trachoma clinics conducted by the State Board of Health and the U. S. Public Health Service. Four helminthologists sent by the Rockefeller Foundation, Johns Hopkins, Vanderbilt University and the American Child Health Association set up a field laboratory in cooperation with the Frontier Nursing Service last summer and treated nearly one thousand cases of hookworm and round worm with a new drug, with excellent results.

The busiest season for everybody was a tonsil clinic conducted at the Hyden Hospital by a doctor from the State Board of Health last September. In five days he examined 202 patients and operated on 148. Some children traveled two days on mules or in wagons to reach the hospital. All patients were kept three nights in the hospital or in nearby houses, then carefully escorted home in groups by the nurses. Local anesthesia only was used. There was not a case of hemorrhage or trouble of any kind, but the nurses could be excused for an occasional sigh of relief as the more distant patients reached their homes safely. The poise and courtesy of the children at this big clinic deserve mention. One little girl of 11 got up from the chair, her eyes wet and froth at her lips, and said, "Thank you, Doctor." Another child for an hour after her operation kept exclaiming in a gentle voice, "Oh mercy me! My neck is sore. Oh mercy me!"

In addition to the hospital and clinics, the Frontier Nursing Service carries on simultaneously four types of field work. The midwifery is paramount always, including months of careful prenatal supervision, aseptic care during ordinary confinement, with a doctor called for difficult cases, and ten days of good nursing care afterward.

Only second in importance is the program of baby and child hygiene. More than 4,000 children are now under supervision. The nurses teach mothers what is the right diet for children of



various ages and show them how to cook all the proper foodstuff that is available. The nurses also urge parents to protect their children from unsafe water, from flies, from poisonous snakes of which there are two varieties in the neighborhood, rattlesnakes and copperheads.

One mother cared for by the Frontier Nursing Service left her two-weeks-old baby in one room while she was working in the other room of the small home. She heard a feeble cry and ran to the child, finding a snake 5 feet long lying across its body. The mother rescued the child and called her husband from the woods to kill the snake. The next day he was easily persuaded to build the wire-screened crib for the baby that the nurse had begged him to make.

Third, bedside nursing is provided for sick neighbors of any age or with any sort of ailment; this is regarded as an important part of a public health program. It was noticed that the people came for prenatal care and accepted inoculations more quickly in a section in which the nurses had done bedside nursing during an epidemic of influenza shortly after they reached the district.

Fourth, the Frontier Nursing Service cooperates with the State Board of Health in preventive work, chlorinating wells, giving hookworm treatment, smallpox and other preventive vaccina-



CLINIC DAY ON RED BIRD RIVER



tions and inoculations against typhoid and diphtheria. The nurses go also into the country schools for educational work. They arrange for the correction of defects found, whenever possible. Many children with orthopedic defects have been discovered and referred to the Kentucky Commission for Crippled Children for operations and care at state expense in the hospitals of Louisville and Lexington. Children with a wide variety of ailments have been carried down to the free children's hospitals of Cincinnati and Louisville on passes furnished by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

The nurses ride in blue-gray breeches and riding boots, with caps of the overseas type. The nurse-midwives, of course, wear white at the dispensary centers and carry white uniforms to wear on cases in the homes.

Every nurse has two pairs of saddle-bags—one for general nursing, with a detachable blue checked lining; the other for maternity nursing only, with a white lining. The weight is distributed evenly on the two sides of the horse.

Equipment carried includes operating gown, V. A. D. cap to cover the nurse's hair completely, rubber apron and gloves, soap, scrubbing brush, thermometer, enema tube and funnel, artery clamps, hypodermic set, scissors, cord ties, a 2-yard square of rubber sheeting, and more basins than it would be necessary to take to a city home. The nurses are usually able to have pads of clean rags and newspapers, as well as the baby clothes, ready in advance at the home, but the saddle-bags include plenty of towels, gauze and cotton in little white bags, and perineal pads baked in the oven at the Nursing Center.

The Frontier Nursing Service is a scientific organization whose work can be judged by the highest standards of technical efficiency even to the extent of unusually good report forms and record-keeping. But of the nurses themselves I cannot write in terms of mere cool appraisal, after visiting them in all but one of their nursing centers last summer and riding trails with them for 130 miles. They are all graduates of well known training schools in the United States or in Great Britain. About half are English or Scotch, one a New Zealander, the others Americans who have been sent to England for the same midwifery course taken by the British nurses. Some American nurses have been



granted scholarships to cover the cost of the midwifery training in England.

The nurses have been chosen not alone for superior technical training. Most of them have previously worked under primitive or difficult conditions. Some have a background of nursing or ambulance driving with the British and French armies. One worked two years and a half in Newfoundland, using sailboats for transportation in summer, dog-sleds in winter. The nurses all have unusual capacity for initiative and a certain ingenuity of the kind usually called "Yankee" but found wherever work must be done without the conveniences of modern civilization.

One Scotch nurse on a night case, after both flashlight and lantern had failed, delivered the baby by the light of matches. A young married woman, aged 17, newly arrived in the Beech Fork district, was seized with convulsions when seven months pregnant. The nurse-midwife, summoned at 2 a. m., proceeded with the eclampsia routine authorized by the Medical Advisory Committee, carrying the girl through seven severe convulsions. The young husband rode off to "fetch" the nearest doctor from an adjoining county, a round trip on horseback of fourteen hours. The physician commended the nurse's treatment and remained several hours directing the case but was then forced to leave. Influenza and pneumonia were raging in his territory of a thousand square miles. The nurse stayed by the patient, carrying on with his directions. Several days later, the baby, dead from the toxemia, was born spontaneously. The girl mother came back gradually to good health and to hope for the future.

All nurses in the Service must be athletic to the point of good horsemanship. One nurse from Texas, quite naturally the best rider in the Service, and on the best horse, led me a real chase one day for three and a half hours but rewarded me with a cheerful grin and hard-earned praise, "Well, here you are! Some of our visitors take seven hours for that trip."

Most of the trails follow rough stream beds. None are easy riding. Worst of all is a trail along a creek whose veritable name, even on the map, is Hell-for-Certain. When a man from that trail came to Possum Bend Center at 11 on a black night, I watched the two nurses going over every inch of leather gear on



a horse with flashlights before one started an 8-mile trip to help the young wife who had had a miscarriage.

The nurse came wearily back the next forenoon. Her horse had bolted past the man's slow mule, and overhanging branches had swept her down to the rocks of the stream bed. She was able to go on to the patient whose pulse had practically stopped, to work with her until she was safe once more, then start back to be ready for another day of rounds. To the nurse it was all in the day's or night's work. To others she had saved a life at risk of her own.

The season of greatest danger to the nurses is the period of heavy rains and swollen streams. The river fords become so deep that sometimes the horses can cross only by swimming. Because of real danger, routine calls across the river are postponed until the river falls, but it is the standard of the Service that when a father can get his horse or mule through to the nurse's home to ask help in a maternity or other emergency case the nurse must make the trip back with him. The nurses ride even on the rare days when the government's mule-back mail delivery is abandoned. When the streams freeze in the coldest spells of winter, the horses are shod with ice nails, but they often stumble and crash through the ice with bleeding hocks. No nurse has been severely hurt as yet, but there have been close calls; a block of ice in the breaking river struck the horse one nurse was riding; another horse got into quicksand; a third started to slip backward down a precipice on a dark night but just managed to crawl back onto the trail again.

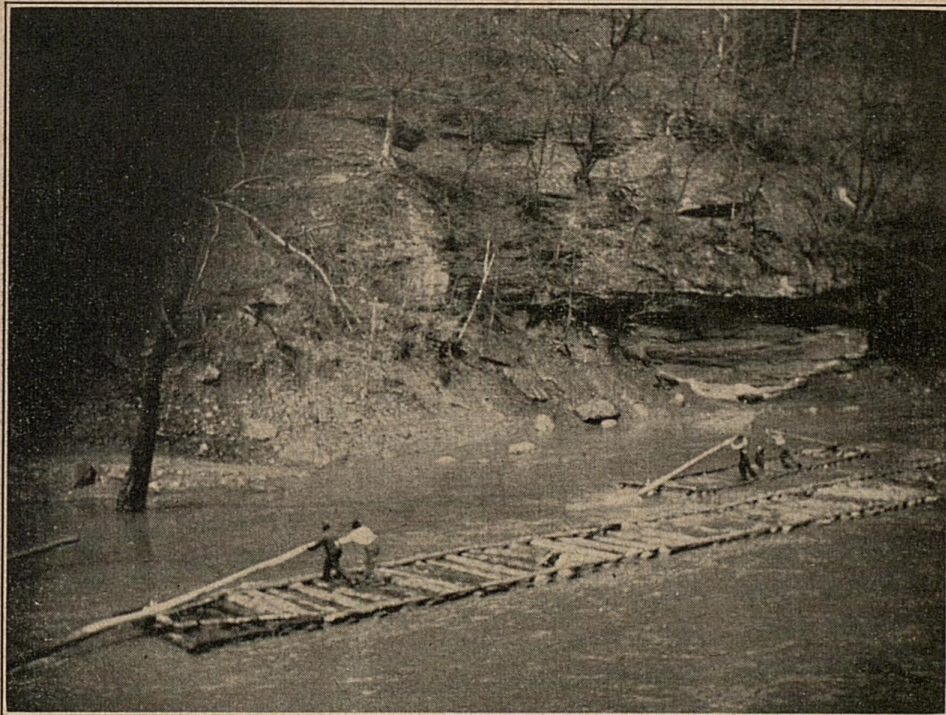
The thirty-three horses should really be listed with the staff; they are so credited by name in the annual report, Baldy Dude, Beauty, Betsey, Charming Billy and others. Each nurse has her own regular horse, with extras for use in case of accident or exhaustion, since the nurses often outlast the horses. The nurses tell delightful stories of the gallant fashion in which the horses respond to the demands made.

One nurse is sure her horse, an old-timer in the Service, knows to what sort of case he is going because—so she believes—he takes a medium gait after she puts the general nursing bag onto his back, runs if it is the heavier maternity bag, and loafs when she has only the postoffice bag!



I shall not soon forget faithful "Doc," who tried to break from his proper gait by day but never once on the three-hour ride in the middle of a night made totally black by fog. "Doc" was invisible; I knew his presence only from the feel of his powerful back and the splash of his hoofs at the many fords as the trail crossed and recrossed the Red Bird River, but he followed steadily the nurse's flashlight some rods ahead.

The Frontier Nursing Service has a high ambition, justified by the success attained in Kentucky, to reach all the isolated and difficult sections of the United States in which adequate health work by doctors alone is economically impossible. Because every census shows a higher proportion of our population living in cities, some Americans forget that between fifteen and twenty million people in the United States still live under frontier conditions in the Appalachians, of which the Kentucky mountains are a part, the Alleghenies and the Ozarks, in the vaster areas of the Rocky Mountains and the deserts of the great West and on lonely islands.



MOUNTAINEERS LOGGING BY RAFT ON RIVER IN TIDE



## MY ROOM

by

BEATRICE MILLER, R. N.

Oh, Lord, there is beauty here:  
Clinging brown oak leaves against a blue sky  
Smoke from coal-cooked suppers waiting in the valley  
Graceful curves of mountain interweaving,  
High climbing and seeing far below.  
Woods, trails  
Streams to ford  
Oh Lord, this is Thy beauty.

To a new nurse there is one all-important nook—her room. It's the place where you quietly reflect on the beginning of a new work, where you continue previous friendships, where you put familiar objects. Your room is the first thing you take temporary possession of and mold to your likes and dislikes.

At Hyden Hospital the nurses live in the Annex which is directly back of the Hospital, and three flights of stairs higher on the hill than the main Hospital entrance. It is connected to the Hospital by a covered bridge.

Each nurse has her own room. Although I have been here just a month I am very much attached to the one assigned to me. It's large enough to hold my belongings which I commonly refer to as junk but which I couldn't live without—yet small enough to be cozy. The furnishings take my fancy because they are chiefly hand-made and unusually comfortable. The predominant color is brown. The walls are much too adaptable to thumb tacks, for almost unconsciously you cover the walls with favorite pictures.

Oh, and a lot of sunshine has been streaming in my windows.

Yes, indeed, the nurses have a comfortable place to live and call their own here at Hyden.



## WOMAN'S HOSPITAL—DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**FOREWORD:** This informative and interesting article was written for the Quarterly Bulletin by the Superintendent of the Woman's Hospital, Miss E. Charlotte Waddell. Over a period of years, the Frontier Nursing Service has had close ties with the Woman's Hospital. Miss Waddell has visited us and we have learned much from this great Detroit hospital. To a rare degree this institution combines technical fitness with a practical affection for humanity. It is part of the policy of the Quarterly Bulletin to give publicity, from time to time, to other work besides our own which has the welfare of mothers and babies at heart. Editor.

During the year 1944 Woman's Hospital will celebrate its 75th anniversary.

This hospital has been a pioneer in the care of women and children and was incorporated October 28, 1868. At that time it was known as the Woman's Hospital & Foundling Home, and from historical data on hand, was organized by what was then known as the Ladies' Christian Union. At the first meeting of this group it was proposed they should recognize this home as a place of refuge for unfortunate women and children, and this was incorporated in its constitution. In its articles of incorporation we find the following:

"The object for which the Corporation is organized is to enable charitable women more effectually to promote at said City of Detroit a hospital, and a shelter for foundlings and other children, and to provide for their adoption or other needs; to establish a hospital, and a shelter for women who have recently become mothers, or about to become such, and to afford them needed succor, care, and nursing, so long as the same shall be necessary, or until more permanent provisions can be made for them; and also, to provide for the temporal, mental, moral and spiritual welfare of women and girls who have been in reformatory institutions, and such other women and girls as need either protection, assistance or medical care."

From those early days we now have a modern hospital of 240 beds and have accommodation for 110 infants. The present building is one of five which have been occupied by this organization from time to time—always growing and always stretching out further and further, giving a helping hand to women in need of such service as could be offered to them.

In the early days there were many financial difficulties and from old records we find that members of the Board gave freely of their service, and great efforts were made in order that the



doors should be kept open and thus serve the purpose for which it had been organized.

The close of the Civil War found this organization without a home, and it was for a time housed in a building—one of eleven erected by Harper Hospital for the care of Michigan wounded and sick soldiers.

Following the years of the war, much thought was given to having a new building but the stringency of money made this impossible.

In the year 1876, a building of its own was constructed on 13th Street, near Grand River. Mrs. James F. Joy was in that year President of the organization. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, for many years has been First Vice President of Woman's Hospital, and a Trustee for over forty years.

In 1888, again began growing pains for further expansion and lots were purchased on Forest Avenue and Beaubien Street, where a very up-to-date hospital was built. This in turn became too small for their needs, and after a drive in 1927, organized by the Community of Social Agencies, the organization was given one million dollars, which enabled the Trustees to erect their present very fine building. This building was opened June 2, 1929.

The chief interest of this organization has always been the care of the mother and child, and making available the best possible hospital care for the patient of moderate income.

In the new building fifty percent of the beds were set aside for this work in a completely segregated division.

Because of the inability to give a complete general training to student nurses, the training school for nurses was discontinued in 1931 and an all graduate staff was instituted. The record of work done in the Maternity Department has been an enviable one, showing a minimum of morbidity and death rate, and an extraordinarily fine record for the care of newborn and premature babies.

A post-graduate course in obstetrics was offered to suitable graduates and in that department, 460 have been graduated, and gone back in many cases to their own schools to reorganize their Obstetric Departments, or became staff nurses and supervisors in Woman's Hospital.



The Social Service Department of Woman's Hospital has always maintained the interest of the Board, and the girl needing help and guidance in her misfortune finds a ready ear and understanding in her time of need. A lovely farmhouse, twelve miles out in Dearborn, was loaned to the Trustees by Mrs. Henry Ford, for the purpose of housing the unmarried mother, and the accommodation at this home, which is in no way institutional, will allow twenty-three girls to be taken care of.

This home has been occupied since 1918, and many young women have been set on the right road and rehabilitated into useful lives. The home is under the supervision of a public health nurse, and the grounds, which are not enclosed, consist of something near five acres. When the time for confinement comes the patient is brought into the hospital and given the same care and supervision as a patient in the most expensive room would receive. After her ten or twelve days in hospital, she is placed with her baby in a suitable boarding home and kept under the kindly supervision of her case worker until she can resume a normal life, often returning to her parents with her child or taking up work where she can support herself and her infant. The Director of the Social Service Department, four case workers and two secretaries have offices in the hospital.

The hospital maintains a pre-natal and post-natal clinic; also a maternal health clinic. The Obstetric Division of the Hospital reached its high peak of occupancy in 1942, when 3,360 mothers were confined. There were two deaths. One died from virus pneumonia and the second, a blind patient, died from cardiac disease following several weeks of free care in hospital as a pre-natal patient. She died ten days after the baby was born.

One of the important branches of work and *the first of its kind in America*, was the establishment of a Bureau in the hospital for the collection and dispensing of mother's milk to premature and immature infants. In 1926, over 100,000 ounces were sent out. A certain length of time spent in the Milk Bureau is part of the post-graduate nurse's education.

In 1928 Mrs. Louella Hannan, a member of the Board, died and left \$350,000 to be used for a memorial building, but as the present hospital was to be opened in 1929, this fund could not then be used. In 1931, when all plans had been completed for



this unit, the stock market broke, followed by the bank moratorium, and later the years of depression; then the war with all that it entailed in the loss of medical and nursing staff, and shortage of labor, again prevented the building of this much needed addition.

The hospital has become uncomfortably crowded and the Board is again reaching out for new fields to conquer, along lines they have always had uppermost in their hearts—a greater and finer service to the woman of moderate income in her time of need.

On the West side of the hospital, which has surgical and medical patients, there were in 1943 4,799 operations performed and 584 medical cases admitted. In order to meet the needs of the above, the present building has assumed somewhat the aspect of a general hospital, and after the war will undoubtedly develop along those lines, but in no way will the vital interest in good obstetrical service be diminished, and it will remain as a segregated division of service.

#### WOMAN'S HOSPITAL 1943

##### Birth Report and Babies Receiving Premature Care

Total babies born were.....	3,000
Of this number, there were 54 full term and 15 premature stillbirths..	69
Living infants were.....	2,931
Of this number, there were premature babies, 5 lbs. 8 oz. and under (2,500 grams and under).....	186
Total hospital number of premature days care.....	1,801
Average number of premature babies receiving premature care—per days was.....	9.6
Premature baby deaths.....	25
Of the 25 who died—23 died within 48 hours of birth.	
Percentage of those dying within 48 hours of birth was.....	12.1%
Newborn infant deaths were.....	17
Of these, 12 died within 48 hours of birth.	
Total percentage of deaths of the newborn babies was.....	1.4%
Omitting premature baby deaths, there was a percentage of.....	.6%
Premature babies sent home were.....	161
Lowest weight of baby born alive was 1 lb. 4 oz. (567 grams)—lived 2 days.	
Lowest weight of baby born and living was 2 lbs. 6½ oz. (1,090 grams), went down from birth weight to 1 lb. 14 oz. (850 grams). Sent home in good condition on 56th day weighing 5 lbs. 7 oz. (2,466 grams).	



**Causes of Death of Newborn Infants**

Congenital heart disease—1 autopsy.....	3
Asphyxia neonatorum—no autopsy.....	2
Fetal atelectasis—5 autopsies.....	5
Erythroblastosis fetalis—1 autopsy.....	1
Cerebral hemorrhage, pulmonary atelectasis—autopsy.....	1
Left tentorial tear with cerebral hemorrhage—autopsy.....	1
Left complete diaphragmatic hernia with displacement of intestines and spleen in pleural cavity. Small tear in tentorium cerebelli—autopsy	1
Meningitis, encephalocele, spina bifida, anomaly of soft palate, club feet—no autopsy .....	1
Hydrocephalus—autopsy .....	1
Failure of kidney function due to congenital absence of urethra—autopsy	1
<b>TOTAL DEATHS</b> .....	<b>17</b>
<b>TOTAL AUTOPSIES</b> .....	<b>12</b>

**Anomalies of the Newborn:**

Anomaly of frenum of tongue.....	1
Cheilognathus .....	1
Cheilognathopalatoschisis .....	1
Congenital absence of urethra.....	1
Congenital heart.....	9
Congenital talipes.....	11
Deformity of the ear.....	1
Diffuse seg. cerebral lesion (congenital) .....	1
Duodeno-jejunal obstruction—(freeing of adhesions).....	1
Enlarged thymus .....	1
Hammer toe.....	2
Hemangioma .....	2
Hydrocele .....	6
Hydrocephalus .....	4
Hypospadias .....	6
Internal strabismus.....	1
Meningo-encephalocele .....	1
Mongolian idiot.....	1
Osteogenesis imperfecta.....	1
Pilonidal cyst.....	1
Polydactylism .....	1
Pyloric stenosis.....	1
Questional congenital epiglottic folds .....	1
Spina bifida-meningocele .....	3
Submucous cyst on palate.....	1
Syndactylism .....	2
Telangiectasis .....	1
Tonguetic .....	1
Umbilical hernia.....	5
Undescended testicles .....	1

**Diseases of the Newborn:**

Atelectasis .....	15
Icterus .....	25
Acute coryza.....	2
Bleeding anal fissure.....	1
Cerebral edema.....	1
Cyanosis-cardiac dilatation.....	1
Dehydration fever .....	3
Erythroblastosis fetalis.....	5
Hypertrophy of thymus .....	1
Hypocalcemia .....	2
Nasopharyngeal obstruction .....	1
Physiological jaundice.....	2
Positive Serology .....	4
Scleroderma neonatorum .....	1
Secondary anemia .....	5
Ulcerative Stomatitis .....	1

**Infections of the Newborn:**

Thrush .....	31
Diarrhea .....	2
Conjunctivitis .....	23
Erythema neonatorum .....	2
Furuncular scalp.....	1
Impetigenous lesions.....	3
Toxic rash of newborn.....	5



## PREMATURE SUMMARY

Total Premature Births for 1943.....	186*
Total Deaths.....	24**
Percentage of Premature Deaths.....	12.9%

## Premature Deaths

Institutional Deaths—Over 48 Hours	% of Inst. Deaths	Deaths Within 48 Hours	% of Deaths Within 48 Hours
2	1.7%	22	11.2%

## Premature Babies

Listed according to weight—grams

1000 Grams and Under	1000 Grams to 1500 Grams	1500 Grams to 2000 Grams	2000 Grams to 2500 Grams
7	16	39	123

## Premature Babies

Listed according to weight—pounds

2 lbs. 3 oz. and Under	2 lbs. 3 oz. to 3 lbs. 4 oz.	3 lbs. 4 oz. to 4 lbs. 6½ oz.	4 lbs. 6½ oz. to 5 lbs. 8 oz.
7	16	39	123

## Premature Deaths

Listed according to weight—grams

1000 Grams and Under			1000 Grams to 1500 Grams			1500 Grams to 2000 Grams			2000 Grams to 2500 Grams		
T.	D.	%	T.	D.	%	T.	D.	%	T.	D.	%
7	7	100%	16	11	68.7%	39	2	5.1%	123	3	2.4%

NOTE: T.—Total Premature Births; D.—Total Deaths of Prematures;  
%—Percentage of Deaths.

\*1 Premature baby who died not weighed, not included in this report.

\*\* Total Death Summary 25 Premature Deaths. One not listed in this report because baby weighed 5 lbs. 15 oz.



## Nativity of Mothers For the Year 1943

America .....	5737
Armenia .....	2
Argentina .....	1
Asia .....	1
Australia .....	5
Austria .....	24
Belgium .....	8
Bulgaria .....	3
Canada .....	377
Czechoslovakia .....	11
Denmark .....	5
England .....	60
Europe .....	8
Finland .....	8
France .....	3
Germany .....	51
Greece .....	22
Holland .....	1
Hungary .....	35
India .....	1
Ireland .....	20
Italy .....	94
Jugoslavia .....	10
Lithuania .....	10
Macedonia .....	1
Malta .....	2
Mexico .....	2
Netherlands .....	2
Norway .....	6
Palestine .....	1
Poland .....	150
Puerto Rico .....	1
Republic of St. Marino .....	1
Roumania .....	27
Russia .....	172
Scotland .....	52
Serbia .....	1
South America .....	2
Spain .....	1
Sweden .....	11
Switzerland .....	4
Syria .....	8
Turkey .....	10
Wales .....	4
No Nationality Given .....	264
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>7219</b>

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**JUST JOKES—MEDICINE**

A man who went to a small hotel was startled by curious sounds from the room above him on the first and second nights of his stay. On the third night, the noise was so very peculiar that he asked the night clerk to investigate. The hotel guest in the upper room explained that he was only taking his medicine. He said: "The doctor told me to take it two nights Running and then to Skip the third night."



## SNATCHES FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW NURSE

by  
JEAN BRADLEY, R. N.

November 30, 1943.

My friends told me I was coming South for the winter. Looking from the window of the bus as it traveled along the road which follows the winding river into the heart of the mountains, I saw icicles, singly and in clusters, hanging upon rock ledges where trickles of water had frozen as they had come from their sources inside of the mountains.

In Hazard there was the tall old woman, wearing a long faded blue cotton dress and matching sunbonnet, sitting and smoking a miniature pipe, very contented with the world and all about her.

The bus stopped in front of the drugstore in Hyden and someone with F. N. S. on her sleeve was looking over the passengers with a harried expression. A few seconds after I was on the ground, she said "Is your name Jean Something-or-Other?" In answer to my "Yes," she said "I'm supposed to take you up the hill." I looked and we were in a valley completely surrounded by hills and to me they all looked alike. Grey, rocky hills covered with leafless trees with an occasional evergreen giving a spot of green to the otherwise dull landscape.

The Hospital seemed to contain an amazing number of short passages and flights of stairs. It was necessary for me to ask my way out the first time I tried to get outside for a walk in the sunlight. The whole place had a spirit of friendliness and informality putting this newcomer at ease in these strange surroundings.

### ONE WEEK LATER

I stood looking out over Hyden from one of the windows of our living quarters. This tiny town appeared as though taken from some ancient etching and set down in the midst of the little valley. The steeple on the courthouse and the buildings clustered around about town seemed white and still.



In the ward, four-year-old Elizabeth loves everyone, her mother, the nurses, and the doctor. Having a very generous nature, she wanted to do something for the doctor. One day she offered him a pink bow to put in his hair, but she could not part with her treasure so she wears the pink bow and tells the doctor how much she loves him each time he comes into the ward.\*

#### TWO WEEKS LATER

Sammy took me to the "Mouth of Muncie" and from there I crossed the foot bridge, followed the path along the face of the hill to the swinging bridge, bounced across it, and started walking up the road toward Wendover. This road was made to follow along the course of the river. The air was clear and cool, just right for an afternoon stroll. Suddenly I noticed a gate, it was the one for me to enter. Several log buildings were set upon the hillside with some frame houses further up the hill. Each of the people I met bid me a cordial welcome. Soon a group gathered in the living-room for tea and a time of relaxation. As I had promised to be home for dinner, the time quickly came to leave on my return trip to Hyden.

Our family life is such that in the evenings we can sit in the living-room in front of the blazing grate and read, listen to our radio favorites, work a puzzle, knit, crochet, or just sit. One of the group gets hungry first and a bedtime snack is suggested. There is always something to eat along with a cup of coffee or a glass of milk.

The coffee at lunch-time is stretched to the time of the arrival of the mail man, for each one is ready and eager for the sorting. Gift packages are left unopened as they arrive and on Christmas morning all will appear under the tree.

#### THREE WEEKS LATER

The weather is cold. Ice can be seen at the edges of the

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\* She was one of the youngest of six burned children under treatment for weeks in our Hospital this winter, and a most engaging four-year-old. Another nurse, Esther Thompson, wrote this about her:

Elizabeth asked one day,  
"My belly-button burn off, nurse?"  
The worry I did allay  
And she smiled—bless her.



river, and boys slide on top of the little branch on their way home from school.

To see some of the country, I accompanied Dr. Fraser on a call. We drove over a road smooth in spots then very rough in others where dirt for repairs had been dumped. We parked the car by a schoolhouse and started down the bank to wade across the most shallow part of the river. That done we followed a path to a small stream, where usually we would wade up the middle. Not so now for it was covered with about ten inches of slippery ice, so the doctor started up the ice and not wanting to be left behind, I followed, gingerly picking my way. It was an old couple the doctor had come to see and this visit was not the first one. While Dr. Fraser talked to the people, I warmed my feet at the unprotected open grate, typical of these houses and wondered that more children did not get too close to them.

We walked and slipped our way down the frozen branch, then again waded the river, climbed the bank, got into the car and drove back to the Hospital. This had been an easy call to make.

Now my fourth week with the Frontier Nursing Service is beginning. There is an air of suppressed excitement, for Christmas is very near and the big and little look forward with happy anticipation to that day.

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#### JUST JOKES—WOMEN

With automobiles so rare on the streets these days, it was no wonder we watched this particular car as it went down our block. Right on the corner—our corner—it ran smack into an extremely fat woman who was crossing. The driver jumped out in dismay and set about helping the poor lady to her feet.

"You drivers," she exclaimed, feeling gingerly along her billowy body for bruises. "Couldn't you go around me?"

"Sorry," explained the driver, "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gas."

.....

"And there I was on the aft deck," said the seaman, "when all of a sudden I saw a torpedo plunging straight for me."

"My goodness," replied the hostess, cheerfully, "I do hope it was one of ours!"

.....

Advertisement in New York City paper:

Sheer stockings—designed for dressy wear, but so serviceable that lots of women wear nothing else.



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
DOROTHY F. BUCK

### From Grace Dennis (Denny) in India—October 6, 1943.

I have contacted Vi Kelly (*Nora Kelly's sister*) out here. She's further up the line as Sister-in-Charge of the 16 C. C. S. (that's the unit I was with last summer, funnily enough, but she hadn't joined it then).

I've been in the army 1½ years now and it seems like a lifetime. I nurse only Indian troops and you ought to hear my rendering of their language! I can't understand why anyone knows what I'm saying, my grammar is so awful, but the sepoys are very bright (also very polite) and can make sense of it—or pretend to. My section consists of eight large bamboo huts, each holding forty-two patients. I run this outfit—together with various separate huts for dining rooms, cookhouses, and bath rooms, etc.—with a team of eighteen nursing sepoys (for night and day duty), two water carriers, five sweepers (all Indian and speaking nothing else), and two little assistant nurses (one Madrasi and one Anglo-Indian, who've had three months training each), and two Indian doctors, who can talk English well, luckily. Imagine two assistant nurses for three hundred and thirty patients! Most of them are here with malaria and in many cases convalescent so it's not so awful as it sounds.

We wear Khaki bush shirts and slacks as uniform from five in the afternoon on and we look a bit odd. It's supposed to be anti-malaria precautions, but mosquitoes bite just the same. I suppose I'll be here for duration. Roll on the peace!

November 22, 1943.

I've been sent up to the hills for a month or two of temporary duty to recover from the heat, overcrowding, bad housing, lack of bathrooms, etc., etc., down on the plains. It's a nice change to be looking after British soldiers and of course it's beautiful up here and the hospital is marvelous considering. Oh the joy of a bathroom with plugs that pull and lights that switch on, and water out of taps! Then you can step out of bed onto a



nice clean floor with no danger of treading on a frog or a snake or getting snapped up by a leopard on the way over the grass to the bathroom. Here I have been down with sinus trouble, boils, flu, and finally an abscess on one lip and a raging fever. It's a lovely place to be ill in though, lovely and cool and pine woods all round. Besides I'm quite recovered and expect to be back with my unit in a few weeks.

. . . . .

**From Beatrice Boxall (Boxie) in London—November 1, 1944**

I decided to become thoroughly English and so I acquired a bicycle and learned to ride. I bike to work in the blackout these mornings. How I hate the blackout—still we won't have it forever! By trial and error I'm learning to keep my bike in repair. There's almost no one to do anything for you. You just have to get on as best you can. Of course, we all manage in our own way more or less—it's rather funny. I cycled home last week with one hand on the front wheel holding off the jolly old brake. A screw had come out and as I didn't want to try to cycle up hill with the brake on I had to hold it off!

I have a lot of refugees on my district. They provide a variety. I'm thinking of learning Greek. My French hasn't improved although it should—I find it easier to act what I want to say! I need Polish, Czech, Spanish, and heaven knows what else! After the war I'd like very much to go out to Europe and help out there. They will need help all right. Of course, I am told they'll need their public health people here too.

. . . . .

**From Doris Park (Parkie) in Surrey—November 11, 1943.**

As you know we work where the need is most urgent, so at present I am working in a large hospital and make my headquarters with my sister. Everyone is kept happy and busy. Babies arrive and as soon as they are discharged others take their place. It's like rolling the bombers off the assembly lines.

I've had over 110 babies this year. I've also had a very nice three weeks' holiday by the sea. I saw Batten last May and went back with her from London for a week. We had a good old chat.

My sister has four growing boys and girls, all going to



school. They all keep well. Another one is expected next year.  
A very happy new year to all I know.

. . . . .

**From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Surrey—November 11, 1943.**

I have just received the last Bulletin which makes me realize that, if my greetings are to reach you in time for Christmas, they must go at once. Here are my love and very best wishes to you all.

I see you are still having drastic changes in the Service but weathering them in as wonderful a way as ever.

I am pro tem in an English-American home, so sometimes I meet people from your side of the Atlantic; and am always thrilled when they know you and the Service, which they nearly always do.

The little English-American Julia I am taking care of while her mother is in America is so sweet; a most happy little person. I have appreciated so much having her to myself for so long. I might have her for much longer still as her mother is having difficulty in getting back again.

. . . . .

**From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—November 19, 1943.**

I was thrilled last week to get a letter from Heather (*her horse*) written and composed by Gladys Moberg and with several pictures of Heather. She looks as beautiful as ever and deserved the Red Ribbon at the fair. I'm sure the rider felt proud of her. It is a great consolation to know that she has such a devoted mistress.

I went to a horse show here in Omagh recently and one event was "musical chairs" on horses. How I envied those riders! I am sure I could have entered the competition if Heather had been here! As I live in a flat, I cannot even have a cat or a dog.

I do hope you won't have too severe a winter and that everyone in the Frontier Nursing Service will have a peaceful Christmas. Please say "Hello" to everyone for me.

. . . . .

**From Laura Noodel in California—November 22, 1943.**

Another nurse and I now have an apartment here in San



Francisco. We are located in the 12th Naval District Dispensary. It's plain old clinic work—Service personnel and their dependents. It's rather fun and we like it very much.

. . . . .

**From Elsie Nora Kelly (Nellie) in Surrey**

December 5, 1943.

I have just finished taking the Queen's training at Brighton and am starting on a rural district after Christmas. I have learned a lot that will be useful to me in Kentucky.

I had no trouble renewing my re-entry permit. Just two visits to the American Consulate and a visit to my bank for a bank draft for three dollars. I have to renew again before the end of June.

I am having Christmas at home—my first at home for fifteen years. I am so glad to be able to be at home at Christmas time for the sake of my mother and father—a family gathering means so much to them!

We get lots of air raids yet. Most people take no notice at all. Life really goes on as usual, there are not many differences. Everything closes by 9:30 because of the blackout, food is unvaried and meat is scarce, and it is difficult to buy things because all manufacturers have a quota, so one has to go around the shops searching for many simple things.

I hope everyone at Wendover has a truly good Christmas and New Year.

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**From Ellen Marsh (Marshie) in Brixton—December 5, 1943.**

Another winter of blackouts is here. How we did hope it would be the last! We are living in great days—never were there such meetings as are taking place now. I trust Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt will return safely. One feels a little anxious for their safety when there are so many spies about.

We seem to have a good many cases of influenza, not the fatal type like 1918, but rather trying as we are not able to get fruit juices which are so helpful in sickness.

We are short of staff, but it is the same cry everywhere now.



I see they are calling up more doctors. The poor civilians are having a hard time, some of them are in the front line as much as any soldier.

I trust the work will prosper in the new year.

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**From Betty Lester in London—December 9, 1943.**

This will arrive sometime in the new year so here's wishing you all the nice things you wish yourself in 1944. For me—my one wish is a speedy return to Wendover.

Green has left London for Devonshire and I expect I'll get her whereabouts when she has settled. Kelly seems to have a very interesting job and looks well.

I can't believe my old Samantha (*her Ford car*) is no more. I had such fun running around in her—getting drowned out in the Middle Fork, stuck in the mud, chugging up creeks, taking myself and Barrie (*her collie*) off in her alone to commune with the hills, going into town and finding people sitting on the running board waiting for a ride home. It seems impossible that that little old yellow car won't be there to greet me home.

My love to everybody.

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**From Nora K. Kelly in London—December 12, 1943.**

I have always been lucky about rooms. At the Mother's Hospital I had a top corner room and could look out and watch the plane trees coming out. Also we had a flock of pigeons flying about and, if I could put out a few crumbs, they used to come and get them, even though our helper complained rather bitterly about the mess they made. Now I am again at the top and in a corner with two windows. Over the chimney pots I can see the trees on Clapham Common and the birds this time are sea gulls.

I am in the throes of trying to get equipment for a department in war time. It really is no joke either—we can't get some things; of others we get too much. How about twelve mirrors for a start? (are they for the mothers, babies, or nurses?)—but of babies' baths not one to be had! It's funny when you are in the mood to see the joke. In the meantime February first draws on apace. All the beds are booked—and I feel rather over-



booked—but what can I do when I hear such pathetic stories? People have been everywhere for beds before coming here.

I have been appointed a member of the executive committee of the London section of the College of Midwives. I have also been asked to represent the nursing element on a committee of the Christian International Service, an organization in which I am most interested as they are hoping to do some post-war relief work. I was able to spend a week at their summer school this year which was held at Oxford. Not only did I enjoy the lectures and meeting the various people of all nationalities, but it was lovely to wander about Oxford itself.

I was so delighted to have the Bulletin a short time ago and to read Rose Evans' poem in which Llan (*her horse*) figured—it did my heart good to read about the old boy!

Wishing you all the very best for Christmas and 1944.

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**From Mrs. J. J. McGuire, Jr. (Meta Klosterman) near her husband's camp in Massachusetts—December 15, 1943.**

Today I went job hunting. People around here just don't like to give soldiers' wives office jobs but I wanted to try anyway. First I went to the U. S. Employment Service to see what they had. She sent me out to the Barber-Colman Company (Textile). I filed an application and was supposed to phone the man tomorrow. Just as I got home, the phone rang and he wanted me to come back for an interview. The hours are from eight to five with an hour for lunch. I'll be taking dictation from two men; besides that there will be filing.

December 29, 1943.

Sunday morning (the day after Christmas) we were told that we would have to move by the next Sunday! One of the sons of the family is coming back home to live, and they need the room. There are supposed to be some vacancies around the first of the year, but our search last Sunday proved fruitless. We walked the streets all day and most of the evening following all the leads we could find. Late in the evening we found another room with kitchen privileges. However, Monday night when we moved some of our things, the lady told us that her husband didn't want her to let us have kitchen privileges.



The room is about three times as large as the one we had on Gorman Road. It has four windows across the front and two on one side. There is a closet (with another window therein), which is not quite but almost as large as one of the Lower Shelf rooms—that may be slightly exaggerated. Anyway, after talking it over, Mrs. Murphy said we could use this closet as a kitchenette. She has a new two-burner oil stove which she'll put in there to cook on. There is also a large linen closet in the room which we can use for our dishes and groceries. There was the problem as to where we would hang our clothes if we used the closet as a kitchen, so they are going to put a rod across their attic steps (this door also opens into the room) which will be all right. Naturally there isn't any water in our "kitchen." The solution is that I'm going to stack our dishes on a tray and **she** is going to wash them! If that isn't service, I haven't ever seen it!

Say hello to everyone for me.

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**From Della Int-Hout (Inty) in Arizona—**

December 19, 1943.

This is my first Christmas in the desert. It's strange, but I love it more and more every day. I have been wishing I could get a colored film to take a picture of the sunrises and sunsets, and the cactus blooms in the spring; but I guess I'll have to wait until the war is over.

There are many desert sparrows outside my window eating grain we throw them. They are the most beautiful sparrows I ever saw. They look like chickadees with their black and white markings.

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**From Evelyn Jackson (Jacko) with the BNAF—**

December 20, 1943.

I'm afraid this will be rather late to bring the Service my Christmas greetings, but nevertheless I hope you have a happy Christmas and many happy new years.

I expect you are finding life as busy as we are—there certainly is not time to feel homesick. I am most fortunate in still being near my brother Alan. He is C. O. of the Tark Regiment and was mentioned in dispatches during the fighting. We have



had no word at all of my young brother Don. It is nearly two years now and it just doesn't bear thinking about. The brother in the RAP is fit and well.

I hope you will give my very best love to Lady Ellen (*her horse*) and to Barry (*Betty Lester's dog*). How very far away those days seem now!

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**From Jean Kay in New York City—December 28, 1943.**

You know our biggest clinic here now is Berwind which the Maternity Center Association took over from New York Hospital. All calls are taken from here. Lobenstine is still the West Side clinic and three clinics are held there weekly. Also some of the students live there but no staff. We sleep here at Berwind when we are on call which is often as we're very short staffed right now. We have clinic every day here except Saturday. Three staff and three students are on call at all times. The staff on first and second calls have telephones in their bedrooms. We hit the jackpot during the last two weeks—25 home deliveries in 10 days! They kept us stepping, also the Henry Street staff as they do all our bedside nursing. I'm going to Columbia as well as carrying a full-time job.

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**From Mary Jane Polsgrove in Frankfort, Ky.—**

December 27, 1943.

The first thing I should tell you is that my name is no longer "Pattie" but is Mary Jane Polsgrove. I married on the 23rd of May of this year and my husband is a sergeant in the army and is stationed at Camp Atterbury in Indiana. His name is Grover T. Polsgrove, but I and all his family and friends call him "Buddy."

We moved to Frankfort last January. Margaret, my sister, is in the WAVES and is stationed at Hunter's College, New York. My oldest brother, Bill, is in the Navy and is somewhere in the Pacific on a cargo ship. As for me, I am employed in the State Office Building as secretary to the Director of Public Assistance, Miss Helen C. Beauchamp. Mrs. Breckinridge knows her, I believe. My work is very interesting, but Wendover will always hold for me many pleasant experiences and relationships.



**From Thelma Hood in a Naval Hospital in California—**

December 29, 1943.

I've been here since November 11th, and have been quite busy until now getting settled. Dad had a cerebral hemorrhage in October so I rushed home for four days to see him before reporting here. He is feeling much better.

This is a new hospital and was only commissioned two months ago. As a matter of fact it isn't nearly completed yet. It will be huge—they expect to accommodate five thousand patients. We have around fifteen hundred now. As it is an evacuation hospital we admit several hundred patients at a time. As we are so far inland we get mostly ambulatory and chronic cases—ulcers, malaria, filiarases, rheumatic fever, etc. The patients are very glad to get back to the United States, but they do get impatient at the time they have to stay there. They are so anxious to get home for a visit and then get back into the fight.

Tell everyone hello.

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**From Eva Delaney VanOver in Lexington—January 2, 1944.**

Yes, Earl (*her husband*) has gone across. He is somewhere in England. I'm so thankful he got across all right. That makes three of Mrs. VanOver's sons out of the States. One is in British Guiana; one in the South West Pacific. Certainly it will be a Happy New Year when this is all over and our men can come home!

Our son was a great big one year old yesterday. With each passing day he grows sweeter and cuter. I could easily write a book on him. So far he hasn't tried walking by himself. He clings to the sides of his bed and goes round and round it until I'm practically dizzy.

My best to all I know.

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**From Margery Tait (Madge) with the Middle East Forces—**

January 4, 1944.

You talk of your secretaries being wedded off—the same thing is happening here with a vengeance. I think Margret Watson and I are the only old maids in the Middle East!



Big Mick will be home by now and Little Mick is hoping to follow her.

We've had a wonderful time this Christmas and New Years. I just got back from Jerusalem, after being on escort duty. The troops are simply wonderful and enter into everything with gusto and zest. We've about sung ourselves to a standstill, and are winding up festivities with a big dance on January seventh. The war news is grand and puts new life into us.

Love and good wishes for 1944 to everyone I know—and an apple for Cameron (*her horse*), please.

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**From Clara Dale Echols in Washington, D. C.—**

November 30, 1943.

You can understand the crowded fall this has been. What time in September and October I wasn't hup-two-three-fouring around Northampton, I was brushing up on Naval History or the insignia for a boatswain's mate, second class, or the differences in armament of a battleship and a destroyer—and I loved it! It was a wonderful training course—strenuous and difficult and intensely interesting. Our class was commissioned October 19th, I had a few days with my father in Georgia, and reported for duty here in Washington October 25th. I was assigned to Naval Communications—a fascinating division.

Pat (*Corporal George P. Winship, Jr.*) gets a fifteen-day furlough beginning the first of January. I have managed a couple of days for myself, and we're being married sometime between January second and fifth! Isn't it wonderful! I'm terribly happy about it—and in a most un-Navy state!

It will be a very small, very simple wedding—but a wedding for all that! I have permission to say my "I do" out of regulation Navy blue, so there'll be white satin and flowers and then I'll love going away in uniform for our few days.

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**Report from Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse)—**

January 5, 1944.

Today Betty Holmes, Fanny, Doris Sinclair and I went to Clara Dale's wedding. It was sweet, very small, and held at the



little chapel of the Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church. Aside from the four of us, there were about six WAVES, Clara Dale's aunt and cousins at whose house the reception was held and the Groom's mother, together with three or four civilians (friends of Clara Dale's and Betty Holmes').

Clara Dale wore a charming wedding dress and looked very attractive. We all had wedding cake, coffee, and sandwiches at her cousin's, and then Betty caught the bridal bouquet which was thrown from the stairs.

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**From Ruth Jolliffe (Jolly) in Virginia—January 7, 1944.**

I've been in my new position a month and like Richmond quite well so far. I'm doing statistical work with the Depot Control Division, Richmond Army Service Forces Depot. It's a war appointment and, of course, I have no idea how long it will last.

I missed being home for Christmas. My sister, Pudge, her husband and baby were home for a few days. He had just finished a course at Fort Riley and was given a furlough before his next assignment. It really was awful not to see them for it's been a year and a half since I had—but Government employees were not allowed to ask for leave if it involved using public transportation, so I just stayed here.

A Captain with the Post engineers invited me to the Officer's Club turkey buffet dinner and party New Year's Eve. It was formal and we all had a gay time. Of course we had to work New Year's Day.

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**From Kathleen Doggett Gardiner (Kay) in Canada—**

January 12, 1944.

My father and mother were here for Christmas—also my younger brother, Leslie. You remember he went overseas about three and a half years ago. He arrived back shortly before Christmas to take an officer's course in Brockville. My other brother is now in Italy in the Signals. I am sure he must feel a long, long way from home, but he doesn't complain.

Life is quite different here on the farm from that at Wendoover. We have no hired help so I'm an expert chore boy by



now. We have about thirty head of cattle and four horses. Our little black driver had a colt this summer—the night of our first anniversary. There have been no chickens here for a number of years. Al and I invested in one hundred baby chicks last spring and it was my job to look after them. We lost only four, so we think we did pretty well.

Oh yes, I have acted as “local midwife” to the old sow—she had thirteen and all lived. She was a very good mother, and that means a lot. Last year Al was rural mail carrier and in the busy seasons I took the mail for him. However, his term was up in June so we gave it up. We thought running the farm was enough for just the two of us.

We have two dogs—one is just a boarder though. He’s a little black spaniel and looks like Imp. He belongs to Al’s nephew who is spending the winter in Toronto. Our own dog Teddie is part collie, part police and very lovable.

Give my love to everyone I know.

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**From Janet Coleman in London—January 14, 1944.**

I finished working at Tenbury Wells after a very happy and interesting four and a half years. I am now a health visitor student at the Royal College of Nursing, and am living at the Ada Lewis House which is really a hostel for working girls though there are always a few nurses who are usually students in some postgraduate course.

I am doing practical work for six weeks at the Kentish Town Infant Welfare and in the same borough (St. Pancreas) at Bames House Welfare is Miss Boxall. I don’t know her but I’ve read her letters under Old Staff News and today I’ve sent her a post card telling her I should like to meet her.

My brother is now Squadron Leader and Chief Navigator Officer for Iceland. He was home in November and looked fit. When he does fly (which isn’t so often now) he flies in the American fortresses.

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**From Annie Ellison and Violet Clark (Ellie and Vi) in Bath**

January 23, 1944.

We have not written very much for some time to our friends



"over there." War conditions give us so little leisure. We get many more calls because one doctor is in the army and it takes longer to do any shopping because one has to wait for buses. We cannot use our car except for our work. One also spends time mending clothes instead of buying new ones!

Wallie sent us the last two Bulletins and now we have up-to-date news of all the ex-F. N. S.-ites. It is amusing how Wendover is the clearing house for all the news for three continents! We hear that Mickie and Madge meet in Palestine and Mac and Wally meet in England, etc., and first the news goes to America!

We are very pleased to hear that Beech Fork looks so smart and hope their troubles with smoke and engines will be over for a time.

We still work together and have an attractive cottage just outside Bath.

Very best wishes to you all.

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**From Catherine Uhl in Alaska—January 23, 1944.**

I arrived in Juneau on November 22nd, having only a three days' wait in Seattle for transportation. I was sent to three other villages temporarily before coming to Kake which is my official headquarters. I have an itinerant field service in south-eastern Alaska.

I get more interested in Alaska as the days go by. It is such a big, wonderful country with so many opportunities! The scenery is so wonderful that it doesn't seem possible that where you live daily such beauties can be enjoyed. I went to see Mendenhall Glacier on Christmas Day. On our trip from Petersburg to Kake we saw icebergs which floated down many miles from the live glacier of which they had been a part. It rains considerably but not as much as I had expected from reports I had read before coming here. We had a light snow New Year's day but have had no winter to speak of yet. The days are getting decidedly longer and some of the grass already has the appearance of velvety green.

My best wishes to all.



**From Myrtle Onsrud (Onnie) in Australia—**

January 24, 1944.

The Bulletin travelled with me to Australia and many of my friends enjoyed reading it with me. I am glad that so many of the nurses could attend the Thanksgiving Day reunion.

We feel quite at home here in Australia. We live in barracks with two nurses to a room and even have hot water, bathtubs, and showers. This is the "good old summer time" here.

With love to all.

**About Dr. Kooser from The Cabaniss Word**

of February 4, 1944.

Families of enlisted men and officers of Cabaniss Field are receiving a new deal in medical attention since the family clinic was opened in the WAVES dispensary.

It is the only family clinic among the smaller auxiliary fields, and although it has been open only a short time, Dr. John H. Kooser, medical officer of the station, and his staff have been very busy taking care of the patients. To date members of 51 families, 47 adults, 11 school-age children and 15 preschool-aged children, and 21 infants have received treatment at the clinic.

The clinic, which is located to the right of the Ad building, takes up half the WAVES dispensary. It is available to patients during certain hours five days a week. On Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays it is open from 1000 to 1200 and on Mondays and Fridays from 1900 to 2000.

Complete medical examination is available to all dependents of Navy personnel of the station. Expectant mothers and those with babies have been the most frequent visitors. Children are vaccinated for smallpox, typhoid, tetanus, and diphtheria. Routine and periodic examinations are given babies.

Dr. Kooser is assisted in his work by Mrs. John H. Bergman, wife of Dr. Bergman, medical officer here, and Catherine Owens, HA2c. Mrs. Bergman is a trained nurse. Miss Owens not only aids in the family clinic, but also works with ailing WAVES.

The family clinic has been met with hearty approval by families of Navy personnel aboard. They now receive expert medical treatment which heretofore had to be obtained in the over-



crowded offices of down-town doctors or at the family clinic at Main Station.

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### NEWSY BITS

Bridie McSteen is taking postgraduate work at Western Reserve, but still works at the Nursing Home week-ends.

Ethel Turner is going to Johns Hopkins University five days a week, while continuing work with the Instructive Visiting Nurse Association for the other two days.

Frances Fell is back in Santa Fe after her year's work in public health at Wayne University. Margaret Oetjen has been visiting her and Frances is trying to interest her in a nurse-midwifery position in New Mexico.

We were all delighted to hear of two babies born to our "old" staff: Kenneth Gilbert Paul was born December 3rd to Eleanor Jenne Paul; John Douglas Minear, December 10th to Catharine Pond Minear. Congratulations to both mothers.

We hear that Sybil Holmes has been home in England after being on active service in Nigeria, Africa. Her brother writes that after doing work in a hospital in Cheshire, Sybil is again waiting for a new post abroad.

We all wish to express our deepest sympathy to Peggy Tinline McQueen over the death of her husband, James McQueen. He had been sick for some time, the effect of the last war. As Betty Lester wrote to us: "Theirs was such a happy home!"

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### ALUMNAE NEWS

#### Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

**From Ruth Davis in Georgia—December 12, 1943.**

Well, I go to Norfolk, Virginia, on January 5th for fifteen days training and then report to the Naval Hospital at Charleston for active duty. I get a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach every time I think about it, but that's what I get for having a reserve commission in the Navy. It doesn't seem right since I'm trained to look after mothers and babies.

January 19, 1944.

Things have gone well here. So far our time has been taken



up with classes, drill, etc. We have an examination over what we have had tomorrow morning and tomorrow afternoon we have Captain's inspection at drill—so you see we have a full day scheduled.

Friday I have to talk at Nurses' conference on the F. N. S. I don't know how word got to the chief nurse that I had been there but today after her lecture she said: "Which nurse in the group was with Mrs. Breckinridge?" so I stood up and she said she wanted to see me after class. When she asked me to talk at Nurses' conference it nearly scared me to death. There will be four hundred nurses and I don't know how my Southern accent will sound over the mike!

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**From Ruth Herron in New Mexico—February 11, 1944.**

I had two deliveries in November; one a nice little Spanish woman with her ninth. She insisted on getting up on her knees, and baby was delivered in that position. I have five prenatals now, one due the last of this month.

Since September, we have not been able to have any clinics here. So Wednesday of this week, we took a prenatal and two postpartums down to the county clinic in Albuquerque. Two of them came in through the mud in the two-wheeled rubber-tired cart the evening before, and stayed all night with us at the Health Center. We left here at 7 a. m. and got back that night at 9:30. The women stayed all night with us again and went home the next morning. Some of the patients can get down themselves and see a physician; but others, like these, have no means of going.

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**From Josephine Kinman in Georgia—February 15, 1944.**

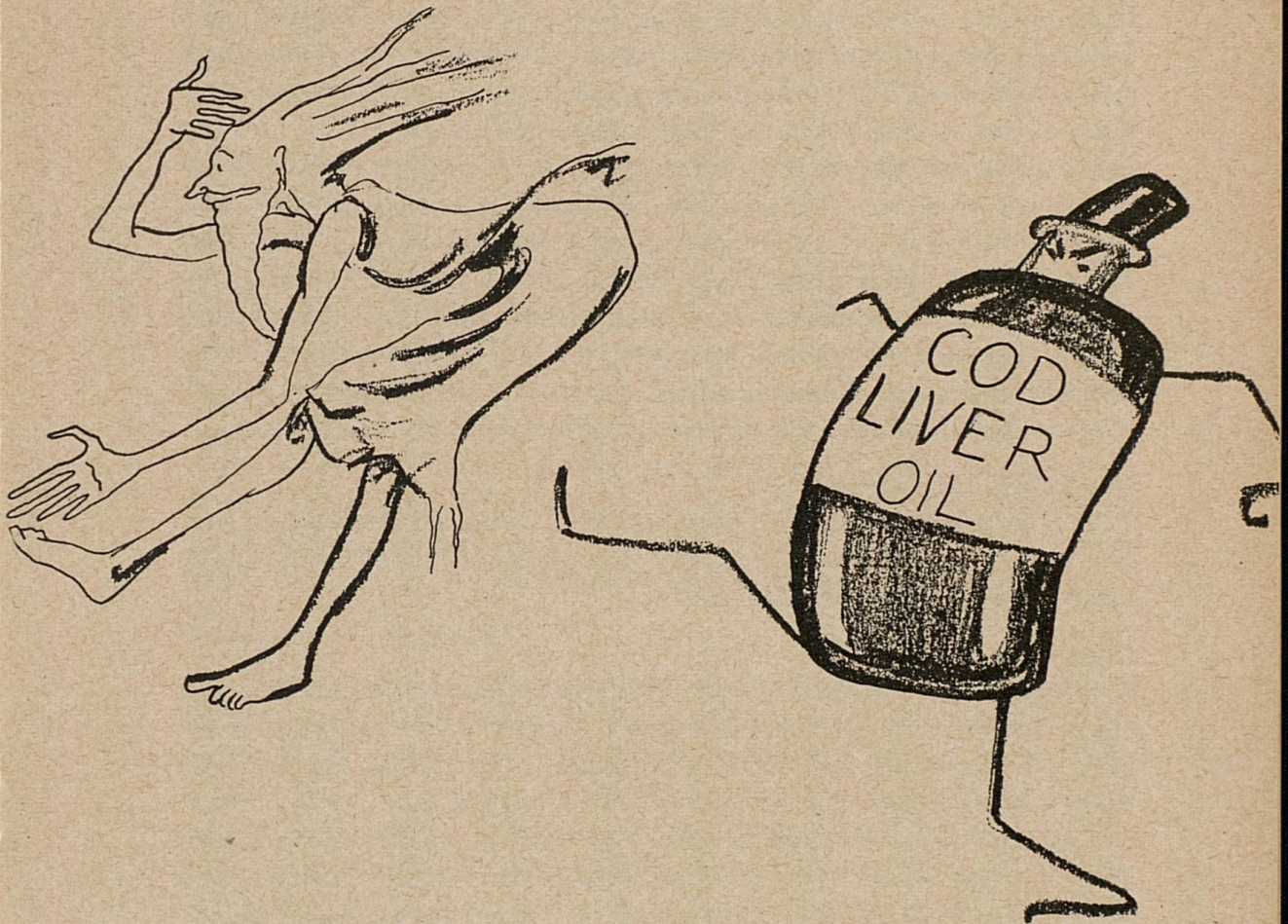
On January 31st we had a regional nurses' meeting in Gainesville. Gene Stout and I had a wonderful time talking of our similar situations, of the Frontier Nursing Service, and so on. Fergy had two of us and the newest nurse on Hall County staff out to her apartment for lunch which was really an excellent dinner, which she miraculously prepared in about thirty minutes.

The Hospital authority met the other day with the architect



who came up from Atlanta and everyone had a chance to ask for last minute changes before he completes the working plans and has the blueprints ready for the contractor to start work. It will probably be two or three months in the process of remodeling after the work actually starts.

March fifteenth is the date I gave on my Red Cross questionnaire for availability for service so I may be hearing from that soon. Nearly all the nurses I knew at Peabody and in public health work have gone to either the Army or Navy.



Take cod-liver oil on a winter's day;  
Best thing to drive ole' man Flu away.



## MY DECEMBER

by

MARIAN F. CADWALLADER, R. N., Certified Midwife  
Jessie Preston Draper Center

**FOREWORD:** After Marian Cadwallader read Ruth Peninger's article, "I Wanted A Christmas Baby," in the Autumn Bulletin, she told us that she had six Christmas and near-Christmas babies this year. At our request she gave us the following account of her busy December.—Editor.

### December 11th, 1943

My first patient, Bernice Collett, was having her second baby. With her first, which was delivered in the Hospital, she had had postpartum eclampsia, so I was more than somewhat concerned about the second. She was treated with luminal and daily doses of Epsom salts for a week before delivery, and we had a false call two days before delivery. At the time of delivery her blood pressure went to 168/118 and I notified Dr. Fraser. By the time he arrived, in about an hour, the baby, a boy, had already been born and the patient's blood pressure had come down a little. A double dose of magnesium sulphate intramuscularly improved her condition even more. The treatment with luminal and magnesium sulphate continued for three days postpartum, after which the puerperium was entirely normal.

### December 12th, 1943

This patient called on a beautiful Sunday afternoon and had her baby, the fourth and a boy, about nine o'clock that night. There were no complications.

### December 18th, 1943

This was the day of our Christmas party. When the call came for Pat [Patricia Simmons] shortly after midnight, we both went so that we could get finished that much sooner and feel in better trim for the party. The patient had sent a truck for us and we arrived with plenty of time to spare. It had been so frosty for many days that we walked across the Middle Fork at the mouth of Stinnett on the ice to get to the patient's house. This patient had a girl. As we were walking back across the ice about five a. m. I said, "Well, this will be fine if only Letcher Brock isn't waiting at the gate for me when I get back." He



wasn't and I got to bed. Letcher and Santa Claus arrived together at nine a. m. I spent all day with Linda, who was having her first baby. It was a day well spent, however, for we finally got a nine and a half pound boy. Pat arrived in time to help with the delivery and full of news about how well the Christmas party had gone. I was sorry to miss my first Center Christmas party, but decided I couldn't have missed it for a better reason. By this time I had had four December babies and we had active postpartum patients in three directions.

#### **December 22nd, 1943**

This time the call came from up Beech Fork four miles. The patient was expecting her twelfth baby and had never had the nurses before. We had a false call twenty-four hours before delivery. I was slightly apprehensive about this patient, because of her poor general condition, but the delivery was remarkable chiefly for the coldness of the room and the patient's gratitude that she wasn't being flooded with hot pepper tea. She had a baby girl, who was named Mary Lela after Mrs. Simmons. This patient had moved for the delivery from her house up Possum Holler, an impossible place to get to on horseback. That was gratifying at the time. However, it turned out to be a mixed blessing, because the women of the house into which she had moved would do nothing for poor Martha and kept very little fire in the room. The weather was bitter cold. Pat found her sitting by the fire on the second postpartum day. On the eighth Martha took her baby and walked back up Possum Holler, a really stiff climb, to her home. She had no ill effects.

#### **December 25th, 1943**

This patient called at eight a. m. on Christmas morning. There had been a drizzling sleety rain most of the night and the roads were like glass. The truck slithered and slid in all directions. The worst part of the trip was walking from the Center down to the road. I had to creep along. The patient lived in a nice snug little house, well furnished and comfortable. There were at least four women there to help and one of them fixed me a good breakfast of fried eggs, biscuits and coffee. There was not so long to wait. The Christmas baby was born about noon, a little girl named Deanna Noel. Her mother thought her a superlatively



fine Christmas present, even if she was the eighth arrival in that household. I got back to the Center just in time for roast duck and all the fixings.

I couldn't help thinking of Penny, who "Wanted a Christmas Baby" so badly and had to be satisfied with one early in the month.

There was one other December baby from this district, but she was delivered in the Hyden Hospital.

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### RECIPE FOR SIMPLER TAXES

Was your neighbor's face a mixture of bewilderment, vexation and incredulity as he started out to work this morning? Perhaps he had been making out his income-tax return last night.

Possibly some gem like line 6 of Schedule L-1 had engaged his attention:

The FORGIVEN portion of the tax is either \$50 or three-fourths of the SMALLER of the 1942 tax (line 4), above, whichever is LARGER.

Remember the explanation about the Pullman berths—how the upper was lower because it was higher, while the lower was higher because it was not so high?

Well, the 1943 tax blank and set of instructions are just full of charming little passages like that; charming unless you have to figure out what they mean, in which case they become baffling, if not exasperating. And the very bulk of the task even for a modest and simple income is an inexcusable drain on the time of a war-busy people.

The complications of a Victory tax, a withholding tax, an earned-income credit, and a forgiveness feature have combined to make pages of legalistic and accounting jargon. In all fairness, it needs be said that this is not primarily the fault of bureaucracy. The Treasury Department has its share of blame, but the only authority that can make a fundamental reform in the situation is Congress.

It is up to Congress to make such simplifications as repeal of the Victory tax and the earned-income credit, and to get down to a single, direct-income tax. If members of Congress had to go to their home districts and act for ten days as deputy internal revenue collectors trying to help their constituents make out these complex returns, can there be any doubt that they would go back and shake three-fourths of the complications out of the system.—*Christian Science Monitor*, Jan. 31, 1944.

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### DISTURBING

... one of the most disturbing aspects of our times is the apparent impossibility for large sections of people to listen with any degree of reasonableness to views with which they do not happen to agree.

—*Foreign Policy Bulletin*, February 18, 1944.



## I VOLUNTEERED TO BE OF USE!

by

MARY HALLECK ARMSTRONG

(Mrs. Sinclair Armstrong)

of Providence, Rhode Island.

For many years my husband and I have followed with more than passing interest the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. We have both hoped that we could get there for a visit. But the time never seemed to come when we could go.

Then when I found I was to be left behind, and with no children to look after, I wondered what I would do. Various ideas came to mind, as there is more than enough to be done these days. In the night it came to me: this is my chance to go to Kentucky, and perhaps there may be something I could do there. But there was the large IF. If Mrs. Breckinridge would take on a completely untrained female, middle-aged at that. Well! there was no harm in writing and asking, and I did suggest I might help with the Christmas. Lo and behold she said yes and that I could be Christmas Secretary! I decided Well! she knew me pretty well and if she thinks I can do it, then perhaps I can. I would try anyway. So I arrived and was most warmly welcomed by all at Wendover.

Later I went to the Hospital at Hyden. There I began to learn what a Christmas Secretary was supposed to do. Sorting and distributing toys was all I had thought of. That was just a part of it. All the various kinds of things had to be unpacked, carefully listed and sorted and then repacked to go to the centers. Then I had to connect up with the times the truck was to take them. Lists from the nurses giving ages and sexes of the children gave the clue as to what amount to send to each center. Strange as it may seem, that all sounds clear but I soon found myself in a muddle. Word came in, "Be sure to send that extra bit of stovepipe to Brutus when the truck goes." Then, Confluence needed a box of horseshoes and Red Bird a gate lever, to be sent with the toys to those centers. I found myself in the middle of "grab" (the used clothes that friends send and which is so useful) oranges, lovely new baby clothes and diapers, diapers.



A distress signal for diapers had gone out, so loyal friends rallied to the call and it has practically rained diapers—very necessary (as they catch another kind of rain). It took Agnes Lewis and Vanda Summers to untangle me from cocoa, toys, clothes and diapers not to mention candy. So with encouragement from all Wendover and the Hyden Hospital Staff and the wonderful help of the couriers Franny Baker and Fifi Long, we have come through with no complaints, except for lost tree trimmings which is still a puzzle. So we hope that 5000 children and babies had a very Happy Christmas. It has been thrilling to me to open boxes from all over the United States and to realize all the thought and time people have given in sending so many lovely and useful things. I tried to tell them in my letters how much we thanked them. There has been lots of fun with it all and I have loved being a wee part of the Service.

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**NOT EARTH ALONE**

*(From the Lyric)*

Pray long for children born in a  
world at war,  
whose children's hours  
are sung not high on blooming hills,  
but still  
with death's red flowers.

Pray long for ones who never dare  
lift eyes  
free to the sun.  
Not earth alone spits fire, for  
heaven too,  
drops with a gun.

Pray long for ones who daily see  
men lift  
on wide, strong wings  
until the dark, who fear the stars  
and doom  
the clear night brings.

And, Lord, let only the sweet and  
lark-like birds  
go overhead.  
Children have seen the circling,  
plunging ones too long,  
and too long the dead.

—Joseph Joel Keith,  
*New York Herald Tribune,*  
January 2nd, 1944



## In Memoriam

FREDERICK JOSEPH TAUSSIG, St. Louis, Missouri, August, 1943

Let me die working,  
Still tackling plans unfinished, tasks undone,  
Clean to its end, swift may my race be run,  
No lagging steps, no faltering, no shirking  
Let me die working.

Let me die thinking,  
Let me fare forth still with open mind,  
Fresh secrets to unfold, new truths to find,  
My soul undimmed, alert, no question blinking,  
Let me die thinking.

—S. Hall Young

In Dr. Taussig the Frontier Nursing Service lost a distinguished member of its National Medical Council and one of the kindest friends in the world. Although he had reached his three score years and ten, Dr. Taussig was still a young man in his eager pursuit of knowledge for the alleviation of pain, in his services for the stricken ones of earth. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to his wife, his son and daughter. As for our friend himself, we are sure that work, thought, and all the joyousness of life awaited him on the other side.

FREDERICK PAUL KEPPEL, New York, September, 1943

Thou art the supreme Joy, and from Thee all have  
become happy that are so; Thou art  
the highest Good, and from Thee all  
beauty springs;  
Thou art the intellectual Light, and from Thee  
man derives his understanding.

—King Alfred, Sixth Century A. D.

In the death of Dr. Keppel this world has lost one of its most useful citizens. The Joy and the Good and the Light of the mind that are derived from God were given in fine measure to this son of His and were used in His service. During some of the nineteen years in which he was President of the Carnegie Corporation, we knew him well enough to appreciate the engaging quality of his mind. At a time when the Frontier Nursing Service was struggling with its early beginnings, Dr. Keppel believed in the Service and encouraged it. We shall never forget



him, and our hearts grieve for his wife and his sons in the loss of his companionship. As for him, we wish him good luck in the high adventure that awaits him now.

MISS LILA BUYERS, Coatesville, Pennsylvania, September, 1943

Let the most Blessed be my guide,  
If it be His blessed will,  
Unto His gates, into His fold,  
Up to His holy hill.

—Mercy's song in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

There is nothing so fragrant as Christianity when it is truly lived and not professed only. Miss Lila Buyers was for many years, until her retirement, in charge of the girls' dormitory of the Presbyterian Church at Hyden where she and her sister, Miss Mabel, lived the lives of Christians so sincerely and so radiantly that their presence was a benediction. They trained hundreds of young girls in the housewifely arts and in character. Miss Lila's example was her best teaching. She was full of Christian charity in word, in deed, and even in thought. She had also a fund of humor that made her a delight to her friends. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to Miss Mabel in the loneliness of her latter years.

MRS. GEORGE H. CLAPP, Sewickley, Pennsylvania, November, 1943

...if God dieth not for man, and giveth  
not Himself  
Eternally for man, man could not exist,  
for man is love,  
As God is love. Every kindness to another  
is a little Death  
In the Divine Image....

—William Blake (1757-1827)

In the death of this old friend of ours, something of rare loveliness has gone out of this world. She was born and bred a gentlewoman and throughout her long life she carried the responsibilities of the old tradition:

Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovely be.

Far up and down the valley where she lived and over into the wider world, she shed the radiance of "a heart at leisure from



itself." Her kindness was immutable and so quietly expressed that she led those who came in touch with her into the doing of kind things themselves. We in the Frontier Nursing Service shall miss her always, and our hearts go out to the immense sorrow of her husband and her daughters. This world is a better place because she lived in it. It will continue to be a better place because she is loving it from "the land o' the leal."

. . . . .

FRANCIS BOARDMAN, Riverdale, New York, December, 1943

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when  
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,  
When Thou shalt make all new again,  
Destroying only death and pain,  
Give him amongst Thy works a place,  
Who in them lov'd and sought Thy face!

—Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)

Few men have ever been more vibrantly alive than Francis Boardman. Into his huge work of railroading, so immensely complicated by the war, he threw the energies of youth. The same abandonment to the charm of the hour had gone over the years into his quiet holidays by trout streams. The wholeheartedness of the man centered in his wife and daughter and sons who have all the loving response our hearts can give them in their loneliness. From the happiness of his home life, Francis Boardman's generous nature spread out to his friends and indeed to all who came in contact with him. His character influenced the thousands of men who touched his busy days and for all there was the smile, the friendly word. Now he has crossed the Great River and on the other side his love of nature and of people will find its place.

. . . . .

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, Spuyten Duyvil, New York, December, 1943

... I am Thy tenant here;  
The other, the true life, in the next world,  
And endless, is. . . .

. . . . .

There spirits that have run their race, and fought,  
And won the fight, and have not fear'd the frowns  
Nor lov'd the smiles of greatness, but have wrought  
Their Master's will, meet to receive their crowns.

—Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)



In all his relations in life, Archibald Douglas rang true. When loyalty to his country called in his youth, he went to war. In his specialization of mining law, he achieved distinction. To his high sense of responsibility for public service he responded in fullest measure and with abilities of a high order. With his family he was all in all and we grieve with his wife and sons and daughter in their irreparable loss. As a friend, he was utterly charming and gave himself in friendship as completely as he gave himself in all of his relations with life. A man of his fine mettle, trained and used so fully in this world, is more than a citizen of this world alone. He is ready for "that true world, of which this world is but the bounding shore."

MRS. DONALD HEY, Helperby, Yorkshire, England, December, 1943

Days, that in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Life, that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend!"

—Richard Crashaw (1613-1649)

This British member of the Frontier Nursing Service was the sister of our Trustee, Mrs. Arthur Bray, and the aunt of our courier, Alison. My friendship for her goes back to school days in Switzerland where she was the sunniest and gayest of all our bevy of girls. She married, and went through the first great war with her husband away in France. She lived long enough in this war to see her son again when he got back on leave from North Africa, and to see her elder daughter a bride. The storms of life had not spared her but the sunniness, the sweetness, the dearness of her shone through them all. To her husband, who is sorely stricken, and her three children, to all her people we send our loving sympathy with the knowledge that she is as crowned with loveliness there as she was here.

CAPTAIN DAVID C. HANRAHAN, U. S. N. (retired), New York,  
January, 1944  
Commanding Officer United States Navy Pre-Flight School, Iowa City

Then said he, I am going to my Father's . . . My sword  
I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage. My



marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles. . . . So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

—Mr. Valiant in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

In the untimely death of this gallant naval officer our country has lost one of her finest sons at a time when such are ill spared. His wife is a friend of many years of the Frontier Nursing Service and our hearts ache with the thought of her desolation. We mortals in our blundering are prone to think of a man's worth in terms of one time and one world, but "there is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation, not reckoned in the Wealth of Nations, but essential to a nation's life . . . there are things the good of which and the use of which are beyond all worldly goods and earthly uses: things such as Love, and Honour, and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death."

#### A SURGEON'S PRAYER

Dear God!

These strong gloved fingers  
Which I flex—  
This human hand  
Which holds the knife,  
Sterile now and steady—  
Need Thy guiding skill  
To help another life.  
Bless now this patient—  
Thine and mine—  
Who, under Thee, entrusts to me  
A precious life!  
God of the surgeon's tireless strength,  
The surgeon's finite skill,  
Grant that I may guided be  
To do Thy will.                      Amen

—Herbert Parker.



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mary Elizabeth Rogan on a Transport in the Pacific**  
—Undated.

(To her Father and Mother)

### FIRST LETTER WRITTEN ON SHIPBOARD

Since last I wrote much salt water has passed under the well-known bridge and we have now been at sea some days so I imagine the best thing to do is begin at the beginning. Twenty-eight of us who were staying at the Hilton got on board, after being driven to the dock, at about 4 o'clock one afternoon and told to go immediately to our cabins. I found mine to be a small double cabin which I am now sharing with eight other females. After a few minutes of nervous hysteria on everybody's part we settled down and tried to bring a little order out of the worst chaos you have ever seen. Fortunately there were lots of nails all over the walls so it now looks like a wholesale warehouse on 7th Avenue. There are three 3-tiered bunks and one wash basin in our cabin and a bathroom between us and another group of nine women, which means, if you can add, eighteen to one lavatory! ! ! Things might sound a little crowded to you but really it is not quite so bad as Grand Central Station or even Broadway at 42nd Street.

To continue—we boarded amidst many cheers and whistles, got settled and then were allowed on deck until quite late to watch others embark, including a group of Army Nurses. By 10:30 everyone was so exhausted the extremely small and hard bunks looked like double feather beds. Personally I remembered nothing until 7 in the morning when we all had to get up for the first sitting at 7:30. Needless to say it was a mad house at first and if it hadn't been so funny it would have been pathetic. Things seemed to pop up from the ground for each one of us to trip over. Everyone wanted naturally to get to the basin and there was exactly one foot of space between the feet of the bunks and the wall. Enough said! ! !

We eat with the Officers in their mess and have only two



meals a day. Mine are at 7:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. so between times we get fruit, candy, and crackers at the Commissary which so far is very well stocked.

About 11 A. M. that morning things started happening and the first thing I knew I was up on the boat deck watching us pull out. For the first time I awoke from my coma and became really excited. You can't imagine—or can you—the thrill of pulling past other ships with men all over them cheering at you and for you. Airplanes were flying above and around and “buzzing us” for as long as we were in the harbor. They came so close that you could almost touch their wings as they flew between the masts and they kept it up for about two or three hours. It was a perfectly beautiful day and continued to be until blackout. Blackouts are at different times each night but the same rules are observed obviously. All ports are closed—no cigarettes allowed on deck. We spend a great deal of time on deck because the only other place to sit is the Officers' Library and it is so stifling, smoky, and small one is dripping in five minutes. The ship looks positively eerie against the sky with no lights and no noise. It reminds me constantly of the Ancient Mariner.

Each day is more or less like the last except for the various entertainments we are putting on. We started with a talent show of as many enlisted men as we could get together. Naturally they were a bit reticent at first but now we have so much talent we don't know what to do with it. I was on a Committee of five for the first show and it was something like pulling teeth to get them organized but we put on a good show and now they want another one. They are easy to please, poor lads.

I have been to Service every time they have had one. In fact I went twice last Sunday—once to Communion and once to the Protestant Service afterwards. The Chaplain also held Service on Thanksgiving and they are now working up what sounds like a good Choir. Thanksgiving Day some of the R. C. girls and officers gave a very cute little play, a sort of modernized version of the First Thanksgiving Day, and the men loved it. Of course we had turkey and everything that went with it and though it was good I would just as soon have been dining at “Oakencroft!” The meals are good. They get tiresome but they are so much better than I expected that I am amazed.



It has been very hot for sometime now and it is impossible to be in the sun for very long. I have acquired a good foundation for a mahogany brown without even trying and think it is a good idea to continue to get as used to the heat as I can because it looks as if "it ain't gonna get no cooler! !!" We have one bucket (between the nine of us) of fresh water a day, plus one canteen to use for drinking. Washing clothes and bathing and everything else is done in salt water. Obviously, life preservers are carried at all times unless you want the M. P.'s on your neck and it is a good idea to have canteens handy. Not that I don't any way as I am continually dying of thirst. Everyone has the same feeling I have, which I hope continues, and that is that except for a few obvious discomforts we are on a most delightful pleasure cruise.

We have had one dance—Officers, Nurses, and Red Cross personnel—in the Officers' Mess Hall with an orchestra made up from the men and a couple of Officers who wanted to be in it. An excellent time was had by all and it wasn't too awfully hot because the Mess Hall is air cooled, believe it or not!

I might insert right here that though I had no idea what to expect or on what type of vessel I was sailing, everyone says we are extremely lucky to be where we are. At present I am sitting on the floor writing on my life preserver in the library. This, however, is going to stop because I am melting away and have to get some air. It was raining this morning so we had no calisthenics (which are compulsory for us and the Nurses every other day) but it seems to have stopped so I will leave you for the present.

So far I am having a wonderful time—an amazing experience—which I wouldn't change for any amount of the voyaging I have done in peace-time and I am thoroughly happy except when I miss you.

#### SECOND LETTER FINISHED CHRISTMAS NIGHT— UNDATED

It has been sometime since I have written but since with a few exceptions each day is like the last there really isn't much to tell. This has been one of the most delightful cruises I have ever had and I can't bear to think of it ending. I am going to miss



lots of people and I am sure we won't be going anywhere near where they are.

The most exciting thing we have done since I last wrote was to put into port twice. The first time we stopped at a perfectly lovely island, comparatively sparsely populated, but with grand people. We came into a beautiful harbor with gobs and gobs of the first green grass we had seen in what seemed like years. We tied up at the dock and were allowed off at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and told to be back at 11 P. M. We weren't allowed off the ship the next day though we didn't sail until the afternoon. The second day was an extremely blowy, chilly day—that weather lasted about three days. It was the only bad weather we have had and that blow could hardly be considered a really bad one though there were plenty of very seasick men. Fortunately I had been on board long enough not to be. We sailed along for a while longer and early one morning pulled into another port. There was a great to-do as to whether or not we were to be allowed off for some strange reason but finally they decided in favor of it and we disembarked at about 11 A. M. They ran a special train for us into the city and we had all day to shop, fool around, see the city, have lunch and dinner and be back by midnight. Unfortunately, there wasn't much to shop for and any clothing meant coupons which we didn't have so that eliminated that.

At this point it is now Christmas Day, believe it or not, and I am having many peculiar sensations. As a matter of fact we have been so busy the last few days preparing for yesterday evening and today that I haven't had much time to think. We sang carols in the enlisted men's mess for four hours in shifts of 20 minutes. No one could take any more than that anyway as the heat was so terrific. After 20 minutes not only was I soaked through but my shoes were sopping wet inside from perspiration dripping down my legs. After that we gave a sort of preview of the Christmas show which four of us had worked on. It was given for the men in Sick Bay. We had practically no room to move and the heat again was bad but they seemed to enjoy it, so that was all that was necessary as far as I was concerned. It was a pantomime and was given by the enlisted men for the enlisted men with the exception of one part—that of a doll—



which was played with great finesse by your offspring. An enlisted man was to have taken the part but he wasn't there for the first rehearsal and I substituted for him and from then on I didn't have a chance. Nothing would do but that I take the part, so rather than be a poor sport I did and really had loads of fun doing it. Besides doing it for the Wards yesterday evening, Christmas Eve, we did it twice today, once on the aft deck and once on a deck forward.

I can't begin to tell you how lucky I have been as far as room-mates are concerned. Another thing I am extremely fortunate in is the ship I am on. I have heard so many grim stories about how horrible a transport can be and how many restrictions there are but we have had so few it is funny. We have to be off the decks at 11 P. M. and in by 12 and that is about all.

It is amazing the decorations we have been able to scrape up for Christmas. Our doors are decorated in various ways. Our own has green and red paper loops with a bell in the center and some mistletoe. Some have angels, some Santa Clauses, some fireplaces, and stockings. There are about 7 good size trees in the lounges, mess halls, and the enlisted men's library and everything looks extremely gay. There has obviously been some homesickness on the part of the men but we have tried to keep them busy.

### THIRD LETTER—JANUARY 2, 1944

We haven't been allowed to write until now because they didn't want us to make any mistakes until the censor talked to us. He having had his little say at this point I now find there isn't *anything* we are allowed to say so you won't think I am just trying to be dull about things. In fact the only thing I can tell you is that I am in India! ! ! Believe it or not! ! ! But—I can't tell you which part, when I arrived, how I got here, or where I am going next. My APO number will change when I leave for my permanent station but I don't yet know what or where it will be nor when I shall be leaving. I haven't been allowed to date any letters until now so that is the reason for that.

In the meantime, and while we are waiting, we are having a perfectly wonderful time. I miss the friends I made en route but am hoping to be able to keep in touch with them. However, we



are constantly making new ones and having to leave them too so I suppose we might just as well get used to it.

There was the most wonderful bunch of mail waiting for me when I arrived. In fact I couldn't finish it all in one day.

I wish I could tell you something about this place but I am afraid to say one word. The most hysterical thing we have to contend with are the Bearers. There are so many of them for each thing you want done—all gabbling at the same time—that you think you will go wild. Yesterday we were almost crazy with them. They were “coming out of the furniture” so I cleared the room, swept them out, and locked the sitting room door. I had gotten just about halfway into the bedroom when I happened to look around and there was another one standing in the door. We all collapsed at that point and from then on gave up. They now have the run of the place and all we can do about it now is giggle hysterically every time one pops out of a wall.

Today we are going to do some repacking, have clothes cleaned, and then do a bit of shopping this afternoon. It is still a holiday so our offices aren't open until tomorrow when we start another bit of orientation.

The weather is just right at this point—we are comfortable in Palm Beaches or Tropicals and the civilian clothes I have been able to unearth are all right too. People seem to wear anything and I could appear in a cotton dress one minute and a black silk the next and no one would know the difference. On New Year's Eve, by the way, we wore evening clothes and high heels and after all these months I nearly fell flat on my face every other step.

There doesn't seem to be much point in keeping a diary as it has to be sent to a base censor once a month and you can't say anything in it any more than you can say in a letter for it might get into the hands of the Japs.

#### FOURTH LETTER (TO WENDOVER)

January 24, 1944

It was wonderful to have your letter waiting for me when I arrived. I can't tell you what it means to feel that people are thinking of you every once in a while back home. It certainly seems a long way off and a long time ago.



Perhaps Mother may have told you that I landed in India, which is exactly where I wanted to land. There seems to be such a need for us here and there are so few of us in this theatre comparatively speaking, that our job seems endless. Though I've been traveling for what seems like months I haven't yet reached my final destination. I am however, now at my permanent A. P. O. number and any mail when I leave will have to reach me as best it can. I'd give anything in the world to be able to tell you about my assignment but my good friend the censor seems to have objections on that score. I can tell you though, that it's the most excitingly thrilling one the Red Cross has had to offer up to now in obviously the most exciting theatre. In the meantime, and while we're waiting for word to move on, another of the girls who is going with me and I are learning how to make doughnuts and cookies in batches of thousands the native way so that we'll be well prepared when we get off on our own. Supposedly we are to have cooks and bearers with us to do the actual physical labor but it seems they disappear at the slightest provocation so since we're to be running a canteen and clubmobile set-up, it behooves us to know how to carry on without them.

At present we're living (and shall probably continue to live for the duration) in a *basha* or hut made of split bamboo sticks woven together to give an air conditioned effect, topped off with a thatched roof. As a matter of fact it's quite comfortable even if it's not equipped with all the modern conveniences. We have an *ayah*, or maid, who tends to our various needs and lots of litter bearers and water carriers all of whom refuse to do but one type of work and none of whom can speak one word of English, so that actually they're more trouble than they're worth. But we're managing to carry on with a highly developed type of sign language and a few words of Hindustani, so life isn't as complicated as it might be.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. James B. Woodruff (Scoopie Will)**

**Rochester, New York—November 18, 1943.**

Of course, and as you might guess, I couldn't be satisfied with just sitting about. Therefore, I still am working at the Hospital and will be very sorry to leave December first. Jim is through and will be a doctor that month and what with packing,



etcetera, to push off to Boston where he has an internship, life will be pretty well filled without a job.

You probably wouldn't appreciate this, but I must tell you. Unfortunately, in our wee apartment dogs are not allowed, and as I did and still do miss animals about and under foot, sometimes on the feet, we have gone to the opposite extreme—we adopted a baby—four weeks old adorable white rat. She is just the smartest beastie I have seen for the size. I don't believe we will be long in acquiring Diane (*her Great Dane*) back again, even though she eats tremendous amounts and requires romping space. The fact still remains that animals are part of my everyday living.

I do think of you all at the Service very often. I really would love to come back as a courier, and still have it in the back of my mind should Jim go overseas. I tell you truthfully, I really adore that life of inconveniences and the unknown excitements which might come at any time.

January 14, 1944.

Well, we are now in Boston. I have an apartment in one of the many houses on a street directly across from the Hospital where Jim is—it is the oldest part of Boston. Our apartment is on the second floor back, one room with a good sized closet and a kitchenette minus an icebox; but the landlady says we can have one when she gets it fixed. Meantime, the window ledge serves the purpose.

I have finally gotten myself a job as a laboratory technician half-days, on the other side of the city in a hospital. That job pays. The other half of the day I am to be a volunteer technician on the service where Jim is at the City Hospital. By doing that, I can see him more often. He has regular time off but there are so many sick patients that more times than not his off-duty time is broken into and I just see him when he gets finished. A fine life it is but not as bad as those poor wives who have husbands overseas—I am really thankful.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Alexander C. Northrop (Betty Harriman),  
Moline, Ill.—September 30, 1943.**

As you can see, we are still on the move. We have just been



transferred here and are struggling to find a house. The town is full of war workers with the usual housing shortage. Seems we have met that trouble wherever we go!

I have been meaning to write for a long time to tell you we had an 8-pound, 13-ounce boy (Edward Harriman Northrop) last July.

My husband and I took a quick trip through Maine on his vacation this fall and while en route we found a booklet about the F. N. S. in an obscure little old inn in some town! Small world!

. . . . .

**From Alison Bray, Chester, England—November 24, 1943.**

One of these days I may be able to wish you a happy Christmas in person—wouldn't it be fun? I think of you all so much. I can't tell you how I long to be back in the mountains again. There will be so many new things to see—the new Garden House for instance—it must be lovely but I shall miss the old one.

It's grand to read of all your activities in the Bulletins. They are such a joy. I don't know what I should do without them. The summer one arrived the other day.

This year I have been lucky and have met three dear people from the F. N. S. The first was Mac. As I think you already know, I went over to see her when she was staying with Auntie Evelyn and we had a wonderful evening talking our heads off. Just after I saw her, I was moved from York to a job at the War Office in London. I wrote to Betty Lester thinking that she was somewhere outside London, but hoping to see her and discovered to my joy that her hospital was only about ten minutes' walk from where I was living. Unfortunately, we only met once but it was grand to see her again and get her news. The third person I met was Peg Harrison. She is also in London working for one of the Polish Ministries.

I worked at the War Office for six months and have now been moved to Chester. I am back with a unit again now doing the same work that I did in York only in a different part of the country. I am still with Signals. I have to travel a lot now and have some lovely country in my area. I am still a Senior Commander (Major).



Both my brothers are abroad now. The younger one, Jim, who was wounded a long time ago is now quite well and is in Persia. He had a rotten time and was a long time in the hospital but he seems to be completely cured. Geordie, the other one, went to North Africa nearly a year ago. He was wounded in the Salerno landings in Italy and is now in a hospital in North Africa again. However, although he had malaria and jaundice and two operations on his leg he seems to be getting on very well and writes extremely cheerful, amusing letters home. It will be grand when they all come home again. It's nearly four years since we saw Jim.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. James Nester Rawleigh (Florence Booker),  
Harrods Creek, Ky.—December 1, 1943.**

As you probably know, Jimmy was sent home from Africa last summer and we were lucky enough to have him sent to the Army Hospital in Louisville, where he made a remarkable recovery. After that he got a long sick leave and we had a wonderful time visiting his family on their farm in Illinois. Then we came back here for final check-ups and have been here ever since waiting for Army orders. Jimmy will be on temporary limited service for several months and we expect to go to Fort Benning, Georgia, next week. My brother is there in school so we think we'll have a grand time.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey (Louise Ireland),  
Arlington, Va.—December 3, 1943.**

We've had a very pleasant summer and fall. The pool at the Country Club (one-quarter mile from our house) saved our lives during the heat waves. Heat doesn't bother me, so I didn't mind the Virginia summer a bit. We were fortunate to get away for three weeks the end of July and first two weeks of August, therefore, missing the worst heat wave on record. Bud had a two weeks' leave and we went home and had a glorious time riding to our hearts' content. Also, we had a lot of tennis and swimming. Riding is what counts because we'd both rather do that than eat. The Fall has slipped by very quickly and we've had a



stream of house guests, which takes a lot of time and work. The twins are fine but a lot of work. They mind very well, so I can take care of them with a minimum of trouble. I am so glad that I haven't had a nurse, because it's such fun to take care of them. Everyone says I am a very strict mother, but children have to mind or one's life is miserable. We haven't had to move a single match box, ash tray or cigarette, which I think is a good record. They have learned not to touch anything but their toys and books.

The big news in our lives is that Bud has at last gotten an officer to relieve him and his color blindness has improved enough to let him become eligible for sea duty. Naturally he is thrilled to have at last an opportunity to do what he has wanted to do for so long. A stroke of luck came upon us, when he was assigned to a training school here, so we can be together until March. Then I am going back to the farm with the twins and dogs, because it is hopeless to follow a husband around when you have as big a family as we have. The men are moved so quickly from place to place. Of course, while he is in this country, I can get away to see him on week-ends, etcetera. We are so excited to be able to be those fortunate enough to be together for Christmas. Of course we will be here.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Frederick E. Bissell, Jr. (Susan Adams),  
Dubuque, Iowa—December 10, 1943.**

We're busy now with two cows and twenty-five chickens—right in the center of town. I've wanted to have that much of a farm ever since I spent ten days at Red Bird, I think it was, and helped feed the live stock.

I suppose everything is terribly changed at Wendover now after all these years.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. John R. Pugh (Louise Myers), Junction City,  
Kansas—December 10, 1943.**

As you see, I have moved out here to Kansas, probably for the duration. I have rented a nice little house and am having a lot of fun taking care of it and David. It keeps me terrifically busy but I have managed to arrange to ride two horses every morning! I ride over at the Cavalry Replacement Center, while



the soldiers in one of the troops look after David; and it seems to work beautifully for all concerned! I also have a girl who comes and stays with him when I want to go out in the evening on week-ends, so I am not so tied down as I might be. I hope you are all well and that things aren't going badly.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Charles Lynn Stone, Jr. (Dicky Chase),  
New Castle, Del.—December 12, 1943.**

Chuck and I are still at the New Castle Army Air Base and like it very much. He is ferrying Fortresses overseas and finds it full of interest. I see him about two days a month between flights which puts me way ahead of lots of other wives and we are grateful for the visits.

. . . . .  
**From Ensign Louise Lewis, Washington, D. C.—  
December 13, 1943.**

I have no particular news—am still being a Wave in Washington. After a year and a half the novelty and excitement have worn off, but I have a good job and a fine apartment, so am happy. A week or so ago, Jan Chafee and I spent the day together. Her family lives here now. She is in very good shape. Our tongues wagged steadily for several hours—most enjoyable.

Don't ever stop sending me the Bulletin. I'm probably its most avid reader—it is wonderful to have news of you all occasionally.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Raymond Joseph Kelly, Jr. (Pat Pettit),  
Racine, Wisconsin—December 16, 1943.**

The baby has come and it's a girl. She was born November 28 and weighed seven pounds. We named her Kathleen Marsh Kelly—Kathy for short.

I had hoped for a boy but since she's a girl she can be a courier so I guess it's nicer. I always somehow felt I could go back to Wendover again but I guess now I'm a mamma I'll have to wait and live it all over again through Kathy.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson),  
Alexandria, Va.—December 16, 1943.**

Wish I could be with you for Christmas, singing the lovely



carols, milking Petunia, or whatever was called for. I shall miss Wendover very much.

Sam is out in the Pacific, as is my brother; but they were both here last month.

Young James is growing like two weeds and at eleven months is walking. According to my Pa there never was such a baby. He is a great companion and he and a little black cocker spaniel have a nice apartment on a steep hill.

San Francisco is lovely as ever and I am enjoying seeing my school friends—most of them husbandless too.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Louis Charles Vaczek, Jr. (Katherine Pfeiffer),**

**New York, N. Y.—December 23, 1943.**

Times have changed since I wrote you last. Louis is now in his last days of training at Service Flying School at Camp Borden, Ontario. We decided that it would be impossible to try and live together this winter—so I've got an apartment here in New York for a few months. I'm hoping that by summer we can manage it again perhaps. At present I'm working in the American Museum of Natural History—and it's quite interesting.

An old school friend is living with me and we had a perfectly dreadful time trying to find a place to live. We looked for about six weeks, but we ended up with a really marvelous place—an old brown stone house—and we're quite proud of ourselves. It has been grand fun fixing it up.

. . . . .

**From Sylvia Bowditch, San Francisco, California—**

**December 24, 1943.**

The shack that I have been building with a friend is only ten miles from San Francisco and yet it is right in the middle of the country with a State park and mountain at the back door. We've been having much fun on week-ends going over and working on it. Now it is nearly done and at least somewhat weather-proof. It stood up through a mighty gale a few weeks ago so we feel it to be pretty sturdy. It is now equipped with a bed, table, and benches, a gasoline stove and a kerosene lantern, running water and a sink. The water runs in but we carry it out as the drain isn't in yet! With sleeping bags and air mattresses we are equipped for guests.



I'm still working at the Hospital and enjoying life out here but I do miss you all and I think of you often.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. McGee Tyson Gilpin (Catherine Mellick),  
Far Hills, N. J.—January 2, 1944.**

I long to come back someday—Everything seems to remind me of the mountains and the F. N. S., especially at this moment while I'm sitting on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains. "Camp following" once again. It's a lot like Kentucky only not nearly as big country. Tyson was moved to Camp Ritchie just one week after the baby was born—did you ever know such luck? We had a really wonderful Christmas—with the whole Gilpin family in Virginia—Tyson, his father and brother—all three in the Service—were able to be home for the day so we took baby and all down.

. . . . .  
**From Jo Neilson, American Red Cross, c/o Postmaster,  
New York City—January 4, 1944.**

I'm somewhere in England making coffee and doughnuts (by a miraculous machine!) every morning and then I hang out in our club house, "The Mississippi," with my doughnut mates, Diana Marvin and Jane Goodell, to serve them. We cover three fields each, twice a week, and take the seventh day off; and believe me it's a day of rest! Strenuous, but the soldiers appreciate it so. The back of our truck is fitted up like a little yacht and they come in to get warm and talk and look at our Boogie Woogie! It's all true how pleased they are to see an American girl and think their home town is the only place in the world and show pictures of their families and children as soon as they can possibly lead up to it. Well perhaps they'll be home by next Christmas—most of them. The last I heard of Carm she was in Persia and Pebble was flying! Three cheers for the F. N. S. which still sounds good from Marion's description—very good!

. . . . .  
**From Helen Stone (Pebble), 5th Ferrying Group,  
Love Field, Texas—January 8, 1944.**

I spent six and one-half hours of Christmas Day weathered in at Cincinnati en route to Dallas on an airliner. We were supposed to go via Knoxville and Nashville but had to change. After I found we were not taking off right away I put in a call to Wen-



dover, but of course did not get through. I tried for over three hours.

We have had a pretty good time here and I have had three trips. I hope for a fourth to take me back East, but none of these planes seem to be a-goin' in that direction. I am hoping for a repeat to take me back to my base. Imagine being that near home and not being able to go. I did see a friend who lives in New Jersey for a bit, took a train to New York and got one hour of sleep on a bench in the Airline's terminal. After the Cincinnati deal we were routed to Chicago and got as far as Kansas City at one a. m. The Airlines sent us to a hotel for the remainder of the night and we dashed out the next morning to the field getting there at 8:15 and did not take off until 2:40 p. m. as the plane developed a fuel leak after we had boarded it. What a life! I have always said the getting home was the real struggle.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. John F. Kraft, Jr. (Mary Gordon),  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—January 13, 1944.**

Our Christmas was lots of fun, thanks to the children who made it a happy one for all of us. Johnny is at the age (almost five) where he appreciates everything down to the last pine needle; and Gordon (almost two) is very enterprising and quite a clown.

Jack is now a captain, as I think I told you a long time ago, and has been in England since the first of November. I am so glad as I really feel for the first time since he has been away (fifteen months) that he is fairly safe. I certainly never had that feeling when he was leap-frogging across the desert with Montgomery and the Eighth or in Malta or the Sicilian invasion. The main worry now is that they all will be sent directly to the East at the end of the European war without being sent home first.

We were all so thrilled about Kitty Lou's husband being safe, though a German prisoner. She was marvelous through it all, never admitting for one second that he wouldn't return. [*He parachuted down over France.*]

Freddy Holdship is still expediting at Dravo, whatever that is, I'll never know.

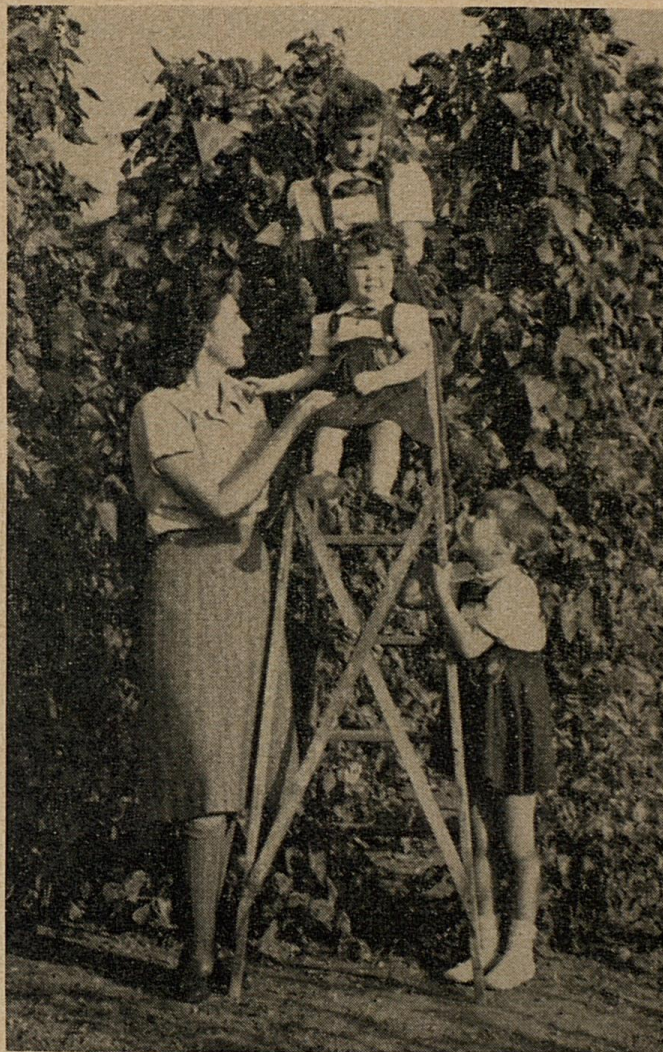
I, by some strange freak, have two maids in my house again



after having none since last May so once again I can do some outside war work, for which I am most grateful.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Duncan Van Norden (Rebecca Crane),**  
**New York City—January 27, 1944.**

Last summer, you will be amused to hear, I had a chance to get my hand in again taking care of a horse. Her name is Dixie and she was our only means of transportation due to the gas shortage and the ban on pleasure driving. I'm the only person in the family who knows a thing about horses so I had the care of our one animal and really loved it! I could ride her as well as drive her and my dream of being able to step out of my front door and saddle up my own horse in my own back yard finally came true! We had a pretty good garden too and did a lot of canning. Even the children helped in the preparation of the string beans which seemed to come in an unending stream. You ask the name of my eldest daughter, it is Alice Duncan Van Norden and I think she might make quite a good courier when



ALICE, OLIVIA, AND SUSAN WITH THEIR MOTHER  
REBECCA CRANE VAN NORDEN



old enough. Judging by the way she took to riding Dixie last summer, I doubt if she'll have much trouble with horses.

You also ask if I am lucky enough still to have Dunc at home. No, I'm afraid I'm like most everyone else, living alone at present. Dunc has been in the Navy for almost two years now and at the moment is somewhere in the Pacific area. He is a gunnery officer on an aircraft carrier and doing a grand job. I'm very proud of him, of course, but do miss him a lot. I haven't seen him for nearly a year. It seems so strange.

I'm very busy now as I have had the job of running the evening Officers' Club at the English Speaking Union for the past year, and that, added to the children, fills most of my time. It's a good thing to keep busy, I think, then there is less time to be lonely or worried. Here's hoping this terrible war won't go on too much longer. I read with such interest about our English nurses overseas. The Bulletin is still my favorite reading matter.

#### ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Augusta Hall Jones (Gussie) to Mr. John Richards, both of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. No definite date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Betsy Pagon of Baltimore, Maryland, to Dr. Mercer Carter Blanchard, who is now serving his assistant-residency in pediatrics at Johns Hopkins Hospital and will be there until the first of October. Betsy writes:

"We have no definite plans but hope to be married before too long. We want to have some time together here before we go down to Columbus, Georgia, to live."

Betsy has promised to bring the lucky man to see us after they are settled in their new home.

#### WEDDINGS

On February fourth, Miss Katharine Bulkley (Kay) was married to Captain John Fross Paton, in Washington, D. C. Captain Paton is stationed in Detroit with the Judge Advocate's Division of the Army. Kay is the daughter of former Senator and Mrs. Robert Johns Bulkley of Cleveland, Ohio, and is one of our outstanding couriers. She came back in November and December of 1940 as Christmas Secretary and did a grand job of it,



too. When the last thank-you letter was mailed she stayed on several months and helped out in the offices because we were short-staffed. We send Kay our love and we wish for both of them all the happiness this world can hold.

#### BABIES

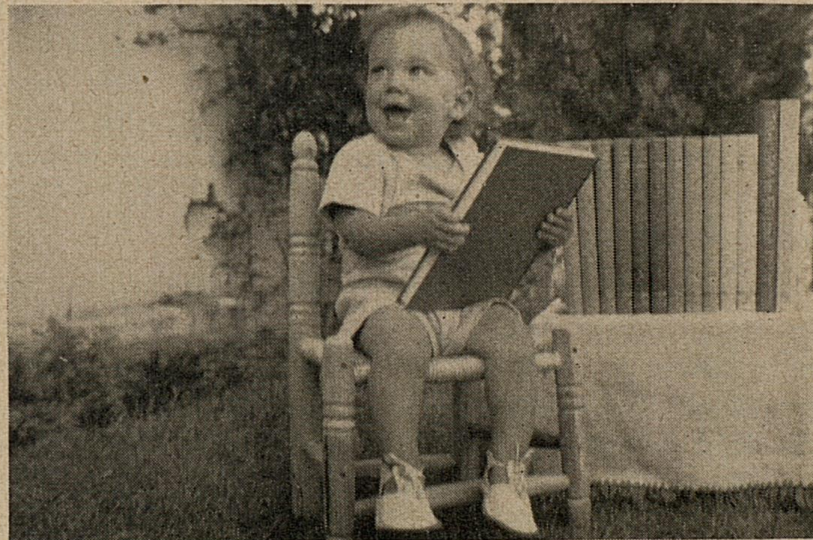
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Hackett (Mary Stevenson) in Pittsburgh, a son, David Spencer Hackett, on September sixth, 1943.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Northrop (Betty Harriman), last July, a son, Edward Harriman Northrop, weight 8-pounds, 13-ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Kelly, Jr. (Pat Pettit), in Racine, Wisconsin, a girl, Kathleen Marsh Kelly, on November twenty-eighth, 1944.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Vladimir Littauer (Mary Graver), in New York, a son, Andrew Aiken, on January first, 1944, weight 6-pounds, 12-ounces.

All of these babies are extremely fortunate in the choice of their parents; and we wish for them, long, happy and useful lives.



**PHILIP A. WHITTLESEY**  
Aged Thirteen Months

Philip is the son of our Wilma Duvall. Her many friends will be charmed to see him and to note his delight over the Encyclopaedia Britannica.



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

"NEW GUINEA, the largest island (excluding Australia) in the world . . . was apparently first visited either by the Portuguese Don Jorge de Meneses . . . or by the Spaniard Alvaro de Saavedra two years later. The name of 'New Guinea' was probably given by Ortiz de Retez, or Roda, who in 1546 first laid down several points along the north coast."

—Encyclopaedia Britannica  
Eleventh Edition

Has any part of our planet so many repetitious names as the South Pacific? Many of the smaller islands have names of significance and charm, such as Admiralty Islands, Bougainville, named for a famous explorer, and Buka in the native tongue. Other islands, on the other hand, and these among the largest, were dubbed "New" this, that, and the other by explorers (Britishers, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Portuguese, Russians, Spaniards) apparently consumed with homesickness for their native lands—and small wonder. Thus we have New Zealand (now old in usage and honor), New Britain, New Ireland, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Pomerania, New Siberia Archipelago, New Georgia, and the like. But the name of one island is not explainable by homesickness. It is not explainable by anything. It is pointless. Few are the people who have ever looked up Old Guinea even on the map, yet "the largest island in the world" is tagged with the irrelevant name of New Guinea only because one de Retez "or" Roda "*probably*" wished the name on the island in the sixteenth century.

Can we not rename this "largest island in the world" for the soldiers, our own and those of our Allies, whose gallantry has forever hallowed it? After the first World War, the Unknown Soldier was given a shrine in every country from which he had gone out to fight for the liberties of us all. If the Australians, the British, and the Dutch agree, we can rechristen New Guinea "Unknown Soldier Island," but the christening is already done, not with champagne, but with the lifeblood of youth.

Those of you who think like us about this will wonder what you can do. The foreign offices and embassies of our Allies, like our own State Department, are too busy to be bothered about



renaming an island now; but if we start discussions, public opinion will express itself in due time.

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From Major Merrill Moore, MC, we were privileged to receive the following address delivered at a citation ceremony for eighty-five officers and men of the United States Army awarded the Purple Heart at a hospital of the American Armed Forces "somewhere in the South Pacific."

Only a few months ago, and not very far away, these soldiers who are being honored here today were fighting desperately for their lives and for ours in the jungle.

This peaceful scene and the hospitality of this country were things they did not dream of then because they were too busy fighting a savage enemy whose very existence was a threat to everything they prized in life, but this was what they were fighting for, this beauty and this way of living.

These men saw their friends die tragically and at this moment it is those friends that we are all remembering because they are not here to receive this decoration. But they would receive it if they had not already been rewarded with a higher honor, "...to die like a man for one's country!" They are not here in flesh alive with us but they are with us again in spirit and we celebrate them too, today.

You who are being awarded the Purple Heart do not really need this decoration, because you have your wounds and your memories. But we, whose privilege it is to serve you, need to make this award in order to express to you our appreciation and our admiration for what you have done so well and so courageously. Also, this is to demonstrate to you the pride and the affection your families and your friends all hold for you. Your comrades, your officers, all your colleagues in the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps, the officials of our Government and the Governments of our gallant Allies, all speak to you through this ceremony in recognition of your chivalrous actions.

You have endured hardships I need not remind you of, and suffering we have tried to alleviate, but now at this moment I see that you know the happiness and feel the joy that comes not often and only to the few that have offered themselves and all they had, and have been spared, for the cause of freedom.

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Great Britain's distinguished Ambassador, Lord Halifax, endeared himself to Kentucky when he came down in January to receive an honorary degree of doctor of laws from the University of Louisville. It was a source of regret to us that we could not accept the invitation to be present at the Convocation.

In a stirring speech Lord Halifax said, "We do well to remember in how deep jeopardy this civilization has stood. It will help us to keep our balance through all this business. If 1940



had gone awry, the lights would have gone out in the world, lights which, I think, it would have taken not years, but centuries to rekindle."

Lord Halifax cited the great partnership that has grown up between the United States and Britain, and said the two nations must be constantly on guard that nothing shall divide this partnership. "If it had existed after the last war, there would not have been this one."

"If the four great nations now fighting together can continue working together after the war, there is great hope for the world," said Lord Halifax. "If they cannot, then I think the world is sunk. If they can continue working together then I think we will have the certainty that we will not have to go through this hell again."

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The beloved National Chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. Edward S. Jouett, who is also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University of Louisville, gave the authorization to the President of the University for presentation of Lord Halifax by the Senior Dean. Mr. Jouett's retirement at the age of eighty as Vice-President and General Counsel of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad has just been announced. Happily for the Louisville and Nashville, and for him whose mind and body are those of a young man, he continues with the railroad as Advisory Counsel and as a Director. Happily for institutions like the University of Louisville and the Frontier Nursing Service, whose activities he has blessed with his beneficent life, he continues to serve us. On the occasion of his retirement, we unite with his hundreds of friends in wishing him and Mrs. Jouett years of joy together, years of service to others.

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Another honored Trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, Lieutenant General T. Holcomb, U.S.M.C., has been retired from his grilling work as Commandant of the Marine Corps, and from the active list, but not, we are sure, from service in the prosecution of the war. General Holcomb has been one of the great Commandants of the Corps and has stood like a sturdy oak against the storm. Under him the Marine Corps has prepared



for the war and fought it in new strategy but with the old tradition, "Men of courage and resolve." Our wishes for General and Mrs. Holcomb go beyond the winning of the war and include every happiness for the years of peace.

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We do not often give the space to a book review, except for professional books, but we do draw to the attention of our readers an occasional book of exceptional interest. We think *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* by Captain Ted W. Lawson (edited by Robert Considine) a must-be-read not only for its high adventure and the charming personality unconsciously revealed by Captain Lawson, but for a deeper understanding of our Allies the Chinese and what they did for our airmen and at what cost to themselves.

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We appreciate the kind things written about the Frontier Nursing Service in *The Voice of the United Churches*, a little publication gotten out by the First Presbyterian and the First Congregational Churches of Olympia in the State of Washington.

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Our friends will remember that our first Medical Director was Dr. H. C. Capps and that he carried the work of the Frontier Nursing Service and preventive work for the State Board of Health on a salary paid jointly by the two agencies. A letter from Mrs. Capps from their home in Waverley, Tennessee, says that both are well and are still talking about a visit to us and the Begleys sometime with their children. She says, "My brother and Dr. Capps' youngest brother-in-law are operating bomber planes over Germany now."

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Mrs. Edwin D. White, Chairman of the St. Paul, Minnesota, Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, called her group together for a meeting on January seventeenth. Three new members were added to the membership of this excellent Committee. Mrs. White writes us as follows: "You can't imagine how interested all these women are and how proud they are of the F.N.S."



All of her friends, and they are many, are rejoicing that our beloved Trustee, Mrs. W. C. Goodloe of Lexington, Kentucky, has made a satisfactory recovery from her serious operation this winter.

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A distinguished member of our National Medical Council, and friend, Dr. (Lt. Col.) R. Glen Spurling, has been assigned as Neurosurgical Consultant for the European Theatre of Operations in this war. At his request, we sent him the addresses of those of our British nurses he had known personally who are now in the Mother Country. To these names and addresses we added those of our British Trustees. Please note this bit of information, all of you, and someday, terribly busy man though he is, he may be able to give himself the joy of looking you up.

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#### TOWN AND TRAIN

In January I went to New York, with Wini Saxon, the evening before the Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service under the auspices of the New York Committee. This took place Wednesday morning, January twelfth at the Cosmopolitan Club. Our New York Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, presided with a distinction rarely equaled by any woman or man. She has a gift of combining humor and sense in her reports and introductions, in just the right number of words. Our New York Treasurer, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, gave her report; Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth gave the report on the Bargain Box. As all know, this is a thrift shop we share with seven other charities and it nets us between two and three thousand dollars a year. Our old courier, Mrs. Richard Storrs, Jr. ("Frenny" Rousmaniere) spoke admirably on the marionette show the junior members of the Committee were sponsoring at Miss Anne Morgan's house in the spring; and I gave my report of the year's work of the Frontier Nursing Service. After that, I lunched at the Club with Mrs. Stone, Madame Draper Boncompagni, my dear friend Mrs. Francis Boardman, and our Princeton Chairman Mrs. Caspar F. Goodrich, who is always like a breath of the Navy to me. She is not only the widow of Admiral Goodrich, but the aunt of Admiral



Kirke in the present war. Later in the afternoon, Mrs. Langdon Marvin had a delightful tea at her house in my honor, where I had the opportunity of meeting and talking with a host of old friends. It was a rummage tea which means that everyone who came to it had to bring a bundle of rummage to be sold later at the Bargain Box. There was really a marvelous collection of rummage at Mrs. Marvin's house when the tea was over. That night, my old friend, Irving Brock of the New York Times, and his wife had dinner with me which was dear of them because I was a little too tired to go out for dinner at their place.

Wini Saxon and I headquartered in New York at the Cosmopolitan Club for a couple of weeks and made side trips to other cities for my speaking engagements. It meant that we could travel coach without luggage, but it also meant that we sometimes didn't get back until one in the morning. On the first of these trips, I went out to the Bennett Junior College beyond Poughkeepsie. Most of our readers will be familiar with the long association the Frontier Nursing Service has had with this school. The second trip was to the Yale University School of Nursing at New Haven, where I spoke in the evening to the students of the School and their instructors. Dean Effie Taylor and Miss Elizabeth Kirkwood and Miss White all went to the station to meet our train. Dean Taylor was so gracious and kind and we dined with her and a group of friends before the meeting which filled a large auditorium. Still another trip was to Philadelphia where we had the Annual Meeting sponsored by the Philadelphia Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service in the hall of the Philadelphia Cosmopolitan Club. Our dear Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, was having her second bout of flu, with a temperature of 103, at her place in the country. It was sickening not to see her or to have her preside at her own meeting but her associates certainly did everything that was hospitable and kind. First, we went to the Acorn Club for lunch as the guests, with other friends, of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle. Then we went over to the Cosmopolitan Club for the meeting and the Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Owen J. Toland, presided delightfully. When she introduced me, she presented me with a large doll, gorgeously arrayed, whose hair was composed of rubber bands, whose eyes were rubber erasers, and whose clothing was completely covered



with safety pins for our babies' diapers! After the meeting and the greetings of old friends, we went with our former courier Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson, Jr. (Elizabeth Van Meter) to the Racquet Club, which made three clubs in one day. There we met her husband and a group of men and women who were staying to dinner and how we would have loved to accept the invitation! However, it would have meant not getting back to New York until the small hours of the morning and, as the Orientals say, "Tomorrow also is a day."

I had a long string of engagements in New York which included speaking to the St. Mark's Ladies Emergency Society who are dear, generous friends of ours; to the class in nursing and health at Teachers College, Columbia University, where I was introduced by Miss Lillian Hudson and had the opportunity of discussion with some of the most interesting women in the nursing field; and to the nurses of my own dear hospital, St. Luke's. To this meeting, the nurses of the Presbyterian and Roosevelt were also invited and the hall at the Eli White Memorial nurses' residence at St. Luke's was crammed with the most interesting audience in the world. Miss Olandt introduced me and we threw the meeting open to questions afterwards.

It isn't possible within the limits of any Bulletin to tell of all I did in and around New York and of all the people I saw but among them were some of my warmest friends and some of the most devoted friends of the Frontier Nursing Service and of other activities for the public good. I saw something of that wonderful nurse, Miss Florence Johnson, of the New York Red Cross, and her associates. This is the second World War in which she has embarked and debarked nurses from the port of New York and in all the years between she has been more welcoming than the Statue of Liberty to our British nurses. Miss Mary Beard, head of the nursing service of the American Red Cross, was up from Washington and at the Cosmopolitan Club for conferences and, after our day's work was done, we sat far into the night talking over old times, the hard present times, and the unknown future. I had an hour with Miss Louise Zabriskie, head of the Maternity Consultation Service and one of the most outstanding nurses in obstetrics in the world. When I see her, I feel as though I should never even mention a broken back. She has



had a broken neck for twenty years and wears a metal collar and has to put her hand on someone's arm before she can walk—and her life is one of the most active and useful in America. I had dinner with our own old nurses, Rose McNaught and Jean Kay. On the afternoon that I spoke at Teachers College, I went with Lillian Hudson to see that honored and beloved leader in the nursing world, Miss Adelaide Nutting. To memories of a long past, in which she has borne so distinguished a part, she adds as keen an interest in the world of her old age as she gave to the world of her youth. A meeting with her is always for me a kind of consecration.

Among old couriers, I had tea with Ellen Bruce and her mother, and Martha Cross was there; Barbara Whipple of Rochester came to dinner with me with her delightful husband, Dr. John Albert Schilling, and gave me three happy hours; Ethel Bartlett Thompson came in to lunch and was the same dear "Ettie." She brought water-colors her husband had made for the children and sent to her from Africa and they were charming.

My English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Rawnsley lunched with me. With Madame Draper Boncompagni, I went to the French Co-ordinating Council for French War Relief and saw my old Chief of the days of so long ago in France, Miss Anne Morgan, who is working as magnificently now as then. I also had a lovely long visit with Jessie Carson of the same days in France and saw Elizabeth Hamm and Miriam Blagden Crocker and other of the old C.A.R.D.'s. At Mrs. Crocker's place, I had a quiet hour with Mrs. Henry James. I also saw, but too briefly, Mrs. Alfred H. Granger. I had visits with those wonderful and busy members of our National Medical Council, Dr. George W. Kosmak and Dr. H. H. M. Lyle, and a talk over the telephone with Dr. Benjamin P. Watson. I also saw that charming physician, Dr. Lewis Byrne Robinson.

Some of my own relations were among the people to enjoy, including my only sister whose husband Colonel Dunn was on his last leave. He says he has in his regiment a Hensley of Hyden.

Although I missed them in New Haven, I did see in New York Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow and Mrs. Winslow and our own Anne, now an officer in the WACs and hoping for overseas service. Our



Alice Ford was in New York and most helpful with the meetings. The Seymour Wadsworths came in to see me with their girls who will be couriers one day I hope.

Before I left New York for New England, the New York Committee had a business meeting at the home of Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere. I call her lovely place the Frontier Nursing Service headquarters in New York because she opens it regularly for the Committee meetings and does so spend herself in our behalf. At this meeting and between meetings, I saw something of the members of this extraordinarily able Committee.

I hadn't time or strength for theatres this year, or for coping with transport afterwards, but I went with Margaret Boncompagni to see the triptychs at the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, and also to hear Father Grube speak for the French Relief.

After New York, Wini Saxon went back to Kentucky and I went on to Boston alone, but not alone because on the train was Mrs. Jason Mixter and we had the loveliest quiet time for a long talk that I have had with her since she was so kind to me when my back was operated on in Boston years ago. In Boston, I saw Dr. Mixter for a moment and Dr. William A. Rogers, whose solicitude about my back never wears down. We had a meeting of the Boston Committee, with an attendance of eighteen people, under the auspices of its Chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, Jr., and its Honorary Chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman. It was a delightful meeting at which I gave a report on the Frontier Nursing Service and where the discussion which followed was animated and constructive.

Either at this meeting, or before I left New England, I had a chance to talk to many members of our Committee including old couriers of years ago, now married and with children, like Mrs. Reginald S. Ward ("Roddy" Rust) and Mrs. Andrew Yeomans ("Betty" Pratt), and younger couriers like Frances Baker and Phyllis Long. Other members of the Committee were old American Committee for Devastated France friends, as well as Frontier Nursing Service friends like Mrs. John Rock, Beatrice Williams, Mrs. Mason Harris, Jr. (Zaydee DeJonge) who came up from Fitchburg. I didn't get to Providence this time but had a nice telephone conversation with Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr.



("Mardie" Bemis) and sent my love to Providence friends. We were not having general meetings in New England just at this time. Mrs. Codman gave me a luncheon where I met again that honored and dear member of the Boston Committee, Mrs. Horatio Lamb, and other interesting people. Our own Meta, now Mrs. James J. McGuire, Jr., came up from Framingham, where she is near her husband's camp, to see me. I dined with the young Peter Vosburghs and met Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Hughes. He is a Nieman Fellow from the Louisville Times at Harvard. Delightful was an hour with Miss Jane Short Atwood whose mother's name is commemorated in one of our Clay County nursing centers pictured on the inside cover of this Bulletin. I lunched with my dear friend, Mrs. Charles W. Moss from Cincinnati. I dined and had a fascinating evening with my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Shields, now in Cambridge. He was United States District Attorney in Shanghai for many years and came back on the Grips-holm.

In the middle of my Boston days, came a week-end and I stayed from Friday evening to Monday morning with my lifelong friend, Mrs. I. H. Jones, at Marblehead. She and I were at school together in Switzerland in our girlhood when she was Edith Ritchie, and her place has been home to me for as long as it has been home to her. The Frontier Nursing Service has loads of friends in Marblehead and Edith gathered a lot of them together to see me on Saturday. It was a deep pleasure to me that my old friend, Mrs. Charles T. Davis, came to this party and gave me the opportunity of seeing and talking with her again. I had a most restful week-end. We lunched at the Arts Club with Mr. and Mrs. Guy M. Stone and had a supper and bridge with Mrs. Arnold Smith. It sounds active but there was plenty of time to enjoy Edith and her husband and to have the long talks and the games of letter-bags in which she and I delight.

From Boston, I took a night train down to Washington where I spent Thursday, February third and most of Friday the fourth with Judge and Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner. Marion Shouse Lewis met my train and after I had had a bath, we all went over to the Sulgrave Club where my cousin, Mrs. Henry Matson Waite, had invited a group of most interesting women to meet me at lunch. At Mrs. Groner's place, we had a meeting of the Wash-



ington Committee followed by tea and attended by a large group of some of the ablest and nicest women in the world. The business of the meeting was to discuss and put in motion the plans for the traditional Washington spring benefit when we will have Cornelia Otis Skinner again this year. All of you who live in and around Washington will receive notices of this benefit and will read about its coming in the press. Mrs. Groner conducted the meeting with that mingling of rare charm and high ability that are a part of her. I gave my report on the Frontier Nursing Service and then had the pleasure of talking with old friends. I dined that night with Mrs. Lewis and Lieutenant Lewis, USNR, and his wife, our Marion, and saw our Lucile Hodges and Alice Ford again, for she had popped up in Washington, as so many do.

The second day in Washington was a busy one. Marion Lewis constituted herself my chauffeur and gave her time and gasoline to take me first to the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation (UNRRA) where I had a long talk with Dr. Bernard Zuger, who was one of the three delightful physicians from UNRRA whose visits to the Frontier Nursing Service are covered under Field Notes. I met Miss Arnstein in this office and others of the UNRRA group. It is a high honor to us that so distinguished a man as Dr. Zuger felt that the work of the Frontier Nursing Service could be of help to him in overseas planning. My own years of work in civilian relief with the old American Committee for Devastated France after the last war have left me with a longing to be of some help again, though indirectly and through others, to Europe's children.

I lunched as the guest of that fine friend of ours, Dr. Edwin F. Daily, of the Children's Bureau. Among his other guests to meet me were Dr. W. M. Schmidt and Miss Ruth Taylor, Director of the Nursing Unit of the Children's Bureau. We had much to discuss. After luncheon, Miss Taylor and Dr. Daily took me to a meeting of the staff of the Division of Health Services (from all over the United States) where I was to speak. Dr. Martha Eliot received me most kindly and Dr. Daily introduced me. What was my delight to find among the interesting people in this crowd Dr. Marcia Hays, old friend and worker in the Frontier Nursing Service, now with the California unit of the Children's Bureau and just as delectable a person as she was in the days of old.



We had the opportunity of a talk together. After that, I had the privilege of a long talk with Miss Taylor covering the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, the Johns Hopkins cadets who are coming to us, and developments in the nursing world. I had to hurry back to Mrs. Groner's and get my bags to make a five o'clock train for Baltimore to which Marion and Alice took me.

I was to spend the night at the Johns Hopkins Hospital and leave the next afternoon for the Shenandoah Valley. Therefore, I had my heavy bag with me. I knew that our Betty Holmes, now a senior student of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, was meeting my train but how can anyone be sure of meeting any train in the stations today? As it turned out, she didn't dare leave the two stairways on the train platforms to look for me and the crowds were dense, even denser than usual. I sat down on my luggage in the train shed and waited comfortably for twenty minutes before I laid eyes on a porter. One rescued me finally, put me in a taxi, and I got to Hampton House at the Johns Hopkins just five minutes after Betty's return. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Miss Wolf's welcome, the comfort of her guest room, or the dearness of Betty and our old courier Doris Sinclair, now ending her first year of training at the School of Nursing.

That night, I spoke to the students of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and a few doctors who drifted in. It was a wonderful audience. Miss Wolf, Superintendent of the School of Nursing, turned the introduction over to our Baltimore Chairman and old friend, Dr. John Bergland. His wife was there, as was Mrs. J. William McMillan. Dr. Eastman also honored the meeting with his presence. Our courier Betsy Pagon was present with her fiancé Dr. Blanchard. The thing that brought a lump to my throat was the absence of my dear kinsman, Dr. Cary Breckinridge Gamble, who had never missed in many years any of our Baltimore meetings.

The next morning at the Johns Hopkins was spent in personal interviews with the four cadets who are coming to the Frontier Nursing Service and each of whom I liked extremely well, with talks with Miss Wolf and Miss Ames and with seeing a little something again of Betty and Doris. Then I went to luncheon at the Mount Vernon Club with Mrs. John Bergland



where she had Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Slack, and Mrs. Brent to meet me. Dr. Bergland himself came to take me to my train and Betty went with me as far as Washington. I stayed on the train until it got to Harper's Ferry where the old porter who has been portering for about thirty years remembered me by name and put me in Mr. Rockwell's car with the mail bags for places as far up the Shenandoah Valley as Winchester.

I had eight days in the Valley of pure holiday with my dear sister Dorothy Breckinridge, my brother's widow, at "Flagstop." This is the first holiday I have had since I took just such another week a year ago. Except for dinners and evenings with Dorothy's sisters and brother at "Hawthorne" and "Balclutha," I didn't go anywhere. Dorothy had just read and passed on to me the entrancing *Memoires* of André Maurois, one of the most beautifully written and deeply moving books I have ever read. She and I went to Evensong in the old Parish Church at Summit Point where she and my brother were married.

On the afternoon of my last day, Dorothy gave a party for me and for young Pembroke Grove, USNRMC, and his wife. He was just back from sixteen months in the Pacific. In spite of a snowstorm and gasoline shortage, a good many people came from up and down the Valley on the Virginia and West Virginia side of the line and I did enjoy them. My own two nephews, Jim and John Breckinridge, I did not see because they are now in the Marine Corps.

Few people who don't live in the Shenandoah Valley know that the three West Virginia Valley counties were taken from Virginia during the War Between the States and given to West Virginia. They form the lower end of the Shenandoah Valley. A state line dividing the Valley and its old country places, putting Winchester in one state and Charles Town in another, is inconvenient. Virginians think of these three counties as their Alsace-Lorraine.

When I was in the Shenandoah Valley two years ago, young Paul Thomson, who had just been commissioned after graduation from the V. M. I., was leaving for the Pacific from "Hawthorne." As we all stood at the gate to see him off, I thought of how many boys had gone to how many wars from that old place and some not to come back. "Some of us will never see you again, loved



Valley of Virginia," wrote Mary Johnston, in *The Long Roll*, of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers.

Back in Washington, I stayed with Marion Lewis from noon, February fourteenth, until my train left for Lexington the next evening at six o'clock and I had the honor to be the first guest in Marion's new home on Tracy Place. The hours were crowded and interesting. I went with Marion and Mrs. Lewis to the luncheon for the Washington Symphony Orchestra, to a tea with that delightful Swiss woman, Madame Péter, and then to a tea that our old courtier Mrs. Edwin Allen Locke, Jr. (Dot Clark) gave for me at her home in Georgetown. I met another old courier there, Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dorothea Newman), and other pleasant people, but the three delectable ones were Dot's children, the girl who is a courier-to-be and the two little sons. Another courier that I met in Washington, Joan McClellan, is now in the WAVES, as is our old staff member Ensign Dale Echols Winship. Mrs. Groner had friends to lunch with me at the Sulgrave on Tuesday. Another Tuesday pleasure was to see again that distinguished member of our Medical Council and dear friend, Dr. Louis S. Greene.

On Wednesday the sixteenth, I reached Lexington and on Thursday the seventeenth, started back into the mountains. We were having torrential rains and the rivers were in the biggest tides in two years. At the foot of the swinging bridge over the Middle Fork, my flea-bitten gray mare Babbette was waiting for me. It was good to get the feel of a horse against my knees again. While others struggled with my luggage in the driving rain, Babbette and I rode to Wendover as we have done so many times over so many years. I was home from beyond the mountains.

M. B.

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#### NEWS RECEIVED AS WE GO TO PRESS

We have received a telegram, as we go to press, from our courier Mrs. Armand Girard (Barbara Glazier of Hartford, Connecticut) that she has been informed of her husband's death. It was Barbara who wrote us after a year of marriage, "This is my wedding anniversary and he is in New Guinea." We are heartsick over the terrible tragedy that has come to this dear girl.



## FIELD NOTES

Once again we're sending you  
Little things we trust will do;  
In hopes that you will find herein  
Fodder for the Bulletin.

We know you will be wanting more,  
We'll start again in forty-four.  
So with this comes our love sincere,  
Best wishes for a Bright New Year.

This bit of verse came to your editor last Christmas from the staff at Hyden Hospital and Midwives' Quarters with lots of "fodder for the Bulletin" in the shape of articles, verses, and pictures. We have used some of the fodder in this issue and saved some for other issues.

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The picture of the road to Wendover on the cover of the Bulletin we owe to the courtesy of the St. Louis Post Dispatch. The picture on the inside of the front cover we owe to the courtesy of the Louisville Courier-Journal. The picture on the inside of the back cover is one of those taken by Mrs. Jefferson Patterson when she was in here as Marvin Breckinridge so many years ago. Mrs. John A. Schilling, our former courier Barbara Whipple of Rochester, did the drawing for the jingle about cod-liver oil and Ole Man Flu.

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Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville has added to those she has already given us another one-hundred-dollar United States bond bearing two and a half per cent interest. These have gone into our endowment funds. We want our friends to know we shall be deeply grateful to any who feel they are able to give the Frontier Nursing Service some of the war bonds they buy regularly. Such bonds should be made out to the

Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.  
Lexington, Kentucky

We suggest Lexington because that is the place of our original incorporation, the residence of our Treasurer and of our auditors.



Away back last autumn, we received a letter from Miss Anna D. Wolf, Superintendent of the School of Nursing of The Johns Hopkins Hospital, asking if we would like to take for the last part of their third year of training some of the Hopkins cadet nurses for special experience and training in rural district nursing. This suggestion was thoroughly discussed at the autumn Executive Committee meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service and approved for not more than four cadets at one time. Miss Wolf took up the details of the arrangement with her Curriculum Committee and the plan was approved there also. We are to be responsible for the maintenance of these cadets and their horses, their riding uniforms, and a stipend of thirty dollars a month to be given them under the Bolton Act. Miss Wolf is sending us this spring four outstandingly good cadets whose names, with further details about them and the work they will do with us, will be given in the next issue of the Bulletin. Needless to say, we are deeply honored that The Johns Hopkins Hospital School of Nursing has chosen the Frontier Nursing Service for this affiliation and we will give the four cadets the best we have to offer.

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Another fascinating event in the Frontier Nursing Service lately has been the visit of three doctors from the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation (UNRRA). If the physicians that UNRRA is sending overseas are all of the high caliber of the three who came to visit and observe our work, then the desolated areas of occupied Europe will get medical help of the finest quality.

Dr. Robert A. Lyon was only with us for one day at Hyden and at Wendover, but Dr. Katharine G. Dodge, who came on January eighteenth, stayed a week and charmed all who came in contact with her. She spent her first night with Dr. and Mrs. Fraser at Joy House and then came for a night at Wendover. After that, we sent her down to the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence for a few days during which she rode out on a delivery and was a rare good sport. She returned to Hyden to the Midwives' Quarters and was in on one of the Hospital deliveries. Dr. Bernard Zuger arrived on January twenty-second



and stayed at Wendover over the week-end. He went to Confluence on the Monday and was back at Hyden on Wednesday. He made a deep impression upon all who came in contact with him. We hope these three physicians got out of their visits with us a fraction of the interest with which they inspired us.

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We rarely have guests in the winter months, but four delightful women have visited Vanda Summers and Margaret Eimon at the Hospital at Hyden, Dr. Luvia Willard and Mrs. Edna M. Blake both of Jamaica, New York, and Mrs. Marion Lee Nesbitt of Santa Barbara, California, and Mrs. D. H. Rowsome of Essex Falls, New Jersey. Mrs. Rowsome, now married to a Lieutenant in the Navy, was a graduate of my own hospital, St. Luke's in New York, as Helen L. Johnson in 1929. Patricia Simmons at Beech Fork had a charming nurse, Mrs. Doris A. Johnson of Kalamazoo, Michigan, to visit her, who stayed overnight at Wendover because of tides that made it impossible for her to reach Beech Fork. Margaret Eimon had a visit from a young sailor, David Moe from California, who has been taking the Navy V-12 training at college.

The last days of February, we have had a most welcome guest in Mrs. J. Gibson McIlvain, 2nd, daughter-in-law of our Philadelphia Chairman and sister of our loved courier Fanny McIlvain, and of Mr. Gibson McIlvain, for a night only.

Mrs. McIlvain told us that when she asked her six-year-old daughter, Sandra, what she wanted to give up for Lent, "Sandy" replied quickly, "I will give up school." Reminded that she must give up something she really wanted to do, "Sandy," whose language is innocence itself, said, "Then I will give up swearing."

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The four students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery this semester are Miss Minnie Lee Hobbs of South Carolina, Miss Nadine Bengé of Louisiana, and Miss Jean Bradley and Miss Mary LeFevre from our own staff. These graduate nurses are all making excellent progress in their training as midwives and are keeping up the high standard set by the students in the Graduate School. Ruth Peninger is now Assistant Instructor in the School.



Dr. Alice Chenoweth of the Kentucky State Board of Health, whose visits are always a delight to us even though they are in the line of work and all too brief, came up for the examinations of the last class in midwifery on December sixteenth. All of the students passed these examinations successfully.

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We loaned Dr. Ella Woodyard, our Research Director, to the United States Government for some special work involving statistics and psychology over a period of several weeks in New England. As the work was of a confidential nature, we couldn't say anything about it, even if we knew, which we do not.

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Our friends and members of the Hyden Committee, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Begley, have just returned from a trip to New Orleans where they attended the graduation exercises of their son, Grant Begley, from Tulane University School of Medicine. Grant now has his commission as First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the Army of the United States and is serving a nine months' internship at Charity Hospital in New Orleans.

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The women of the Red Bird Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service (the Clara Ford Center) have been meeting at the Center regularly for months to sew for the Frontier Nursing Service under the direction of the Secretary of the Committee, Mrs. Floyd Bowling. First they mended all the linen at the Center and made supplies for the Center nurse-midwife, Ethel Gonzalez ("Gonnie"). Then they started in on supplies for the Hospital at Hyden. Mrs. Bowling has sent over to the Hospital Superintendent, Vanda Summers, thirty masks and twenty-eight caps that were badly needed.

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Under Old Staff News we mention the death at Welling, England, of James McQueen, the husband of our old nurse, Peggy Tinline. Since Peggy was for years stationed at the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center at Flat Creek, we know that some of her friends there will want to write her. Please address her as follows: Mrs. James McQueen, 13 Glenmore Road, Welling, Kent, England.



In her last letter, Peggy says this:

"How are all my friends at Flat Creek? How often I think of them all and how bravely they faced all their troubles. What fun we had. If any of them are over here I do hope they will come and see me. I must write to Mrs. Bascombe Bowling and ask her to let any of the Flat Creek boys know my address."

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One of the people deep in the affections of the Frontier Nursing Service is Sybil Gilbert, daughter of Doc Gilbert from Flat Creek, who was the maid at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork for six years. She was immensely popular with the nurse-midwives and with all of the people on the districts. Animals loved her too. Gregore, the sow, wouldn't eat after she left. Sybil had cooked poke and other wild salad for her and petted her while she ate. Sugar, the calf, used to come into the kitchen and beg for milk.

Sybil has two brothers in the armed forces, one in Africa. She herself is now in Louisville working in an ammunition container plant. She is putting her money in war bonds. Although Sybil is doing well in her work—so well that she has been asked to take charge of a department of girls—she misses the mountains and wants to come back after the war.

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Mr. Chris Queen, engineer in charge of the Fordson Company on Red Bird River, is not only a most active member of our Red Bird Committee, but one of the kindest of friends to the Service. He gave the Hyden Hospital a seventeen-pound turkey for Christmas; he had all the hauling done without charge to get the children's toys, oranges, clothing, and candy from Hyden over to Red Bird; and he has donated five bales of lespedeza and five bales of soy bean hay for "Caledonia," the Red Bird cow.

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A new member of the Brutus Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. Jim Davidson, has proved himself this winter to be one of the most useful and kindest members of any of our committees anywhere. Mr. Davidson had heard the men who hauled for the Brutus nurse-midwives say that the road up to the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center was so nar-



row that they were afraid of going over the bank. Whereupon, Mr. Davidson cut, hauled, and installed locust posts along the outer edge of the road from the gate to the barn and did it all as a free gift to the Service. The locust posts are unusually fine ones and go four feet into the ground. There isn't any possibility of anything going over that bank now.

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We are deeply grateful to Miss Zylpha Roberts, missionary at Dry Hill, for the loan of her horse "Frank" several times for Frontier Nursing Service work.

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A neighborhood wedding of unusual interest to us is that of Miss Irene Brashear, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Brashear, to Sergeant Arthur Gay Blair, U. S. A., which took place in Paintsville, Kentucky, on December 13th, 1943, when Sergeant Blair was at home on a short furlough. Early in January he got overseas orders. Before he enlisted, he was Farm Security Supervisor for Leslie County. Irene was for many years a member of our Wendover household and has been greatly missed since she left last year to take a position with the Chrysler Corporation in Detroit. She has just returned to live with her family. We send these young people every good wish.

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Our resident courier during the winter has been Fanny McIlvain of Philadelphia. Jean Hollins has been on a vacation with her people in New York. Frances Baker and Phyllis Long stayed on after their junior courier period was up to act as seniors and break in the juniors. The juniors this winter have been Elinor Butt of Narberth, Pennsylvania and Patricia Chapin of Batavia, New York. Both attend college at Bennington and were allowed to serve with us for their winter field work. They have been extremely good couriers.

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Dorothy A. Gressman of the Hospital staff was married to John Hamel on December thirty-first and will be leaving the Service to go to her husband in March. We are not sure whether he will continue to farm, for he is a farmer, or whether he will



be taken by the war. In any case, a great many warm good wishes from the Frontier Nursing Service follow Dorothy in her married life.

New Hospital nurses are Helen E. Stokes of New York and Mabel Derflinger of Ohio.

Lucille Knechtly of the Wendover staff had her appendix taken out by Dr. Collins at our Hospital at Hyden and is back on duty again after a satisfactory convalescence.

The father of the Hospital clinic nurse, Beatrice Miller, has been and still is very ill. Beatrice has gone home twice to see him and has always our sympathy in her anxiety.

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Audrey Dyer and Hannah Mitchell have both been transferred to the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus and are in charge there. Nola Blair is now the nurse at Wendover.

In order to expand our training field for graduate nurses in midwifery, we have worked out a most satisfactory arrangement with the Wooton Community Center of which those two fine people, Rev. and Mrs. B. P. Deaton, are in charge. They had a building for a resident nurse, but no nurse. We could use another district on the pike within easy reach of the Hyden Hospital for our Graduate School. We placed Rose Avery, formerly resident nurse at Wendover, in charge of the area and we expect to be able to add to the number of students we can take in the next class of the Graduate School.

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Welcome visits from old friends have been one from Margaret Ferguson ("Fergie") who was for years on our Hospital staff and is now doing public health in Georgia, and Ruth Davis of Georgia, a graduate of our Midwifery School, but now taken by the Navy. Ruth has left for the duration her dog "Stinky," who took the midwifery course with her, with Gladys Moberg.

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Winter is leaving the Kentucky mountains with a roar as of many waters. The last days of February, as we go to press, are filled with torrential rains, rising rivers and creeks, delayed mail, difficult travel. We who live in the mountains because we



love them learned years ago to take the weather as it comes, nor can your editor lay the blame for the lateness of this Bulletin onto the delayed mails. My friend in Chicago, Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, says there is only one gift she really wants in the world and that is "another Tuesday." I am greedier. I should like at the end of February, another whole week.



"MY WORD! SHE'S LAUNCHED THE ADMIRAL!"

Drawn for *The Christian Science Monitor* by Crawford Young.  
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**Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**  
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

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Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

**Research Director**  
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D.

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#### Resident Wendover Nurse

Miss Nola Blair, R.N., C.M.

**F. N. S. Nurse at**  
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Miss Rose Avery, R.N., C.M.

#### AT OUTPOST NURSING STATIONS

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**  
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Miss Mary Patricia Simmons, R.N., C.M.; Miss Marian Cadwallader, R.N., C.M.

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**  
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)  
Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**  
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)  
Miss Ethel Gonzalez, R.N., C.M.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)  
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)  
Miss Hannah Mitchell, R.N., C.M.; Miss Audrey Dyer, R.N., C.M.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)  
Miss Anne Fox, R.N., S.C.M.\*

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

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



## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

. . . . .

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



## FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

### DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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





**CAROLINE BUTLER ATWOOD MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER**

**At the Mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River,  
Clay County, Kentucky**

This outpost nursing center was the gift of Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, and Miss Jane Short Atwood of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in memory of their mother, whose name it bears.

The picture shows the house and solid oak barn with room for horses and the Service cow. The house has a clinic and waiting room and accommodations for patients overnight as well as comfortable quarters for the nurses. From this center, the Frontier Nursing Service has given midwifery, bedside nursing, infant care, and public health teaching in a rugged and beautiful section of mountain country over a period of fifteen years.



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