

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 20

SPRING, 1945

NUMBER 4



Kindly spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear;

Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow;

Lord, afford a spring to me,
Let me feel like what I see;

Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seemed dead before.

J. NEWTON, 1725-1807



CADET AND HER FILLY FOAL, DIMITY
Courier, Phyllis Long

(Photograph by Earl Palmer)

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

Printed in conformity with Government wartime regulations for saving paper.

VOLUME 20

SPRING, 1945

NUMBER 4

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

Copyright 1945 Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Cadet's Day in the Mountains	<i>Olen M. Boyer</i>	9
A Typical Day	<i>Mabelyn W. Bertholf</i>	13
Beyond the Mountains		49
Field Notes (Illustrated)		56
In Memoriam, Mr. President		2
Night Life of a Student Nurse-Midwife (Illustrated by Cartoons)	<i>Bertha Bloomer</i>	17
Old Courier News		27
Old Staff News		38
Philippine Chapel (Drawing)	<i>Lt. Arthur D. Byrne</i>	4
Running a Center	<i>Louise Mowbray</i>	5
Talking Things Over (Photograph)		Inside back cover
Under a Wiltshire Apple Tree (Drawings by Rose Evans)	<i>Anna Bunston</i>	36
Urgent Needs		21

BRIEF BITS

Caution!		20
Jeep in the Philippines (Cartoon)	<i>Lt. Arthur D. Byrne</i>	35
Just Jokes, Military		55
Just Jokes, Two-Story Bus		16
Nearness to Nature	<i>The Christian News-Letter, England</i>	12
Princess Elizabeth Joins A.T.S.	<i>British Journal of Nursing</i>	12
The Magnuson Children (Photograph)		8

In Memoriam

MR. PRESIDENT

Lycidas is dead . . . and hath not left his peer

.

I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar . . .

—Milton

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night . . .

—Shelley

The devil, with sad and sober sense on his grey face, tells the rulers of the world that the misery which disfigures the life of great societies is beyond the reach of human remedy. A voice is raised from time to time in answer: a challenge in the name of the mercy of God, or the justice of nature, or the dignity of man.

—J. L. and Barbara Hammond, *Lord Shaftesbury*

Great men are very disturbing to the world.

—Goethe

When Mrs. Roosevelt first asked me years ago to dine at the White House it was for a family dinner with her and the President and Miss Le Hand. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt led me to talk about our people here in the Kentucky mountains. The President had ridden through a good part of our mountain country on horseback in his youth. He was concerned, deeply concerned, over getting roads built, over the development of forests, over possible economic outlets for the people. He did not ask me a single political question. As he talked I realized that he cared about our people and their welfare. I remember many things he said to me but I shall not quote them. It is not unsuitable to say that he was struck with one thing I told him. An elderly and most respectable woman had come to me to ask my

help in trying to get a son-in-law out of trouble with the Federal authorities—a trouble into which he had fallen ignorantly and not criminally. I asked her, “Where was he raised?” She answered, “He warn’t raised. He just jerked hisself up.” Mr. Roosevelt wanted to see all American children decently raised, in fact all children everywhere. It hurt him that any child should be neglected, that any people should be insecure and hungry.

When the President bade me goodbye he said, “It has been grand meeting you.” I answered then, as I would now, “It was glorious meeting you, Mr. President.”

When he died the voice of mourning was heard from people the world over. It is a prophetic voice, looking toward the time when world brotherhood shall put a stop to world destitution.

“After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues. . . . They shall hunger no more.”

To us in America has fallen the honor of giving people their first world citizen—one whom they accepted in his lifetime as theirs as well as ours. Our Washington was the leader of a young and loosely-knit people. Lincoln and Lee each led a part of a divided nation. Roosevelt’s leadership has been accepted beyond the seven seas and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. It may not be until history, the poignant history in which we live today, has passed through many decades that a biographer will find the key to unlock the secret of Roosevelt’s influence. First will come the adulators to distort and blur even the outlines of his person. Then will come the debunkers. These last will reason: “Why, this man made mistakes as we do, he had failings like us; therefore, we are on a level with him.” Perhaps the key when it is found will be something very simple because there is a childlikeness in all greatness, and we know that childlikeness is the key to the Kingdom of Heaven.

“Like a bairn to its mither,
A wee birdie to its nest,
I fain would be gangin’ noo
Unto my Faether’s breast;
For He gathers in His arms
Helpless, worthless lambs like me,
An’ carries them Himsel’
To His ain countree.”



PHILIPPINE CHAPEL

Drawn for the Bulletin by Lt. Arthur D. Byrne

Roof is Nipa grass—walls are woven palm leaves—beams are bamboo—seats are bomb fire crates—animate objects—G. I.'s

RUNNING A CENTER

by

LOUISE MOWBRAY, R.N., S.C.M.

(Charlie)

The F.N.S. nurse-midwife, "outside the hills" for her annual holiday is often asked, "What else do you do besides ride horse-back over mountain trails, deliver babies and care for the sick amongst those interesting people?"

Doubtless she replies by telling some of her more exciting experiences on the district. She tells of her hobbies, her dog, her flowers. She says that she reads, knits, listens to the radio and enjoys the brief visits of couriers and guests. Then with a smile she concludes, "You see, I run an Outpost Center and the days never seem to have quite time enough for everything. One always looks forward to tomorrow."

It is to be suspected that the questioners conjure up a delightful mental picture of the nurse, returning after her hours of district rounds and nursing duties to the indulgence of her hobbies in the peace and shelter of the Center. Actually such a picture is not quite true to fact.

"Running a Center" is rich in experience. It can be fun! It is, however, neither simple nor easy. It requires constant forethought and consists of an important series of tasks whose accomplishment is not realized without a good deal of effort.

There is the house, sturdily built, with cellar, attic, living room, kitchen, bedrooms, bath, dispensary and clinic waiting room. Like all houses, it has to be kept up and, while the nurse is its tenant, it is her responsibility.

There are floors to keep polished, rooms to be swept and dusted, beds to be made and windows washed. The clinic linoleum, over which innumerable muddy or dusty boots tramp daily, requires endless scrubbing. The oil lamps, for there is no electric light, have to be trimmed and filled. The kitchen range, which burns the soft coal that gives such wonderful heat but produces scuttlesful of soot, must be cleaned daily, else there will be NO HOT WATER, or worse yet, the grates may burn out and collapse on the coldest day of winter.

A second pair of hands is, therefore, indispensable even though they are only those of an untrained, young girl; for the district nurse-midwife must devote a large share of her day to rounds and nursing duties. She returns, after hours in the saddle, with her horse as weary and muddy or hot and dusty as she is herself. He has to be unsaddled, thoroughly groomed and fed before she can go up from the barn to the house. She cannot hope to cope day after day with a cold stove, unfilled lamps and an untidy clinic.

This second pair of hands helps, too, with other daily features of "Running a Center." One of the Center's greatest assets is the Service cow and, if the nurse is wise, she also keeps a few chickens. The cow will produce milk and butter, but not unless she is cared for properly. She has to be fed, she has to have gallons of water, and each morning and evening she has to be milked. The milk must be strained and put away and, two or three times a week, butter is churned. Chickens supply eggs and fryers but they too require feeding and at night must be rounded up and shut in the chicken house, safe from marauding rats and hoot owls.

It is to be hoped that the nurse has a barn boy who will come daily to clean the stalls and put down fresh sawdust for bedding and, in the winter, will shovel paths and carry out furnace ashes; for these things, too, are part of Center running.

Then there has to be food, food for the household, food for guests and for work hands. Milk from the cow and eggs from the chickens help, but cow and chickens require grain, or dairy feed and clover hay, which must be purchased and delivered to the Center.

The tiny local store will provide staples: flour, sugar, salt, etc., and, once every week or so, in good weather, the neighbor's truck, which has been "out" the twenty miles to the village, will bring back oranges, bacon, coffee and a few luxuries in response to a carefully compiled order. Locally, the nurse "trades" for a bushel of apples, plums or potatoes, a hindquarter of lamb, a "slab of side meat." Likewise she may "trade" for lettuce, tomatoes, beans, beets, carrots, cabbage and corn; or perhaps she has her own garden. If she has a garden she negotiates for the plowing and helps with the planting, cultivating and harvesting.

At any rate, she plans to can all surplus against the time when there will be no gardens and when no butchering is being done. Therefore, she and her second pair of hands spend many evening hours filling glass jars with vegetables, fruit and meat.

The outpost nurse arranges for the center's fuel, three cords of wood, sixteen tons of coal, to be cut or dug locally and delivered during the "slack season" between hoeing and harvesting. She plans her kerosene supply carefully so that the huge drum of oil can be filled at a time when roads are open to truck travel. She orders grain and salt blocks for the horses, and arranges for haulage of the grain and hay over the narrow wood-road from the nearest railroad some twenty miles distant.

The nurse arranges for and supervises local workhands in the heavier jobs of running a Center. There is the fencing to be gone over frequently lest the neighbors' baby pigs find their way through and root up the pastures. There are water gaps to be repaired where a log or rocks crushed against them by heavy "tides" have broken through. In spring the two acres or so of pasture have to be seeded; in summer, weeds pulled and cut; in autumn, fertilizer spread. Otherwise, there will be only rough hillsides of rock and stubble. There are eaves troughs to be cleared of leaves so that the house will not leak; bushes to be cut back from windows and paths.

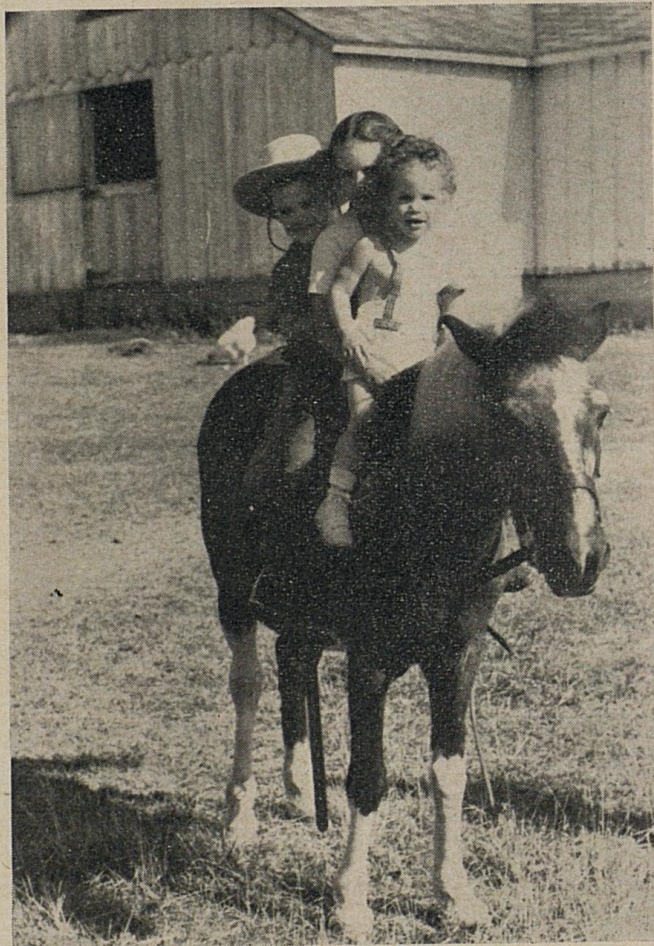
After the big rains when water is plentiful there are the spring and the water tank to be cleaned and the fire hose tested. Every valve must be gone over carefully so there will be no leakage of precious water in dry weather; every inch of frost-proofing on outlet pipes must be inspected, so there will be no danger of freezing. The flues in the chimney have to be swept free of soot annually. The furnace and stove pipes are taken down in summer and replaced with new ones if need be. The furnace grates and firebox are inspected for signs of cracking. It would be a calamity indeed were these to give out in winter.

The stalls and barn runway must be dug up and rebuilt. It is important for the animals to be comfortable! The inside of the barn and the house cellar need a fresh coat of whitewash for protection. That slide and tree, which the last storm brought down across the Center drive, must be cleared away before a

truck can come in again. All these things are part of "Running a Center!"

The F.N.S. outpost nurse-midwife makes her horseback rounds up the creek beds, over the mountain trails of her district territory; she delivers the babies and cares for the health and welfare of her district's thousand or so inhabitants. To make this possible, she "Runs a Center!"

"The days never seem to have quite time enough for everything. One always looks forward to tomorrow!"



**CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. PAUL
MAGNUSON, JR.**

(Courier "Tips" Stevenson)

Reading from back to front, Peter 5, Alicia 8,
David 2.

A CADET'S DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

by

OLEN M. BOYER, U.S.C.N.C.

Johns Hopkins Hospital and Frontier Nursing Service

It was the last day of January and a cold one indeed. Miss Nola Blair (my supervisor) and I were getting ready for a long trip up Camp Creek. There were several prenatal visits to be seen, a four-year-old girl who had been "bad off" with the flu, and Aunt Rebecca, a wrinkled little old lady who was suffering from extreme hypertension. She had had several strokes during the past few years and there wasn't very much we could do for her, but the family did appreciate our coming in and looking after her. There were also health calls to be made on one or two families, but they might have to wait another day if we didn't have time for them today. Health calls, like the poor, are always with us. If we can't see a family one day we are quite sure of getting in that neighborhood again in a few days.

As it happened, however, this wasn't at all what our program included for that day. We had been expecting Chloe to call us for the past three weeks. Chloe is married to Jim Brackett. Chloe and Jim had five children and now Chloe was waiting for the sixth.

We had been visiting her regularly—sometimes every two to three days, even though she lived at the end of the district. She presented symptoms of mild toxemia which is the dread of every nurse-midwife. Preparations had been made for Jim to call us from the nearest telephone when she began "punishin'," for Chloe had a history of too short labors for us to take any chances.

Just as we were mounting our horses, Erin and Gypsy, Jerry called from the Garden House saying that Jim had called and wanted us to come right away. Blair quickly changed the general nursing saddlebags to the midwifery saddlebags, told Miss Buck where we were going, and off we went. Erin knows the air of excitement and he didn't need to be coaxed. With him leading the pace Gypsy was quick to follow.

Even if the sky had been clear it would have been too early

for the sun to shine; and even if the sun had shone, it would hardly have given us warmth for the River Road is shady and cool on the warmest days. But it looked very much like snow, and we knew we had a cold ride ahead of us. It is almost four miles to Chloe's house over a rough and rocky road. The farther we went the longer it seemed. I was convinced it was ten miles that day.

We finally did get there, however; that is, almost there. To get to the house one had to cross the river at a deep ford. Normally it can be crossed with not too much trouble. But there had been a "tide" earlier in the week and we didn't like the looks of it today. Besides, the weather was growing colder and colder and the ice was fast freezing over the river. So we left the horses on the bank and called Jim. He quickly came down on the opposite shore and paddled across in their homemade skiff to meet us.

"I shore am glad to see ya," said Jim, "'cause I war afraid ya warn't goin' to git here in time. Chloe, she shore air punishin' bad."

By that time we were on the other side and up over the bank. We entered the front door, which was the only door, and found Chloe in bed just inside. The children were all huddled around the fire with no other thought in their minds than to keep warm—which was understandable. While Jim rushed them off to the neighbors, Blair began getting ready for the stork. But either the baby or Chloe decided to make us wait for having been in such a hurry. The longer we waited the colder we got. So we sat down by the not too warm fire and tried to absorb some of its kindly rays.

After about an hour we knew that Chloe was going to deliver soon for, as Blair said, she had gotten into the "O Lordy" stage. We weren't disappointed. Just thirteen minutes after twelve a sweet little 8¼-lb. girl was born. Too bad! She had wanted a boy—they were less trouble to raise—but she would love it just the same because it was the "least one."

It was a job trying to get the baby warm in such a cold room. At that moment we heard Jim's voice at the door asking whether he might come in. Of course we let him in. To our surprise and sorrow we found that he had been in the other room,

but without a fire, for there was no fireplace in that room! How he ever survived the morning in that cold, cold room we'll never tell you. He quickly built up the fire for us, however, and we were glad for more reasons than one that he had asked to come in.

While Blair cleaned up I bathed the baby with warm oil. Before we left we also bathed Chloe and made her comfortable. The room was warm now; the little one was dreaming heavenly dreams of the land from which she had just come, in her mother's arms, and Chloe gave us each a look that told us better than words how much she appreciated our help. Then she closed her eyes for a much-needed rest. When we said goodbye we had a feeling of thankfulness for being able to be of help at such a time. It was not a new feeling, but it was good nevertheless.

Poor Erin and Gypsy! They must have had icicles in their veins. We never did decide whether their welcomes were for us or for the fact that they knew they were going home. We strongly suspected the latter. After Jim had, literally, broken the ice, he again paddled us across the river to the other side. The welcomes were mutual, for our coming meant home for both us and the horses.

By this time snow was no longer a threat but an actuality. It had begun while we were at the Bracketts' and was already half an inch deep. It was coming thick and fast and we knew we would have another long, cold trip back. But the ride was beautiful, though cold. The snow lay quiet and still so that we almost felt as if we were intruding in the fairies' paradise as we rode through the holly grove.

The day wasn't ended, however, as far as excitement was concerned. The road was becoming more treacherous by the minute, for the loose rocks were being fast covered by the snow. But I was oblivious to everything except the beauty of the mountain sides and the new-fallen snow. Suddenly Gypsy slipped and momentarily went down. Before I knew what had happened I found myself lifted off the saddle, hanging on to poor Gypsy's neck. It was all I could do to retrieve the reins to keep him from running away with me—or without me. I called Blair, and when she could stop laughing long enough to do something about it she helped me back into the saddle. The memory of

the picture I made "hanging on" kept us laughing the rest of the way home.

When we finally did get to Wendover there was Brutie, Blair's little black shadow, to welcome us home with the wags of what tail he has and many fancy steps. Oh yes, a black cocker's life is wonderful when Blair is around to help enjoy it.

There were still the calls to be made on Camp Creek, but it was too late to do them today. Tomorrow would be another day—not like today, we hoped!

PRINCESS ELIZABETH JOINS A.T.S.

Princess Elizabeth has joined the A.T.S. The following official announcement was issued from Buckingham Palace recently:—

"The King has granted to Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth a commission with the honorary rank of second subaltern in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Her Royal Highness is at present attending a course at a driving training centre in the south of England."

It is understood that this step has been taken at the Princess' own request.

The Princess is to be treated in exactly the same way as any other officer learner at the driving training centre. By the King's orders she is to receive no special privileges because of her personal rank, any more than the King himself did when he served in the Royal Navy.

Princess Elizabeth is the first woman member of the Royal Family to join as a full-time active member of the women's services.

—The British Journal of Nursing,
London, England—March, 1945

Nearness to nature means not proximity, but dependence upon it; so that the pattern of everyday living is set by the swing of the seasons, by rain and sun, by the soil. There is in British farming a long tradition of "husbandry," of doing one's duty by the soil and keeping it in good heart. Fundamentally this is a religious tradition, an attitude which regards the soil as a part of God's creation, fulfilling God's purposes, with a claim upon man that it should be rightly used and its richness increased by good farming.

—The Christian News-Letter
London, England

A TYPICAL DAY

by

MABELYN W. BERTHOLF, U.S.C.N.C.

Johns Hopkins Hospital and Frontier Nursing Service

A typical day? Why, no day at a Frontier Nursing Service Center is typical unless so called because of the certainty of its varied routine. I came into this remote district as a senior Cadet nurse from a busy hospital because I had elected to take my six months' senior Cadet period with the Frontier Nursing Service. I could scarcely believe it possible that I might make a contribution here, so foreign it all seemed to my accustomed way of life. But it took me only a few days to see how very real and vital the contribution of the F.N.S. nurse-midwife is to the existence of these people.

But I started to describe a "typical day." Take yesterday, for example. Miss Rose Evans (called Cherry), my supervisor and the nurse-midwife in charge of the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence, and I lingered over our breakfast coffee to discuss the outline of the day. What had to be done, what should be done, and what did we want to "squeeze" in? Two post-partums had to be seen, three prenatals should be seen, and Cherry wanted to take me up a trail on which I had not yet been. We could easily combine all this and manage some health calls along the way. While Cherry added those last minute "these-may-come-in-handys" to her saddle bags, I tacked the horses. They were both frisky and seemed anxious to feel the road under their feet. They had been held up for the past two days because of a nasty "tide" in the river.

We had just mounted and were ready to leave the center when old Peter Matthews came to the "pull-gate" with grim details of the ailments of his newly married daughter. Cherry listened to him relate the symptoms, then sent me on to do a post-partum and neonatal visit nearby while she took Peter into the clinic for the necessary medicines and advice.

Ellen's little girl was a B.B.A. (born before arrival of nurse-midwife) a week ago. After only one hour of "punishin'" she had delivered just ten minutes before we could get to the house. I

found both mother and baby well and happy. Ellen had just decided to name the baby Perlina, because it was such an odd name. Although I felt that it sounded more like the trade name for "laying mash" or "chick starter" I assured her that the baby's pappy (a P.F.C. in the Army) would surely like it if she did.

I got back to the center just as Cherry was bidding her last adieus to old Peter. A fog hung low over the mountains, but Cherry, as we turned our horses away from the gate, prophesied a beautiful day.

Our first stop was the local post office to mail some blood specimens to the Health Department. From there we rode on to give care to Ethel, the postpartum Cherry delivered yesterday. It was good to see a mother so thrilled about her third child, though most of these mothers seem to show deep affection for each "least un" as he comes along.

Rejoicing in the fact that all was well with Ethel and her eight-pound boy, we rode back to the ford over the river. The fog was lifting now, and I could see what a beautiful day it really was turning out to be. Children and grown-ups passed us on their way to get the mail and waved or spoke. Many stopped us to relate the sufferings of family members ill with colds. Some asked for remedies but others merely wanted a friendly chat and a sympathetic ear. I smiled inwardly when an encouraging word from one of us seemed to put them at ease. How right it is for people to have someone to whom to turn for advice or encouragement.

A bit farther on we turned our horses sharply to the left and began a steep ascent. This was the trail to Martha's house of which Cherry had spoken. Resting our horses at frequent intervals gave us a chance to exclaim over the scenery or discuss some patient who might suddenly come to mind during the ride. Here and there Cherry would point out a cabin and relate an interesting experience encountered therein: premature twins, a chimney fire during a delivery, or an interesting accident case. Before I knew it, we had reached the mountain ridge and were ready to descend to our patient's house half way down the other side.

Martha saw us coming and hastened to put another log on

the already blazing fire. Our arrival was observed from many other porches and door steps and I knew we would not be leaving that neighborhood for some time. Martha's unborn baby was lying in a breech position so Cherry turned it and we applied a neat abdominal binder.

Scarcely had we finished with Martha when her mother came to the door with tales of the aches and pains of patients up and down the creek. Cherry and I parted company and, each with our own saddlebags, visited those homes which needed us most. All three of the places I visited wanted us to stop and eat, but we felt we could save time (and the feelings of those whom we could not oblige) if we hurried on to the next ridge to eat the bite of lunch I had packed for us before starting out.

At the first house in the valley below we reined in our horses and went in to see Nora, another prenatal. She was red-faced and perspiring, bent low over a pot of pinto beans boiling on the open fire. Nora is nearing term and plans to be delivered at the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden, because she is carrying twins. We are delighted that she will go to the Hospital for it is not always easy getting patients away from home and family at a time of crisis. This particular one, however, seemed anxious to abide by anything we thought necessary for her well-being.

More difficulty was encountered at the home of our next patient, Cally, another prenatal. She spends most of her day lying in bed, waited upon by her six children. Cally was burdened with myriads of complaints, but we could find no basis for her grumblings. We urged a check-up by our Medical Director at Hyden Hospital, if only to help us find out where we stood. But the only satisfaction we were able to get was, "Well."

At last we were ready to start home. We had the notes of a busy day's work tucked safely in our saddlebags and the knowledge that another day's work was well done.

With our records completed, our animals fed and shut up for the night, and a hot tasty meal tucked under our belts, we listened to Lowell Thomas say, "So long until tomorrow." Then we breathed a deep sigh and really took stock of the day just passed. The beautiful weather which had lasted until we started

homeward had now turned into a steady drizzle of cold rain and we feared that the morrow might find us water-bound again.

As we blew out the lights and climbed the stairs for bed, Cherry laughingly suggested that a delivery up Grassy Creek might be a welcome diversion on a wet, cold night. I hastily begged her to dispel such thoughts from her mind, but she reminded me that Cordelia was long since "overdue."

It so happened that at 1:30 a.m. we were awakened by the unmistakable barkings of Lugs and Peter, our friendly and conscientious watch dogs. Cordelia's man was at the gate. Rain was still pouring and the river was rising steadily. Tim had come the four and a half miles to the center on foot and Cherry and I faced the prospect of trotting back to his two-roomed cabin by the same means of locomotion. The river was now too high for horses to ford. We dressed hurriedly by flashlight, settled the midwifery bags on Tim's meager shoulders and darted out across the swinging bridge over the river and on across country. The trip, a good hour's ride by horseback, took us just an hour and fifteen minutes on foot. Tim should have fulfilled his part of the delivery contract by meeting us on the other side of the river with a horse or mule and, had the baby been a B.B.A., he might have been reprimanded. But we reached the cabin with an hour to spare, and nothing was said of the fact that we had had to take time to walk.

When a clean and warm tow-headed baby girl was lying sleepily beside her mother in a great warm bed, we made our departure. The rain had stopped but the morning was chilly and damp. We went home almost as quickly as we had come for we were both sleepy and cold. As we pushed open the gate, I heard Cherry give a low chuckle. We were both thinking of the same thing: "It's all in the day's work."

JUST JOKES, TWO-STORY BUS

A somewhat tipsy gentleman boarded a two-story bus in Chicago and sat down near the driver. He talked and talked until the driver tactfully suggested that he go up to the top deck to enjoy the fresh air. The drunk amiably clambered upstairs. In a few minutes he was back.

"What's the matter?" asked the driver. "Didn't you like it up there?"

"Yep, nice view, nice air," answered the drunk. "But it ain't safe—no driver!"

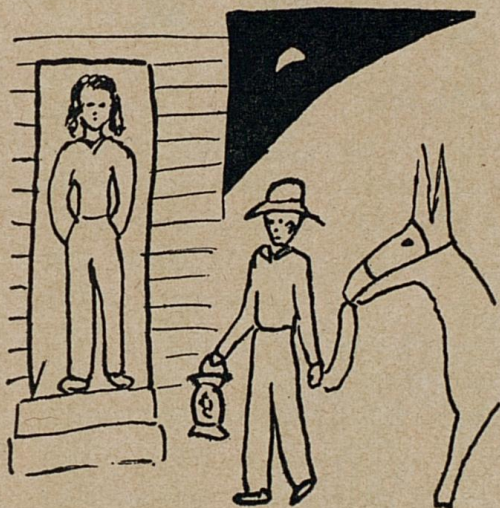
NIGHT LIFE OF A STUDENT NURSE-MIDWIFE

At the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Told in Pictures and a Story by
BERTHA BLOOMER, R.N.

Pictures and Story are Printed with the Kind Permission of
The Johns Hopkins Nurses Alumnae Magazine.

PICTURES OF NIGHT LIFE



1. Baby call: "She's punishin' hard, Nurse."



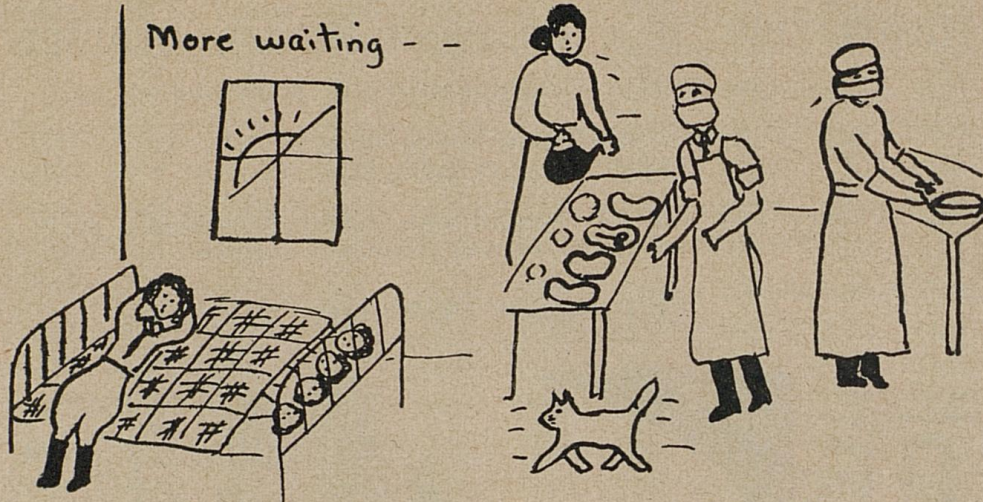
2. Arrival.



3. Waiting.



4. There's always the magazine wallpaper to read.



5. There's always room for one more on the kiddies' bed.

6. Action!!!



7. It's a 10-pound girl!

A STORY OF NIGHT LIFE

"Br-r-r-ring." I opened one eye and saw it was not daylight. Then as I realized what had wakened me I scrambled to the 'phone. "We just got a call up Owl's Nest to Sylvia Williams," I heard as I lifted the receiver. "Better hurry, they say she's bleeding pretty badly."

I did dress in a hurry for I knew Sylvia from past experience. She was a prenatal whom we had been caring for in a vain

effort to prevent just what was happening tonight—a miscarriage. The supervisor and I met at the barn and saddled our horses. We set off down the river road toward Owl's Nest Creek. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone so brightly that no other light was needed. It was briskly cold, but very pleasant. Chumly and Camp, our horses, were in good spirits. We forded the river and started up the creek. As we passed the cabins on the hillsides an orange glow from the fireplaces inside gave us the feeling that we were not alone.

We left the creek bed and started up the hill through the woods. There was still a light fall of snow on the ground, which gave the wooded hillsides a ghostly beauty. At the top of Cemetery Hill—which got its name from the tiny cemetery on its peak—we turned and rode across the ridge. The trail was rough in places and small low branches occasionally struck us in the face if we were not careful. We skidded down the hill on the other side of the ridge and rode the short distance down the branch to Sylvia's house.

We hitched our horses and went in. We could almost feel the sense of relief which filled the air "now that the nurses are here." There was little we could do for Sylvia at home, because the amount of bleeding and her past history indicated that hospitalization was the only real solution. We gave her sedation indicated in bleeding cases (on orders in our medical routine) and made plans to bring her to Hyden by stretcher, since her condition was good enough to stand the trip.

Charlie, Sylvia's husband, was quite worried about her and was very anxious to get her properly taken care of. About 4 a.m. he started down the branch to Cutshin Creek to round up men to carry Sylvia across the hill. Soon after he had gone old men and young boys began to filter into the fire-lighted cabin. Before long eight or ten men were gathered in the kitchen waiting for Charlie's orders. One of the boys had gone for an improvised stretcher which was kept at one of the cabins for just such an emergency as this. It was made from old bed springs with poles nailed on the sides. When he returned we were ready to start. We covered the springs with all the quilts and blankets in the house and wrapped Sylvia inside.

The procession started up the hill. Only about six of the

men could carry the stretcher at a time, but more than this were needed because the long rough trip was tiresome. The men almost seemed to have an order which they followed in "spelling" each other off. Charlie did more than his share of the carrying and always kept asking Sylvia if she were comfortable. As we crossed the ridge it began to snow. We covered Sylvia's face and tucked the quilts closer. Whenever the group passed any cabins a few more folks would join us. Sometimes it was another man to help carry the load, sometimes a mountain woman to give the patient a few words of encouragement, sometimes children—just curious with the curiosity of children everywhere.

At the mouth of Owl's Nest there is a house with a telephone—a rare thing in these hills. I went ahead and called the Hospital, so that a car could meet us at the road and take the patient the rest of the way to the Hospital. The car and the stretcher arrived at the same time. Here the river had to be crossed and we had a choice of two ways. First, we could use the swinging bridge—a foot bridge which swayed in the breeze as its name implied. The men decided against the bridge, for they had stretchered patients across that before and found it no easy matter. The second choice was not much better. It was a new flat boat which leaked like a sieve (as new ones do when first put in water, I learned), but they decided to use it. It took one man bailing furiously, one man rowing, and two men bearing the patient to cross. They reached the other side safely, though the boat was filling so quickly that the men were standing in ankle deep water when they lifted the patient ashore. The patient was put into the waiting car and taken to the Hospital.

Before long Sylvia was well and ready to ride her mule up Owl's Nest, across Cemetery Hill and home.

CAUTION!

A friend from Indiana has written one of us words of warning which we are passing on to other friends: "You mentioned in your letter about getting a girdle—please be careful not to get one of these synthetic two-way stretch girdles. Alice and I got some and had to take them back. They have a terrible odor—just like a skunk. Before you buy one, smell it. You can detect it at once. It is bad before worn but when body heat strengthens the odor, it is terrible."

URGENT NEEDS

As we have done in our Spring Bulletin for years and years, we print again our urgent needs. It is awful to think that the Frontier Nursing Service needs so many things in wartime, but we just naturally do need them, and need many of them desperately. Property and equipment must be kept up to avoid excessive depreciation: essential hospital supplies must be replaced; fire extinguishers have to be checked every year and put in usable condition; walls and drains and tanks, engines and stoves, halters and bridles, mattocks, rakes and wrenches, office equipment—all these things have to be repaired or replaced when they wear out. A certain amount of painting indoors and outdoors, and the inevitable whitewashing of stalls for horses and cows—such things are essential for the protection of property as well as for cleanliness. We can get priorities for everything we need, and the things themselves as well as the priorities are obtainable, although not always quickly or easily. Our Executive Secretary, Agnes Lewis, has the terrific job not only of checking up everywhere on what is needed, but of filling in the forms for the priorities, of combing the nation for the supplies, and our districts for the labor—mostly old men and boys.

We do not and cannot include all of these urgent needs in our regular budget. We have to list them as extras and depend on our friends to give us the extra money to see us through. Thus our friends have a job as difficult as ours—the job of eking a bit more charity money out of their budgets—already strained by war taxation and war charities. This makes it terribly hard on everybody. We know that.

If you can't paint the outside of the Hospital, perhaps you can whitewash a barn stall; if you can't give a horse, perhaps you can give a bridle; if you can't give a thirty-foot extension ladder, perhaps you can give a stepladder; if you can't give a "Booster Pump" unit and metal tank, perhaps you can give a wrench. Bless you.

HORSES AND EQUIPMENT FOR NURSES, MIDWIFERY STUDENTS, CADETS AND COURIERS

2 New Horses (to replace two very old ones put to sleep).....\$ 425.00

1 Dozen Felt Saddle Blankets.....	60.75
1 Dozen Bridles.....	36.00
20 Halters	15.25
6 Canvas Saddle Bags at \$9.85 each—leather flaps and straps.....	59.10
(Our mountain craftsman who makes them can't get enough leather for our regulation leather saddle bags.)	

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Indoor:

Enlarging Space in Basement for Installing New Boiler—excavation, cementing, and waterproofing, including labor and materials (Boiler has been given).....	141.90
New Kitchen Range—completely installed.....	341.25
Putting Dormer Windows in Hospital Attic, ceiling and insulating attic, and miscellaneous remodeling to give more air, light and space (materials and labor)—estimated.....	1,500.00
Interior Paint for Hospital: corridors, stairways, and superintendent's room (put on by volunteer, Celia Coit Bridewell).....	17.70
2 Electric Fans for wards @ \$46.50 each.....	93.00
Repairs to Electric Lights.....	33.31
1 Bolt of Muslin for clinic aprons.....	18.40
Material for Slip Covers (2 couches and 3 chairs)—estimated.....	35.00
3 Dozen Mattress Covers @ \$19.95 per dozen.....	59.85
Making Over 1 Dozen Old Felt Mattresses @ \$4.75 each.....	57.00
Window Shades for nurses' office.....	6.40
1 Laundry Hamper for clinic.....	6.50
5 Bedside Tables (homemade).....	16.87
Curtain Material for Windows and Cupboards.....	20.77
2 Two-drawer Sections Steel Files for permanent clinic records @ \$13.75 each.....	27.50
1 Two-drawer Section Wood File for clinic admission cards.....	7.25
3 Gatch Beds, complete with Mattresses @ \$57.75 each, plus freight and haulage.....	185.78
1 New Colson Inhalator.....	33.32
1 Dozen White Enamel Chairs for clinic and waiting room @ \$7.50, plus freight and haulage.....	93.00
3 Tycos Aneroid Sphygmomanometers @ \$29.50 each.....	88.50
Wool Batting and Outing Flannel for 2 dozen baby quilts (made by Red Bird Committee).....	23.30
16 Dozen Baby Shirts for layettes (Hospital and centers).....	56.75
72 Dozen Diapers for layettes (Hospital and centers).....	107.57
2 Dozen Crib Blankets for Hospital.....	39.16
2 Dozen All-wool Adult and Crib Blankets (Hospital wards and nurses' quarters).....	76.05
1 Self-Retaining Retractor for Dr. Fraser.....	28.88
1 Step Ladder—6-ft.....	5.00
Refills for Fire Extinguishers.....	12.40

Outdoor:

Cost of Stone Cistern in excess of estimate given last Spring.....\$	334.04
Flooring Three Cow Stalls and Putting in Drains (labor and materials)	126.89
Replacing Worn-out Stave in rain water cistern (labor and material)	23.22
1 "Booster Pump" Unit and 1000-gallon Metal Tank to supplement present water system (including installation).....	500.00
Painting Outside Hospital, including doors, windows, screens and bridge to Annex (estimate).....	300.00

Creosoting Annex and Painting Windows, Doors and Screens (estimate)	125.00
Repair of Surface Drains.....	40.00
Filling in Horse Stalls with crushed rock and clay.....	38.40
Whitewashing Basement (lime and labor).....	15.30
Whitewashing Barn Stalls and Runway (10 stalls and runway and saddle room—includes taking off old whitewash) @ \$5.00 each	60.00
Painting Old Cypress Water Tank.....	9.22
1 Thirty-foot Extension Ladder.....	18.50

MIDWIVES QUARTERS

Indoor:	
6 Mattress Covers @ \$19.95 per dozen.....	9.98
Repairs to Electric Stove.....	35.59
Material for Slip Covers to protect couch and two chairs (made by nurse).....	22.59
Putting Floor Register in Attic Room to help heat it from bedroom below.....	5.73
Putting Supplementary Drain in Basement Floor.....	15.70
Utility Table for screen porch off kitchen (homemade).....	10.00
Curtain Material for seven bedroom windows—14 yards @ 69c.....	9.66
4 Bedside Rugs @ \$4.50.....	18.00
Refills for Fire Extinguishers.....	3.10

Outdoor:	
Creosoting House and Painting Doors, Windows, Screens, and Two Porches; and Creosoting Garage (material and labor)—estimated	100.00

JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence are met by the donor.

WENDOVER

Indoor:	
One Factory Rebuilt Addressing Machine, complete with address cards, typewriter attachment, table, cabinet and trays for holding stencils (guaranteed for one year) for Quarterly Bulletin envelopes.....	259.00
This machine, operated by hand because we have no electricity at Wendover, will address as many envelopes in six hours as it now takes a week to address. In other ways too, it will be a big time saver.	
2 Single-drawer Sections Steel Files for midwifery summaries.....	15.90
2 Four-drawer Sections File Cabinets (homemade).....	40.00
1 Cabinet for maps, blueprints, etc. (homemade).....	8.50
1 Deskside File for bookkeeping office (homemade).....	9.35
1 Klear-A-Desk File (homemade).....	4.50
Pendaflex Filing Frames and Folders for general files.....	70.00
Typewriter Repairs (cleaning and overhauling).....	20.38
Repair of Fire Extinguishers and Refills.....	17.80
2 Stapling Machines.....	8.17
2 Dozen Bedspreads (Wendover and centers).....	27.75
3 Dozen Wash Cloths (Wendover and centers).....	4.20
2 Dozen Sheets.....	31.00
1 Dozen Mattress Covers.....	19.95
10 Yards Cotton Material for tablecloths.....	8.50
1 Dozen Mattresses Made Over @ \$4.75 each.....	57.00
4 Gallons of Interior Paint for three bedrooms at \$2.95 per gallon (put on by ourselves).....	11.80
New Parts for Kitchen Range.....	12.10

New Grates and Replacement of Pipe and Fittings for three furnaces	40.55
Spring Scales for weighing supplies.....	4.81
1 Five-gallon Oil Can.....	1.50
1 Set of Ice Trays for kerosene refrigerator.....	14.69
Outdoor:	
New Chicken House (material and labor).....	50.89
Repairs to Old Chicken Houses.....	9.20
Stone and Cement Drains in Chicken Lots.....	18.33
Laying Stone Steps to Baby Chicken Houses.....	9.20
Chicken Feeders.....	14.20
Chicken Fountains.....	2.00
Upper Horse Pasture: Repairing fence, scattering manure and lime, plowing, sowing seed and dragging.....	55.00
Filling in Barn Stalls with crushed rock and cinders.....	20.08
Whitewashing Cow Shed, Mule Barn and Horse Hospital Barn (8 stalls and 1 runway—includes taking off old whitewash and putting fresh on) @ \$5.00 each.....	45.00
Sled for hauling manure, coal, etc. (homemade).....	12.29
Tarring Roof of Old House to stop leaks.....	20.25
Putting Cement Drain in Furnace Room on Lower Shelf.....	8.50
Miscellaneous Plumbing Repairs (including replacement of saw-dust boxes around valves, frostproof covering where needed, etc.—labor and materials).....	53.15
Screening Upstairs Porch to Garden House (estimated).....	30.00
Machinist Tap and Die Set and Wrenches.....	23.87
Tools: Hammer, Plane, Hand Saw, Mattocks, Coal Shovel, Rake, Hand-weeding Fork and Drill Bits.....	16.34

BEECH FORK

(Jessie Preston Draper)

Indoor:	
Renewing Screen Wire on Porch.....	17.65
Replacing Worn-out Slip Covers (to protect two chairs).....	14.50
17½ Yards of Curtain Material for 7 windows (homemade).....	13.52
5 Yards of Cotton Material for two tablecloths.....	4.25
6 Dresser Scarfs @ 69c each.....	4.14
1 Dozen Sheets.....	15.50
6 Mattress Covers @ \$19.95 per dozen.....	9.98
1 Felt Mattress for day bed.....	7.91
1 Pressure Cooker (second-hand).....	12.50
1 Kerosene Cook Stove for summer.....	7.45
1 Churn	1.98
1 Blanket Box (homemade).....	20.00
2 Bedside Tables (unpainted).....	3.38
Replacing Worn-out Fire Extinguishers, and Refills.....	27.26
Outdoor:	
Painting Center (including doors, windows, screens, shutters, eaves trough—materials and labor).....	100.00
Painting Screen Porch (materials and labor)—estimated.....	15.00
Creosoting Kitchen and Clinic Entrances (material and labor)—estimated	5.00
Paint for Water Tank.....	9.22
Repairs to Fences.....	67.20
Whitewashing Inside of Barn (4 stalls, runway, and saddle room—includes taking off old whitewash—@ \$5.00 each).....	30.00

Whitewashing Pump House and Laundry House.....	7.00
Repairs to Stalls and Runway (material and labor).....	48.80
1 Extension Ladder.....	18.50

BOWLINGTOWN

(Margaret Durbin Harper)

Indoor:

1 Filing Cabinet for Records (homemade).....	12.45
1 Knee-hole Desk (homemade).....	20.00
Refills for Fire Extinguishers.....	3.10
1 Dozen Sheets.....	15.50
4 Gallons of Paint for 3 porches and 1 bathroom (put on by nurse)	11.60

Outdoor:

Painting Center (including doors, windows, screens, shutters and eaves troughs—material and labor)—estimated.....	150.00
Paint for Water Tank.....	9.22
Reseeding Pasture (seed, scattering manure and lime, plowing, sowing seed and dragging)—estimated.....	50.00

BRUTUS

(Belle Barrett Hughitt)

Indoor:

1 Set of Blue Willow Dishes.....	18.00
1 Pressure Cooker (second-hand).....	13.90
1 Kerosene Stove for summer.....	6.50
1 Kitchen Cabinet (material and labor—homemade).....	16.18
1 Set of Firedogs for living room.....	6.95
1 Clothes Hamper.....	3.15
1 Blanket Box (materials and labor—homemade).....	20.00
6 Dresser Scarves @ 69c each.....	4.14
6 Mattress Covers @ \$19.95 per dozen.....	9.98
Refills for Fire Extinguishers.....	3.10
Porch and Deck Paint for 3 porches—@ \$2.85 per gal (put on by nurses)	8.55

Outdoor:

Re-covering Barn with Roll Roofing (materials and labor)—estimated	100.00
Repairing Foundation of Barn, Filling in Floors of Stalls and Runway, Renewing Worn-out Boxing, etc. (materials and labor)—estimated	150.00
Creosoting Outside of Horse Barn, Cow Shed, Manure Bent and Chicken Houses (materials and labor)—estimated.....	60.00
1 Cement Watering Trough to catch overflow from tank in pasture (cement and labor)—estimated.....	7.50
1 Extension Ladder.....	18.50
Reseeding Pasture (seed, scattering manure and lime, plowing, sowing seed, and dragging)—estimated.....	60.00

CONFLUENCE

(Possum Bend: Frances Bolton)

Indoor:

1 Set of Blue Willow Dishes.....	18.00
1 Two-quart Teakettle.....	1.50
1 Five-gallon Stone Jar for preserving eggs.....	2.25
1 Dozen Sheets.....	15.50
1 New Felt Mattress (replacing old one).....	12.50
6 Mattress Covers @ \$19.95 per dozen.....	9.98

1 Stepladder	5.00
3 Gallons of Porch and Deck Paint for clinic, waiting room and porch floors @ \$3.25 (put on by nurses).....	9.75
5 Gallons of Interior Paint for clinic and closed-in sleeping porch @ \$2.95 (put on by nurses).....	14.75
Servicing Furnace for winter.....	7.90
New Parts for Kitchen Stove.....	10.81
Replacing Worn-out Fire Extinguishers, and Refills.....	12.60
Plumbing Repairs (unstopping pipes).....	8.38

Outdoor:

Whitewashing Inside and Outside of Horse Barn and Cow Shed; Whitewashing Outside of Manure Bent and Sawdust Bent (material and labor)—estimated.....	60.00
Creosoting Pump Shed and Chicken Houses (material and labor)—estimated	6.00
Replacing Worn-out Eaves Troughs.....	14.00
1 Extension Ladder.....	18.50
1 Wheelbarrow to replace worn-out one.....	9.50

FLAT CREEK

(Caroline Butler Atwood)

Indoor:

Renewing Screen Wire on Sleeping Porch (material and labor).....	10.00
Interior Paint for bedrooms, clinic and clinic waiting room (put on by nurse).....	23.70
Replacing One Fire Extinguisher, and Refills.....	12.60
2 New Felt Mattresses @ \$12.50.....	25.00
6 Mattress Covers @ \$19.95 per dozen.....	9.98
1 Dozen Sheets.....	15.50
5 Yards Cotton Material for two tablecloths.....	4.25
1 Pressure Cooker.....	18.50
1 Blanket Box (homemade).....	20.00
1 Knee-hole Desk (homemade).....	20.00
1 File Cabinet for Records (homemade).....	10.00

Outdoor:

Creosoting Center and Painting Doors, Windows, Screens and Three Porches (materials and labor)—estimated.....	150.00
Creosoting Horse Barn, Cow Shed, Manure Bent, Chicken Houses (materials and labor)—estimated.....	50.00
Whitewashing Inside of Barns (4 stalls, runway, saddle room, cow shed and chicken house—includes taking off old whitewash) @ \$5.00	40.00
Renewing Worn-out boards in Water Tank (materials and labor)—estimated	30.00
Paint for Water Tank.....	9.22
Stone Retaining Wall on Creek Side of Road to Center to prevent its washing out in high tides (hauling and laying stone)—estimated	125.00
Reseeding Pasture (seed, scattering manure and lime, plowing, sowing seed, and dragging)—estimated	60.00
3 New Gates to replace worn-out ones (material and labor)—estimated	25.00
1 Extension Ladder.....	18.50

RED BIRD

(Clara Ford)

The repairs and replacements at this center are met by the donor.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Patricia Ferneding (Pat), Milwaukee, Wisconsin—

February 10, 1945

For excitement, other than housework since we haven't had a cook for ages, I do volunteer work with the Junior League. They are putting on a play for underprivileged children here and elsewhere in the State. I am one of the stagehands. It is not very inspiring work but it does help to fill in some long moments. This summer I hope to be well enough to teach riding at camp.

.

From Harriette Sherman, South Euclid, Ohio—

February 24, 1945

I loved my life in Washington. I had a job in Senator Burton's office and found it fascinating especially during the election. After much searching I found an apartment in Georgetown with a friend of mine, but unfortunately I was only in ten days before I got sick. Around the beginning of December I suddenly developed nephritis and am now residing at the Cleveland Clinic Hospital. I was in the hospital in Washington for a week but they decided to ship me out here where I stayed for a couple of weeks. I finally managed to get myself out but after three weeks at home they stuck me back in. After seven weeks of it, I have become so immersed in the routines of hospital life that I sometimes wonder if there is a world without! I am feeling fine again and am having a grand time reading all the books I never have had time for before—but I certainly feel useless.

I talked with Eleanor Stineman Skinner last night. She is also a hospital inmate. She developed an overactive thyroid and is awaiting her operation in Pittsburgh. I feel so sorry for her. Her husband is now in Belgium and it's tough having to go through it alone; but she is such a good sport about it and seems cheerful.

I am hoping to see Bubbles (Cuddy) in April. She has a two weeks' vacation and may spend part of it in Cleveland. It has been a year since we last met.

Barbara Brown Webster is back in Cleveland for the duration as Bob has left the country. I spent a week-end with her down in Laurel, Maryland, last fall. Bob was at Meade and they had an adorable house in the country. I wish you could see her baby—he is so cute.

We all love to hear the latest news, but it does make me homesick for the mountains. The weeks I spent down there are ones that I shall never forget.

.

From Louisa Johnson (Weezy), Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania

—February 28, 1945

I have been Nurse's Aiding at Valley Forge Military Hospital. I have been put on the blind ward. It is exhausting work, as one is always trying to help the patients without letting them know it. It is unbelievable how well those boys are rehabilitated. All of them are waiting for a chance to go into Philadelphia to see how they'll make out. It gets very depressing at times, but there are the ups as well as the downs. The other day a boy who had been totally blind for six months was operated on. There was a deathly hush of dread and suspense as the bandages were removed, which was completely forgotten when he cried out, "I can see," in tones far more moving than words can describe.

We have been very gay here lately, as my brother came home for thirty days' leave after eighteen months overseas. We are hoping he'll stay in this country as instructor, but with the Army you can never tell.

.

From Mrs. Herbert W. Wells, Jr. (Eleanor Field),

Weathersfield, Conn.—March 28, 1945

The farm is still holding together despite the shortage of help, hay, feed, etcetera. Besides thirty odd cows, twenty horses, two pigs, and a number of cats, we have two dogs (my Dalmatian and a black Cocker Spaniel) and a turkey named Alice, who has laid three huge eggs for the children for Easter.

.

From Carmen Mumford (home from India), New York

Hospital, New York—April 1, 1945

By the time you get this I hope I shall be out of the hospital

and well along the convalescent road. Vanda comes every evening while on her rounds and it's lovely seeing her, and exchanging bits of gossip about the F.N.S. I expect to be transferred to the New England district of the Red Cross when I'm well enough to go back to work.

I saw Anne Martin (also home from India) in Washington. She seems just as I remembered her. She's being transferred to Atlanta, Georgia—a camp somewhere near there—and I told her about Bland Morrow's being there. It was good to get news of Bland through you.

This is short and probably rather illegible since I've just come into the use of my right hand, after a period of swollen wrist and finger joints.

.
From Joan Dulles, Washington, D. C.—April 7, 1945

It is now more than a year since I was down with you. I have watched the months go by hoping that perhaps I could come again at the same time. About two weeks ago a quite exciting opportunity came my way. An aunt of mine who is an economist with the State Department is being sent to Austria and is allowed to take her children. I am going with her as tutor and governess. The children can't go directly to Italy (where the Government officials are to await the liberation of Vienna) so I am to take them to England and then Switzerland (where both my mother and father are) until Vienna is fit for children. I am excited at the prospect. At the moment, for various and complicated reasons, we are having trouble getting passports and for the last three weeks have been living out of suitcases ready to leave at any moment. Eventually I am sure we will get off.

.
**From T/S Nancy Dammann, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco,
California—April 8, 1945**

Thank you so much for your news letters of the F.N.S. war front. Life sounds much the same as ever. Your dissertations on parties on the Upper Shelf killed me though. What we wouldn't do for some of that American food!

We have just gotten off of another one of those lovely troop ships. This last trip was not too bad. We were quartered in triple-decker canvas bunks in the hold but were allowed to sleep

on deck where it was very cool and beautiful. The food wasn't bad—they did have some fresh eggs plus the usual bully beef.

This place is simply out of this world for us poor jungle jolly WACs. It boasts of real cars, paved roads, drug stores, ice cream of sorts, movie theaters (you know, the indoor variety with upholstered seats) and all sorts of wonders. We will even be getting out of these atrocious pants fairly soon and going into those new WAC off-duty dresses which we have heard so much about.

Imagine our surprise when we were told not to set up our canvas cots or carry our duffle bags but to have the Filipino boys do it. It's civilian relief or something but we love it. Today we nearly died when one came into our room and started sweeping. It ain't the Army! At the moment we are living in a very cool modern building with plumbing that actually works. We soon will move into tents but we don't mind the idea, especially as these tents will have wooden floors and there will be only four of us in them instead of the usual six. We already have procured some dressers and chairs and are looking forward to leading a comparatively civilized life.

Prices are high here but I guess you can get pretty nearly anything you need. So far we have been so busy trying to get our few clothes clean and our rooms halfway homelike that we have not done too much investigating. How thrilled we are by the whole set up! We are just like small children seeing New York for the first time, ohing and ahing at the stupidest things. The sound of a train threw us into ecstasies.

.

**From Mrs. Edgar Buell Butler (Sally Taylor), West
Hartford, Connecticut—April 10, 1945**

I saw Ellie Field Wells downtown at the market the day your letter came and there we stood chatting about the F.N.S. I got a big thrill reading about Gilford Muncy in Ernie Pyle's book, *Brave Men*, page 218. He said he was from Hyden.

.

**From Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson), Washington,
D. C.—April 10, 1945**

All of your friends hereabouts, and yours truly in particular, were disappointed not to see you at the time of the benefit. That

was the first time in weeks I've been anywhere "dressed up," as I find having no domestic help rather limits such activities. Sam and I were joined by Betty Holmes and Alice Ford for a gay supper afterwards so it was quite a reunion. We have just bought a little house in Washington and look forward to being more conveniently located.

.

**From Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin (Catherine Mellick),
Far Hills, New Jersey—April 11, 1945**

We have been so very fortunate sunning ourselves in the South. I have never seen such beautiful weather. Five weeks of practically sunsuit weather for Tys. Since I've been home I've been flooded with news of Tyson. Several men have come back and I have met with them to hear it all. It's the most wonderful feeling in the world to have a first-hand report of how he is and especially as those men had only left him twenty-nine hours previously. It's hard to believe and truly amazing; but let me tell you, Paris certainly seems a great deal nearer as a result. They brought me good news of Tyson's having a most interesting job—somewhere near Paris.

.

**From Mrs. E. A. Locke, Jr. (Dot Clark), Washington, D. C.
—April 12, 1945**

We have had the usual winter for anyone with kids in Washington, with the added joy of no cellar keeping us well congealed. Eddie has been to China twice and believes that Mr. Nelson has brought great hope to China by setting up a very constructive War Production Board. My brother is with the Eighteenth Air Corps in the Ninth Army so he is close to Berlin today. He landed by glider in Germany and has received a citation; has slept on "oat loads" and is now enjoying German farm produce. My uncle, a commander of a landing craft in the Pacific, and his son are fighting in Malay. Marion Shouse Lewis continues to be the pillar of all charities and war work in Washington.

.

**From Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Jr. (Tips Stevenson),
Barrington, Illinois—April 18, 1945**

I saw Celia Coit Bridewell not long ago so I feel pretty well

up on things. But come spring every year, I want to go back to Wendover. One of these years, when the war is over, I'll be there again, puncturing holes in my car tires driving over creek-beds. In another nine years Alicia will be there. Her horsemanship training is already well under way.

I noticed in the last Bulletin a desire was expressed to own a jeep. Well, I hied me into the office of the Commander of the Navy Garage and said, "Hey, how do I get a jeep?" And he said, "Hey, you put a number down on a piece of paper and send it in to the Director, Office of Surplus Commodities, War Department, Washington, D. C." In other words, you put in a bid, and when they get around to you, if you offer enough, in a year—or six—you get one. It seems that \$750.00 is the usual price. Then I inquired about spare parts, and he said, "Well, then you'll have to put in two bids and use one jeep as spare parts for the other one." Spare parts are Government property and issue and can't be bought. But if you say pretty please to the Director, maybe he'll find you a battered one to use for spare parts, at a reduced price. He has agents in various parts of the country—there may be one in Cincinnati. If you apply for one, let me know what luck you have.

.
From Mrs. John Fross Paton (Kay Bulkley),

Cleveland, Ohio—May 3, 1945

Since last writing, we moved to Missoula, Montana, then back to Salt Lake. I came home in February and Frosty left for California and points west. Have had one letter taken off the ship, but as yet don't know his final destination.

I am applying for the Red Cross in this country and while waiting to hear from them I am enjoying seeing the family again. Andy and George Lawrence paid us a short visit during his leave. It was wonderful to see them again.

.
ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Mary Elizabeth Rogan of Glendale, Ohio, to Major Joseph T. Callaway, Air Corps, Army of the United States, who has had over two years and many missions in India and China. We quote from the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of April 27, 1945:

Miss Mary Elizabeth Rogan has chosen Saturday, May 19, for her marriage to Major Joseph T. Callaway of Selma, Alabama. The ceremony will take place at 4:30 o'clock at Christ Church, Glendale, to be followed by a reception at "Oakencroft," the residence of the bride-elect's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Kemper Rogan. Mrs. John B. Rogan will be her sister-in-law's matron of honor and only attendant. Captain Charles Everett will be best man. Miss Rogan left last evening for Washington, where she will report to the Red Cross. She recently returned to the United States after eighteen months' service with that organization in the China-Burma-India theater.

To Mary Lib and Major Callaway, who have both given so fully of themselves in the service of their country in the India theater, we send our ardent good wishes for their happiness; and to Mary Lib our abiding love.

WEDDINGS

Mrs. Willard Reed, Jr. (formerly Miss Mary Cowles of Washington and Boston), was married to Lt. Commander Herman Frederik Carel Holtz of the Royal Netherlands Navy Air Corps on Saturday, March 3rd, in London. We quote from the *Washington Star* of February 26th, 1945:

Capt. Reed was in the aviation branch of the Marine Corps Reserve and was one of the group of American flight instructors who went to Java in 1940 to instruct Dutch naval air cadets. Mrs. Reed accompanied him and they were there until the outbreak of the war, when she returned to the United States. She again came to Washington and engaged in war work with the Government, an assignment which eventually took her to London. Her husband was killed in February, 1942.

Comdr. Holtz is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lodewijk Gerard Holtz-Hulshoff Pol of Almelo, Twente, Holland. He escaped from his native land a few days after its occupation by the Nazis and was sent to Java as a flight instructor with the Netherlands Navy. After the fall of Java he was attached to the Royal Netherlands Military Flight School in Jackson, Mississippi, and in 1943 was attached to the Netherlands representatives to the combined chiefs of staff in this city. He is now in London in charge of the flying training in the Directorate of Netherlands Air Forces.

Our loving wishes go to Mary in her new happiness and our warmest congratulations to Lt. Commander Holtz.

BABIES

Born to Dr. and Mrs. John Albert Schilling (Bobby Whipple) in Rochester, New York, a daughter, Christine Henderson Schilling, on February 22, 1945. Her mother writes:

"She is a girl and the name is Christine (carefully for nobody). Her middle name is Henderson, which was John's mother's maiden name—a good Kentucky name, too. She was born on Washington's birthday and arrived most considerably at 2:30 p.m. so I was no nuisance to my obstetrician. In spite of dad's predilection for red-heads, I fear that she will be a non-descript brownish color. If she had been a red-head, she would have been the most photographed baby in seven counties—and she's doing pretty well now. She is a minimum of trouble as I have the diaper service, the use of a Bendix washing machine, and a most cooperative husband. Things couldn't be better—to be brief."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Near (Prudence Holmes) in Los Angeles, California, a daughter, Timothy Ruth Near, on February 23, 1945. Prudy writes:

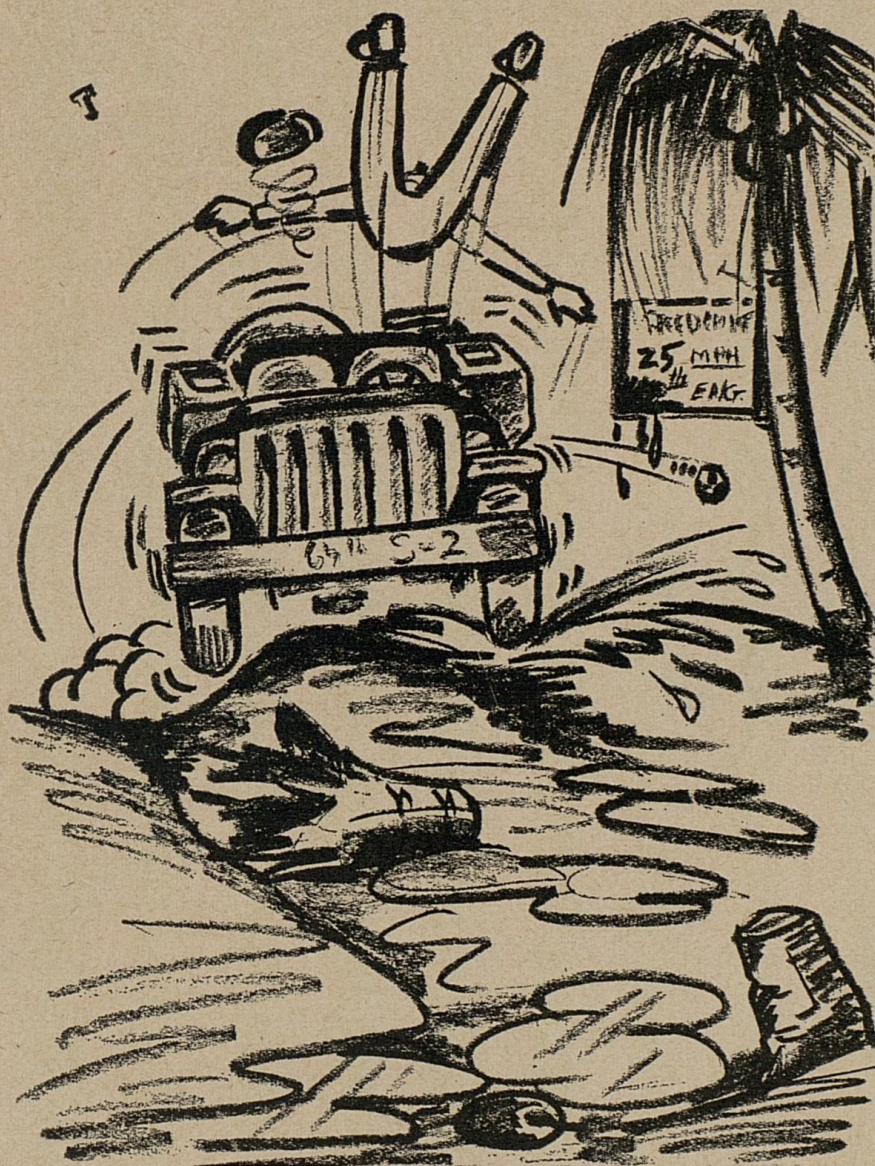
"Yes, it was a future courier! The least one, born February 23rd, is named Timothy Ruth Near, after the wild hay of her father's native Dakota. We will take her home Friday."

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Mrs. Richard Stevens (Deedie Dickinson) of Detroit is with the Home Department of the Red Cross. Her husband is in France—he has been away for two years now—and Deedie did not want to tie herself to a position that would prevent her from being with him whenever he might return.

Betsy Parsons Warner of Hartford is bursting into fame as a short story writer. One of her stories was published in the October, 1944, issue of *Good Housekeeping*; and she has just recently sold another story to the *Woman's Home Companion*. She has also signed a contract with one of the leading publishers for a book of short stories to come out this year.

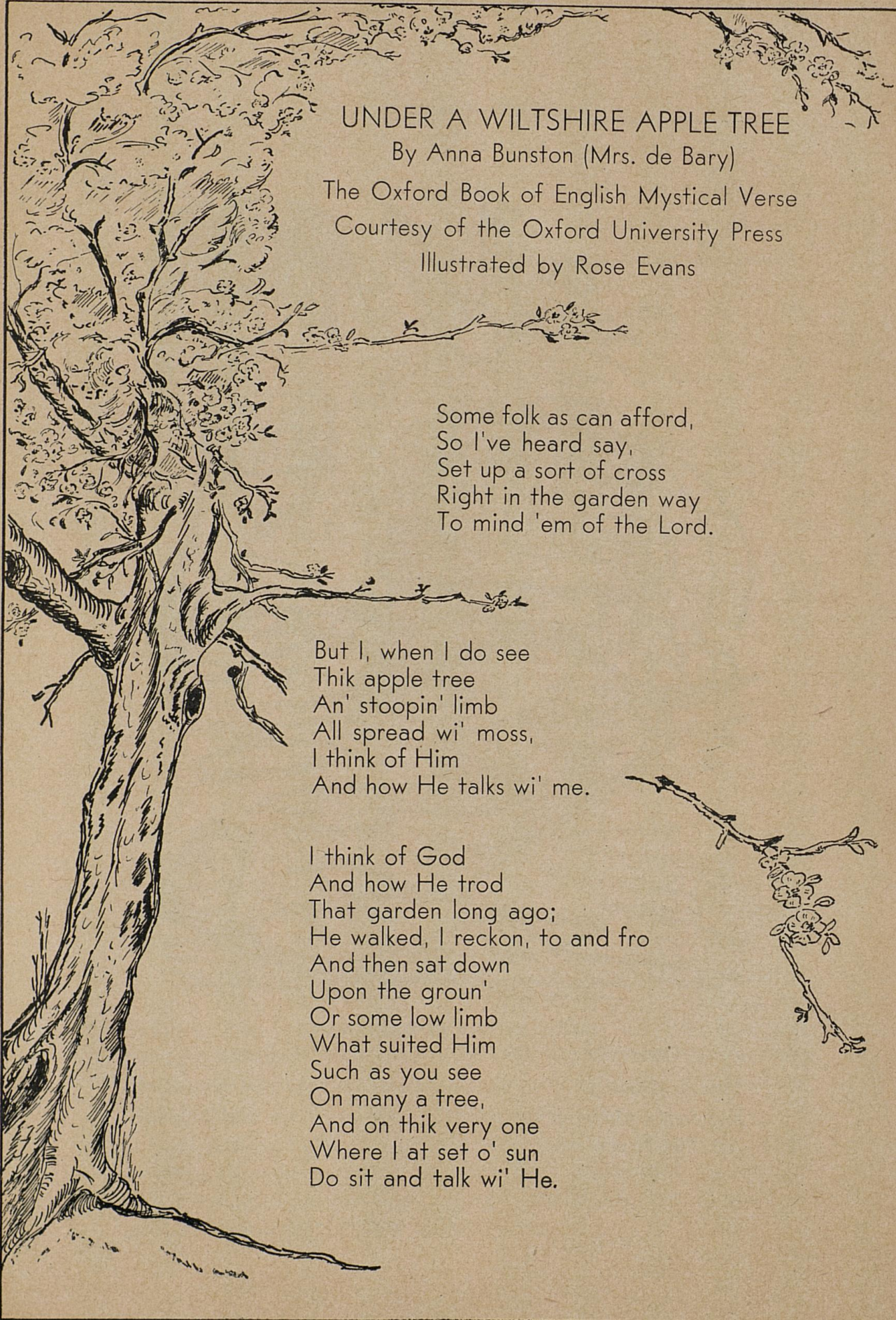
Jo Neilson, who has been in France with a Red Cross club-mobile unit, was sent home to New York last month on account of a flare up of an old back injury. She is now out of the hospital and awaiting further orders.



JEEP IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Drawn for the Bulletin by Lt. Arthur D. Byrne)

The jeep makes the roads all right, but do the riders?
*For more about jeeps see Old Courier News and Beyond
the Mountains.*



UNDER A WILTSHIRE APPLE TREE

By Anna Bunston (Mrs. de Bary)

The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse

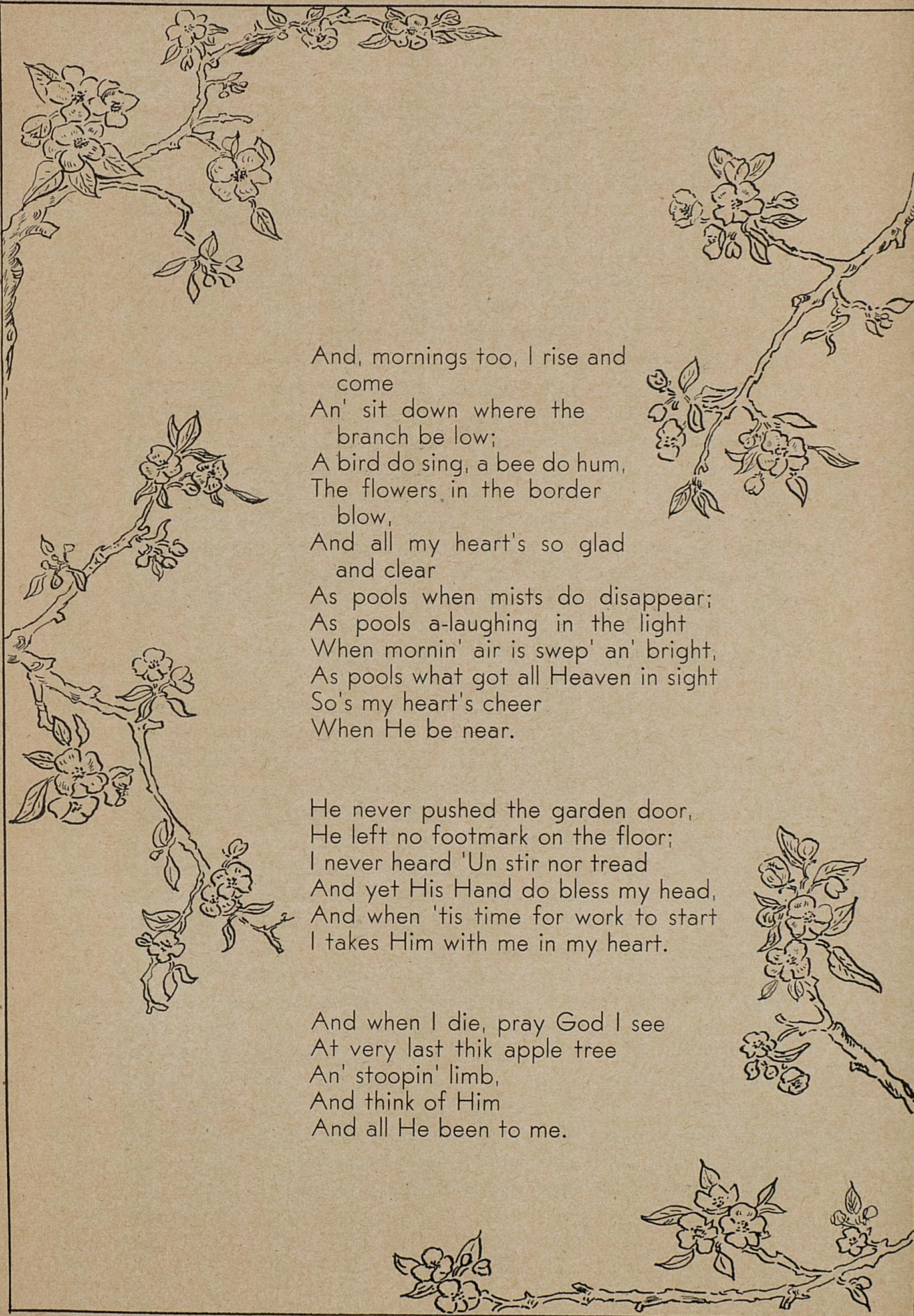
Courtesy of the Oxford University Press

Illustrated by Rose Evans

Some folk as can afford,
So I've heard say,
Set up a sort of cross
Right in the garden way
To mind 'em of the Lord.

But I, when I do see
Thik apple tree
An' stoopin' limb
All spread wi' moss,
I think of Him
And how He talks wi' me.

I think of God
And how He trod
That garden long ago;
He walked, I reckon, to and fro
And then sat down
Upon the groun'
Or some low limb
What suited Him
Such as you see
On many a tree,
And on thik very one
Where I at set o' sun
Do sit and talk wi' He.



And, mornings too, I rise and
come

An' sit down where the
branch be low;
A bird do sing, a bee do hum,
The flowers, in the border
blow,

And all my heart's so glad
and clear

As pools when mists do disappear;
As pools a-laughing in the light
When mornin' air is swep' an' bright,
As pools what got all Heaven in sight
So's my heart's cheer
When He be near.

He never pushed the garden door,
He left no footmark on the floor;
I never heard 'Un stir nor tread
And yet His Hand do bless my head,
And when 'tis time for work to start
I takes Him with me in my heart.

And when I die, pray God I see
At very last thik apple tree
An' stoopin' limb,
And think of Him
And all He been to me.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

**From Bridget Ristori (Mrs. Vincent) Tohill, Box 62,
Russell, New Zealand—December 26, 1944**

We got to Russell, New Zealand, on May 24th and on September 1st Vincent started practice again. As there is no chemist in the town we do all our own dispensing and that is where I come in useful. Vincent was very dubious as to whether he could make a living here but at the end of three months there was no doubt about it so we have resigned from the staff of the B.P.C. and shall not be returning to Nauru. The practice is an interesting one. In whatever direction we go the scenery is lovely, and our modes of travel are so varied there is no monotony about the work. To date we have reached patients by car, motor launch, tow boat with outboard motor, horseback, and horse sled!

Our biggest practice lies at Whangaruru, twenty-one miles from here over a beautiful scenic road. The population of Whangaruru is 99% Maori—such friendly, kindly folk, all with small dairy farms (50-200 acres) and large families (5-10). Whangaruru is on a big inlet and many of our patients live on the opposite side of the inlet—that is where the tow boat comes in. Others live on the ocean side of the inlet so, having got that far by boat, we continue by horse sled.

My back is much of a muchness. I can't bend and it is painful whenever I change my position. I'm afraid it will never be much better. An X-ray showed a certain amount of deterioration of the lower part of the spine.

We now have a Maori woman in the afternoons to clean the house, etc. The two afternoons we go to Whangaruru she prepares us a meal. Otherwise I do my own cooking. As we were intending to return to Nauru when we first came here I did not intend getting a dog until we came back for good, and then I planned a small dog to suit the house, but we'd only been here a week when a large, elderly sheep dog joined the household and he was such a dear we couldn't turn him away. We also have a small ginger kitten which is obviously a male.

My writing continues slowly—have had a number of articles accepted and written my third play. If we continue to be as busy as we are, it looks as though I shall not get much writing done until such time as Vincent retires.

From Sybil Johnson in Southern Rhodesia—

January 29, 1945

I have added a bulldog to my family. She is only a puppy, very spoilt but very adorable. She has just been ill and is more spoilt than ever. I still have my horse, and ride over the veldt with the dogs in the evenings.

Last year I was very busy as it was a bad year for sickness. I never seemed to be off the road. I did take three months leave in September and went to Nysaland for two of them—visited my old haunts and met many old friends. It was hot and difficult to get about as transport was almost more difficult up there than it is here. I spent three weeks by the Lake shore and enjoyed fish every day. The last part of the time I spent mostly at Sinoia. Best wishes to the FNS for 1945.

From Hannah Mitchell in Panama City, Republic of Panama—

February 15, 1945

The course in midwifery is half finished on the 27th of this month. The lectures are over half given on my part and the doctors are coming along nicely on theirs. The amount of practical experience that the girls get in the delivery room is past all my expectations. One student has had 50 cases, another 38, another 36, another 32, another 31, and the one on the service this week has had ten. I still have another to rotate for two weeks before they start all over again. Our banner day was when one of the students delivered seven babies under my supervision during the hours from seven to three. We took complete histories, examined, prepped, and set up for each delivery, and took time out for lunch—but how we worked!

The first of this week has been Fiesta or Carnival week—sort of after the fashion of Mardi Gras. Lovely native costumes with such exquisite needlework in lace and cross stitch and applique!

March 13, 1945

I will probably be back in the States sometime during June as the course here is over the 27th of May. Two of my assistants will take my place here for the next class. One of the students is now having her second rotation with me in the delivery room and she had her seventy-second delivery today.

.

From Della Int-Hout (Inty) in New Mexico—March 5, 1945

I am sick in bed and have just received the Bulletin—and so enjoyed it with all the leisure in the world to read it. Frances Fell has just been here and has made a doctor's appointment for me. It seemed to be only a bad cold, but I went on duty too soon I guess. I may have to leave here and help my sister-in-law with my brother who is a heart case. I have been here a year and have enjoyed the work with a public agency. It has taught me a lot. Say hallo to all for me.

.

From Doctor Kooser with the U. S. Navy—March 14, 1945

Life on the Marianas has been quite busy for me the last three months. I am in Camp Churo, the civilian camp with population, etc., much like the F.N.S. area save for housing which of course is terrifically crowded. I am in sanitation and have some 110 benegas, i.e. 10 bolers—4 x 8 x 12 ft. We have a good sized crew of corpsmen and a very large civilian detail. Our battle is centered against mosquitoes and flies. In crowded areas where living conditions are primitive, it becomes quite a task. As time permits I help out in the dispensary, and have started a prenatal clinic. We have two Japanese nurse-midwives who are really tricky little outfits. They seem quite good and we have little trouble conducting the clinic, save for the language. The people come in quite well. We have just set up a new maternity tent.

It looks as though our tour of duty here may be terminated soon. A new hospital is under construction which will take over our function. Then we may move on. Thus far I have had a good cross section: my first commanding officer was navy; my second, marine; and the present one is army. The senior navy captain on this island is a Captain Ware of Kentucky who knew General Breckinridge.

I still play with nutrition, even to the point of letters of advice from Doctor Blankenhorn. I have seen examples of acute starvation but little of frank deficiency disease, though I suspect there is plenty of subclinical B2 and C here which may break out in due time unless we get busy.

There are numerous pros and cons re this business of caring for civilians. We hear a lot of varied comment but we see it as a job to be done, so that's what we do. They are very keen to be cooperative and really do a good job cleaning up their places. I think the people have a high potential and often quite a high sense of respect for what they are allowed to do. Always my best to all.

From Grace Dennis (Denny) in India—March 20, 1945

I'm working on this hospital ship (H.M.H.S. Wusuah) with a girl who knows Madge Tait and always laps up anything about her in the Bulletin. We're still on the go and have been working hard, but not on first casualties now. Most of our patients have had a week or so in the hospital by the time we get them. We're giving a lot of penicillin, which is awkward on night duty if the ship is rolling a lot and one's patients are in bottom bunks where you can't get at them. I haven't seen enough of the results of the stuff to be able to form a judgment as our patients arrive where they're going in four days at the most, and then we have to say good-bye to them.

My first night on night duty this month was a beauty. We were anchored in harbour and had had to come close inshore as we'd carried down a hospital unit (16 sisters, a matron, 8 doctors, 40 Indian sepoys, and masses of stores and luggage) and had to unload the lot before we could load patients. We usually anchor half a mile from shore, but this time came right in and parked ourselves between the beach and a destroyer (of all places!) with ten or more large merchant vessels all lined up beyond that. At midnight, just as I was drawing penicillin up in the syringe, bang went all the ack-ack guns, and a minute or so later the officer on the bridge switched off all our lights and kept them off till 6 a.m. There we were, just me and a British orderly on duty, trying to cope with 200 patients we'd only taken on that day, by the waning light of my little torch—and half the

time in life belts and tin hats! Most of my British patients were mobile and could put on their life belts and walk to the deck below; but most of the West Africans and Indians were done up in plaster and couldn't move and, I must say, behaved very well. I suppose it was nothing compared to the stuff they get in Europe, but the guns from all the ships looked very pretty in the moonlight and the noise was really annoying, so we were glad when it was over about 3 a.m. They say eleven Jap planes were over but did very little damage. It's hard to see how they could have missed. We got bits of shrapnel (from the destroyer, I suppose) off our boat deck next day. They said the destroyer was so close they spoke across to us with a megaphone when it was over.

We'll soon stop running now on account of the monsoon. We are only a river steamer really and can't stand rough weather. The ship has the queerest motion in a swell. It rolls back and forth so fast it's like cracking a whip. Day before yesterday I woke at noon just in time to see showers of things bursting out of the cupboard on the wall and, when the Chinese boy brought in the tea, the floor was covered with broken glass, bits of plates, etc. Today I secured everything before I went to sleep; at eleven-thirty I woke up with a jerk because my bedside table had gone over with a bang.

I've applied for home leave this year. I'm under the heading of British Personnel of Indian Units, so if we've been out over 2½ years and less than 6 years we are entitled to apply for 61 days at home. We're allowed to *ask* but if we get it, it is something else again. Still I may be lucky and I am dying to get a glimpse of home. It was August, 1940, when I sailed.

Our troops out here are doing splendidly. The publicity goes to the Indians, Chinese, and West Africans, but if you are actually where things are happening, all you can see are boys from Yorkshire, Devon, Scotland, etc. They are a grand crowd, specially the naval commandos. It's a huge battlefield and most uncomfortable in lots of ways, but folks at home are beginning to realize it (mainly on account of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is one of the best, and really works on behalf of the men) and the result is these lovely schemes to let us home for a bit of leave, ships that sell us things like chocolate! and,

what is more, rumours of an occasional EMSA show with even stars like Noel Coward once in a blue moon.

I've got two mad Africans on board among my patients tonight and it distracts me a trifle because it was in this very harbour not so many weeks ago that a mad African jumped overboard and was never found again (?sharks), so it makes you think!

.
From Josephine Green with the American Army in France—

March 23, 1945

We have moved again and have set up a hospital for the third time. Of course we all hope that our next move will be home; but, the way it sounds now, we will travel far in another direction. Spring is coming to France and what I have seen of it has been lovely. For the last week the sun has shone every day and as a result the buds are popping. It is nice to think of summer after the long dark winter. The city here has a lovely park where I hope that I can spend a little time when the flowers get in bloom. I was fortunate to have a few weeks in Paris before we came here. I was working in one of the hospitals there but I was able to see some of the high spots. Also I had a nice visit with Vanda's sister and her family.

.
From May Green in Devon, England—March 29, 1945

I spent three nights with Peggy recently. She is very fit. Mary (*Peggy Tinline McQueen's stepdaughter*) is having a very interesting time at her job in Westminster, meeting all the various ministers. She and Peggy are great chums. I did not get a chance to see any of the rest. Kelly was away on holiday, Dinnie on a private case, and Betty could not be reached by phone. Marjorie Jackson is still in north Italy as far as I can make out and, I think, still near her brother. Lots of love to all I know.

.
From Betty Lester in London—March 29, 1945

There is quite a possibility that by the time this letter reaches you organized resistance in Europe will be over. It seems too good to be true and we hardly dare think about it lest

something unforeseen happens. I'm listening to the 10 a.m. European news while I'm writing and things are happening so fast that it is impossible to keep up with events.

It is exactly five years today since I said "au revoir" to you and the mountains. Now at last I am thinking of ways and means to return. At present I am on night duty at Hammer-smith Hospital, part time on the maternity department and part on the general side. It is very interesting and if I wanted to stay in England it would be very much worth while. As it is I want to get back at the first possible moment. Give my love to everybody.

.

From Sybil Holmes with the British Middle East Force—

April 17, 1945

I spent about an hour with Margaret Watson and Madge Tait on my way here. It was grand to see them, and they are exactly the same except that Margaret has grown her hair. We blethered away as you can imagine. They are at 63rd General Hospital M.E.F. in case you don't know.

I hated to leave Mia Habar and my beloved Senappy. He is the dearest little dog. I only hope he isn't as miserable without me as I am without him. I flew part of the way so am most uncomfortably short of kit. Luckily caught up with three of my friends. I have a half day off tomorrow so am going into Alexandria. I seem to be destined to stand by for smallpox cases. Hope no poor soul gets it. I saw it in West Africa and it wasn't nice. They had an awful epidemic in these parts last year so we're on our toes this time.

We are all terribly shocked about the President's death. So near the end of the war too. Another war casualty.

Give my love to everyone I know there.

.

From Vanda Summers in New York—April 9, 1945

My first month here was spent in getting acclimated, finding my way around, meeting people with whom I would come in contact, and reading policies and procedures. The only places where I knew I couldn't get lost were in the elevators and in my room! My hours are from three to eleven generally. From three to six

I work in the Department of Medicine and Surgery filling in student nurses' reports; receiving and summarizing reports of their lectures, classes, and practical work for the different years; giving grades and credits. When all this is done it gets the final O.K. from the department head and Director of Nursing. I was amazed at the work and detail of these records. They are renowned for being complicated and exacting and are extremely just in all details.

From 7 to 11 I act as evening assistant administrator, which means that at that time all the department heads are off duty and someone has to be in charge to answer all inquiries and cope with any situation that may arise. I also receive requests for private duty nurses and see that they are signed in and out. In between times I make rounds on the different pavilions. As this place is enormous it is impossible to visit every floor every night, but the day reports are brought to the office and in that way I can make note of the critically ill patients and arrange my visits accordingly.

NEWSY BITS

Hazel Dufendach is being transferred from Henderson, Kentucky, to the Tooele Ordnance Depot in Utah. Our best wishes go with her.

Jennie Burton Lawson has joined the Army Nurse Corps and is stationed at Camp Rucker, Alabama.

To our many inquirers we are glad to announce that **Bland Morrow** has been discovered doing field work for Social Security with her headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia.

We were delighted to hear of the birth of John Douglas on April 24th to **Kathleen Doggett Gardiner**. Our best wishes to you and the family, Kay.

Wini Saxon's brother, Neal, is stationed in Burma now and has been promoted to First Lieutenant. He writes the family that he is kept busy most of the time flying the transport planes and that he made twelve trips in one day, taking off and landing twelve full loads.

From **Gladys Peacock** we learned that **Anne Winslow**, an officer in the WACs, arrived in England in February and was "doing a grand job" from what Peacock could gather. Peacock is now Area Representative to the Central Council for Health Education and covers eight counties: Gloucester and seven counties in South Wales. Her last job with the Ministry of Supply (under which she worked two and a half years) was as Welfare Officer in Surrey, Sussex and Kent. She had 474 girls of the Women's Timber Corps scattered over all the forests in these counties, and she covered about 1,500 miles every month in her car.

Our hearts are wrung with grief for **Wilma Duvall Whittlesey** and her husband, Leonard, in the death in January of their only child, Philip, aged two and a half years. Wilma's address is: Mrs. Leonard A. Whittlesey, 5585 Thomas Avenue, Oakland 11, California.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—April 29, 1945

The deaths of our President and Ernie Pyle and the false alarm of the German surrender, all in one month, are about as much as a feeble human being like me can stand. But even I have to keep kicking to keep up with all these babies. I've caught five this month and had as many false alarms and "threats." There's still no help in sight. Can't you spare me someone! Your birth rate should have dropped by this time. Mine won't because my papas are up to 67 years and the army won't take them. My last catch was the 22nd for that papa but only the 8th for the mama. I am planning to go home for about three days this week. A sister and brother have been in the hospital but I couldn't get there while they were sick. Now a niece is home from overseas—she probably won't be there when I get there.

From Nancy Wilson on board the SS Aleutian—

April 20, 1945

I have now been on the road for a little over a week. I left

Louisville a week ago Thursday by train and got to Seattle early Sunday morning. There I was able to get aboard a boat that had been scheduled to leave last week but didn't get off. Our first stop was at Ketchikan and then Juneau where I paddled around a bit through the shopping district and stopped by to visit the Episcopal Church which has an especially fine stained glass window in memory of Bishop Rowe, the first bishop of Alaska. I met the wife of the present rector who is also under the Overseas Department of our church. Today we stopped for almost six hours at Yakutat which is made up largely of native Indians. All along we have been seeing snow on the tops of most of the nearby mountains, but today we were north enough to have snow as far down as the shore line.

Due to war conditions the authorities on board won't tell us much about when we shall reach Seward. I gather we shall have at least two more stops, Cordova and Valdez. From Seward I'll be going as far as Fairbanks by train. Some of the old timers tell me the train goes only once a week and stops off indefinitely en route. I am pretty certain the final lap from Fairbanks to Ft. Yukon will be by plane, for authorities tell me it will be over a month before highway or river will be thawed out enough to be passable.

From the *Southern Churchman*—March 24, 1945

Miss Nancy R. Wilson has been appointed for missionary service at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital, Fort Yukon, Alaska, the National Council's Overseas Department announces.

.

From Ruth Davis with the U. S. Navy Nurse Corps—

May 2, 1945

I've been in Washington since February 19th and am assigned to the Arlington Annex Dispensary. Wouldn't you know I'd be working in the O. B. department! We have two doctors and see about 40 prenatales and postpartum patients a day. About the only actual practice I get is in doing abdominals before the doctor comes. The first visit includes: R.H. factor, Kahn, complete blood count, urinalysis, T.P.R., complete physical, blood pressure, and inquiry as to toxic symptoms, along with instruction concerning diet, exercise, and general hygiene.

Pelvic examinations are also made on the first examination. Smears are taken only if indicated. Routine checks include urinalysis, weight, blood pressure and abdominal examination. Primipara are X-rayed two to three weeks before EDC. We also see gyn. cases and postpartums, so are kept busy most of the time.

I went horseback riding not long ago and really enjoyed it. I was out in the country so it made me think of the F.N.S. First time I've been riding in a long time. My very best regards to those I know there.

.

OUR FORMER CADETS

**From Ruth Alexander in the U. S. Army Nurse Corps,
at the Deshon General Hospital—April 30, 1945**

I am now working on an enlisted men's ward with a capacity of 104 and an average of about 98. I am enjoying the work and the country pleases me especially this time of year. Madge is on night duty but tonight ends her month's session. She then goes to the operating room. Time alone will tell how she likes the O.R. in the army. At times we are rather short of nurses on some of the wards. Several girls left last week for their P.O.E. including two classmates who were here six weeks before we arrived at Deshon. Fourteen nurses leave today for Evacuation unit replacements and also a hospital ship unit. We just got eighteen new nurses from basic training who fill the vacancies.

We have all had physicals, but that is no indication of foreign service in the near future. We didn't expect to be here at Deshon this long, but it looks as if we may be here indefinitely. We are becoming more resigned to this but are still hoping.

.

**From Madge Cyr, Ruth Alexander, Louisa Chapman, and
Bertha Bloomer—May 1, 1945**

Here we are—the four F.N.S. ex-cadets—having a reunion in Pittsburgh. The best laid plans of mice and servicemen go astray, so Ruth did not get her day off. The best we could do was meet her on her p.m. off. S'fun, though!

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths ye have died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,
And joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?

—Prelude to *Departmental Ditties*
by Rudyard Kipling

Great happenings have trod upon each other so quickly from Beyond the Mountains this spring that our poor little old Bulletin is jostled to comment on them. The cessation of fighting in Europe means the lives of thousands of soldiers saved, but alas, some will yet be lost in the final fight against our other deadly enemy. Therefore, one is glad, but not happy. As for the liberation of those darling Continental Allies of ours, and the end of the bombing of our British Allies—here is a field of thought in which joy can play unrestrained. Those of us who worked with some of these people the last time, grew to love them. We know that life is hard for them yet, but there is no hardship so terrible as the loss of freedom.

As we follow the news from San Francisco, and the efforts the United Nations are making to get a start on a world organization, we remember how unlike us in many ways were friends of ours overseas and yet how easy it was to work with them in unity. Union doesn't mean uniformity, thank God. Nothing could be drearier than uniformity, but there is unity in union, and that is something else again. It must be possible for nations which united to wage a war they could not win singly to unite now to wage a peace they cannot keep singly.

We incline to think that if people will only give up the use of the word equality and will substitute brotherhood in their thinking, they will find it easier to make allowance for their differences. Nothing is equal to anything else. Perhaps mathematicians would say that two parallel lines are equal. It is inter-

esting to note that they never meet. In life the nearest approach to equality is a case of identical twins, or quintuplets—but they aren't really exactly alike. We live in a forest where the white oak is considered the monarch, but he doesn't equal the locust or the mulberry for fence posts. Put in fence posts of the white oak and they will rot in a short time. No two leaves of our trees are equal. No two people in the world are equal—nor are any two nations, or races. God did not want uniformity and so he created the myriad inequalities of the world.

If we drop the word equality and take up brotherhood, we find that we have moved into something real. In a single family there is the big brother and the little brother; the brother or sister who can't do mathematics but who is clever in the use of his or her hands; the brother who is deaf, or the one crippled from infantile paralysis; the brother who is a born leader among the children, and the one who is shy. The father and mother love all the children alike, but they don't think of them as equal. These same differences exist among the peoples and races of this planet. Our Heavenly Father loves them all alike, but he did not create equality anywhere. As the children of the one Father we must think of them as brothers; but they aren't our equals, nor are we theirs.

.
Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

The value of these seventeenth century lines, *To Althea, from Prison*, lies in their having been written not by an armchair philosopher but by a man in jail. We have learned, alas, from the horrors of the German concentration camps what cruelty can do to minds innocent and quiet in their hermitage. Edward R. Murrow said over the air that the German who was not sadistic was himself thrown into a camp, he and his wife and children and old parents, if he protested. One strains the mind to try to understand how a nation of millions could be brought to so terrible an impasse. An equivalent situation in America would have been our abdication of our Government, and our Armies, in favor of Pretty Boy what's-his-name and his pals. Is such a conception

more monstrous than what happened in Germany? Wherein lies the nature of the peculiar political immaturity of the German masses? One is the more puzzled when one recalls that in Switzerland people of German descent, with those of French and Italian descent, have made self-government a going concern for more than a hundred years.

.

One turns from cruelty to lay a sprig of rosemary, for remembrance, on the far-off grave of one who was truly kind—Ernie Pyle.

.

The re-emergence of the Polish question reminds us of a story going the rounds in France after the last war. We give it here, in the version that came to us, because we find that our younger friends have never heard it.

Men of several nations were asked to write something about the elephant. The Englishman wrote a book of travel called "The Elephant in His Native Habitat." The German wrote two heavy volumes of data gathered from an historical museum which he called "An Introduction to the Study of the Elephant." The Frenchman wrote a brochure on "The Elephant and His Love Life." The Pole presented a political pamphlet, "The Elephant in Relation to the Polish Question." The American came across with a poster: "More and Bigger Elephants."

.

Miss Dorothy F. Buck, Assistant Director of the Frontier Nursing Service and Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, has been appointed a member of the "Committee To Study and Evaluate Students for Midwifery" in the National Organization for Public Health Nursing. This committee holds its initial meetings on Thursday, May 17th and Friday, May 18th, in New York City. Miss Buck will be in New York while this Bulletin is on the presses at the printers.

.

We hear from all sides that John Mason Brown was at his best, and there are none better, for our Washington Benefit at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington on March thirty-first. All

expenses connected with the Benefit have been met and Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, chairman of the Washington Committee, has sent Mr. Manning a check for \$2,650.00. We are grateful indeed to the whole Washington Committee for their superb teamwork in connection with this Benefit.

We have lately received another dividend check from Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth for our share as one of six charities of the Bargain Box, a thrift shop in New York. The Bargain Box has now opened a luxury corner. Some particularly fine things sent there to be sold for the Frontier Nursing Service by the chairman of the Louisville Committee, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, brought in substantial sums. We beg our readers to keep this luxury corner in mind. You can dispose of your white elephants for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. We, all of us, have a great many more things than we need or want, sometimes more even than we like. Gifts of such things as these, from numerous friends, net the Frontier Nursing Service around \$4,000.00 a year. Write to Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York, for green tags with which to mark your packages to designate them as given for the Frontier Nursing Service. You send the packages to the Frontier Nursing Service, care of the Bargain Box, 1175 Third Avenue, New York 21, New York.

Our statement in the last Quarterly Bulletin that we wanted a jeep has led to a telegram from a friend in a large industrial city saying that she is trying to locate one. Under Old Courier News you may read Tip Magnuson's description of her researches into the jeep situation. From Lt. Arthur D. Byrne, we received the cartoon of a jeep in the Philippines given elsewhere in this Bulletin. From Cadet Edson White of the U. S. Air Forces at Ellington Field, Texas, we have received a letter commending the idea of a jeep for the Frontier Nursing Service, and giving us the following advice:

If proper measures are taken to prevent major repairs, the upkeep is very little. Every week over two hundred vehicles are inspected here and all minor repairs made. In other words, the vehicle is thoroughly examined once a week. All nuts and bolts are tightened. Close examin-

ation is made to insure you that no oil is leaking past the gaskets. The underside is washed to clean it of all dirt, etc. In such country as yours it should be a positive requirement to check the tires daily. Lubrication is a must also.

The work described above should take only an hour or less per week. This prevents many major repairs.

If a jeep is driven with good judgment, and if reasonable usage is made of it, it will climb through those hills like a mule.

.

We heard over the radio that one B-29 fortress in one flight uses as much gasoline as a man with an A card in five and a half years.

.

At the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company yards at Kearney, New Jersey, on Sunday afternoon, March eighteenth, the 20,000-ton troop transport U.S.S. General J. C. Breckinridge was launched, and christened by the widow of General Breckinridge. Those of you who remember General Breckinridge as a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, and a dear brother of its director, will join with his family in prayers for the safety of this great ship and its precious cargo of human lives. The commissioning ceremonies for the U.S.S. General Breckinridge are scheduled for June fifteenth.

.

Mrs. Francis Boardman's son, Bob, was seriously wounded in Italy by shell fragment penetrations in chest and both legs. His mother writes us the joyous news that he is going to be "as good as new" by about June.

.

In the May 3rd edition of the Manchester Enterprize of Clay County, Kentucky, we read that Pvt. Vernon Bowling, who is the son of our Mr. Oscar Bowling of Big Creek, and Mrs. Bowling, has joined the veteran 21st Infantry Regiment of the famed 24th "Victory Division" of our Armies in the Philippines. This regiment is a regular army unit and rich in tradition. Quite recently it won the bitter battle of Breakneck Ridge.

.

All of the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Booth will rejoice with them over the birth of "Martha Ellen" on April 24th.

This baby has chosen her parents well, and is lucky in coming into a family of two brothers and two sisters.

.

When Clara-Louise Schiefer was home on a holiday recently in Rochester, New York, she had the joy of seeing the exhibition of the Thorne Miniature Rooms in the Memorial Art Gallery. Those of our readers who have not yet seen these remarkable miniature reproductions of thirty-seven rooms in famous historic American houses should be on the lookout for an opportunity to do so.

Mrs. James Ward Thorne has shown by her work for the Woman's Exchange in Chicago, her trusteeship in the Frontier Nursing Service, and her other broad interests that she can create art in bettering human lives as well as in her models of rare beauty.

.

Another trustee of ours, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, has sponsored this spring the American Annual Exhibition of Painting at the Cincinnati Art Museum, a resumption of this exhibition after an absence of three years from the Museum schedule. Mrs. Rogan acted as chairman of the Hospitality Committee.

.

The March, 1945, issue of *Scenic South* has several pictures of the Frontier Nursing Service taken by Earl Palmer of Middleboro. They are among the best pictures ever photographed of our work in here.

.

Colored slides of the Frontier Nursing Service were shown this last winter by one of our former nurses, Miss Bridie McSteen, to the post-graduate nurse students at Western Reserve, and to the senior students at the Lutheran Hospital, in Cleveland, Ohio.

While she was on a vacation in Cincinnati our Lucille Knechtly spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service to the H.N.G. Business and Professional Women's Club, sponsored by the Ninth Street Baptist Church, at the club's meeting on April 11th.

A subscriber from Providence, Rhode Island, has been so kind as to write us that the poem, "The Little Black Dog," printed in our winter number, was written by Elizabeth Gardner Reynolds. She says that she has a copy of the poem in a scrap-book of poetry, but that she had typed the poem and she doesn't recall where she found it. We are glad to make this acknowledgment, and regret that we still are not in a position to mention the publication in which the poem appeared.

.

Our nurse, Jane Rainey, is at her home in New Orleans where she was called by the serious illness of her father. He is no better as we go to press, and our constant sympathy goes out to Jane.

.

We regret very much having to announce that our Medical Director, Dr. James M. Fraser, wants to leave us this summer to take a post where he will be able to devote himself entirely to obstetrics, which is his special field. Our work includes a great deal of pediatrics and general medicine. We will be combing the country for his successor, and we beg our friends to do some combing too. Please write us if you know of a good physician who has had (and this is essential) graduate training and work in obstetrics, and who is willing to be the only doctor in all branches (except surgery) for a hospital and some ten thousand people. We are confident this physician exists and will come to us because God has never let us down.

.

This Bulletin is on time! It will actually get in the mails the last week of May. In fact, we hope to have a few extra copies to give out at the Annual Meeting of Trustees and Members of the Frontier Nursing Service and their friends at the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington, Ky., at 12:30 p.m. on Wednesday, May 30th.

JUST JOKES, MILITARY

Colonel—"Your reports should be written in such manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant—"Well, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?"



FIELD NOTES

Here is a picture of courier Susie Hays of Pittsburgh being carried by stretcher down the road from Wendover to the swinging bridge. She was carried across the river to the State road where she was transferred to our Ford Station Wagon ambulance.

In our last Quarterly Bulletin we said that we would not take the troubles of our Medical Director's holiday until they came, and we added, "As come they will." It was while Dr. Fraser was away and we had no resident physician that Susie got kicked by Cadet. Cadet's picture and that of her lovely foal Dimity is on the inside front cover of the Bulletin. Cadet is a fine young mare, a gift to us by Marvin Breckinridge (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson) and she was in a highly nervous condition because the time had come to wean her foal and separate mother and daughter. She had a sore on her leg and Susie was doctoring it. Like all good horsemen Susie was standing to one side, not behind the mare. This probably saved her life because the blow was a slanting one. Even so it was terrific and Susie, knocked

flat and unconscious, was carried into the Wendover clinic, her face covered with blood. The Wendover nurse, Nola Blair, had not left on her rounds and she and Dorothy Buck took the situation in hand immediately. In an incredibly short time Dr. C. S. Jackson in Hazard was reached by telephone, our ambulance was on its way, and Susie transported to it as you see in the picture.

It happened that Mr. Palmer and Mr. Reams had come over from Middlesboro to spend Sunday night with us. They lined up with such other men as were obtainable to carry the stretcher—four men at a time with a couple of extras for relief. Mr. Palmer took this picture while he was taking his turn off the stretcher. The nurse is Nola Blair. The men, from left to right and back to front are seventeen-year-old Curt Bowling; Irving Howard, a nineteen-year-old 4-F; Henry Hoskins, the Wendover barn man; Hobart Cornett, the Wendover foreman; and Hobart Reams of Middlesboro.

This story has the happiest kind of an ending due, as we said above, to Susie's horsemanship and knowledge of how to stand when treating a horse's leg. The only injury was a cut in the lip which Dr. Jackson sewed up so beautifully that it leaves no scar; and a mild concussion due to the fall for which we kept her in bed at our Hospital a week. Dr. Jackson gave her anti-tetanus and gas gangrene serum and everything is all right.

The meat shortage leads us to remark that we are having more meat now than we ever had in our earlier days in the Frontier Nursing Service. We often went for months at a time with no fresh meat other than chicken which we could usually have twice a week. It may interest our readers to know how we handled the food situation when it took a mule team two days to go to Hazard and return from Hyden and Wendover, and three or four days to go to Pineville and return from Beech Fork.

First, we kept chickens, as we still do, and bought up local chickens when anyone had any to sell. Second, we kept brood sows of which the matriarch was always an Edna. We had gotten down to Edna III, when we ceased raising our own hogs. We had a smoke house and cured our own pork. Third, for about three years we kept some sheep down at the Clearing and so had

an occasional lamb. We found, however, that the value of the lambs and the value of the wool sent out to make blankets did not equal the costs of feeding the sheep through the winter, and the upkeep of the pastures needed for cows—so we gave up the sheep. Fourth, while the hauling was still good in the early autumn we laid in stocks of canned meat and canned fish and always a barrel of salt mackerel. As the teams often could not travel for weeks during the winter months, we also got in the autumn a large supply of kerosene for the lamps, matches, candles, et cetera. When a team could travel during the winter months, we did sometimes get in brought-on fresh meat. We never could get it in the summer months because it would spoil. Once in the early days when I was coming in on horseback the twenty-five miles from Hazard I decided, as a treat for the Hyden and Wendover crowd, to bring in steaks. They were wrapped up and hung all over the horse like the supplies carried on his horse by the White Knight in Alice Through the Looking Glass. By the time I rode in the smell was bad. The steaks were too spoiled even to give to the dogs. We had to bury them!

It is satisfying to know how many things women can do in wartime—things that were formerly assigned to men. With our red truck "Strongmoore" our couriers and other girls now load and bring in all the sawdust used as bedding for the horses at Hyden and Wendover. It was a job always done by a man before men were scarce.

Our crowd have more than once done a bit of inside painting here and there, but now we are doing all of the inside painting ourselves. Jean Hollins, with help from Suzanne Eckert, re-enameled the Hospital beds. Bertha Bloomer, Louisa Chapman and Ruth Peninger repainted the midwifery examining room of the Hospital clinic, and our old courier, Celia Coit Bridewell, whose husband is in France, has undertaken the job of repainting the Hospital kitchen (including ceiling), the corridors, and living rooms. Nobody who has not painted walls and ceilings has any idea of what a strenuous job it is, and how proud the painter is when the work looks professional.

Celia, after a month's holiday in Chicago, has settled down with us until her husband comes home, or she is allowed to join

him with the Army of Occupation in Europe. Between rounds of painting she does a hundred other things such as addressing the invitations to the Annual Meeting, helping in the statistical section, helping with the care of young chickens, collecting eggs—to name only a few items in her activities. We overheard her say, when she came back one evening with a basket of eggs, "Such a rude hen with a back like a Spanish galleon growled at me."

We continue to lay down our surplus eggs in water glass when eggs are plentiful to be used in the late summer and early autumn when eggs are scarce.

This is the first spring and summer in which we have had to care for our chickens and huge garden at Wendover without Mrs. Belle Morgan who is now cooking for a big lumber camp. Since the chickens and garden are a full-time job, we have divided the work among us. Dorothy Buck gets up in the gray dawn to give the baby chicks their first feeding, and we have hatched out by the hen-and-chick method, over 400. Your editor has taken on the afternoon feeding with some help occasionally. Each feeding takes approximately an hour. Lucile Hodges helped Buck in the feeding and watering of the sitting hens of which there seemed to be legion. We started setting the hens in January and the last chicks were hatched before the end of April. We place these birds in a series of home-built houses with rat-proof runways. The houses are semi-detached villas and also self-contained residential flats. They have to be kept clean! and all the pans and water jars have to be kept clean! We do it very well, thank you.

As to the garden, there are nearly three acres of it, mostly terraced because it is all on steep hillsides, and in four different places. Down at the Clearing in the biggest patch we have nearly an acre in potatoes with soy beans planted between the rows. We put out 1,000 cabbages, hundreds of tomato plants, egg plants, beets and peppers. As is the custom here, we always plant our first beans on Good Friday, and everything is planted in relation to the moon and the signs of the Zodiac. We plant successions of things like onions, lettuce, radishes, beans, and "roastin' year" corn. As we go to press our two pea patches

have been staked with brush. These things all have to be hoed, frequently! Hobart Cornett does all of this with the assistance of the seventeen-year-old boy and the nineteen-year-old 4-F when they are available.

We want annual flowers for cutting, as well as the blooms from the roses and shrubs and perennial plants. Lucile Hodges and your editor have undertaken to produce the annual flowers and have spent some sixty hours pulverizing the soil by hand in the little terraced garden beds, planting and covering the seeds. When it comes to manure, we let the 4-F wheel that to the beds and ask Hobart to fork it into the soil. We don't feel wheelbarrowish.

The Frontier Nursing Service has received a most wonderful gift from the Chickasaw Wood Products Company of Memphis, Tennessee. This Company bought from the Ford Motor Company the surface rights to a great many acres of forest land in this section. Included in the acreage, which they are lumbering, is the big mountain immediately behind Wendover and its 95.8 acres. The officers of the Chickasaw Wood Products Company, three Mr. Wellfords and Mr. Foley, have made a gift of this mountain to the Frontier Nursing Service. They reasoned, and properly, in our opinion, that to cut the timber on so steep a tract would tend to create slides that might endanger all of the Wendover properties. Now, thanks to them we own in perpetuity the surface rights to this glorious tract of land. The Wendover water supply comes from a spring on this land, and the Ford Motor Company have for years allowed us to get coal out of a coal bank. It was from this tract, through the courtesy of Mr. Queen, that we were able to get the great timbers that help control the slide above the Garden House. Without endangering our properties we can always take a tree or two from our mountain, for a purpose of that kind. Our friends will join us in rejoicing over this gift, and in the fact that so much beauty as this great forest holds will never be destroyed.

We rarely brag on the quality of the members of our staff, because we tend to take it for granted that their daily tasks are always well done and that every emergency will be met with courage and sacrifice. We do, however, want to boast just a lit-

tle bit about something which happened recently. While Dr. Fraser was on his holiday a woman was confined on Elk Creek by an old midwife, and ten days afterwards she became terribly ill. Elk Creek is one of those heartbreaking areas beyond the territory covered by the Frontier Nursing Service, where there is no medical or nursing care of any kind. Our nearest nursing center is the one at Bowlingtown in Perry County—the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center. Gladys Moberg is stationed there. The Elk Creek family sent for Gladys. She went at once and found the woman with a temperature of over 106°. A man had to ride miles to reach our Confluence Nursing Center with information to relay to headquarters about the situation, because there is no telephone connection with Bowlingtown. The Confluence nurses were able also to get in touch with Dr. Jackson in Hazard. He, dear man, sent word to start sulfa drugs, and later made the long trek to Elk Creek to see the patient. After that he ordered penicillin. The septicemia cleared up and the young mother lived. This is, of course, what matters most, but to us the way our nurses reacted to the emergency matters a lot. First, there was Gladys Moberg, the Bowlingtown nurse-midwife who rode miles beyond her district to see the sick woman and, when she found her desperately ill, stayed with her day and night, notifying headquarters at Wendover and getting medical care from Hazard by a system of relayed notes carried on muleback to the nearest telephone connection miles away. Second, there was the Confluence nurse-midwife, Rose Evans (Cherry) who relayed the messages and sent the Cadet nurse Lynn Bertholf (her only assistant in a two-nurse area) to relieve Gladys in the care of the Elk Creek woman as a day and night special. Now our readers will have noted that the relief provided for Gladys Moberg, which released her from the patient on Elk Creek, had not really met the full emergency because Gladys had specialed a maternity case with septicemia and could not, without drastic sterilizing, take up again her own district at Bowlingtown where normal maternity cases were pending. At this point there comes into the picture still another nurse-midwife, Grace Reeder, who had stopped off for a few hours at Wendover on her way out for a much needed holiday. We are so short-staffed that we had no one else to send to Bowlingtown,

and asked Grace if she would defer her holiday and go there to take over Gladys' district until Gladys was "clean" again. Grace complied with readiness and so much good will that we saw her start off on her thirty-mile ride to Bowlingtown, our hearts filled with grateful pride. At no point during the several days involved in saving the life of this Elk Creek woman did a single one of the four nurses who had to handle the emergency fail in doing her duty with glad good will and with intelligence. We want to add that Dr. Jackson said, after his visit to the Elk Creek patient, how tremendously pleased he was with Gladys Moberg's cabin "set up."

Our readers will remember the Johnson children for whose care we were responsible over a period of years. Gordon is on a farm, and Betty Jean is living with a minister's family in Knott County. David, some months ago, came back out of the blue to stay with us. O'Neil, just eighteen, is in the Navy and lately spent his holiday with us here at Wendover, where Gordon joined his two brothers. There is a strong family attachment among these motherless children.

We have again loaned our Research Director, Dr. Ella Woodyard, for an important piece of outside work, this time in New York. She will again be gone a number of weeks. The special piece of research that she is working on for us, a study at first hand of the psychology of rural expectant mothers in wartime, is in abeyance when she goes away. So far as we know there has never been a study of this kind undertaken, and let us hope from the bottom of our hearts there will never be an opportunity to make another.

We have already told the story of how the women of our wonderful Red Bird River Committee have sewed regularly for months to make up supplies needed by the Frontier Nursing Service. The secretary of this Committee, Mrs. Floyd Bowling, discovered that the Ladies Bible Class in Manchester, Clay County, Kentucky, under the leadership of Mrs. Daisy Ricketts, would welcome the opportunity of sewing too. Mrs. Bowling passed on some of our wool batting and canton flannel to the

Manchester group and they recently made ten baby quilts for the Frontier Nursing Service babies.

Our tradition of having guests from the four quarters of the world was continued this spring in a visit from Miss Mary E. Moore, R. N., a missionary from the Belgian Congo. She came in for a period of observation and study of our work, and says that on her next furlough she wants to take the graduate course in midwifery. We were particularly interested in how her hospital in the Belgian Congo handles the feeding of motherless babies, or infants that are to be weaned when there are no cows. They cannot keep cows because of the tsetse fly and sleeping sickness. They make a milk substitute out of peanuts and the babies get by on it.

Guests especially welcome to us and whose all too brief visit was of intense interest were Miss Hattie Hemschemeyer of the Maternity Center Association of New York and Mrs. Helen C. Curry of the State Department of Health in Louisville. Of course Mrs. Curry has been in before, but we are always delighted for any excuse to get her back.

Margaret Field's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. W. Field, spent several days at the Midwives Quarters at Hyden where everybody enjoyed them very much. Clara-Louise Schiefer's friend, Mrs. Elmer F. Gmelin, stayed about a week with her at Wendover and it would be hard to enjoy a guest more than we did her. She went everywhere with Clara-Louise in the course of her Social Service duties, and fitted into the busy crowd at Wendover like one of them. We had at Hyden, for an all too brief but enchanting visit, Esther Thompson (Tommy) and Mrs. James Corum (Trudy Belding) and Trudy's lovely baby, Marcleon.

We were particularly delighted with a week-end visit at Wendover from Mrs. Moberg, the widowed mother of our Gladys Moberg, who has been staying for sometime with her daughter at Bowlingtown. We now feel as though she were a part of us, and we love every contact with her.

One of our Lexington trustees, Mr. Clarence Kerr, came up in April to stay a night with us at Wendover and look over our horses. As everybody knows Mr. Kerr is a great horseman, but

nobody could know what a help he has been to us in locating remounts for us to buy and in meeting a number of horse problems as they arise. As only one example, we want to say that he has taken our young filly, Dimity, and put her on pasture in the Blue Grass for the summer. He will see to her training and breaking when the time comes for that.

This Bulletin will be on the presses when the British Consul for Southern Ohio and Kentucky, Mr. A. H. Tandy, and Mrs. Tandy come up to spend several days with us, bringing with them the Reverend Frank Moore of Cincinnati. Their visit to us has been long overdue and is eagerly awaited by the whole Frontier Nursing Service.

An annual event of outstanding significance in the work of the Frontier Nursing Service is the visit of Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington, Kentucky, for his big surgical clinic. He is coming this year on Wednesday, May 16th, after we have gone to press, and he will stay until Sunday, the 20th. He is bringing his own anaesthetist and his surgical nurse with him, which will help us out enormously. Almost incredible is the number of examinations and operations he does during these annual clinics. The late Dr. Scott Breckinridge started the tradition of this particular form of service to us, and since his death Dr. Massie has carried on.

Our Jean Hollins has gone back to her home for one week to see her two brothers who are home on leave after years of overseas fighting. We rejoice with her from the depths of our hearts in their safe return (although one was wounded twice in Italy), and in the joy of their family reunion. It is also good for Jean to have a bit of holiday, as she has been a Nurse's Aide in the Hospital as well as being in charge of all the animals of the Service everywhere.

As our readers know, a second Nurse's Aide at Hyden is Suzanne Eckert of Remsen, New York. When one of us made the opening address for the Red Cross Drive at the Court House in Hyden Suzanne came down in her Nurse's Aide uniform to answer questions about her training and work, as part of the program, and she did awfully well.

Senior couriers of the Frontier Nursing Service have been Susie Hays of Pittsburgh, she, whose kicking by Cadet was our most grievous accident of the spring, and Mrs. Alexander Rocke Robertson, IV, of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, who was with us years ago as Betty Thorne. Her husband is now in France, and we did love her wanting to come back to us during some of the months of this enforced separation.

As a junior courier we had Barbara Barnes of Boston, Massachusetts, and she is staying on with us at the close of her junior courier period, as a senior. Aside from her horsemanship, Barbara has been of immense help to us in the handling of several difficult situations with cows. While she was at college she volunteered one summer to work on a dairy farm as a piece of war work, and there is almost nothing she doesn't know about cows—about which so many people know so little.

Our present junior couriers are Mary Davidson of Washington, D. C., and Barbara Miller of Washington, D. C., and of Louisville. Both of these girls are maintaining the fine standards of our courier tradition.

Our Helen Stone (Pebble) of New York is with us as resident courier after an absence of four years. As all know, she was in the Ferry Command and for years flew planes from factories to their command fields. Until she took up flying for the war she had never missed a year without a bit of service with us in the more than nine years since she first came. Words cannot describe the joy it is to have her back, and the relief it is to know that she has her feet firmly planted again on what the old lady called "terra cotta."

The tenth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery opened on April 3, 1945, with the following students: Gladys Kraybill, Elizabeth Walton and Mae Rohlfs. These three students are all training for the missionary field, and Miss Rohlfs has already served in China for twelve years under the United Lutheran Church Foreign Mission Board. She was imprisoned by the Japanese early in 1941, and was returned to the United States on the Gripsholm last December.

It will be noted that the tenth class of the Frontier Graduate

School of Midwifery has only half as many students as the ninth class in which there were six. The full quota of students was booked, but the other three fell out before the class opened because of war demands.

.

Anne Fox has left us for a post as public health nurse for Grant County under the Board of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. After years as district nurse-midwife in charge of our Bowlingtown Center Foxie was clinic nurse at the Hyden Hospital, and it was hard to give her up. The new clinic nurse is Mrs. Ruth Boswell of Springfield, Illinois, and all of us like her very much.

.

Last spring we had five cases of appendicitis among the staff in about as many weeks. We began to wonder if it were a spring complaint. This year it has started over again. The first attack and operation came to Ellen Coots, one of the dear young girls who handle the house work at Wendover. She is making a perfect recovery.

.

Our nearest neighbors up the river during all the years we have lived at Wendover were Mr. and Mrs. Fawbush Brashear, their son, Elmer, now in the Army, and their daughters, Pauline and Irene, now married. On the inside back cover of this Bulletin is a picture of Pauline's little son, Harold Pace, with the Wendover nurse, Nola Blair. Mrs. Brashear inherited from her father the land on which the family lived. They have been the best neighbors that ever were, and the warmest kind of friends. It is a source of deep regret to us that they have sold their land, which Mr. Brashear couldn't tend without the help of his son, and have moved away. We are glad that we do like Mr. and Mrs. Meb Begley who bought the old place, and we know they will be good neighbors too.

.

The chairman of our Flat Creek Committee, Mr. Bascomb C. Bowling, and Mrs. Bowling, have had the terrible grief of losing their youngest son, Don, aged twelve, in April. We extend to them our tenderest sympathy.

A number of our young men have been killed just lately on more than one far-flung battle field of this awful war. The last

three reported killed were Manuel Couch of Bear Branch who died on March 17th of wounds received on Iwo Jima; Marcus Napier of Dry Hill who was killed in action in Germany on March 22nd, and Remine E. Sizemore of Hyden who was killed in action in Germany on March 24th. Mrs. Mary Huff, widow of Granville Huff, Confluence, has lost two sons: Joel, who was killed in the Pacific, and just lately Leslie, who has been killed in Germany. A number of our men have been wounded, some seriously, and more than we can begin to name have been decorated for gallantry.

A friend in London who has never been to America wrote us lately that she particularly likes the illustrations in our Bulletins. We do take a great deal of pains with them, and we are lucky in the artists and photographers who help us out. Two of the drawings in this Bulletin were sent us by Lt. Arthur D. Byrne from the Pacific. He is the husband of our statistician, Jerry. Our own nurse-midwife, Rose Evans (Cherry) took her sketching material and sat down by an old apple tree in full bloom near the Possum Bend Nursing Center to draw the illustrations for the poem, "Under a Wiltshire Apple Tree." The painting on the cover of this Bulletin is from an Easter card by some unknown artist, sent to me over fifty years ago when I was a child. As to the Bertha Bloomer illustrations, and other cartoons we have had from her and others of our staff, they remind us of something a Philadelphia lawyer said about our illustrations: "In art I have always liked Primitives."

Postscript to Field Notes—added as we send down corrected galley proofs. We have just heard that Mrs. Fernando Marraine (our own Isabella Dougall, the Wendover nurse-midwife years ago) and her two children, Ione and Peter, will come to us for a few days on their way from Florida back to England, home, husband and father.

We have just received a delightful telegram from Marvin Breckinridge (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson) that she is en route from Peru to Belgium and will come to Wendover on May 17th for a few days. She is bringing with her, her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. C. Davidson, mother of our courier, "Davie." Marvin stayed for months on end with the Frontier Nursing Service in the early days, as courier, and as photographer. It will be wonderful to have her back again after an absence of many years.

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-Chairmen

Miss Mattie A. Norton, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio

Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.

Treasurer

Mr. C. N. Manning, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.

Mr. M. C. Begley, Hyden, Ky.

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. William C. Goodloe, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Lt. Thruston B. Morton, U. S. Navy

Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio

Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York

Mr. Bethel B. Veech, Louisville, Ky.

AUDITORS

Hifner and Fortune, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Mrs. Walter R. Agard, Madison, Wis.

Dr. A. J. Alexander, U.S.A.M.C.

Mrs. Charles Allen, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Walter S. Ball, Providence, R. I.

Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. P. E. Blackerby, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.

Madame Draper Boncompagni, Washington,

D. C.

Mrs. Henry S. Booth, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Arthur Bray, Yorkshire, England

Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York

Mr. George P. Brett, New York

Mrs. William E. Brigham, Providence, R. I.

Major-General Preston Brown, Vineyard

Haven, Mass.

Mrs. William Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky.

Judge Francis G. Caffey, New York

Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Chicago

Mrs. George Chase Christian, Minneapolis

Mr. George H. Clapp, Sewickley, Pa.

Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Albert H. Cordes, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I.

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, Chicago

Mr. Malcolm Donald, Boston, Mass.

Miss Naomi Donnelly, Chicago

Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York

Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York

Mr. Rex Farmer, Hyden, Ky.

Mr. W. E. Faulkner, Hazard, Ky.

Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky.

Mrs. Henry Ford, Dearborn, Mich.

Mrs. Edgard C. Franco-Ferreira, Philadelphia

Mrs. Charles S. Frost, Lake Forest, Ill.

Miss Margaret Gage, New York

Brig. Gen. A. R. Glancy, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J.

Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago

Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Samuel H. Halley, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio

Mrs. William L. Harkness, New York

Judge Roy Helm, Hazard, Ky.

Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb, U.S.M.C.

Mr. C. Walter Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.

Mr. Elmer Huff, Confluence, Ky.

Dr. William J. Hutchins, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Henry James, New York

Mrs. Edward Jastram, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Paul M. Justice, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Clarence L. Kerr, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis

Mrs. Polk Laffoon, Covington, Ky.

Mr. Eugene W. Lewis, Detroit, Mich.

Judge L. D. Lewis, Hyden, Ky.

Mrs. Stacy B. Lloyd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.

Mrs. Francis C. McMath, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. J. Wm. McMillan, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Frank L. McVey, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Frank L. McVey, Lexington, Ky.

Lady Leslie MacKenzie, Edinburgh, Scotland

Mrs. Cleveland Marcum, Big Creek, Ky.

Mrs. Milward W. Martin, New York

Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York

Mrs. Roger D. Mellick, Far Hills, N. J.

Miss Anne Morgan, New York

Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.

Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. George W. Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Lima, Peru

Mrs. Guido Perera, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Henry Harvey Pike, Jr., New York

Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

Miss Louisa Rawle, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Ray Roberts, Hyden, Ky.

Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.

Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere, New York

Mrs. Frederic M. Sackett, Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Preston P. Satterwhite, New York

Mrs. James T. Shaw, Knoxville, Tenn.

Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mrs. Norman M. Smith, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. James Ward Thorne, Chicago

Mrs. Warren Thorpe, New York

BOARD OF TRUSTEES (Continued)

Mrs. Owen J. Toland, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Miss A. E. Trumbull, Hartford, Conn.
 Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago
 The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England
 Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New Canaan, Conn.
 Mrs. Henry Matson Waite, Washington, D. C.
 Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Frederic Watson, Dorsetshire, England
 Mrs. Edwin D. White, St. Paul, Minn.
 Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Milton, Mass.
 Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, New Haven, Conn.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

Dr. Irvin Abell, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Fred L. Adair, Chicago
 Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, Rochester, Minn.
 Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. P. E. Blackerby, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky.
 Dr. Charles B. Crawford, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Walter E. Dandy, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. L. E. Daniels, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Haven Emerson, New York
 Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago
 Dr. A. W. Freeman, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. Gavin Fulton, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. Louis S. Greene, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Marcia Hays, San Francisco
 Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb.
 Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C.
 Dr. Frederick C. Irving, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Charles E. Kiely, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Jr., Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. John H. Kooser, U.S.N.M.C.
 Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York
 Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn.
 Dr. John Lloyd, Rochester, N. Y.
 Dr. Clifford B. Lull, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. H. H. M. Lyle, New York
 Dr. W. T. McConnell, Louisville, Ky.

Dr. J. R. McCord, Atlanta, Ga.
 Dr. Arthur B. McGraw, U.S.N.M.C.
 Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago
 Dr. W. Jason Mixer, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. W. Barnett Owen, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Walter R. Parker, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. Thomas Parran, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. E. D. Plass, Iowa City
 Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio
 Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Sterling Ruffin, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va.
 Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. R. Glen Spurling, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. James E. Thompson, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Dr. F. W. Urton, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo.
 Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York
 Dr. Carnes Weeks, U.S.N.M.C.
 Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y.
 Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.

Inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Dr. A. J. Alexander, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. John Harvey, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky.

Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. F. W. Rankin, U.S.A.M.C.
 Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

Miss Lyda Anderson, De Kalb, Ill.
 Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Mary Beard, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Ida F. Butler, Hartford, Conn.
 Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago
 Miss Hazel Corbin, New York
 Miss Naomi Deutsch, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York
 Miss Margaret L. East, Louisville, Ky.
 Col. Julia O. Flikke, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I.
 Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass.
 Miss Annie W. Goodrich, New Haven, Conn.
 Miss Ruth W. Hubbard, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Miss Lillian Hudson, New York
 Miss Florence M. Johnson, New York
 Miss Sally Johnson, Boston, Mass.
 Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Louise Zabriskie, New York

Miss Honor Murphy, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Helene Olandt, New York
 Miss Winifred Rand, Frankestown, N. H.
 Miss Katharine Read, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Ruth Riley, Fayetteville, Ark.
 Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York
 Miss Emilie Y. Robson, St. Louis, Mo.
 Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich.
 Major Julia C. Stimson, New York
 Miss Effie J. Taylor, New Haven, Conn.
 Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C.
 Miss E. C. Waddell, Detroit, Mich.
 Miss Marguerite A. Wales, Battle Creek, Mich.
 Mrs. Abbie R. Weaver, Atlanta, Ga.
 Miss Mary E. Westfall, Chicago
 Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, New York
 Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md.

FIELD WORKERS

(Executive)

AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**Director**
Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,
S.C.M., LL.D.**Secretary to Director**
Miss Lucille Knechtly**Quarterly Bulletin Secretary**
Miss Hazel Meyer**Assistant Director and Dean**
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S.C.M., M.A.**Executive Secretary**
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.**Research Director**
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D.**Bookkeeper**
Miss Lucile Hodges**Statistician**
Mrs. Arthur Byrne, B.A.**Resident Wendover Nurse**
Miss Nola Blair, R.N., C.M.**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY****Medical Director**
James M. Fraser, M.D.**Hospital Superintendent**
Miss Ethel Gonzalez, R.N., C.M.**Superintendent of Midwifery**
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.**Instructor**
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Eva Gilbert, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.**Supervisor**
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Ruth Peninger, R.N., C.M.**Social Service Secretary**
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Miss Clara-Louise Schiefer, B.A.**Alternate Resident Couriers**
Miss Jean Hollins
Miss Fanny McIlvain**AT OUTPOST NURSING STATIONS****Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)
Miss Rose Avery, R.N., C.M.; Miss Mary LeFevre, R.N., C.M.**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)
Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Doris Reid, R.N., C.M.**Clara Ford Nursing Center**
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creeksville, Clay County)
Miss Grace Reeder, R.N., C.M.**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Audrey Dyer, R.N., C.M.; Miss Jean Bradley, R.N., C.M.**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**
(Post Office, Bowlington, Perry County)
Miss Gladys Moberg, R.N., C.M., B.A.

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-widwives 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 15, Kentucky



TALKING THINGS OVER

Harold Pace and the Wendover nurse, Nola Blair

(Photograph by Earl Palmer)

