

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

VOLUME XVI

SUMMER, 1940

NUMBER 1

British (Sybil Holmes) and American (Hannah Mitchell) Nurse-Midwives
"Dicky"

"Sally Catherine"



The cover picture was photographed by the Louisville Courier-Journal.

AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2



MADGE TAIT WITH NURSES AND PATIENTS
(See "Old Staff News")

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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SUMMER, 1940

NUMBER 1

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under Act of March 3, 1879."

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“CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME”

(See Edgar's song in "Lear")

Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place! those two hills on the right,
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;
While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . . . Duncce,
Fool, to be dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

Not see? because of night perhaps?—Why, day
Came back again for that! before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—
“Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!”

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. “*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.*”

—Robert Browning.

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HIFNER AND FORTUNE
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING
LEXINGTON, KY.

To the Officers and Trustees,
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30th, 1940, with the result as disclosed on the annexed Exhibits and supporting Schedules.

Endowment and Memorial Funds, both principal and income, were certified to us by the various Trustees therefor.

Contributions and gifts in cash, have been checked against the Treasurer's receipts and reports and traced into the bank.

All disbursements have been verified by means of canceled checks and supporting vouchers, and the bank accounts have been reconciled and found correct.

In our opinion all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

Respectfully submitted,

HIFNER AND FORTUNE
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky,
May Twenty-third,
Nineteen Forty.

ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
May 1, 1939, to April 30, 1940

The fifteenth fiscal year of the Frontier Nursing Service has been the most difficult through which the Service has ever passed, not excepting the rough pioneer days of its early beginnings, because of the administrative problems brought about by the war.

Our members know that the Service nursing staff is British-American. It is composed of American nurses who have gone to Great Britain for graduate training in midwifery and of British nurses who have been equipped through such training for what the British call "overseas" and we call "frontier" work. The whole plan of the Service is an adaptation of the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service, which was especially designed by the late Sir Leslie MacKenzie to meet the problems of that rocky country comprised in the Hebridean and Shetland Islands and the northern coast of Scotland. Under this system Great Britain met the health needs of her only frontier country in the British Isles; but variations of the same system are in operation throughout the colonial possessions of the Empire. It was therefore possible until the war to supply our nursing staff in two ways. One way was to bring over British nurses, many of whom were experienced in frontier work from South Africa to the Australian bush, from India to Labrador. The other way was to send American nurses to Great Britain for post-graduate training. The war has shut down absolutely on both these sources of supply.

In addition to making it impossible for us to get new qualified nurses, the poignant needs of the Old Country have caused a number of our British nurses to go back for the duration of the war. From the beginning of the war until the close of our fiscal year, seven of our old staff went back to Great Britain.

Three or four will go back during the summer. It will be seen that the Frontier Nursing Service has to face a considerable problem of readjustment and face it during a period of sorrow and strain. We have always operated as a family, and some of these British nurses have been with us many years and are like own sisters.

The situation created for us by the war was not unexpected. As far back as January 12, 1939, at an Executive Committee meeting we discussed what we would have to do when war came. In our annual meeting of trustees on May 24, 1939, a plan for meeting the dislocations that war would bring the Frontier Nursing Service was presented to the trustees. It was our wish to get it into operation in advance but, although we had the forethought, we hadn't the money.

After war was declared, an Executive Committee meeting was held in Louisville and the plan for training American registered nurses in midwifery and frontier technique, was approved, to be put into operation as rapidly as possible. During the same week this plan was endorsed by the Kentucky State Board of Health and also by the Medical Advisory Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service at a special meeting. The plan was submitted in detail to approximately two thousand mountaineers at eight rallies held in the eight areas covered by the Frontier Nursing Service field of operations, and was unanimously endorsed by all. Since it had to be carried out at Hyden, in the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital and on the districts adjacent to the Hospital, it was submitted to the Hyden district committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, at a special meeting held at the Hospital, and received the committee's unanimous endorsement.

It will be recalled that from the beginning of its work the Frontier Nursing Service anticipated the day when it could use its demonstration area as a training field to teach frontier work to both physicians and nurses, in order to prepare them to do similar work in other outpost areas. This part of our program had been deferred only for lack of larger hospital facilities and for lack of special funds to cover costs. The war left us no choice but to start the nurse-training plan at once with such scholarship funds as we could raise, and with our all too meager

accommodations. On November 1st we opened our first post-graduate course for American nurses in midwifery and frontier technique, with two pupil nurse-midwives and with our Assistant Director, Miss Nora Kelly, in charge of the course. Two of the three Hyden districts were consolidated into one, and all the maternity work on these two districts was given over to the training school, while to a non-midwife nurse was given the sick nursing and public health on these two districts. Such of the maternity cases transferred to the Hospital as were normal were used for teaching purposes under the direction of the Hospital nurse-midwife, Miss Betty Lester, while the pupil nurse-midwives were allowed to give nursing care under Dr. Kooser to the abnormal cases. When Miss Lester sailed for England, Miss Louise Mowbray took over the Hospital teaching for the second class. Dr. Kooser gave the medical lectures and our first Assistant Director, Miss Dorothy Buck, the quizzes. The Kentucky State Board of Health agreed to certificate the young graduates of the course upon the satisfactory completion of an examination conducted by the Board. In the number of cases given the pupil midwives, divided between the districts and the Hospital; in the course of lectures; in the classroom instruction; the course corresponded to the four months' course endorsed for nearly twenty years by the Central Midwives Board of England until it was lengthened in recent years. The Frontier Nursing Service expects to be able to lengthen its course this autumn; and will train at least six nurse-midwives at a time instead of two, whenever we receive the funds to build a nursing home and release needed Hospital space for a maternity wing.

Although this course is set up primarily to meet our own acute emergency caused by the war, it is also a part of our permanent program. When our emergency has been met, we will be able at last to respond to the calls so frequently made upon us to provide frontier nurses for American outposts from the Caribbean to Alaska and including the Indian reservations.

We want to make special mention of the courtesy of the Lobenstine Clinic in New York in taking two nurses to train for midwifery for us in their January class. These nurses come to us in the late summer and will be ready for duty when our couriers have taught them to ride well enough to cope with a

rough mountain country and when our older nurse-midwives have broken them in to our frontier technique.

Here follows a summary of the past fiscal year which closed April 30, 1940. The fiscal statements are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit, and the figures in the report of operations are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service.

FISCAL REPORT

We received this year from all sources, including donations and subscriptions, nursing, medical and hospital fees, investment income, the Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service fund, sales of books, revenue from the Wendover Post Office, benefits, and fees for speaking engagements, a total for running expenses, new construction, new land and cottages, and retirement of debt, of \$104,702.26.

The total number of subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service during the year was 2,635, the largest number we have ever had. This figure includes 2,239 old donors and 396 new donors. Total gifts and contributions were \$82,015.71. Our grateful thanks are due the chairmen of several Frontier Nursing Service city committees for benefits and special appeals, by means of which they raised funds during the past year. The total sum received from benefits and the Director's speaking engagements was \$4,823.11.

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

Income from Nursing Centers.....	\$ 3,227.16
Medical Fees	1,497.12
Hospital Fees	810.82
Wendover Post Office.....	825.10
Investment Income	11,293.45

Sundry small receipts, from the sale of F. N. S. books, the Leslie County Infantile Paralysis Fund (\$26.01), and rent from cottages on the Hyden property, bring the total receipts up to \$104,702.26.

ENDOWMENT

The Frontier Nursing Service received no new endowments during the past fiscal year. We have endowment gifts bequeathed in estates which have not yet been settled, and an

endowment for the Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Bed just after our fiscal year closed, and these do not therefore come into this fiscal year's accountability. The endowment funds of the Service to date are:

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby Bed.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	53,024.53
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Isabelle George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
General Endowment (Marion E. Taylor Memorial).....	10,000.00
General Endowments (Anonymous).....	102,400.00
Total	\$252,924.53

REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment, and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after adjustments in values have been written down or up, at \$216,779.58, all without lien.

INDEBTEDNESS

The Frontier Nursing Service owes \$10,000.00 to its trustees, left from a total of \$50,000.00 loaned during 1930-1932, to enable us to tide over that difficult period. The Service is also indebted to the older members of its staff for the sum of \$17,655.55, representing the amount, on a 2/3 basis, of unpaid salaries during the same years of adjustment and reduction.

Current bills unpaid at the close of our fiscal year amounted to \$2,740.09. Cash on hand in banks was \$2,171.55. Therefore, the Service was in arrears on last year's budget to the extent of \$568.54. This overdraft is allowed for in this year's budget, which is set at \$98,000.00.

BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1940-1941

The budget for this year represents an increase of \$6,000.00 over the budgets for the past several years but an increase of only \$1,542.45 over the exact sum expended during the past fiscal year (other than special gifts for land and new construction), which was \$96,457.65 (Exhibit B of the Audit).

There are two reasons why the Frontier Nursing Service had to raise and expend more money during the past fiscal year than was allowed for when its budget was fixed, and the same

reasons apply to the new fiscal year in setting a larger budget. The first reason is, of course, the new training school for graduate nurses in midwifery and frontier technique forced upon the Service by the war. This adds \$3,000.00 to the budget. The second reason is the rising cost of living. In comparing invoices this year with those of last year we find that the increase in costs of food, drugs, horse blankets, hay, and so forth, raised the price at which we get all such supplies, and will make an increase of from \$2,000.00 to \$3,000.00 on the current fiscal year. Therefore, we have allowed for this increase in price in fixing this year's budget.

There is nothing that can be taken out of our budget to offset the increase in prices. We have learned from long experience in running a remotely rural piece of work, under circumstances of the most careful accounting, to evaluate the purchasing power of each dollar and keep costs at a minimum. An analysis of the budget will show that \$53,000.00 of the \$98,000.00 is allocated to salaries; and yet no one in the Frontier Nursing Service, except the Medical Director, receives a salary of more than \$125.00 a month, out of which each member of the staff pays her living expenses.

We give here an analysis of this budget, accepted by the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service at the sixteenth annual meeting, at the Louisville Country Club, on May 28, 1940.

Field Salaries	\$53,000.00
Field Expenses (General)	
I (Bulletins, stationery, stamps, printing and appeals, auditing, advertising, telephone and telegraph, etc.)	8,000.00
II (Dispensary and Hospital supplies, freight, hauling, car expenses and gasoline, laundry, etc.)	12,500.00
Feed, Care, and Purchase of Horses.....	6,500.00
Social Service Department.....	3,000.00
Interest on Borrowed Money.....	300.00
Repayment of Money Borrowed.....	1,000.00
Insurance	
(Fire, employer's liability, car insurance on 3 cars)	1,000.00
Repairs, Upkeep, and Replacements.....	7,700.00
Training School for Frontier Nurse-Midwives.....	3,000.00
Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses	
(Invitations, stamps, petty cash sent outside city committees for annual meetings and benefits).....	500.00
Contingencies	1,500.00
	\$98,000.00

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

Field and Hospital

The field nurses carried during the year a total of 8,517 people in 1,712 families. Of these, 4,960 were children, including 2,279 babies and toddlers. Bedside nursing care was given to 278 very sick people, of whom 19 died. The district nurses paid 19,559 visits and received 19,188 visits at nursing centers. In addition, 4,242 visits were received at the doctor's clinic in Hyden. The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden was occupied 4,383 days by 507 patients. There were sent to hospitals and other institutions outside the mountains 51 patients who, with their attendants, were transported on passes given by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company.

Under the direction of the State Board of Health, the Service gave 5,115 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, etc., made 11 tuberculosis skin tests and 5 Schick tests, and sent off 1,560 specimens for analysis.

During the year 187 field clinics were held with an attendance of 5,835 people.

Maternity

Registered Cases

The maternity work was unusually heavy this year. 443 new antepartum patients were admitted into the regular maternity service. The Frontier Nursing Service delivered 413 patients during the year. This is the largest number in the history of the Service, eight above the seventh fiscal year (the year before the curtailment of work necessitated by the depression) and twenty above any year since. There were 427 patients discharged from the maternity service at the close of their puerperium.

Of the 413 women delivered, 354 were delivered in their own homes—2 by the medical director, 26 by pupil midwives under graduate midwife supervision, 326 by the nurse-midwives. The remaining 59 women were delivered in the Hyden Hospital—3 by the medical director, 1 by the visiting surgeon, 22 by the pupil midwives under supervision, 33 by the Hospital nurse-midwife. There were 5 women who miscarried. The other 408 were delivered of 412 babies including 4 sets of twins. There

were 18 babies born prematurely, 394 at full term; 13 were stillborn. There were no maternal deaths.

Emergency Cases

In addition to regular registered cases, the Frontier Nursing Service answered emergency maternity calls of 18 women not previously registered—14 in their own homes, 4 admitted to the Hospital. Of these 18 women, 12 miscarried and 6 were delivered of full term babies. There were no maternal deaths.

Outside-area Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service delivered 27 mothers who had come from outside its territory in order to obtain this service. Of these 18 were delivered in the Hyden Hospital, 9 in homes within the districts. There were 1 miscarriage, 1 stillbirth, and 25 full term, live babies in this group. There was one maternal death. The patient who died came to the Hospital from her home outside our territory. She then showed very severe anemia (hemoglobin only 20%), cardiac disease and pellagra. After two days in the Hospital she insisted on going home and we saw no more of her until she was brought back a week later in labor, and collapsed. She died four hours after admission, undelivered.

Medical and Surgical

Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. J. E. Hagen of Hazard, Kentucky, performed numerous operations during the year, those on indigent people as a courtesy to the Service. None of the doctors in the various cities to whom the Service sent patients made any charges for their services. The regular medical work was carried by the Frontier Nursing Service Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, and, during his absence, by Dr. Samuel Kirkwood of Boston and Dr. Isadore Dyer of Oklahoma. The Service is particularly grateful to Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville and Dr. Francis M. Massie of Lexington for again giving their services for tonsillectomy and surgical clinics at the Hospital at Hyden.

The Service is also deeply grateful to Dr. Josephine Hunt, Dr. Scott Breckinridge, and their associate members on the Medical Advisory Committee in Lexington, Kentucky, for the attention they have given, gratuitously and so graciously, to both patients and members of the staff sent down to them on various

occasions; to the Children's Free Hospitals in Cincinnati and Louisville for gratuitous care given the children sent them; to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for free passes; to the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission, the Kentucky School for the Blind and the School for the Deaf for care of our patients; and to Miss Florence Johnson and her associates in the Nursing Service of the New York Chapter of the Red Cross for their kindness in meeting at the dock new nurses coming to us from overseas before war was declared.

Pellagra Clinic

Dr. Kooser's Pellagra Clinic, held in cooperation with the Perry County Health Department, at Hazard, treated sixty-four pellagrins with nicotinic acid during the past year. In addition to the cases treated, others were examined and were found to be free of pellagra. The patients made 493 visits to the Clinic.

In collaboration with Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn of the University of Cincinnati, Dr. Kooser has written a full report of his work in pellagra for the Journal of the American Medical Association, June 24, 1939. We will be glad to send a reprint of this report to anyone who wants it.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Service and aid have been given in connection with the following numbers and types of cases:

Dependent and neglected children:	13 cases
Handicapped children:	11 cases
Medical-social cases:	56 cases: Of these
	40 were sent to hospitals elsewhere
	16 were given service of other kinds
Assistance to families, usually to meet an acute need:	26 cases
Miscellaneous services:	17 cases
Total	123 cases

Service also has been given in connection with the following group or community activities:

Knitting classes: beginning and advanced
 Circulating libraries
 Christmas celebrations
 Tuberculosis and Crippled Children's clinics

Crippled Children's Seal Sale Campaign
 Red Cross Drive
 County Red Cross Chapter—Leslie County and Clay County, Kentucky
 Girls Sewing Project—National Youth Administration, Clay County, Ky.

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 127 overnight guests who stayed 360 days. Wendover also entertained for meals 245 guests for 319 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends. No exact record has been kept of the guests at the Hyden Hospital and outpost centers.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Twenty-two couriers and other volunteer workers (Christmas Secretary, volunteer clerical assistants) worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1169 days. They lived at Wendover, the Hospital and the outpost centers.

FIFTEEN-YEAR TOTALS

Now that the Frontier Nursing Service has just passed its sixteenth birthday, it may be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole fifteen-year period of our work.

Patients registered from the beginning—Total.....	20,678
Babies and toddlers.....	8,361
School children	4,813
Adults	7,504
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	4,153
Inoculations—Total	109,001
Typhoid	74,499
T.A.T. or Toxoid	20,646
Other	13,856
Nursing visits paid in homes.....	270,592
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' regular clinics.....	254,662
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' special clinics.....	78,000 plus
These include clinics held by visiting physicians in gynecology; neurology; eye, ear, nose and throat; tracoma; orthopedics; pediatrics; helminthology (worms, including hookworm) pellagra.	
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital.....	4,122
Number of days of occupation.....	43,094*

*The F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden was not opened until the fiscal year 1928-1929 and was operated only six months in that year.

CONCLUSION

During all of the past difficult months, we have had the support of our city and mountain committees, our thousands of

members and our thousands of patients, of the Kentucky State Board of Health and its officers, of the distinguished members of our National Medical and Nursing Councils, and, of course, our staff—doctor, district nurse-midwives, hospital and administrative groups, social service and courier groups—and to all of these people we extend our grateful thanks.

We want to make especial mention of three loyalties called into play by our war emergency. We are profoundly moved by the conduct of our nursing staff, British and American alike. None of our British nurses left us without at least three months' notice and many of them gave us seven to ten months' notice. The British and Americans who are still with us are working under conditions of fearful strain, with holidays long overdue, and with sad hearts. Throughout it all, they have kept the watchword of the Frontier Nursing Service, which expects its staff to be gallant and gay.

One example must suffice to illustrate the devotion of all. When war was declared, our hospital superintendent, Miss Annie P. MacKinnon (the "Mac" of many years' service with us) said she would see us through the winter and spring to give us time to replace her. To fill her vital post we get no less a person than a member of our National Nursing Council, Miss Lyda Anderson, one of the most distinguished nurses in America. Although Miss Anderson, who has run hospitals from Pasadena to Constantinople, had retired from active nursing work to enjoy a well-deserved rest, she comes to us just because we so greatly need her.

A second loyalty has been that of our patients, who have taken without complaint the constant shifts on the districts and the changes from old, well-known nurses to new ones. At our mountain rallies, the whole situation was discussed in advance and the patients knew just what we were up against and pledged whole-hearted cooperation. There has even been a personal pride in seeing the thing through. One small incident will illustrate this. There comes a period late in the training of pupil nurse-midwives when the pupil can safely be left alone by her instructor. In one such case, the instructor returned to find the baby delivered and lying in its mother's arms. The mother beamed at her and, pointing to the pupil nurse-midwife,

said, "Miss Kelly, you couldn't 'a' done hit better yourself."

Our third loyalty came from our trustees and members who supplied the needed extra funds for the training school—for scholarships, for equipment, for textbooks, for everything. Extra money over and above the budget had to be found and found quickly in the face of the demands occasioned by the war. It was all pledged within a few weeks, and we are humbly grateful.

In concluding this long report of our fifteenth fiscal year, we realize that it is beyond our powers to convey adequate thanks for the loyalties of so many thousands of friends.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman.

C. N. MANNING, Treasurer.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director.

"THE COUNTRYMAN"

"The Countryman" is an illustrated quarterly non-party review and miscellany of rural life and industry, edited and published by J. W. Robertson Scott at Idbury, Kingham, Oxfordshire, at the extraordinarily low price of ten shillings a year, post-free. We have been receiving this charming book for several years, from our British friend, Mrs. Frederick Watson. It is full of the most entrancing bits contributed by country lovers from men in the highest walks of life to the humblest of day laborers. We quote two pieces from the latest issue:

"The old cowman was told to wash his hands, don a white cap and overall and wash the cow's udder before milking. 'Whoi,' he muttered, 'if th' Almighty had meant the milk to be clean he'd a put it t'other end.' . . ."

"The Cat's Pheasant: A black cat of ours, the mother of about thirty families, which has done a number of clever things, came to me in the garden. Turning now and again to make sure I was following, she at length jumped over the wire netting which keeps out dogs. I opened the gate and followed her, and she led me to the coppice. There she stopped before a cock pheasant, helpless with a broken leg and torn wing. Blackie purred and licked the delicate head. I brought the bird into the house, where the leg was set and the wing bound to the body. The bird was then placed in a nest of hay. The cat never left the invalid but sat beside the box, licking the dainty head from time to time. The bird did not peck his new-found friend, and both remained firm companions until he was healed and well. When he eventually flew away the cat went without food for several days.—E. T."

THIRD COURIER CONCLAVE

By MRS. PAUL MAGNUSON, Jr.
(Tips)

In a brooding atmosphere of impending disaster overseas eight Couriers descended upon Wendover for their third annual conclave. There were eleven of us, including the four active duty Couriers. The first arrivals on June 18th, Marion Shouse and Mary Wilson from Washington, D. C., were followed the next day by Marianne (Tips) Magnuson from Grand Rapids, Michigan. After demoralizing Agnes Lewis with the gift of a baby pig, and covering the road from Hyden to Red Bird twice, bearing a rooster and the mail for Vanda Summers, they greeted the later arrivals on the 20th—Fanny McIlvain from Downingtown, Pa., Joan McClellan from Cape Neddick, Maine, and Susan Page, from Secane, Pa. The active Couriers were Jean Hollins and Betty Mudge of New York, and Freddie Holdship of Sewickley, Pa., and Janet Chafee of Providence, R. I.

The weather was as ordered, sunny and not too hot. As annually seems to be the case, there were enough errands and odd jobs to keep all eleven occupied. In addition four ambitious Couriers started a special project which littered the path in front of the Wendover barn with boards and dirt and shovels and hoes, while they cleaned the drain running in front of the stalls and under the tack room! Evenings were devoted to games and conversation.

On Friday, the 21st, Jean Hollins drove to Lexington to bring back Mrs. Breckinridge and "Pebble" Stone of New York who made the eleventh Courier. That evening we spent around a roaring wood fire . . . in June, of all times.

Saturday's special event was tea at the hospital. Many familiar faces are missing there, as well as at Wendover and the centers. The memory of them brings into the detached atmosphere of the remote hills the haunting anxieties of the outer world. But we were delighted to meet new friends, notably the charming new hospital superintendent, Miss Anderson, who served us a delicious tea. Dr. Kooser showed us, with a stereopticon machine, a brand new set of colored slides (trans-

parencies) of the F. N. S. taken by Dr. Glen Spurling of Louisville. The colors and depth of focus are superb.

Later that evening, the Couriers met with Mrs. Breckinridge in the living room at Wendover to formulate their plans for 1940-41. Alison Bray, our British Courier, cabled from "somewhere in England" her best wishes for a successful meeting. With the tremendous mental and physical burden they are carrying over there, we thought it a great example of British fortitude to have had a thought for the F. N. S. at this time. It was unanimously decided to cable Alison our own assurances that our thoughts and efforts are with her in the English cause. In line with the great concern which many American leaders feel over events in Europe, Mrs. Breckinridge suggested that, as a Courier project this year, we take four or five little peasant children refugees and place them in our better mountain homes, the Couriers and some of the old F. N. S. staff sharing the expense involved. We felt, however, that we should do more than that. Further we felt that the first and foremost duty of the Courier is always in the mountains. Especially is it so now. We therefore voted to appropriate the same amount of money as last year, namely: \$300.00 to finance the laying of a water pipe down to the horse hospital barn at Wendover, where a tap is badly needed. The money that is left will be used to buy new saddles and bridles and tack room equipment, also badly needed. If each old Courier gives \$3.00, the amount is raised. After setting a tentative date for the convention in 1941, the third week in June, the meeting was adjourned.

On Sunday, we all enjoyed Evensong in the Garden House together. At five o'clock on Monday morning, Marion, Mary and Sue headed eastward, and, somewhat later, Pebble and Tips left for Lexington en route north, while the others stayed on to take up their regular Courier duties.

All of us were most grateful for the opportunity to go back into the mountains again. In the face of difficult administrative problems, so tremendously increased by the departure of British nurses for duty overseas, Wendover still took on the added task of the Courier Conclave. We hope we may justify that consideration. Our help is needed this year as never before, and every Courier is ready to be of whatever service she can.

DETROIT COMES AGAIN TO THE KENTUCKY HILLS

By MRS. JAMES T. SHAW

Again the trio of pilgrims, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Mrs. Francis C. McMath and Mrs. James T. Shaw, have wended their way down into the Kentucky mountains to the Frontier Nursing Service country, and again they have returned full of thrills over the wonders of the work and the delights of the trip.

On Tuesday morning the three Detroiters were met at the train in Louisville and taken to the beautiful country home of Mrs. Morris Belknap. At the Country Club luncheon was served, and a most successful annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service was presided over by its Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett.

The motor ride in the late afternoon through the renowned Blue Grass to Lexington was delightful. The next morning our party, driven by one of the Service couriers, "Freddy" Holdship, who had come to town for Mrs. Breckinridge and us, started on our 135 mile ride up into the mountains. The country was perfection, great green velvet mountains, magnificent forests and wayside streams always within sight or sound. The Kentuckian in the Detroit party was again convinced that it is a "proud thing" to have been born in Kentucky, even if your footsteps do wander later.

At the end of our ride, above the little mountain county seat of Hyden, stands the small Frontier Nursing Service Hospital, of such great importance over a section of more than 700 square miles. There any unusual maternity cases are cared for at a total cost of five dollars; and surgery or medical treatment is given to men and women for a small charge; and children and babies are admitted free. Dr. John H. Kooser, the able Medical Director of all this section, could write a thrilling book of his experiences.

At the Hospital we said a sad goodbye to an old friend, the beloved "Mac" (Miss MacKinnon), Superintendent of the Hospital for many years, known and beloved and revered all through the country. She was leaving next day for the perilous

journey to join her own people in Britain and share their dangers and sorrows.

We drove from Hyden up to the Mouth of Muncy Creek, en route to Wendover, a short distance up the river. From there on Mrs. McMath and Mrs. Joy rode horseback, but Mrs. Shaw trusted her fate to the "deep," otherwise known as the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. Words can't describe the charm of that short trip, high mountains bordering the stream with great trees growing down to the very edge of the water. Once the rapids were so rough that Kermit, the boatman, jumped out into the stream and waded almost waist deep, dragging the boat through the threatening rocks.

At the end of our ride a little climb brought picturesque Wendover, Administrative Headquarters of the F. N. S., before us. It is a big verandahed log house resting against the side of the mountain and almost hidden by great trees growing around and against it. There is not a foot of level land anywhere around except where it has been graded off to put in a foundation or to make the footing for man or beast a little less precarious.

The household of old friends from our former trip greeted us warmly and we went in for tea in the big living room where a great wood fire burned, for the mountain air had begun to grow cool. Fuel, both wood and coal, is fortunately cheap at Wendover.

In addition to the administrative force here at Wendover there will probably be one or two nurses from an outlying center or from the Hospital coming in each day or so. There is a great shadow over Wendover nowadays for so many of the beloved English nurses of the Service have left or are leaving to share the lot of their people at home. Anxiety over their safety weighs heavily and they are terribly missed. It's no small thing to police successfully the health of these 700 square miles and to keep small babies from slipping in unbeknownst, without proper welcome for themselves and care for their mothers. The requirements for Frontier nurses are severe, and few nurses have had the necessary training, so these English nurses with their large experience have been the backbone of the Service, riding on horseback day and night over mountains

and through rivers, attended by their faithful dogs. Their care is much appreciated by the mountain people who frequently express their gratitude by naming the baby for its kind nurse.

An important part of the Wendover administration is the courier service. These girls come from all over the country, the two senior couriers now on service being Jean Hollins from Long Island, N. Y., and Fredericka Holdship from Sewickley, Pennsylvania. First of all, they must be good horsewomen, for they have entire care of all the horses and riding equipment at Wendover. Jean has taken a veterinary course, as many a time a courier has to sit up all night with a sick horse. They give all kinds of messenger service, too, finding their way, night and day, over hundreds of mountain trails. Deedie Dickinson and Betsy Schadt (now Mrs. Carl Shelton) have been two Detroit couriers.

For most of our stay in the mountains it poured. The day we came out it seemed clear so we all decided to take the beautiful boat ride down the river back to the Mouth of Muncy Creek and the motor. After disembarking we were carefully picking our way over some very slippery and wobbly stones in the creek which had to be forded, when the rain suddenly fell in sheets. We dried off quickly, however, and were able to eat double orders of corn cakes and sausage for lunch at the celebrated little wayside station half way to our Lexington destination.

FROM A BOSTON COMMITTEE MEMBER

July 24th, 1940.

"I certainly was more than interested in seeing the Frontier Nursing Service and its set up. Look what a magnificent piece of work you have done! All of the personnel are so singularly attractive, cordial, and interested in what they are doing! They certainly are magnificent! I can't help the childish exclamation marks, it is the way I feel about everything and everybody that I met out there. I wish everyone, on every committee, could go out and stay with you and see what you all are up against and how wonderfully every situation is met. I am sure it would be an inspiration to them. It certainly was to me."

I. L. J.

OLD COURIER NEWS

In the New York Herald-Tribune of June twelfth appeared a charming picture of one of our earliest couriers, Mary Marvin Breckinridge, and the following announcement of her engagement:

Mr. and Mrs. John Cabell Breckinridge, of York Village, Me., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Marvin Breckinridge, to Mr. Jefferson Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Breckinridge was graduated from Vassar College in 1927 after attending the Brearley School, New York, and Milton (Mass.) Academy. She made her debut in New York in 1924 before her graduation from Vassar and was presented at the Court of St. James's in London in 1926.

Last November Miss Breckinridge joined the Columbia Broadcasting System and has been heard over the air as a commentator from Dublin, Berlin, Norway, Amsterdam and Paris.

Mr. Patterson is first secretary of the American Embassy in Berlin. He was graduated from Yale College in 1913, from the Harvard Law School and from the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Before entering the foreign service he was admitted to the bar in Ohio. He was stationed in China and Turkey and has been at the American Embassy in Berlin for the last two years.

The Columbia Broadcasting System received the following cablegram yesterday from Miss Breckinridge dated Genoa:

"Farewell Columbia. Have enjoyed working with you. Now leaving gladly to marry Jefferson Patterson. Columbia gets credit engagement for making winter meeting Berlin."

Mary Marvin's marriage to Mr. Jefferson Patterson took place on June twentieth in the American Embassy in Berlin. The Reverend Stewart Hermann, Minister of the American Church of Berlin, performed the ceremony. The bride was given in marriage by the American Chargé d'Affaires, Donald R. Heath.

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A second marriage of great interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was that of our New York courier, Elizabeth Harriman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman, on June twenty-second to Mr. Alexander Clerihew Northrop at St. John's Episcopal Church in Arden, New York, and was followed by a reception at the Arden Homestead, the home of the bride.

From the New York Herald-Tribune we quote as follows:

"The bride is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harriman and of Dr. Harold H. Fries and the late Mrs. Fries, all of New York.

On the paternal side she is a niece of Mrs. Robert Livingston Gerry, Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart, Mr. William Averell Harriman and the late Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey.

She attended Miss Hewitt's Classes and was graduated from the Spence School in 1936. She made her debut at a dance given by her parents at Arden in October of that year. She has been in the research department of the Museum of Natural History as a volunteer worker. Her father is a partner in Brown Brothers, Harriman & Co.

Mr. Northrop attended Groton and was graduated in 1938 from Harvard University. He is with the United Fruit Company at present located in the Republic of Panama on one of the firm's plantations. His father is headmaster of Roxbury Latin School and he is a grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Northrop, of Plattsville, Wis., and of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander E. Clerihew, of Minneapolis."

It is always a special source of joy to us to announce the arrival of babies to our married couriers. We feel that these babies have come into the world under brighter auspices than most.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Manuel Fenollosa (Elizabeth Sutherland) of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a son, William Sutherland, on May 8th.

To Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson) of Freewater, Oregon, a son, William H. Jr. (Billy), on May 8th.

To Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Buell Butler (Sally Taylor) of Hartford, Connecticut, a daughter, Judith Taylor (Judy) on May 20th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William S. Warner, Jr. (Betsy Parson) of Westbury, Long Island, a daughter, Lucy, early in June.

To Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Yeomans (Betty Pratt) of Brookline, Massachusetts, a son, on June 22nd.

Judy and Lucy are both enrolled in the Courier Service for 1959. Judy's mother writes, "Here's hoping you still have horses and aren't flying around with wings!"

From Mrs. Gibson Fuller Daily (Barbara White) of Bronxville, New York, we have the following information about another enrolled courier for the late fifties. "Pamela is a big baby now, almost a year old. We have moved into a new darling white house with green shutters and a brass knocker and a porch, making it ideal for baby Pammy. Pammy will be down some day in 1958."

From Billy Jr.'s mother, Mrs. W. H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson), out in Oregon, we lately received the following message:

"I have been thinking of you all so much since September; the close ties the F. N. S. has with Great Britain must make this a terribly difficult

time for the Service in so many ways. I do wish I could help in even the tiniest way, but the small and not too certain salary of a rural minister makes it almost impossible. I'm afraid our only wealth at the moment is our babies, and you have an abundance of those! I do want you to know that I am thinking of you and hoping so much that everything will go well with the Service."

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Our Cleveland courier, Martha Bole (Mardie) has announced her engagement to Dr. Graham Webster and the wedding will take place in the autumn. We trust Dr. Webster knows how lucky he is. Mardie intended to do a spot of work as a sort of Medical Assistant, but she writes now that she is not taking the position in the doctor's office because she thinks it is a lot better to be a doctor's wife!

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We take great pride in stating that our old courier, Elizabeth Duval of New York, is a member of the "Youth Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies," whose national headquarters are at 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

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From the Detroit News of June 2nd we quote the following article by "Minnie Cage" about our courier, Deedie Dickinson.

"In a great many ways post debutante Deedie Dickinson challenges one's interest.

"Deedie is a girl of driving energy and great vitality. She is venturesome, has the pioneer spirit and likes to tackle jobs that have an element of danger and excitement.

"She got many thrills as a courier with the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains. Riding along treacherous mountain trails on pitch dark nights, with only the glimmer of a lantern to guide her, and fording streams in flood, on horseback, her lantern held high above her head, are some of her thrilling adventures.

"It's a far cry from the Frontier Nursing Service to Broadway. But, thus runs the gamut of Deedie's interests. She is no stage struck lass, however.

"Stage production is the thing about which she is terribly keen. Now she has the most exciting new job as assistant stage manager of the Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me., where Deedie and her parents, the Don M. Dickinsons, spend their summers. She got her experience by working as an apprentice.

"This summer stock theater which draws audiences not only from Ogunquit but from Rye Beach, N. Y., York Harbor, York Beach and other swank resorts, opens June 24. But, Deedie has to report June 17 at the New York office of the Manhattan Theater Company. She leaves here June 13 and will spend the intervening days in New York and Bronxville,

where she will visit the Gilbert Livingstones. Mr. Livingstone, by the way, is her godfather.

"Deedie is enthusiastic over the training she will get at the Ogunquit Theater, which sometimes has tryouts of Broadway plays. One new play is produced each week with guest stars. Some of the well known actresses billed for this season are:

"Laurette Taylor, in 'Outward Bound'; Cornelia Otis Skinner, in 'Biography'; Madge Evans, Betty Furness and Diane Barrymore, in 'The Greeks Had a Word for It,' and Frances Starr, in 'No Time for Comedy.'

"Deedie's goal, at which she is aiming, is to be a costume designer."

Of our dear British courier, Alison Bray, we have recent news in a letter from her mother: "I wish Alison were where she could be of help to you, if only as a courier! She is doing so well and works so hard in her A. T. S. job.

"She is still stationed at _____, but since things got so serious in Europe three months ago, she gets no relief. She keeps amazingly well, but in ten months of the war she has only had one seven-day leave, four days at Easter, and forty-eight hour home leave when Geordie (*a brother*) got back from Narvick. She works every day of the week including Sunday, but she wouldn't be happy otherwise. . . . Jim (*Alison's other brother*) has been in India, but last week he cabled that he was being moved, but where we don't know. George (*Alison's father*) is desperately busy running his works where he makes armaments, and also running a large company of L. D. V.—a Home Defense force formed to meet the threat of invasion. He is out nearly every evening and often at night. So it keeps him very busy, but he loves to feel he's doing something active. . . ."

It will be remembered that our Philadelphia courier, Peggy Harrison, was attached to a British ambulance Unit in Finland. Her father writes, on August 26th, that "Peggy arrived in Great Britain a few weeks ago, having travelled as a deck passenger from Petsamo to Iceland. The Unit lived on a hatch under a sail stretched across a boom on board a small cargo vessel—had food from a camp cooker on deck. They were taken off at sea by a British Patrol ship, and landed somewhere in Great Britain. She is now driving an ambulance in Scotland. Mme. de Grifenberg, wife of the Finnish Minister in London, wrote to us that Peggy had been decorated by the Finnish Government for her services and devotion to Finland. She now wears the ribbon of a Knight of the Liberty Cross of Finland. I am so glad because your Peggy really deserved it."

Peggy's father is so kind as to allow us to print sections of one of her letters to her family from Finland.

"Helsinki, Finland
Thursday, March 21, 1940.

"Dear Family:

"Today I have been trying to write to you but it seems nearly impossible. Since leaving Tornio on Sunday everything has seemed unreal and

none of us can give a lucid account of the drive to Helsinki. It is all a haze of heartbroken faces, icy roads, evacuated children, miles and miles of forest, ambulances ditched in the snow, women silently weeping, engine trouble, weary-looking soldiers with empty faces and dead eyes, bitter cold, bombed towns, driving day and night, on and on, losing the convoy, towing cars, on and on until we began to see white cloaked soldiers, among the trees, step out to the road, and, braking, one would find that it was only imagination, as were the ambulances we were forever seeing ahead of us. One girl saw an ambulance coming towards her, turn in the road and go back, and, thinking that it must have been real, she got out to look for the tracks but could find none. The sadness, the depression, the hopelessness of the situation and the silence and strain seems to envelope everything from the forests and snow-covered lakes to the villages where only old men and boys are about, or wounded soldiers on leave. The people are silent by nature, and with the terrible catastrophe on them we ourselves have become self-conscious about raising our voices or smiling. The whole country is in mourning. It is terrible, ghastly, to have fought against such odds, to have lost so many thousand men, to have over 50,000 wounded, to have expected and hoped for aid, to have carried the burden alone, to have sacrificed so much and then to have had to give in to the same demands against which the war was begun. Soldiers tell us that they would rather have fought on than this. Lottas sometimes stop to speak to us and always they have the same tragic stories to tell, about the wounded, about the air raids, or the flight of the refugees from the Russian occupied land, forced to flee without their belongings, and acts of cruelty. It is no use writing more because you can have no idea what the situation and the atmosphere is like, and how wonderful the Finns are.

"We got to the border town in Sweden, Haparanda, two days after peace was made. There were no glad faces among the Swedes and when spoken to many were shamed. We drove to the border from Umea in 2 days. No one could believe that peace had come, or that the terms were so harsh. Convoy work is hard because each person has got to keep track of the car behind, which is difficult, as the shape of the ambulances prevents the mirror from being of much use. The roads are snowy or else glare-ice, but we had no serious trouble. Lillian, the Canadian, was the only person who knew all about such road conditions. . . . On Saturday night we had supper in Tornio and were met by Miss Brunow, our Lotta interpreter. Also Mrs. Vereker, a Fany officer, the wife of the British Minister, and the Military Attache, who had come up to see about some of the British volunteers, were there. . . . We slept in Haparanda in a bunk house and got up at 6 a. m. Sunday. We had some coffee at the station and then spent hours getting our cars towed about, to start them. Finally we drove across the river again (it's a funny feeling driving over the ice, as we have had to do several times), collected our passengers, and left. It was sunny but bitterly cold. Lillian was with me instead of Theodora and we were eighth in convoy instead of fourth. My car is the gift of the Edinburgh branch of the British Red Cross Society to Finnish Red Cross, FYX 98. The battery went wrong so that every time we stopped I had to get out and crank it up to make it go again. Very little traffic, only an occasional bus or truck, frequent horse-drawn sledges loaded with logs or hay. The horses are often dun, sorrel, or tan colored with cream colored manes, and prance and snort and plunge into snowdrifts as we go by. Several times we got tied up in long lines of army sledges laden with fodder, or with transport horses. Every set of harness has bells on it. Animals are rare as the cows are all in little huts and so are the chickens, though as we went south we saw more dogs, of a red foxy type.

"For miles and miles the road was very narrow; we had some sandwiches for lunch and drove straight on to Oulu. There were numerous

cottages on that road and in front of every one was a little crowd of evacuated children and we were kept busy waving and returning the little boys' salutes. Various accidents occurred but we all arrived intact at Oulu about 7 p. m. There we had dinner in the Officers' Mess of one of the Finnish regiments. When we were waiting to get gasoline many Canadian Finns and Finns who had been in U. S. A. came up to speak to us. . . . We left there about 10 p. m. and from then on I have no clear idea of events. It was so cold that we had to have the defroster on so that the windshield would not freeze over. We went along for some time until the seventh ambulance stopped dead. Lillian and I were in the eighth, Crosby, Theodora and Minister's wife in ninth, and Joan Lee, the old Fany, and the Military Attache in the tenth. After a time it was apparent that it would be impossible to fix the car there, so we were sent on to tell the rest of the convoy what had happened, while one of the two remaining ambulances towed the dead one. The front ones had gone six miles before they had noticed anything wrong. We all had half alcohol and half water in the radiators, but it was so cold we had to keep the engines running. I was wearing my leather Kentucky coat and was warm enough to walk about in the moonlight at short intervals. Finally about one the others came up and off we went, heading for hot coffee at 7 a. m. at a Lotta canteen. Half an hour later we came to a fork and Lillian and I were left behind to show the last three ambulances the way when they should arrive. We sat there with the engine running for two hours. The cold was almost unbearable. . . . We did not dare go back and see what the trouble was. There were seven strong people there and we might get in a jam ourselves trying to turn around. Also we were getting a bit short of gasoline, and finally about four decided to follow up the others. Afterwards we found that the towing car had itself got engine trouble, its dirt freezing in the petrol pipe, the only good car went on in desperation to find a garage and four people spent the night in the two ambulances. The heating went off, and the temperature registered 20 below zero, two people had ice in their sheepskin boots, the Military Attache froze two fingers, someone else burnt her lips with metal and it just missed being a very serious affair.

"In the meantime we drove south. Dawn came about six and to our horror we discovered that we were on the wrong road. In fact we were heading due east for Russia! We were then only 10 or 15 miles off our track but had to go 43 miles before we could find a place to turn. I'll never forget that track of country. There was something menacing about it and we went along with crossed fingers for fear of getting ditched. Finally after 43 miles we came to a tiny village where we could turn and then found we did not have enough gasoline. . . . A Swedish Finn appeared and wafted us off to a tiny hut. A small nursing unit from Norway occupied it, caring for the sick evacuated children, and one of the nurses had seen me in the streets of Oslo! They gave us breakfast, the doctor phoned on the military phone to several villages on the main route until we got hold of a Fany. He said we had to go on around a loop and would meet them on the main road. We felt miserable mixing up the convoy, but it could not be helped. We went on 27 kilometers to Iisalmi to get gas, the Norwegian doctor having given us a letter of permission, as we had no coupons. And then we started off. Iiasalmi was not far back of the eastern line and had been badly bombed. Every car was painted white of course all over. Tiny air raid shelters in the woods. We turned south on to a road for Helsinki as far as Huppio. We went over many bridges, each guarded by a still sentry in a great furred coat. The road was terrible, sheer ice and deep ruts, steep hills, and our ambulances are too high, too narrow wheeled to make very good running in such conditions. Even the sledges would swerve and skid and we got quite a dent from one.

At Huppio we had to have a chain mended and I was glad that I had been studying Finnish. The village was so apathetic that even our arrival, a foreign ambulance with women drivers, caused no flicker of interest. We had some eggs and bread and milk in a hotel so boarded up that it was black as a cellar inside. On the edge of the village we passed a column of men obviously coming in from training—very old or mere boys.

"Soon we had to leave the main road and go across country so as to join the convoy on the other main road. For nearly six hours we drove, always fearful of ditching the ambulance, and there seemed to be no chance of ever getting it out again in that sparsely inhabited country. . . . At last we got to Jyvaskyla. There we were told that twenty others were expected and a warm garage was ready. We got some supper and fell into bed some time after midnight. About four, some more people arrived and fell into the other beds. Some had been digging out all night, others had been towing, one had to have a derrick to get it out of the snow. Four ambulances were still many miles away. . . . We were up at nine, Lillian and I, to start the cars for the others, and then we went off with an ambulance in front and another behind, leaving the others to follow later.

"I can't write more now. I'll write in a day or so how we three ambulances went on to Helsinki. . . . This town is so sad. . . .

"Love,
"PEG."

JOHN MOWBRAY'S DESCENDANT WRITES ARTICLE ON KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN LIFE

Pioneer Nursing Service Being Performed by Girl Whose Ancestor Founded Bay Shore

Miss Mowbray's article "Little Man, What Now?" was reprinted in the Bay Shore Journal, Bay Shore, New York, on May 23rd, with the above title and the following explanatory note:

"In 1708 John Mowbray was granted a patent to lands part of which became Bay Shore and all of which were a real pioneering job to settle. Two hundred years later, in 1940, a descendant of his, Miss Louise Mowbray, pioneering with the famous Frontier Nursing Service in the mountains of Kentucky, writes the leading article in the winter issue of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

"Miss Mowbray, daughter of the late Louise and Edward Mowbray and granddaughter of Dr. Jarvis Mowbray, is a graduate of Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, and holds the degree of State Certified Midwife (Great Britain) from training in Edinburgh, Scotland.

"With permission of Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the article by Miss Mowbray is reprinted, partly because of its local interest, but mainly for its heart-stirring tale of people in the hills."

In Memoriam

"God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto thee.

.....

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapt in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto thee."

—John Ellerton.

MRS. FRANCIS R. BEATTIE, Louisville
MISS ELEANOR CHALFANT, Pittsburgh
MRS. BOONE COOK, Hoskinston, Ky.
MRS. MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Philadelphia
MR. JOE MORGAN, Hoskinston, Ky.
MISS FANNY NORRIS, New York
DR. DAVID RIESMAN, Philadelphia
MRS. BRAINERD B. THRESHER, Cincinnati
MISS ELLEN YOUNG, Henderson, Ky.

The seasons come and go, and each in turn marks the passing of Frontier Nursing Service friends. Nowadays, when good people die, we often hear expressions such as these: "He is spared the horror of these days;" "She is taken from the struggle of these grievous times." To us, such expressions are the negation of our faith. The friends of the Frontier Nursing Service were not people who sought to shield themselves in this world, and through the law of compensation they will be given an even wider field of usefulness. Incredible that anyone can think that a life spent in a struggle to accomplish good should be rewarded by a cessation of capacity for future struggle. No, the tool forged on the anvil of life in this world, is the shining tool, rustless, ready to His hand for service in the life of the world to come. We would indeed be in desperate straits today but for the guidance we rightly expect from the compas-

sionate and the kindly, who know at first hand the way we travel and who see the Goal "with larger, other eyes than ours."

One of these friends was a young man, Joe Morgan. He was killed instantly by a truck as he was returning from having volunteered his blood for the life of a friend. He was one of the most outstanding young men in our part of the mountains. Through years of struggle he had been sending himself through the State University, to get the best preparation possible for the career of a teacher in the mountain schools. He left a young wife with an eight-day-old baby, Philip, born at our Hospital in Hyden. In the broken speech of her grief Joe's young widow, Goldie, revealed unconsciously the true greatness of Joe's character: "He was always kind. He worked so hard to go to school. He said Philip must go through the schools. I was going to school to him." May not all of us who knew Joe "go to school to him" now, since there is so much he will have to teach us?

It has been many years since we saw Miss Young, the Principal of the Seventh Street School at Henderson, in the western part of Kentucky, but the Frontier Nursing Service got inspiration always from one of the most radiant souls we have ever known. The Reverend C. C. England, of Henderson, said about her what all who knew her feel: "Hands have to be gentle to touch life as she did. Hearts have to be warm to inspire, and the spirit has to be understanding to help mankind as did Miss Ellen."

Dr. Riesman, of our National Medical Council, was not only a great physician, but essentially a good man. In writing of him we could repeat from other times Walter Scott's dying words to Lockhart: "Be a good man, my dear, nothing else matters when you come to lie like this."

The heroic in human beings, shows nowhere more poignantly than in the self-effacing endurance of continual pain. Mrs. Vina Cook (wife of Boone Cook and sister-in-law of the Chairman of our Beech Fork nursing district, Sherman Cook), died at the age of forty-six, of cancer, and is survived by her husband and five children. Up to within a few weeks of her death, Mrs. Cook carried the daily burdens of a rural housewife and mother. She did not complain of pain; she did not think

of herself at all. Only when in the last stages of her terrible disease her family intervened in her behalf did she set aside the manifold responsibilities, the daily hardships, of a rural mother's life.

The other five women whom we have so lately lost were heroic, too. Not theirs the daily struggle of the frontiersman's woman, but theirs equally the forgetfulness of self, the emergence of the universal life which alone makes this life worth living. Miss Chalfant's heart was like a country garden. There were always flowers of sweetness and kindness in bloom there for her friends. Miss Norris and Mrs. Thresher accepted the responsibilities attached to the spheres of life in which they were reared, and fulfilled each one. Mrs. Jastrow gave out endlessly from the depth of her kind heart and mind her stores of wisdom.

Of Mrs. Francis R. Beattie it is not easy for one to write with restraint who knew and loved her almost from birth. She was the oldest surviving member of her generation, and looked up to by us all as the matriarch of our group. If she ever did an unkind thing or said an ungentle word in all of her more than seventy years, none of us saw or heard it. In her the qualities of the heart that should always go with birth and breeding reigned supreme. She was a great lady, and those who mourn her now know that her like is rarely seen.

"O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

"As reported by the British Broadcasting Corporation, fifteen nurses stood huddled together on a Flanders beach. They were wet through, mud-stained.

"Then the Navy picked them up. Soon they were sleeping in warm blankets.

"Next morning, when they arrived at a British port, their uniforms were handed to them—washed, pressed, and ironed. Just part of the Navy's rescue service."

The British Journal of Nursing, June, 1940.

TOWN AND TRAIN

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

During parts of May and June, I was out of the mountains meeting engagements of long standing. With Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, I had the joy of attending the evening memorial service in honor of Florence Nightingale, held under the auspices of the Cincinnati Branch of the St. Barnabas Guild for Nurses, in Cincinnati on Sunday, May 12th. That afternoon, with Mr. and Mrs. Rogan, I had tea at the country home of Mr. Herbert French, and was accorded the rare privilege of seeing his glorious collection of old prints. I had especially wanted to see those of St. Christopher, but I shall not soon forget the incredible depth of peace in some of the Rembrandts and Durers. What is there about a strip of countryside, a bit of water, an old cottage, and one or two human beings in their relationship with the everlasting soil of this earth, limned by a Master, that fills one with a sense of peace so profound as to be almost sacramental?

On Monday, May 13th, we had our annual meeting in Cleveland at the lovely country home of Mr. and Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., under the auspices of our Cleveland Chairman, Mrs. Livingston Ireland, and her Committee. Mr. and Mrs. Ireland's colored chauffeur, an old friend, drove me to the Irelands' home for dinner. Together with the dinner guests, we drove out later to the Sherwins' place where I spoke (with colored slides) to a charming crowd of people, including old and new friends. As we have both former couriers and former nurses in Cleveland, I was constantly seeing people I like during the twenty-four hours I spent in this friendly town.

Next day, Tuesday the 14th, I went to Chicago, and that night there was a big supper of nearly a hundred men and women, given me by Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Ingersoll of Winnetka, at which I spoke. Our courier, Barbara Ingersoll, drove me out. It was a lovely evening with a dear crowd. Next day, the 15th, I spoke in the morning (with slides) at the Fortnightly Club for our annual Chicago meeting, to a crowd fairly teeming with old friends, under the auspices of our Chicago Committee and

its Chairman, Mrs. Donald McLennan. Mrs. McLennan had a luncheon for me afterwards, where I could meet more at leisure the members of that dear Chicago Committee, and a galaxy of old Chicago couriers. I hadn't time to go out to the couriers' homes to see the babies, so it has been arranged that the next time I am in Chicago all the babies will be gathered together at one person's house, and I can go there and see them all. After a quiet dinner that evening with dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dempster and Miss Naomi Donnelly, the Dempsters' chauffeur (another old friend) drove me to the station, where I caught a late train for Minneapolis.

In the early morning of Thursday, the 16th, Mrs. George Chase Christian's chauffeur (still another old friend) met me at the station and drove me out to her country home at Wayzata. There followed for me an entrancing day with this dear friend and her golden retriever, with other old friends for dinner that night. But first we went out to the home of Mrs. Harold O. Hunt for a big meeting, where I spoke with colored slides of the work. An especially lovely feature of this meeting to me was that the crowd called on our courier, Patricia Pettit (Pat) to give an account of her experiences. I was enchanted with the way she spoke,—so simply, directly, and therefore very well indeed.

The next day, Friday the 17th, Pat and her mother and a charming Dalmatian drove me over to St. Paul, where our Chairman, Mrs. Edwin White, met us and took me to speak at two delightful girls' schools,—Summit School and Oak Park School. We had lunch with that charming member of our St. Paul Committee, Mrs. Wallace Cole. Then Mrs. White drove me to the station, where I caught a train for Chicago.

Saturday, the 18th, was rather a full day in Chicago. I went out to the University to see my beloved cousin, Sophonisba Breckinridge, on social service questions connected with the Frontier Nursing Service, and to see that wise and kind member of our National Medical Council, Dr. Fred Adair, about the possibility of having some of his post-graduate obstetrical men in rotation to assist Dr. Kooser. We can work out the details of this whenever we have the extra funds and (equally as important) a place where such an assistant can sleep. The sleep

of physicians is broken up a good deal, especially in frontier work. Nevertheless a man does need a room and a bed.

In the afternoon I had tea with those two dear women, Mrs. Warren Drummond, and Mrs. Edgard C. Franco-Ferreira of our Board of Trustees, and of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority, to discuss the coming year's work of this vital department of the F. N. S. There are always many phases of our work to be handled when I am in Chicago, as we have a particularly valuable group of consultants up there. Earlier, Virginia Gardner (Mrs. M. M. Marberry) brought her big baby boy to see me. That night I dined with my loved cousin, Mrs. John Alden Carpenter and her husband, and the next day, the 19th, I went on to Detroit.

At the station to meet me was that beloved trustee and friend, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, and still another friendly chauffeur took us in charge. (His name, by the way, is Easterly, and the terminus for Mrs. Joy's summer home at Watch Hill is Westerly.) Mrs. Joy had a number of our Detroit Committee, men and women, members and other friends, for a supper with me that night, and we did have such a happy time together. On the next day, Monday the 20th, I went out to Bloomfield Hills, where I spoke first at the beautiful girls' school, Kingswood. I had dinner with those precious friends, the Henry Booths and our former Detroit Chairman, Mr. Gustavus Pope. It was a deep pleasure to see them all again, but a source of sadness that Mrs. Pope was not well enough to come to dinner. Before dinner, all four of the Booth children,—Stephen, David, Cynthia, and Melinda—and their dogs, were allowed to come into the living-room and just be themselves. They were adorable. After dinner we had our big meeting (again with colored slides), at which Mr. Booth introduced me, and where I met afterwards most of the charming people who had come.

The next day, the 21st, our Detroit Chairman, Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., and Mrs. Hodges, gave me a luncheon at a club in downtown Detroit, where I had a chance to talk with several of the men and women of our Detroit group. Our regular Detroit annual meeting came that night, at the Little Club in Grosse Pointe. Mr. Hodges introduced me, and after the speak-

ing and the slides there were many old friends to meet, including our two dear Detroit couriers, Deedie Dickinson and Mrs. Carl Shelton (Betsy Schadt). Wednesday, the 22nd, I went in town to that friendly institution, the Merrill-Palmer School, to speak to the students there, and to see old friends, like Mary E. Sweeney and Winifred Rand. Miss Edna White was in Hawaii. After that, I went to the Woman's Hospital for a long talk with that kind member of our National Nursing Council, Miss E. C. Waddell. It was she, and Winifred Rand, who first suggested to me that I might venture to approach Lyda Anderson with the suggestion that she give up her well-deserved retirement and come to the F. N. S. as Superintendent of our Hospital. The members of our National Medical and Nursing Councils are always available for consultation, and are of more help to us than they begin to realize. Of course our dear friend, Mrs. James Shaw, came into the picture in Detroit, and that other friend, Mrs. Francis McMath, with whom I dined with Deedie Dickinson, before catching a late train for Kentucky.

The only other outside May engagement was our Annual Meeting of Trustees in Louisville on Tuesday, May 28th. In between I had three days in the mountains in which to whip the year's reports (on which statisticians, bookkeeper and auditors had been working for weeks) into final shape, and to have a last evening with Mac.

In June I went to Rochester, New York, where the University of Rochester did me the great honor of conferring on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The ceremony took place on Monday morning, June 17th. With me were five people so distinguished and so charming that I kept wondering how it happened that a nurse-midwife had been chosen to receive an honor with them. The names of the others and the degrees conferred upon them, follow: Hjalmar J. Procopé, Minister of Finland to the United States, Doctor of Laws; Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Doctor of Music; Stephen Vincent Benét, the poet, Doctor of Letters; Herbert Spencer Gasser, Director of the Rockefeller Institute, Doctor of Science, and Gisela M. A. Richter, English-born Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Doctor of Fine Arts. Each of us was presented by someone attached to the Univer-

sity, who cited us for the degree, and to my joy that dear nurse Clare Dennison, Canadian-born, presented me.

President Valentine's citations were singularly moving, because of the simplicity of his language and the deep kindness in his eyes when he conferred the degrees.

I think perhaps that one sentence out of the citation given Dr. Richter impressed me more profoundly than all the rest. It runs as follows: "As men now destroy what nobler men once created, you remind us that beauty and ideals have survived past centuries of barbarism, and will do so again."

Just before the ceremonies began, some newspaper reporters had met us and told us of the fall of France. This culmination of our days of anguish made the ceremonies, for all their noble simplicity, seem unreal to us. We were all choked up. The poignancy of the lines in Dr. Richter's citation, delivered in President Valentine's quiet and beautiful voice, stirred the great auditorium almost to its knees.

I was in Rochester as the guest of that charming pair, President and Mrs. Valentine, at Eastman House, with the Procopés and the Benéts, Dr. Koussevitzky and Dr. Richter as fellow guests, from Sunday evening the 16th until Tuesday the 18th. The ceremonies of Monday morning were followed by a luncheon outdoors in the grounds of Eastman House. That evening I was the speaker at the Alumnae dinner, and sat between the Chairman and Mrs. Harper Sibley. You dear people who listened to me then, I just want to tell you that I could only speak to you from a heart freshly broken, and that it was the hardest speaking I ever did.

Tuesday, the 18th, I was the guest of precious friends of our Rochester Committee. I headquartered with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer, but spoke at lunch to the Chatterbox Club, and then spent the afternoon with Helen Rochester Rogers (our Chairman) who had lots of people to meet me at tea. That night the Spencers had a dinner for me, and their son took me to the train.

In passing through New York, on my way to Rochester and on my return, I saw several old friends, including Margaret Gage, Ella Woodyard, Jessie Carson and Betty Washburn and

some of the couriers, and attended a meeting of our New York Committee. Our Chairman, Mrs. H. Harvey Pike, Jr., came in from the country to open her house for the meeting, and I was surprised at the number of members who managed to get to town for it.

It was a delight to make a visit to the Bargain Box, 1173 Third Avenue, where several members of the New York Committee were busily working. I called at Union House, 10 East 40th Street, the headquarters of the Federal Union, in which you all know I am so profoundly interested. They have done me the honor of putting me on their National Council. I had the interest and pleasure of a day at the World's Fair. I thought the way in which the Fair had been laid out was the most attractive of any I had ever seen. I have seen a good many, too, beginning with the one in the nineties in Switzerland, at Geneva, when I was a school girl. As I am on the National Advisory Committee on Women's Participation in the World's Fair, I made my headquarters at their beautiful building. Several charming women were receiving, and they invited me, with Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow of Yale University and his daughter, Anne, to lunch with them.

When I caught a train for Kentucky, after all of this, our courier Helen Stone ("Pebble") went with me to attend the Courier Conclave at Wendover. We stopped off in Lexington overnight, as I was to have dinner and speak, soon after leaving the train, at the Blue Grass Conference of the Protestant Episcopal Church, out at Millersburg. My cousin, Margaret Preston Johnston, and her older boy drove Pebble and other friends and me out to Millersburg, where we were met by the Reverend Christopher Sparling, and other directors of the Conference. I attended Evensong on the campus of Millersburg Military Institute before we went to the auditorium for the speaking. Many young people, boys and girls, were there, and the service, just at sunset, was deeply moving. I was stirred anew in driving through the lovely Blue Grass country by memories reaching back one hundred and fifty years into the past. My people helped to settle this country, fought the Indians, felled the forests, created a land in which they could safely rear their young. In troubled times like these, one's patriotism is deepened by

recollections of struggle and danger in which one's people had a part in the past.

As I drove back up into the mountains with the couriers Pebble Stone and Jean Hollins, I thought that dear girls such as these no more asked ease of life than I would ask it. One does not want to be soft. One wants to share to the fullest extent of one's capabilities the burdens and responsibilities of the world, especially if one has been born to some of its privileges.

HURRICANE IN THE DEEP SOUTH

EDITOR'S NOTE: The effect of a hurricane is not unlike that of an air raid. On Sunday, August 11th, such a hurricane struck the big Marine Corps post at Parris Island, off the coast of South Carolina. From the personal letter of our trustee, Major-General J. C. Breckinridge, in command of this post, written Saturday, August 17th, six days after the hurricane, we quote briefly:

"During the morning of Sunday, August 11th, the Coast Guard Station in Charleston telephoned us that a storm of cyclonic force was headed in our direction, and asked that the CCC camp on Hunting Island be informed. Other advice added that the wind would probably reach 50 m. p. h., and the center of the disturbance would pass about 150 miles out at sea. The maximum intensity was expected before dark. That was unpleasant but clear, and all that could be done was to inform everybody within reach,—then await developments. . . .

"Parris Island is all but wrecked. We are still out of direct communication with the outside world, but we now have some light and water for our population of about 5,000 persons. Thank God the storm struck and departed during daylight. . . .

"A power greater than ours took command of Parris Island. The power plant was unroofed and flooded, so we lacked even the radio, as well as light and water. The worst sick cases were taken from the Hospital to the brick barracks in boats, dragged through the streets by men. The sea inundated the Hospital. How gorgeous are our fellow mortals when confronted by probable death!

"Using a grounded plane I had a technician start the motor and operate its radio; he broadcast a message something like this, in the wild hope somebody, somewhere, might pick it up and transmit it: 'Marine Corps Washington Parris Island badly hit but no casualties reported; most women and children and all sick evacuated into brick barracks; most buildings unroofed; power plant out of commission; send electric experts; post morale high Breckinridge.' By some chance that message was picked up by an Eastern Airliner in flight from and to I know not where, and it reached Headquarters in a short time. That I learned when officers got here by amphibian plane two days later. Headquarters responded nobly. Technicians, engineers and contractors arrived from points as far apart as Philadelphia and Savannah. Workmen came by boats from everywhere, and we managed to feed everybody two meals a day. Jimmy exclaimed: 'This is my first real adventure; and I do love it so!' We are digging out, and hundreds of tons of wreckage have been removed. Temporary roofs have been nailed in place, and, thank God, we have restored power enough to sustain life. I do not know why there are not many dead."

LETTERS FROM ONE OF THE SMALL INVADED DEMOCRACIES

EDITOR'S NOTE: The sister of one of our British nurses is married to an intelligence officer in one of the small invaded countries of northern Europe. For obvious reasons we can not give her name or the name of the country where she is now imprisoned. She has one little girl.

Two days before her husband's country was invaded, she wrote her sister who is with us. This letter is so touching that we quote bits from it as follows:

"My dear ————:

"Well, first of all, here is crisis again—all leaves cancelled yesterday—but I don't think anything will happen and hope not anyway, as B. has at last got his move from this frontier. . . . Things seem to be very serious here at present but what is going on we haven't the ghost of an idea, and unfortunately B. must go to ———— today. As the train services are all disorganized for troop transport he will not be back until Saturday morning; so if anything happens, I am alone. . . . I will be glad when the weekend is over. . . .

"Now, dear, I hear from mother that you are thinking of returning to England in the fall. . . . You probably don't want my advice, but sometimes it helps if you see things from a different point of view and this is how I see it. In America you are doing what is by all admitted to be fine, good work, and it is work that not everyone can do and everyone is suited for, and you are. By what you say, the Service will sadly miss those who are returning to England. . . . My point is this: many, many people from every land in this world are going to die, but the world must still go on and the new life coming into the world is more important than those lives that are leaving it. That may sound a heartless point of view, but I do not mean it so. Those poor soldiers who die are giving their lives for those who are left behind, and to those babies who are to carry on after them. But it isn't much to give one's life for that if those new lives are going to be neglected. Honestly, dear, I do feel that your work is more important in this case than that of a war nurse, because there are so many for the latter. . . . Most probably by the time you receive this, you will have decided one way or the other. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: Long after this first letter was written, our British nurse heard from her sister again, as follows:

"My dearest ————,

"Am taking the very first opportunity possible to let you know that everything with us is O. K. The baby and I were alone when it happened. B. had left the day before. I never expected to see him again, and we were ten days alone living and sleeping mostly in the cellar. Then early one morning B. came home and we left for where we now are. We have a few things with us, but of our house and furniture we know nothing and we are very much afraid everything will be gone. However, we are alive and well, and are hoping that maybe this week we can get to our new place where B will at least for a time be able to earn.

"I cannot write much or give any details. . . . Now dear, I am worrying so much about Mother. As soon as you get news of us please cable her direct and Vi too, as you are the only one I can get news to and maybe that won't last much longer. . . .

"Don't worry about us. Whatever may come we must think that that is best for us.

"With lots of love from us all.

"P.S. In seven days I lost twenty pounds."

OLD STAFF NEWS

EDITOR'S NOTE: We continue to print bits of letters from the old staff, for staff reading, but all of our friends are welcome to read this column, too.

From Betty Lester, in the country, England—May 20, 1940.

Here I am at midnight, in an English Sister's uniform, at my desk, while one poor little pupil clears up after a delivery, another one gives a crying baby some water, and another gets my meal ready. I've just had a cup of tea. . . . This is the Home where Jacko trained, only then it was at Hampstead. They were evacuated to Eynsham Hall, which was Lady Evelyn Mason's country home.

The news is grave just now. Mr. Churchill spoke at nine o'clock tonight, a very stirring speech, and he did not minimize the seriousness of it all. . . .

Of course you know I'll be back to my beloved hills. . . .

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From Green in London—Empire Day, May 24, 1940.

Here I am safe and sound and ready for anything. I hope Wendover got my cable. I put my feet on English soil 1:30 p. m., Wednesday, May 22nd. (Left Montreal May 14th.) On board ship we were not allowed to move anywhere without our life belts, and I felt like shaking hands with every sailor on board for a safe crossing. A coastal Command air force plane came out and kept watch. He circled so low around the ship that he waved to us and were we pleased to see one of our own R. A. F. Liverpool where we docked was foggy, dull, and damp but I wish you could have heard the boys on board sing and cheer. They were given an official welcome and then spirited away. The King sent a box of cigarettes for each boy.

Continued at Bournemouth, May 29th.

May 24th I filled out an application for a nurse-midwife post with the London County Council and was fitted out with equipment, maps, etc., and was asked to start right away. I said

I was willing but if possible would like a few days. Dr. Hogarth was awfully nice and gave me until the 1st of June. . . .

Coming here this morning we saw Brownsea Island on which are landed the Dutch refugees and from there distributed to suitable homes. Refugees are coming in all the time. There are hundreds of Belgian and French in the S. E. London where Jacko and I are stationed. We are going to get plenty of cases of precipitate labours in air raid shelters from shock. We expect to have steel helmets like the soldiers. I am so thankful I am home to do my bit. I return to London tomorrow. I am anxious to get back—there is so much to do.

Continued in London, June 5th.

Saw my sister yesterday from Dartford Hospital, Kent. Poor dear, she was terribly tired. French, Belgian and English wounded pouring in and they were working day and night to try to get the work in hand. Grace was almost in a state of shock from the terrible sights she had seen. I cannot tell you what I would like because of letters being censored. Saw Peggy Tinline last night and what a welcome she and James gave me. Peggy was on duty at the A. R. P. station. She is ambulance nurse and goes out to air raid casualties. James is a censor. So I hope he reads this!

Continued, June 9th.

Thank you both for the letters and snaps which came yesterday—so they took almost a month to get here. Ance Roberts wrote a nice little note also. Thank him very much. Who has Captain Pat? (*her horse*)—dear old fellow, he did look so natural in the picture of him slipping his bridle.

The gardens are beautiful and the air raid shelters in them are made very attractive with thick layers of earth, and grass and flowers grown over them. Inside they are furnished with small benches, cups, tea, and emergency supplies. Lots are being evacuated from the danger zones. In and around London there are 43,000 persons per square mile, so you can see why we are evacuating. I often think of Mrs. Breckinridge as she knows this part well. We have lots of cases in Woolwich. . . . Roses are blooming everywhere and they smell wonderful. At

the moment we have eight vases full. So you see we still have lots of loveliness in this sad old world.

August 5th.

Jacko and I are still doing midwifery with the London County Council. We are well staffed. In case any of us should be killed there are plenty to carry on. . . .

. . . .
From Mac in New York—June 4th, 1940.

Sailing today on a ship and to a port unknown. Very sad but longing to get to the other side. Shall be thinking about you, and I know your thoughts will be with me. My love to all.

From Mac on Ambulance Train No. 22—July 9th.

I know you will be longing to have news of me and to know what work I am doing. You would have got a letter from me written on the boat and then my cable. It is hard to know where to begin but I had only two weeks rest when I was called up. My work is very exciting, only getting ready and cleaning up. There are three trains here and each one has a sister in charge (me being on one), two trained nurses, ten V.A.D.'s, and twelve orderlies, and of course a doctor. We are near one another but each one arranges her train the way she thinks best. You will think it is a big staff on one train, but not at all; everyone has her or his work and it takes me seven minutes to walk from one end of the train to the other. By next week we will have it in order, and then—who knows.

No one sleeps on the train and I have been so fortunate being billeted with a major whose wife is so good to me and a lovely home and garden and three dogs.

We have one of the Pullmans as our sitting room and the orderlies have the ordinary coach. We have nearly three hundred stretchers put up in the van like bunks and plenty of bed linen so far. They have scrubbed it from one end to the other, even the V.A.D.s doing their share. Everyone is so keen and in high spirits.

Shall write you soon again, but we may not be here long; so if you write, send it to my sister's address in Corstorphine,

the address I left with you. I think of you all and please don't forget me. My life is so different now.

With my love to everyone. . . .

From Sybil: "In Gulf of St. Lawrence going the Lord knows where"—June 18th.

We waited at the next port for about 30 hours and are in the meantime a very good military objective, very low in the water, toting life belts, etc. We are making for port unknown under sealed orders and after that on to England, we hope! . . . It is so smooth and the engines are so quiet we might be in a land barracks or something. Sentries at the doors. We tried to go out last night to see the black-out but stepped on too many faces! . . . The customs men were absolute darlings. They held the train up 15 minutes so our luggage could be got on. . . . The conductor was a darling too and got an agent on to the train at Toronto. He took all our stuff into his private office and got us a lovely seat in the next train while we had tea with Marion who is flourishing. Mr. Agnew, our agent, met us at Chatham with his wife and daughter. He had an o.k. from Ottawa for us to sail as "armed forces." Everything was made so easy for us. Faith was on the phone from New York and I had a special room to talk to her in. Betsy met us at Detroit. We went home with the Caldwelles at Cincinnati, Marion at Toronto, and Mary and Dudley in Montreal. . .

Cable, Received July 1st, Sansorigin, Sansdate

Docked.

SYBIL HOLMES.

From Sybil in Cheshire—July 4.

Loud cheers, Mother, my sister and two sisters-in-law complete with families sail for Nassau as soon as possible. They had decided on it almost before I arrived and with my hefty push are quite keen now. It is sad though, Mother's house here is so cosy and nice, and how she hates to be parted from her things. . . .

Mary (*Sybil's sister*) and her husband landed in Southampton during the Dunkirk evacuation after the most amazing voy-

age. Started in a Dutch ship in the Royal Suite and ended in steerage on E deck (in condemned part of old P. & O. boat). I have forgotten how many ships they were on. They said their ship was torpedoed and then the sub was sunk. They were the last through the Suez Canal. They got to London broke and with their letter of credit in the P. & O. boat as deposit for two tickets. They spent 300 pounds roughly getting home. How I wish they hadn't as they can't get back to Malay probably. . . .

Can't waste paper. Love to everyone, I'm homesick for Kentucky.

From Sybil in Hartfordshire—August 10.

I may not tell you about our hospital, but can say I've had my first experience of Plastic Surgery and Maxillofacial doings on a large scale and find it most interesting. . . . This place is lovely, Norman buildings and a glorious abbey. Two of my grand (very great grand) uncles were abbots there. I saw their stalls, but they were buried in the Chapter House which is no more.

The grammar school Geoffrey de Gorham (the greatest grand!) started is still flourishing. I haven't had to duck as yet, not even for an alarm. We have special gas masks as well as the ordinary ones. . . . I've met two of my cronies back from France. Poor souls, they lost everything they took out. Jane says the experience was worth it. . . . How I miss the horses and dogs. . . . There is not much one is allowed to say. Frank (*Sybil's brother*) is now a commander, very posh with gold braid.

. . . .
From "Dougall" at Harrow—June, 1940.

A little bit about ourselves and things here. I know you read more correct news of the war than anything I can write. . . . We fluctuate in emotion. One day we feel very dejected; then the following day we have recovered and with the feeling that each one of us must do something, we regain cheerfulness. Here two roads have joined forces in a scheme to help each other should air raids occur. Some women are being detailed to care

for children, some for first aid. I should think the men will retain the job of fire-fighting.

You will have read of the nurses' behaviour under heavy fire at Dunkirk: lying down beside the wounded when a raid was actually on, continuing with the bandaging of wounds. Several have been killed.

The children are well. Ione carries a gas mask to school and an identification disc around her neck, and thinks war must be a game.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Dougall" has two young children, one a baby. Her husband is anxious to get them evacuated out of England. Through official channels, the F. N. S. has offered "Dougall" her old job back, in the hope that it will enable her to come over here with her children. An old friend has made affidavits for the children.

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From Mickle Minor at No. 23 Scot's General Hospital—

June 17, 1940.

We are moving on in a couple of days to an unknown destination, but as we have a tropical kit we are quite sure we shall not arrive on the North Pole. Activity and excitement run high; even the ghastly news cannot dampen our spirits for long. Paris has fallen today but a time will come when the Germans will not be having everything their own way. In any case however long it takes, and it does sometimes seem it must forever go on, we shall never be beaten. One has only to see the men who have returned to realize that. I could tell you so much, but of course it would be unwise.

Mama refuses to evacuate herself, but I do hope if things become graver she will be prevailed upon to do so. She is too old to be scooting in and out of air raid shelters, poor dear.

We had our embarkation leave a few weeks ago and had a lovely five days in London.

I cannot imagine Kentucky with so many of our crowd away and new people taking our places. How little we realized when we left it the kind of turmoil we were coming into! Maybe that is why it still remains so dear and so vivid in our memories. My picture of the Hospital and Nancy and Johnnie, also Skye (*Mac's dog*), are going along with me. I hear Charlie has my

garden. She may make a better job of it than I, but she can't love it any more than I did, or even as much.

For now goodbye. . . . Love to you all.

From Mickle Minor in London—June 22, 1940.

We are about to embark on our strange and unknown journey. The luggage has gone and we look up expectantly every time the door opens. We are relieved that we are going to have some active work to do after all our waiting, but our hearts are more than sad over leaving this country at such a time; not knowing if we return to it what we may find. We would rather everyone of us died than that Hitler should get in because, if he does, there can be no hope of its being fit for humanity for centuries.

Fortunately we have not to decide whether we go or stay. I'm sure it would be the most difficult decision of our lives. . . .

Robbie, my sister (*Mickle Major*) and I still talk much of Kentucky though it becomes increasingly remote the longer this nightmare goes on. . . .

With love from the three of us and the hope that better times are still ahead. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: We received a card posted in Capetown, South Africa, showing that Mickle Minor, Mickle Major, and Robbie had passed that point en route to their unknown destination.*

. . . .

From Madge at a British Military Hospital—June 19, 1940.

Since I last wrote you, we have had 500 wounded Frenchmen in. Terrible cases, but they are so bright and jolly and it has been such fun rubbing up our French again. Most of them had been machine-gunned and bombed at Dunkirk, and had swum out to British Ships and have been brought to England. They loved our hospital and blew kisses to Heaven and said, "L'Angleterre tres joli." . . .

Traitors have been rife, and the Allies have been stabbed

* ". . . a convoyed line of big troop transports reached Egypt after an uneventful trip from Great Britain all the way around Africa, up the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal. The exact number of troops was not revealed, but unofficial dispatches spoke of 'several thousand'—infantrymen, Australian aviators, nurses from Scotland and England, R. A. F. and naval reinforcements."

in the back many times during the past few months. Poor France is about spent, so it is up to England to carry on now. At what cost—God alone knows. Enemy planes have been over lots of nights recently, and we have to evacuate to the air-raid shelters. Sisters must stay with helpless patients and put them under their beds, and pile mattresses on top of the beds. . . .

As I write, destroyers, cruisers, hospital ships—French, British, Belgian and Dutch—are sailing up and down Southampton water. The bay is simply crammed full of shipping. Seaplanes are roaring, Spitfire fighters skimming along on patrol. I scarcely hear the big guns now when they fire, I'm so used to hearing them.

I was posted as Sister-in-Charge of No. 15 Ambulance Train, with a staff of three medical officers, two Staff nurses and 40 nursing orderlies. We were to embark for France on June 10th—so we all dashed off for 42 hours embarkation leave, bade a fond farewell to all and sundry . . . and had our orders cancelled one hour before embarking!

France's capitulation shortly afterwards explained everything. However, we are still being retained as a complete train unit, I lecture my orderlies daily, and am on duty in the wards the remainder of the time. They must have something in view for us but goodness-only-knows what it is.

From Madge on July 13.

My convoy of Frenchmen from Dunkirk (grand boys all) have all remained in England and enlisted in our cause. Three days after they'd gone, I received a convoy of 60 Indians! My Hindustanie up to now, consists of 20-30 words, a good deal of eyebrow raising and lowering, and millions of gesticulations! They are intensely interesting to nurse, but their diets nearly drive me crazy, as they eat no meat, unless they kill it themselves—so you'll read of me being imprisoned for rustling cattle yet! It is so sweet to see them saying their prayers night and morning, kneeling on their bath towels facing East.

We have air-raids every day, sometimes two or three times in 24 hours, but so far, no severe damage has been done. I think the Spanish war taught us a lot about air-raid defense

and if people do as they are told, and take cover, casualties can be practically nil. Although, I must confess, the temptation to peep out and see the fireworks, can be very strong at times! The Government are constantly warning us—"You ain't seen nuthin' yit"—I think they are right! Hitler will probably get real nasty before long.

Our Spitfires are a joy to behold when they are going into action. . . .

I am enclosing you a snap—I'm the big thing in the middle! (*The inside cover picture.*) Margaret Watson is about 40 miles away, but I see her occasionally. Jacko and Green are delighted to be living together doing midwifery in London. Betty was going to enlist with the Civil Nursing Reserve.

I often think of you all and wonder how you are. Who has Cameron now? (*her horse.*) How is he? I'd love to see him again, even if only for five minutes. If ever anyone takes a nice snap of him, may I have one? Remember me to everyone. How plainly I can see you all!

It is glorious here today, brilliant sunshine and bright blue skies, the lawns are dotted with men in blue and a very noisy cricket-match is taking place between the throat-nose-and-ear ward, and the stretcher bearers of the first aid post.

The bay is beautifully calm and the French and Belgian ships look so peaceful lying at anchor. Except for a terrific balloon barrage, and men in blue, it might be pre-war England! But Jerry is sure to be along soon to spoil it! We haven't had a warning for nearly 10 hours!!

I see some of my Indians have gone in paddling—I must be after them—two are just better from frightful attacks of pneumonia—and I don't want any repetition!

Goodbye for now. God bless you all. Love.

. . . .

From Vi in Somerset—June 21, 1940.

Ellie and I did relief work for six weeks after we had a holiday, but now we are back doing combined work again: gen-

eral nursing, public health and midwifery in a small town of 20 or 30 thousand people—mostly birds of passage, and not very interested in anything but the war and their old home towns.

Did you ever imagine the world would be in such an appalling mess? The democracies are like Rip Van Winkle—they have sat back, blinking at Hitler's preparations for years and have done nothing about it. Medieval intrigues were nothing compared with the awful corruption of people in all walks of life. I should think your government will have a bad time sorting out the wheat from the tares with such a cosmopolitan population as you have. . . .

I wonder how you are managing with such a depleted staff. I wonder, also, how old Tiger (*her dog*) is getting on. This is a very uncertain life and one keeps thinking, "I wonder what we shall be doing in a week or a month," and when I write a letter, "I wonder if I shall ever write to that person again." It is queer to be calculating happenings which under normal conditions would send one all of a "boo." . . .

Later—June 24, 1940.

Continuing after the rest of the bad news about France. I wonder if we shall ever finish with traitors. Ye Gods—hasn't this country been let down? We know that the French people have been betrayed. I don't for a moment doubt that—given loyal leaders—they would continue to fight, but that doesn't really help the situation. We British have always fought better with our backs to the wall. May we continue to do so!

. . . .

From Ellie in Somerset—June 22, 1940.

We miss our animals so much. I think of Bobbie every time I see a horse—How is he? Can you scrounge an apple and give it to him for me please? . . .

We are interested in the midwifery school you have started and we hope it is going well and strong. I wish I could take a peep at you all. It is now 6:45 p. m. and the sun is shining beautifully. It is the longest day today and it will not be dark

until 10:30 p. m. to 11 p. m. I often think of the short summer evenings you have with the katydids and frogs making such a din. . . .

We have a feeling at present that something awful is going to happen, but I feel even if it does we should not grumble, as we did have a good time out in Kentucky.

Last winter was rather grim—the blackout made travel difficult. One night my car skidded down a hill and I landed in front of a bus that was coming up the hill. Fortunately the bus driver was able to pull up in time to avoid an accident.

Vi gave a talk on Kentucky to a small meeting a short time ago. Last week I gave a similar one to some Girl Guides. The Guides were thrilled when I took them into a small kitchen adjoining the hall and popped some corn for them, using a gas stove and an old saucepan instead of the usual fire and pop corn pan.

Next week we have been asked to talk to a Mother's Meeting. It is good to talk of other things than war. . . .

. . . .

From Denny in Bucks—June 24, 1940.

Various unnerving things have happened to France since you last wrote. So we here in England are all getting ready for our turn. We aren't too surprised though. It's been obvious to me for years that someone would have to fight Hitler sometime, and it is no use depending on anyone but one's self. . . .

Really, though this war is sad and horrifying and all that, it is also terribly exciting and kind of mad. A friend of mine says it has a Walt Disney touch, and she's right. What with all sign posts in the country taken down for fear of guiding parachute troops, and church bells silent except to signal arrival of same, and little Thames pleasure steamers crossing the channel to bring back the boys from Dunkirk, and barbed wire entanglements here and there all over London, nothing seems to be too fantastic to happen. You should see all the mild looking elderly citizens who've joined the local defense volunteers, standing around on guard with rifles but otherwise in civilian

dress. Everyone seems to belong to some defense force or other and to be spending their nights on top of church towers or patrolling the lanes. There isn't a man in England, I believe, who doesn't promptly go to sleep the minute he gets in a railway carriage or other places where he can sit in peace. All the same there's no question of anyone's nerve giving way. I think it is so queer that we should all still be living in this calm and peaceful state and getting as much as we want to eat and everything as if no war was on at all. Touch wood, because by the time this reaches you things may be rather different.

All the same, don't let anyone tell you that anyone in England has the faintest intention of giving in, whatever happens. . . .

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**From "Batten" at the Queen's Institute of District
Nursing Convalescent Home in Wales—June 27, 1940.**

. . . I am still carrying on, caring for my "Convalescent Family," and in these days, one does realize no matter what we do, it is all for the cause of England. If this is my little bit, then I want to feel I am doing all I can to get the tired and weary nurses made fit to go back. I carry on. . . . We have need for all. . . . I must not forget one of my big reasons for this letter—of course, St. Christopher will have his pound whenever it is called for. I wonder if there has ever been anyone on your staff who has had more need to feel St. Christopher did indeed carry them across the tide? I say in all reverence, I wonder sometimes if he did not appear in the guise of my dear old Snip (*her horse*). So many times my courage would have failed me if it had not been for Snip. He knew an emergency and I never knew him to fail me. I have heard him whinney many many times when he has heard the baby cry, as though his part in the emergency was justified by that cry. I know this sounds like romancing, but you all know how I loved Snip. . . .

From "Batten"—July 14, 1940.

Your letter which reached me a few days ago has touched me deeply. . . Let me tell you how much I treasure every thought

expressed in your "family letter." First of all—what a happiness it is to feel I belong to that big loved English family of yours and for whom your sentiments are so beautifully expressed. . . . It is difficult not to be able to write to you just as one is used to doing—(as one's thoughts occur) but that is one of the things we can not do, but oh, it is a happiness to know you understand! . . . Breaches such as "Mac" and others have left are not easily filled. I know F. N. S. nurses do not grow on all Hospital Trees, but I do trust your gaps will soon be satisfactorily filled. . . . It was good to see "Parkie" again. She was as usual her old cheery self, but about 28 to 30 pounds less of her than I had ever beheld before. She has been working terribly hard and was terribly thin, but in the week she was here, she gained two pounds and looked rested. . . .

We keep on singing with our lips and feeling assured in our hearts, "There'll always be an England" and that being so, you will again want to visit it and your now very big family that is here. Do you remember that happy re-union we had in London? Oh, it seems such a long time since then—so much has happened and so much has changed, but one abiding thing remains—your family!

We all are here and someday you will come home to us. One can use the word "home" to you in all sincerity—your heart is so linked up with us in everything that you are one with us now, and that means when we can plan a re-union it will be a very real one. God bless you and give you peace and happiness and someday soon, we will be able to tell you we are again living in a peaceful England and ask you to join us here. . . .

. . . .

From Ellen Marsh in London—June 29, 1940.

How thrilled I was to get your letter, also the Bulletins, I do so enjoy reading. . . . We are in a great struggle, but we have some fine men at the helm. . . . One needs courage these days, but if we are prepared to make sacrifices, we shall come out of all this chaos triumphantly.

Our men have been magnificent, don't you think so? Never one of the most courageous myself, I really feel very calm over this. I think when you know where your trust is, and you live a

day at a time it is a wonderful help. I often think about you all and wonder about the work. Would you believe it, I have given similar talks about Kentucky? I shall never forget the kindness and the hospitality of the people, so welcome to anything they had to offer. Your staff is depleted, I expect, but I hope the work in the mountains will not suffer on account of so many of the English nurses coming home.

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From "Brohan" in London—July 11, 1940.

. . . I know how you must feel about France. Paris so free and gay, so tolerant. . . It must be put like that again.

To me personally I feel things are less hard. During May when our men kept teeming out of the country I felt I hated everything. . . Now that the fight is right here and we are all allowed to run some of the risk it does not seem half so bad.

Almost right from the time I arrived here from U. S. A. I have been in Industry. I felt good work could be done in that field and I have not been disappointed. I was fortunate in getting a post in the Medical Department of a large firm. We have a full time doctor and several nurses, X-rays, massage, and sunlight, which all help to save the workers time. Underground we have an air raid medical department which is equipped to deal with anything from gas casualties to major surgery. Enormous numbers could be dealt with at once as well as fed for a considerable period.

Women of course are now playing a very important part. Many are already trained to take the places of the more skilled workmen. Every tool is just about used now. At the time I write the shifts are 12 hours seven days of the week, night work the same. Periods of rest are under discussion. In spite of these long and hard hours discontent is entirely absent and I think there is more optimism in this field than in any other. Each worker feels because he or she is putting so much actual toil into the war effort that it can not be in vain. For sometime I have been working a seven-day week with one week night-duty per month. I only work eight hours a day and feel that my work is so light compared with the workers that I would like

to do a voluntary job. I learned how to operate several machines and now I go almost daily to a section called "The School" where I help with the teaching of new workers. If there is an hour to spare, I spend it on a machine and the bigger and louder the machine is the better I like it. Needless to say the help the U. S. A. is giving in all this, is everything.

Many, many times I think of the F. N. S. and Kentucky, the horses and the trees, particularly the Ridge at Hyden in October. . . .

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From Margaret on Ambulance Train No. 14—July 6, 1940.

. . . Unfortunately at the last moment our orders were cancelled and never have you beheld such a sad despondent crowd as we were. Looking at us you would have thought the end of the world was fast approaching. However, we revived pretty soon and as our orders are changed so frequently, we just keep living in the hope of doing something soon. We are still hopeful.

The train itself is a beauty. We have eight wards, each fitted to hold 36 patients, more if necessary. We also have an isolation department for 36 men, room for sitting-up sick men and officers and padded cells for the dangerous. The dispensary and treatment room where major operations could be performed if necessary is in the middle of the train. Our own quarters are jolly good. Being in charge, I have a bunk to myself. This contains a very comfortable bed, chair, table and wardrobe with a deep drawer. It also has a rack in which I keep my tin hat, gas mask, and blankets when not in use. The other rooms are the same except that the other two sisters have to share it. Our mess or dining room is small but quite adequate. The officers' quarters are just the same except that the three doctors have separate bedrooms and their mess is a little larger. The whole thing is beautifully fitted up and if ever we do have to carry wounded, I fancy we can make them quite comfortable.

The various wards are all fitted up with the utensils which are necessary in any hospital ward. . . . It is painted white inside so it can be kept clean. . . . We have a linen room and all the things usually found in a fairly well equipped hospital. . . .

I suppose it was fortunate that our orders were cancelled, otherwise we would have arrived in France just in time for the Dunkirk evacuation and, besides losing our train and all our personal belongings, would have been just another unit to get safely back to English shores. Just the same, I was sorry to have missed that show. . . .

Everyone seems to be taking things very quietly, calmly, but underneath there is a determination to see this thing through to the bitter end, and if God be willing, we will see it through to a victorious finish. We all know, although nobody refers to it much, that victory will not be won without great sacrifice on the part of all of us. However, I think we will be able to take it. In spite of the fact that we are rather slow to get started, we are pretty good at sticking to things once we do get going.

Thank God all our troops are once again home—it gives me a great thrill. I was visited by a laddie who has just been evacuated from Dunkirk. He said very little about it, but from the little he did let drop I gather things were pretty grim.

I wish to goodness all our youngsters were out of the country or could be sent safely overseas. It is a horrible thing to think about the effect the noise and bombings is bound to have on them. I am more sorry for the kids than for anyone. After all we can rebuild our cities but we can not remake our children. All we can do however is to protect our country to the very last so that someday it will be theirs as it has been ours. . . .

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From Parkie in Surrey—July 21, 1940.

. . . We are still free and hope to be free for ever and ever. Everyone is prepared to give and work like two persons instead of one. Sometimes one wishes they had four hands instead of two. . . . We know we shall have the greatest struggle in history but we shall win. . . . Hitler continues to harass us but he doesn't get very far. Of course, we are waiting daily either for invasion or some dreadful thing he has promised us, and each A. M. we wake up and think, "Well, another day of grace," and so the daily routine goes on, and babies keep on coming. We are such

a mixed nation now with our refugees; we surely must have every nationality under the sun. If only we were at peace, we should be able to enjoy a very international sort of life, but when one realizes why they are here, really homeless, it takes a lot of joy out of it. They seem so brave and thankful for what one does for them it makes everyone all the more determined to fight for them more than ever. . . .

Have seen Mac twice. . . . She was amused the way everyone was carrying on and no one person seemed to be a bit perturbed about it all, I explained to her, it's that very thing which keeps us all going. We have had some bitter blows, but we shall come through. . . . Mac feels very happy doing her bit and it's certainly nice to have her, although what you are doing without her, I really don't know.

. . . There are a lot of children we hope to get over for duration when we can get shipping free to take them, but it must be made safe first. The "Anandora Star" was a dreadful tragedy and there were some very fine Italians went down on her. . . .

I know you will be thinking about us. Cheerio and all success for the F. N. S.

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From Jacko in London—July 31, 1940.

Thank you very much indeed for your welcome letter—it's a great help to us all to know that you are thinking of us, working for us. A great many of my friends were very interested indeed in your letter. My father even took it up to the Stock Exchange, as he felt sure that many of the members would be glad to know how some of America is feeling about things.

My three brothers, thank heaven, are enjoying life very much indeed. At the moment, one is Captain Adjutant, one Flight Lieutenant, my brother-in-law is Pilot officer, and my youngest brother was made Second Lieutenant on his 19th birthday. They are all just about as keen as boys could possibly be, and are so brown and healthy with being out of doors so much this lovely summer weather. . . .

"Green" and I enjoy life very much—Plus tin hats, gas masks, and midwifery bags, we stride out every morning and

most nights, delivering babies whose daddies are usually absent in helping defend our dear old Land.

We went to the theatre last night to see the revival of *White Horse Inn*. Green's two sisters and part of my family came, we had a grand time, but a still grander time getting home in the Blackout—there's a great art you know in dodging buses and taxis in the dark, but we found that by each one grabbing the coattail of the one in front, it was child's play to get around the streets. Even taxi drivers will hesitate before charging a whole crocodile of people.

. . . I have a very nice photo of my beloved Lady Ellen (*her mare*) and of Barry (*a dog*) and have to be content just to look at these, and just to remember all their endearing ways and lovely companionship. Often when I am called in the night I automatically put out my hand and expect Barry to lick me!!

Give my love to all the hills and streams and mountain paths. . . . With best wishes to the dear old Service in her troublous days and hoping that things aren't too difficult for you all, and with love. . . .

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From Peggy Tinline in Kent—August 8, 1940.

. . . We have an air-raid shelter in the garden with pumpkins growing out of the top of it, with a bed inside it, and, when the sirens blow we simply go down there and get into bed again. Aeroplanes are over nearly every night but unless the whistles blow we just turn over and go to sleep again. The authorities seem to know if the planes are bombers or not and the sirens only blow for the former.

Food as you know is rationed, but there is more than we can use of it all. We have planted cabbages in front of the roses and onions in the herbaceous border. . . .

James' business (textiles) finished at the beginning of the war and he is now in a government office in London and is well. (*Her husband was gassed in the first World War.*) I do eight hours out of 24 as an ambulance attendant. . .

There are crowds of us here—ambulance drivers, stretcher bearers, etc. The noise is terrific. We often play a game called

Lexicon. It's making words out of letters and it is helping my spelling no end.

Don't worry about us. We'll get Hitler chained up one of these days.

Love to all from all of us here. . . .

RATTLESNAKE BITES CAUSE DEATH

The case of Mrs. Clark Napier, of Hell-for-Certain Creek in Leslie County, who died as the result of rattlesnake bites in our Hospital at Hyden, has been so widely commented on by the Associated Press that it seems advisable to give a brief medical summary in this issue of the Bulletin.

The report of our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, on Mrs. Napier's case (abridged) reads as follows:

"Mrs. Martha Napier was bitten four times by the rattlesnake at about 11 p. m., August 21, 1940.

"She was admitted to the Hyden Hospital at 2:30 a. m., August 22, approximately 3½ hours after being bitten.

"Mrs. Napier received 6 doses (10 cc. each) of antivenin serum. Mrs. Napier was given sedatives, including morphine, and intravenous fluid (3,500 cc. in all) and stimulants. Mrs. Napier died at 6:45 p. m., August 22, 1940.

"The effects are either hematoxins or neurotoxins, and of course they may be combined. Locally there was severe extravasation of blood up to the wrist (for the first nine hours). After this time this process extended rapidly up to within one inch of the shoulder. This extravasation was visible in the hand, and one could almost see it in the arm and in the forearm. The general reaction of the patient otherwise was that of intermittent shock, which was progressive. With this in mind I think the hematoxin effect predominated. I think this was due to the likelihood of the bites (or at least one of them) piercing a blood vessel. However, if venom was deposited directly in the blood stream, it is curious that she lived as long as she did. She had evidence of a chronic nephritis, and there was some evidence to indicate that she might have been a diabetic (acetone odor to the breath, and a four plus sugar reaction in the urine)."

In the **Text-book of Medicine** by Cecil there is a snake section written by Raymond Ditmars. Mr. Ditmars states that several hundred people are bitten annually and that a careful tabulation indicates an annual mortality of around 150 lives in

the United States. Although we have cases bitten by both rattlesnakes and copperhead snakes every summer, and our nurses carry antivenin serum in their saddlebags all through the snake-season, this is the first death of one of our patients from rattlesnake bites. We think it of considerable scientific interest.

There is another consideration in a case of this kind, aside from the scientific one. Mrs. Napier's children are left motherless, and her death was needless and pitiful. The so-called "snake sect" in the mountains has attracted wide attention in the press all over the country (as we know from clippings sent us) and an erroneous idea seems to be rather prevalent that it is characteristic of mountain people to handle snakes in their religious services, to prove that religion makes them immune to the deadly venom.

Of course this is not true. In the seven hundred square miles covered by the Frontier Nursing Service, with a population of around ten thousand people, the so-called "snake sect" represents an infinitesimally small fraction of one per cent of an intelligent people. Those responsible for Mrs. Napier's death will be vigorously prosecuted by the local courts. One wonders, however, if a more enlightened age than ours will not place such cases under the care of psychiatric physicians and in institutions designed for the mentally sick. Perhaps a still more enlightened age will provide satisfying emotional outlets in worship, work and play for all of its least favored groups, and in doing so prevent those psychiatric twists which handicap an advancing civilization.

FROM A GUEST OF MANY YEARS AGO

July 6, 1940.

"I saw in the last Bulletin you had lost so many who had braved the storms and rivers of the mountains in all kinds of weather to help others, never thinking of their own comfort and safety, and now are carrying the same spirit over to the mother country. Especially did it hurt me, because I knew them best, were "Parkie", Margaret Watson, and while her name was not in the Bulletin, Ellen Marsh. I know she had been in England for a long time. They were especially kind to me, and every day I pray for them all, and those three in particular. And your good friend Miss MacKinnon. I know you will miss her tremendously at the Hospital. This war is so terrible, and makes one wonder just why the dear Lord lets Hitler get so far."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Battle of Britain brings to mind Browning's poem, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." We printed the last verses on the first page of the Bulletin, but we are sure that many readers will pull out their Browning and re-read the whole poem.

. . . .

From the July issue of The British Journal of Nursing we quote the following section of a report made by the captain of one of the hospital ships to the Matron-in-Chief of the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service:—

"As captain of this ship I should like to give expression to my admiration and deep regard for the nursing sisters aboard.

"We have recently made two trips to Dunkirk and two to Cherbourg, in each case being the last hospital ship to enter and leave the ports. Our second trip to Dunkirk was under extremely severe conditions, bombs and shells dropping all about us and men being wounded and killed alongside our ship on the pier. We had numerous narrow escapes and a nerve-racking experience.

"During all this our nurses were really splendid; never a sign of excitement or panic of any kind. They just carried on under the able leadership of our matron, calmly and efficiently. I feel quite sure that their magnificent behavior was an important factor in steadying the members of the R. A. M. C. personnel with whom they worked."

A newspaper despatch from the South-East Coast of Britain reads as follows:

"Red Cross nurses who for days have defied the bombs and shells on the beach at Dunkirk and tended Allied casualties even while being machine-gunned, have refused to be evacuated until the last B. E. F. wounded are sent to safety. Some of the nurses have been killed, others wounded.

"This story of the Red Cross women was told to me today by a wounded British soldier who landed in England at dawn.

"I can not describe what we feel about those girls,' he said. 'Out on that dreadful beach, with the sun pouring down on them, with German planes continually overhead and shells bursting all the time, they have worked without stopping for days past.

"If they have slept, they have done so on their feet. Dressed in their white uniforms, the women stand out among the exhausted and wounded men. Attacked by German planes and even by tanks, with machine-gun bullets whistling all round, I have seen them crawling into the open and dragging wounded men to shelter beneath sand dunes.

"I saw one party of them dressing wounded who were lying out in the open. A plane began bombing. They just lay down by their patients and continued bandaging. They have fetched water and food, helped

wounded to reach the rescue boats, even wading in the water to assist the men. I have seen some of them killed as they have gone about their work.

"We have asked them to go back in the rescue ships, but they have refused. Each one has said, 'We shall go when we have finished this job—there's plenty of time, so don't worry about us.'"

The Frontier Nursing Service has many nurses with the fighting forces. Although we often get letters from our old nurses (and many are printed, in part, in this Bulletin) we do not know from day to day where these dear people are on duty. If any are killed we shall not know until long afterwards. One thing we never doubt, and that is the gallantry with which each of our old Staff is doing her duty at whatever post to which she has been assigned.

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

It is comforting in times like these, when cherished lives are being lost to the world, to welcome the advent of babies to our friends. We feel that the wee boys and girls whose names follow will grow into men and women of value to their generation in this troubled world.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Kirkwood, of Boston, Massachusetts, on May 25th, a son, Douglas Hight.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Isadore Dyer, of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, on July 17th, a daughter, Susan Percival.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Lewis, Jr., of Detroit, Michigan, on July 20th, a son, Eugene W. Lewis, III.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Jr., of Detroit, Michigan, on July 26th, a son, Henry B. Joy, III.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Paul (Eleanor Jenne), of Crete, Illinois, early in July, a daughter, Barbara Ann.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Alexander, of New York, on August 23rd, a daughter.

To those of you who know how frequently your Editor and Director has to speak on behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service,

it will be comprehensible that we welcome news that old nurses, couriers, members of the Service, trustees, and other friends do a spot of speaking sometimes for us.

In May, our courier, Helen Stone ("Pebble") spoke to the Sunday Evening Forum of the Flatbush Congregational Church in Brooklyn. In early May our Washington courier, Marion Shouse, spoke with colored slides to the girls of the Mount Vernon Seminary, and received for the F. N. S. a donation of twenty-six dollars. On Sunday, May 12th, Hospital Day, Dr. Alphonse Bacon spoke (with movies he took when he gave us volunteer vacation relief for Dr. Kooser), at the Grant Hospital in Chicago. In late May, our nurse, Eva Gilbert, who has been for years in charge of the Margaret Durbin Harper Nursing Center at Bowlingtown, spoke at the fifty-third annual reunion of the alumnae of the University Hospital School of Nursing at Syracuse. In June our Minneapolis courier, Pat Pettit, broadcast over WCTN on the "For the Ladies" program in Minneapolis. Our former Hospital nurse, Miss Eleanor Jenne (now Mrs. J. H. Paul), will be speaking this fall to the Parent-Teacher Association of Crete, Illinois.

Our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, was selected to speak at the Annual School for Health Officers of Kentucky in Louisville on July 31st. Dr. Kooser's subject was "Recent Developments in the Treatment and Prevention of Pellagra." He and Mrs. Kooser went down to Louisville together and were the guests of our friends the Glen Spurlings.

. . . .

We want to extend again our profoundly grateful thanks to our trustee, Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, of Louisville, and her daughters Cornelia and Sarah, for hospitality of home, car and chauffeur given over and over to couriers of ours who take crippled children down to Louisville, and have to stay overnight.

. . . .

An engagement of deep interest to the F. N. S. is that of Miss Elizabeth Shouse, charming sister of our courier, Marion Shouse, and daughter of our Washington Chairman and Trustee, Mrs. Lawrence Groner, to Mr. Cuthbert Train, son of Rear Ad-

miral and Mrs. Charles Russell Train. The wedding will take place in the autumn. We feel that nothing will be too good for this young couple in the years that lie ahead.

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The May issue of "To Dragma," the organ of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority, has a most interesting illustrated article about the Frontier Nursing Service, called "A Georgian Finds She's Fitten," by Edith Walthall Ford, which shows unusual depth of insight in our mountain character and is an enchanting travelogue as well. We quote one paragraph:

"Their heritage of hardihood and character is as rich, if not richer, than our own, for only the fittest could survive there through succeeding generations of increasing poverty; and we saw and the nurses recounted to us evidence again and again of their kindness, their integrity, their fineness of feature. They are poor, unbelievably poor, but they haven't the look of the city poor. You won't find lovelier children or finer faces in men and women than in these mountaineers."

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We extend our deepest sympathy to our dear courier and volunteer Christmas secretary, Edith Verbeck, and her mother and the other members of the family, in the recent death of Colonel Guido F. Verbeck, noted educator, World War soldier, and headmaster of Manlius School at Manlius, New York.

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We extend our sympathy to our Henry Street friends in New York, as well as to Miss Lillian D. Wald's family, in the recent death of one of the most distinguished and one of the kindest women in America.

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The Director of the Frontier Nursing Service has the honor of serving on the American Women's Committee for Mercy Ships for European Children, of which Mrs. Auguste Richard and Mrs. Harold T. Pulsifer are Co-Chairmen. Although Congress has passed permissive legislation to send our ships over for the children, we are still awaiting safe conduct from all the belligerents.

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One of our trustees in the Deep South has just gone to Montreal to meet the young daughter of a military friend in

England, who will stay with him and his wife for the duration. He writes: "I cabled her parents at once to relieve their anxiety. We are so happy to have our girl that it would be pure selfishness to say we are doing something to help the English people and country; we are only helping ourselves and pleasing ourselves. . . . She is athletic and courageous, very direct, and exceedingly pretty. She is a joy in the house. . . ."

. . . .

All of young John Breckinridge's friends in the Kentucky mountains, and they are many, will be proud that he, now age fourteen, has just qualified as a marksman, under his platoon sergeant, on the range at Parris Island, with the new Marine recruits. He thought that was a fine way to spend part of his vacation.

. . . .

The F. N. S. had subscribers in both Belgium and France. We have not heard from them. We dare not send them this number of the Quarterly Bulletin. We had an old friend in Russia, too, British by birth, a physician who had attended the Director's mother in the nineties when her family lived there. He used to enjoy the Bulletin, but for some time we have not dared send it to him. We have a subscriber in Italy. We are not sending the Bulletin to her.

. . . .

Readers of this Bulletin are familiar with the name "Overseas Nursing Association of Great Britain." We have received their forty-fourth annual report for the year ending March 31st, 1940. Rarely does one find in the restrained language of a report so vast a world of romance. One reads:

"The Government, by accepting the Recommendations of the West Indies Royal Commission and by bringing before Parliament the Colonial Development and Welfare Bill, showed that even in the stress of war, the country recognised the responsibility of its trusteeship and felt that there must be expansion rather than restriction of the social services in the Colonies. The O. N. A. Nurses are an essential part of such services; in their work among the sick, among the native nurses whom they train, and among the women and children who come to welfare clinics, they have a wide and lasting influence.

"The Nurse-Matron of the Government Hospital at Stanley, in the Falkan Islands, had the privilege of nursing many of the British sailors who had been wounded in the Graf Spee battle; she and another trained

Nurse with two Probationers composed the Nursing Staff of the Hospital before other Nurses could be obtained from Buenos Aires.

"The atmosphere here (Bangkok) can be imagined when I tell you we had the Dutch Minister here as a patient, German Surgeon assisted by a French Surgeon, British Anaesthetist, British Nursing Staff, Siamese Staff Nurse and Chinese servants, all perfectly friendly and completely natural.

"There were five Nursing Sisters travelling to the West Indies with other Colonial Officials in the Dutch ship 'Simon Bolivar' when it was struck by a magnetic mine. The Committee record with sorrow that Miss M. L. Neavé, who was returning after leave to San Fernando Hospital, Trinidad, was injured by the explosion and lost her life.

"Government Appointments:—

ADEN WELFARE CLINIC—Two Health Visitors.
 BRITISH GUIANA—Divisional Sister.*
 CYPRUS—Two Nursing Sisters.
 GAMBIA—Two Nursing Sisters.
 GIBRALTAR—Three Nursing Sisters, Temporary Sister.
 GOLD COAST—Three Nursing Sisters.
 HONG KONG—Eleven Nursing Sisters, Masseuse.
 JAMAICA—Matron and Assistant Matron (Tuberculosis Hospital), Matron (Mental Hospital).
 KENYA COLONY—Two Nursing Sisters.
 MALAYA—Twenty-one Nursing Sisters, Mental Nursing Sister.
 NEWFOUNDLAND—Six District Nurses.
 NIGERIA—Eleven Nursing Sisters.
 NORTHERN RHODESIA—Two Nursing Sisters.
 NYASALAND—Five Nursing Sisters.
 PALESTINE—Two Nursing Sisters.
 ST. HELENA—Health Visitor.
 SIERRA LEONE—Two Nursing Sisters.
 TANGANYIKA TERRITORY—Ten Nursing Sisters.
 TRINIDAD—Matron, Superintendent Sister, Mental Assistant Matron.
 UGANDA—Five Nursing Sisters.
 ZANZIBAR—Two Nursing Sisters.

"Non-Government Appointments:—

ADEN EUROPEAN HOSPITAL—Nursing Sister.
 BANGKOK NURSING HOME—Two Nursing Sisters.
 BARBADOS GENERAL HOSPITAL—Sister Tutor and Home Sister.
 BERMUDA WELFARE SOCIETY—Two District Nurses.
 CEYLON NURSING ASSOCIATION—Four Nursing Sisters.
 COLOMBO, JOSEPH FRASER NURSING HOME—Two Nursing Sisters.
 CYPRUS NURSING ASSOCIATION—Private Nurse.
 IRAQ GOVERNMENT HOSPITALS—Nursing Sister.
 LISBON NURSING ASSOCIATION—Private Nurse.
 SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL COUNCIL—Nursing Sister.
 SHANGHAI COUNTRY HOSPITAL—Nursing Sister.

"ROLL OF MERIT.—The names of seven Matrons and Sisters, who have retired from the Association after good and faithful service of fifteen

*"Sister," namely—a head nurse.

years or more, have been placed on the Roll of Merit of the Overseas Nursing Association:—

- R. K. Sharp, 21 years in Kenya.
- L. Hammond, 19 years in West Indies.
- H. M. Phillipps, 18 years in Nyasaland.
- F. Roche, 17 years in Bermuda and West Africa.
- M. K. O'Shea, 16 years in Malaya and Zanzibar.
- V. Wallis, 16 years in Malaya.
- M. Macdonald, 15 years in Nigeria."

Is it not credible that an Empire endures when the women, as well as the men, have so high a sense of the responsibility attached to Empire privilege?

AN AIRMAN TO HIS MOTHER

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following deeply moving letter has been sent us by our dear English friend, Mrs. Frederick Watson. It was printed in the London Times, June 18, 1940.

Dearest Mother,—Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly, and I have instructed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake. You must hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force, as so many splendid fellows have already done.

First, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our information was instrumental in saving the lives of the men in a crippled lighthouse relief ship. Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately, for I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks; in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country; and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future. My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep.

History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice, and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilization has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our own land. Today we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honoured to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you. Yet there is more work for you to do. The home front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his prin-

ciple like the martyrs of old. However long the time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot nor can anything ever change it.

You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation. . . . I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our metal because He knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has been discarded for moral principles.

I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret, and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

Your loving Son,

FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER

From Mrs. Arthur Bray, in England

(The F. N. S. friend who has visited us in Kentucky three times.)

August 24, 1940.

“. . . the way America is receiving British children has stirred all of our hearts. . . . Sometimes I think increasing danger makes us more cheerful . . . everyone seems to show a desire to adapt themselves to whatever comes. . . . Sometimes I wish our people would show a little more fear and a little less curiosity, but no doubt we will come to that. . . .

“It is a very queer life. Sometimes I think we shall not know till afterwards what a strain we live under. . . . I am here for two weeks with Peter and Effie, and even war-time cannot rob this home of all its peace. Actually, I have come more into the war zone, and we have spent part of four nights in Peter's air raid shelter (built into the bank). C_____ is a town of munitions, and is one of Germany's goals. It is heavily defended, and all very interesting. . . . Flo's house is rather surrounded by aerodromes. . . .

“I hang on every word in the Bulletin, and I am thrilled about your training of midwives. By the way, I did another F. N. S. talk in June. I have recently sent my usual contribution to Mr. Manning and hope that some day it will arrive! I had rather a business getting permission . . . however, my bank stuck it out nobly, and it has been paid through them. . . .

“If any friends ask how we feel, tell them Britain is just beginning.”

In the years before the war, a writer points out, the Germans dumped thousands of cheap alarm-clocks in this country. Well, we're awake at last.

Punch, June 26, 1940.

FIELD NOTES

The Trustees and Members of the Frontier Nursing Service, at the Annual Meeting on May 28th at the Louisville Country Club, unanimously passed the following resolution, presented by the Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Morris Belknap:

"The trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service assembled at its sixteenth annual meeting wish to convey to Miss Annie MacKinnon, Assistant Director, and for many years Superintendent of the Service Hospital at Hyden, their grateful thanks for her years of devoted and efficient service, and their profound admiration and respect for her and for the Old Country from which she came to Kentucky, and to which she is now returning."

Under Old Staff News, our readers will find Mac's first letter from the Old Country. She left us on the last day of May, taking her terrier, "Skye" (a one-man dog) down to Lexington to be put to sleep by a veterinarian. Curious, how empty the Hospital has seemed, depopulated of Mac and "Skye."

It isn't easy to write much about Mac,—the gallant, the charming, the friendly. For so many years she was woven into the very fabric of the F. N. S. that we are maimed indeed now she is gone. When Mac was at Beech Fork, it took the mule teams four days to go and return from the railroad; there were no telephone connections; medical assistance was unobtainable sometimes for thirty hours or more. She met with accidents,—a broken arm once, broken ribs—little injuries of which we all made light in those days. The Service will be haunted by memories of her until, in God's good time, she comes back again.

Mac's Wendover friends took up a collection for her to carry over to British war charities. Several other people added to it, including the three Detroit friends, so that Mac had quite a tidy sum to take across with her. She said: "You don't mind if I give it all to the Scotch?"

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The British nurse on our cover picture is Sybil Holmes, stationed for the last four years at Wendover, and one of the ablest and finest in our family of nurses. She and Flora Mary

Bennallack ("Ben") left together early in June, and we do so miss them.

The American nurse on the cover is Hannah Mitchell, one of the first graduates of the new post-graduate course for American nurses in midwifery and frontier technique, described fully in our annual report. These two nurses symbolize the struggle of adaptation to war demands, through which the Frontier Nursing Service is passing.

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Our first five newly trained Frontier nurses are now on the districts. The other four, in addition to Hannah Mitchell, are Jennie Burton, Catherine Uhl, Ruth Peninger (all trained by the Frontier Nursing Service) and Audrey Dyer (trained by the Lobenstine Clinic in New York).

Dr. Charles B. Crittenden and Dr. Oma Creech, of the State Board of Health of Kentucky, came up to us in August to conduct examinations in midwifery, both written and oral, for these five nurses, and also for Mrs. Adeline Clark Hale, one of the Indian nurses whom we trained long ago. These examinations, based on a syllabus of the training we had given, were stiff and very fair, and to our joy all of the young trainees passed them satisfactorily. They are now certificated by the State Board of Health of Kentucky, and on the basis of the State's examination, the Frontier Nursing Service will issue diplomas to its graduates.

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We speak in our annual report of the new Superintendent of the Hospital at Hyden, Miss Lyda W. Anderson, of Detroit. With her rare abilities, her long experience, and her deep integrity, she has come to the rescue of the Service, and is filling its most critical vacant post. We literally don't know how we would have gotten through this summer without her.

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New non-midwife nurses for the Hospital are Florence Samson, of Columbus, Ohio, and Ethel Broughall, of Brockton, Massachusetts. Miss Broughall is now relieving a nurse-midwife, Minnie Meeke, at Brutus, for an urgently needed holiday. This means that the other midwife at Brutus, "Foxye," has to

carry all the deliveries, and Miss Broughall does her full share of work in nursing and in public health. It is one of the many shifts we are constantly having to make in our shattered field of work.

We are very fortunate in having one new British nurse-midwife come to us, Miss Elsie N. Kelly, from Bermuda, where she had been working for some time past. This has been a help to us in making our field adjustments.

Even our administrative group at Wendover has gone through a difficult period of change. Our Lucile Hodges, for so many years the Frontier Nursing Service bookkeeper, has taken an indefinite leave of absence since her father's death, to stay with her mother in Huntsville, Alabama. Fortunately, our Audrey Collins, for years assistant in the bookkeeping and statistical section, has succeeded her.

Clara Dale Echols has been given a scholarship for post-graduate work at the University of North Carolina, so that she also has left us. Her post is filled by Miss Ruth Waterbury, of Chittenango, New York.

We have also had the services all summer of Miss Mary Jane Pattie, of Lexington, Kentucky; and our former secretary, Ann Martin, gave her services as a volunteer while on holiday this summer.

We are happy to state that the Director's personal secretary, Elisabeth Holmes, has now entirely recovered from the complications following her disastrous case of influenza last winter, and returned to duty in time to help get this Bulletin to press.

Welcome beyond the power of words to express have been the generous responses to our list of Urgent Needs in the Spring Bulletin. Our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, of Detroit, is giving us "Joy House," the new and so greatly needed home for the Medical Director. We are building it now, and everyone who comes to Hyden in 1941 will have the satisfaction of seeing what a beautiful and suitable home it is for the Koosers. Meanwhile, we have rented for the Koosers a new house, built by Nick

Lewis, just below the Hospital Hill. Unfortunately, it had no water works, but our dear friend, Mrs. Sherman Eversole, has allowed us to run a pipe from her well to the house, and so get running water in the kitchen at least.

One of our Kentucky trustees has given the money for the closing-in, heating, and converting of the downstairs veranda at the Hospital into desperately needed new clinic rooms; installing cubicles in one of the old clinic rooms; building an inner room with running water for X-ray, and, finally, sufficient money for a new X-ray machine. This work is nearing completion, and the difference these improvements will make for our huge clinics passes human belief.

Other trustees and friends have given us the money for the needed repairs at several of the nursing centers, for the new sterilizers, new guttering at the Hospital, and for a variety of essential replacements.

Our courier, Pebble Stone, has given the new Autoclave for the Hospital operating room, the new furnace in the Garden House at Wendover, the battleship linoleum for Wendover and some of the centers, and other miscellaneous gifts. The donor of the Frances Bolton Center, Possum Bend at Confluence, has given the new furnace for that center. Donors of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center at Brutus have furnished the money for all repairs and replacements needed there.

One of our dear Pittsburgh trustees sent a large check for needs not chosen by others. Almost all of the most essential needs have been met, and we are more deeply moved by so much generous kindness than we can well express.

A welcome gift has been "Faith," a new sorrel mare, given by our courier, Nancy Blaine, of Winnetka, with bridle and saddle.

The old couriers are sending in gifts to replace some of the worst saddles and bridles, and to run a pipe down to the horse hospital barn at Wendover, so that couriers won't have to "pack" so many buckets of water for sick horses.

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The senior courier throughout most of the summer was Joan McClellan, of Cape Neddick, Maine. Fanny McIlvain, of

Philadelphia, came back as resident courier while Jean Hollins was away. Between Fanny's leaving and Jean's returning, Pebble Stone came to us as resident courier, and will stay over into the autumn.

The two sets of junior couriers, who divided the summer and early September between them, were: First, Betty Ramseur, Baltimore; Mary Stevenson, Pittsburgh; Janet Chafee, Providence; and Elizabeth Mudge, New York; second, Doris Sinclair, Princeton, New Jersey; Katherine Pfeiffer, Riverdale, New York; and Virginia Watson, Evanston, Illinois. These young juniors have uniformly given us outstandingly good work.

Among the many guests who came to us during the late spring, summer, and early autumn season, we can make special mention of only a few. It was a deep pleasure to have another visit from Dr. Glen Spurling and Mr. Charles W. Williams, of Louisville, in late May. Our loved Detroit trustees, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Mrs. James T. Shaw, and Mrs. Francis McMath, drove up with us after the Annual Meeting in Louisville, and from this visit we got the same inspiration and happiness they gave us on their first visit two years ago.

In June, we had six post-graduate nurses from the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, over the week-end. Among them was one Filipino, Miss Asuncion Parrenas, of St. Luke's Hospital, Manila. Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Nelson, of Beverly, and their boy, Bobby, came to see us; and Dr. Frank P. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy, and daughters, came from Omaha, Nebraska. It was a special pleasure to receive our Boston Committee member, Mrs. Henry Jackson and her son, Henry III, on a visit long promised to us and too long deferred.

In July, we had Miss Kwei Chen Lo of the University Medical Center in Peking, for a ten-day period of observation of our work. She is a delightful Chinese nurse, in this country on a fellowship from the Rockefeller Foundation. Another guest was the Reverend P. D. Snipes (who was born on the Equator in the Belgian Congo) with Mrs. Snipes. We greatly enjoyed Mr. William V. Dennis and his son, from State College, Pennsyl-

vania. Dr. Charles B. Crittenden, of Louisville, made his first visit to us in July, and brought with him a delightful couple, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Mustard. Dr. Mustard is professor of Public Health at Columbia University, New York. We particularly enjoyed a visit from the Reverend and Mrs. Edmund Lee, of Chatham Hall, Virginia. Mr. Lee was so kind as to conduct our Sunday Evensong Service at Wendover, and to hold an early communion service the next morning, for all of the staff whose duties allowed them to come over to Wendover for it. Such friends are a blessing indeed.

In August, when Dr. Crittenden came back with Dr. Oma Creech to conduct the examinations for the midwives, he brought Mrs. Crittenden and their little girl, Lindsay, with them. Miss Lillian Furlong came in for one night only. To have these friends was indeed a pleasure.

A little later we had a delightful, but all too brief, visit from Mr. Gustave Breaux, of Louisville, and his grandson, Ballard Breaux, and the Reverend and Mrs. Carl Bihldorff. An Alaskan nurse on a holiday, Miss Jessie M. Wilson, of Kotzbue, gave us a few days of her time. Our last guests as we go to press have been the two charming sisters of our Agnes Lewis, Mrs. Duskin and Miss Laura Lewis.

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Several of the Service staff from both Hyden and Wendover went over to Wooton for the dedication of the Mary Rose McCord Chapel at the Wooton Community Center the evening of July 27th. The Chapel is a lovely stone building, and the dedication service was deeply moving.

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Ever since the year of the big drought, Hyden has had an active Red Cross Chapter, with Mr. M. C. Begley as chairman. At the time of the Ohio floods, this chapter exceeded its quota more than ten times. It is now actively engaged in raising its war quota, and in getting as much knitting as possible done in the homes of the good knitters far and near. The Frontier

Nursing Service Cooperative Handknitters have contributed a particularly big man's sweater.

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Our Hospital at Hyden had the honor of entertaining the Kentucky Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs at the time of their annual meeting in Hazard in early June. Over a hundred delegates came over for tea, and we had speeches and music and light refreshments. The details of handling so large a group of people for three days were admirably carried through by the Hazard Branch of the Federation.

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The September issue of the American Journal of Nursing has an article by our First Assistant Director, Miss Dorothy Buck, called "The Nurses on Horseback Ride On," which we think will be of considerable interest to some of our members, even those who are not nurses. We have reprints, and will be glad to send one to any member, free upon request.

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The Kentucky State Association of Midwives held its annual meeting at Wendover on Thursday, August 15, 1940. This was from two to three months earlier than all of our previous annual meetings. So many of the members of the Association have returned to Great Britain for the duration of the war, including members of the Board, that it was essential to get a new Board elected, as we barely had a quorum. The Association, which last year had approved our training course for nurses in midwifery, received a report from Miss Nora K. Kelly, of the progress of the graduate midwifery school, and approved the work done. The young nurse-midwives who had just passed their state examination were unanimously taken into the Association. The Association decided to waive all dues (which are a dollar annually) of all members now engaged in nursing work in the countries which are at war, for the duration.

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We have lately managed to squeeze in a few belated holidays. Cherry and Peggy, at Confluence, are having a holiday

now, on Nantucket Island, where they are under the wing of Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, who is giving them a good time. We were able to relieve them by deferring the next class of the training school. Kelly and Charlie, who would be teaching this class, volunteered to go down to the Frances Bolton Center of Possum Bend at Confluence, and take over for a few weeks.

Boxie had an all too brief, but very restful, holiday, visiting our courier Elizabeth Mudge, on Long Island.

Now that we have young graduates of the midwifery course on the districts, we will be able to give Brownie and Vanda holidays greatly needed.

Dr. Scott Breckinridge's annual gynecological clinic at our Hospital at Hyden was not held this year until July, and that is why it isn't mentioned in our Annual Report. He came up into the mountains as he does each year, examined thirty patients, and operated on all that needed operations. There are no words in which we can express our gratitude to this dear member of our National Medical Council, who gives such skilled and devoted service, not only at these annual gynecological clinics but for a variety of cases throughout the year.

As we go to press, our Hospital Superintendent, Miss Lyda W. Anderson, has just broken her right wrist badly. We are all accustomed in here to getting ourselves shattered and battered off and on, and many of us break many parts of our personalities. We do hate, however, to have this dear, new and vitally important person on our staff get herself broken within the first three months of coming to us.

"Inty" (Della Int-Hout) has just returned after weeks of absence following an operation on her foot. We hope she can take over again at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork, where her work is deeply appreciated.

We are delighted to announce the birth of a baby girl to the Principal of the High School at Hyden, Mr. P. P. Estridge and

Mrs. Estridge, at our Hospital in Hyden. Both mother and baby are doing well.

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Nearly everybody remembers that in one of our mountain counties in Kentucky, Breathitt, the draft during the last World War could not be put over, because every eligible male had volunteered. Since the United States began its defense enlistment, the volunteers from Kentucky have been pouring out for enlistment in the U. S. Army. We read lately in the press that Kentucky had the highest ratio per population of volunteers in the Army, and Texas the second highest. From our Possum Bend area, around Confluence (to name only one section) we have word of the following enlistments:

Three of Henry Couch's sons have enlisted; three of Farmer Shepherd's sons have enlisted; and the eighteen-year-old son of our Chairman, Elmer Huff, has enlisted. There will never be any holding back by Kentucky mountaineers in the defense of the United States.

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We have written all of those who pledged money for St. Christopher's Chapel that we release them from their pledges. We had about half the required amount of money pledged, and it would not be possible, in times like these, to expect the balance. Most of those who pledged have replied that they will renew their pledges, if they are able, when the war is over and the Chapel can be built. Meanwhile, the glorious St. Christopher window is stored in the wee stone house which formerly housed the Hospital electrical-lighting plant. This is a secure and safe place to keep our treasured possession until we can install it in a Chapel, built for the glory of God.

FROM AN OLD COURIER

(Now the Mother of Two Babies)

June 30, 1940.

I can't tell you what fun it was to be back at Wendover again. It was a great tonic—sort of like renewing the faith, if you know what I mean. It is the first time I've ever met the other couriers too, and that was a great deal of fun too—as a group, I don't think I've ever known a grander bunch of girls, even in school.

TIPS.

FIRST-HAND REPORTS

EDITOR'S NOTE: We quote from two letters. The first was written by Joan Brown, a member of the Auxiliary Territorial Service in Devonshire, eighteen-year-old sister of our nurse, Peggy Brown. The second letter was written by a friend of our nurse, May V. Green, and sent to us by her.

First Letter

"We've had rather a lot of horrors lately, as before this latest one (the fall of Paris and capitulation of France) there was the retreat from Dunkirk.

"Thousands of the men came to the Barracks and staging camps here, so we got a pretty good insight into that. I wish you could have seen them arrive,—although they were so dog-tired that some of them couldn't even stand, they were smiling and cracking jokes. It was unbelievable really, they looked like ghosts with their tired, thin faces and their clothing in shreds, and yet they were cheerful after having just come out of hell.

"They'd been without food in some cases for over a week, and although they were desperately hungry they couldn't eat much. All of them had lain for hours (sometimes twenty-four) in the Dunkirk sands, waiting for the relief ships. When the ships did come, most of the men had to swim for it. . . . Some companies were much luckier than others, getting away almost intact, while the proportion saved in some cases was pathetic, ten out of a hundred and fifty, for example.

"You see, the thing was, the ordinary soldiers didn't hear about King Leopold's capitulation till long afterwards; some divisions were getting ready to attack when the order to retreat came through, and they had to swing round and retreat with 'Jerry' on their heels, sometimes just on the other side of a blown-up bridge. . . . The roads were piled with wreckage and dead civilians, including children.

"The men were all terribly impressed by the number of German planes. When they raided, the air seemed **black** with them, although the amount of damage done in proportion to the number of planes was comparatively small.

Second Letter

"I am almost burnt to a cinder. I have been one of the board of helpers down on the railway giving refreshments to the boys that have been coming home. The railway has been closed to everything else and we have had a train every seven minutes day and night for six days and nights. My old head is in such a whirl that I can not think clearly yet, but one thing I do know and that is Hitler will **never** conquer such magnificent boys as these. They have been absolutely marvelous. Their spirit is unquenchable, amazing and in spite of the hell they had been through they could still smile. They had come straight from the coast and here the engines have to change and then take the boys inland, and while that was being done we had to do our little mission, tea, food, fruit, chocolate, and a fag, oh, and a post card to address home. We wrote the messages for them and the General Post Office collected and posted free after every train. These poor devils had not had anything for days until they got there, but for all our work we have been well paid by just a look of appreciation on their faces, British, French, and Belgian alike. Generals, officers, and men were all together and in spite of their state of exhaustion and need, it was marvelous to see these officers refuse until their men had been seen to first. . . . Of course this was all carried out voluntarily and the response of people around here was wonderful, rich and poor alike

gave everything, and not once were we caught napping for anything. They ransacked their larders and the shops down here are almost sold out.

"Two crippled ladies who were unable to walk, sat from daylight to dark writing the cards for the boys. Everybody gave their all. When the wounded came, the doctors' first call was for oranges, and when they were put on by the crates they said, 'Thank God.'

"It is estimated that 300,000 of them came through here and you just want to hear these lads talk of the navy and merchant ship men that made this miracle possible. . . .

"I would not have missed this experience for the world. My hand has been nearly wrung off and I have never had so many kisses in my life. I have seen Y. C's, D. S. O's, M. M's, Croix de Guerres, Legions of Honours, almost every decoration there is to be seen, including the Iron Cross. I have got several little souvenirs for Tommy and a card a French man wrote for me which reads, 'George Paul on behalf of the French soldiers, thank you for your very charming welcome.' . . ."

FROM A MAN GUEST

"The work of the Frontier Nursing Service has become a living reality to me. . . . It is hard to write temperately about an experience which stirred me more deeply than any other in my life, although you and your associates spurn even the suggestion of heroism about what you are doing. . . . My visit with you renewed my courage and strengthened my faith both in my fellowmen and in the possibilities of a good future for the America of tomorrow. I am more grateful to you than I can possibly express."

FROM ONE OF OUR NURSES

"In just a few days it will be a year since I first arrived at Wendover. It has been such a very happy year for me that I could wish to have it all over again! So may I thank you and the Service from the bottom of my heart for all the happiness that this year has brought to me."

"Your Kentucky mountaineers have a deep-rooted culture, which may in time come to serve this country in a big way."

H. S. Mustard,
Professor of Public Health
Columbia University, New York.

"Influenza destroyed more lives—18,000 in London alone, in India nearly 6,000,000—than did 4½ years of the last war."

From "The Virus," by K. M. Smith, F. R. S.
Cambridge University Press.

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DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington, Kentucky.

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.”

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

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

- \$ 5,000 will endow a Frontier baby crib.
- \$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.
- \$25,000 will build and equip a Frontier Nursing center for the work of two nurse-midwives; and will provide for the upkeep of this property.
- \$10,000 for buildings.
- \$15,000 for endowment (for insurance, repairs, replacements).
- \$50,000 will endow a field of Frontier work in perpetuity.

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

