

The Quarterly Bulletin of  
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. XVII

AUTUMN, 1941

NO. 2





**NATIVITY PAGEANT AT WENDOVER**

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**THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

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**AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2**

## A Fifteenth Century Lyric

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From E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick, *Early English Lyrics* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1926), as found in the Sloane MS. 2593 in the British Museum.

I sing of a maiden  
That is makeles\*,  
King of all kinges  
To her sone sche ches\*\*.  
He cam also stille  
There his moder was,  
As dew in Aprille  
That falleth on the grass.  
He cam also stille  
To his moderes bour,  
As dew in Aprille  
That falleth on the flour.  
He cam also stille  
There his moder lay,  
As dew in Aprille  
That falleth on the spray.  
Moder and maiden  
Was never non but sche;  
Well may swich a lady  
Godes moder be.

---

\*peerless

\*\*To her son she chose

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## A SECRETARY TAKES TO THE SADDLE

---

By GRAYCE MORGAN

In 1930 I bid my classmates and teachers good-bye at Sue Bennet College to come home and take a position on the secretarial staff of the Frontier Nursing Service; which Mrs. Breckinridge had promised to give me as soon as I had adequate training. My teacher said, "What a lucky kid to have a job in this depression!" My classmates said, "Yeah! a job; you will have plenty of time to write and tell us all about it." On the way up on the train, I began wondering if they were right and just how long my job would last. Perhaps Mrs. Breckinridge couldn't take me on, because of the depression. Perhaps I was to be just another student out of school, only to spend a useless life with nothing to do. If my job was a "lucky break", how desperately I wanted it to be *real* and not just lucky! I wasn't to be in doubt long. I arrived home Friday morning and went to have an interview with Mrs. Breckinridge that same day. Mrs. Breckinridge told me to report for work the next morning, which was Saturday. I was just speechless as I hadn't unpacked. Forgetting that I should be grateful after all of the wise cracks the students threw at me when I left Sue Bennett, I begged off until Monday.

Monday found me at my desk at eight o'clock in the morning, and I have never had time to write and "tell all" to my classmates yet. I was put to work in the Post Office doing postal work; also sending out reminders; typing letters, orders and "Round Robins" for all of the nurses at the outpost centers, which included anything from formulas for babies to what to do for sick horses with various symptoms. I learned so much about the F. N. S. and its problems through typing in that first year that I always thought if I should ever visit a center in an emergency I would know just what to do. If the house was on fire I could put it out; I could tend to the horses' colic, stop the dog from chasing the cat, the roosters from fighting; and persuade the cook to stay on just another week until it was all

over! Then sit down and calmly wait for the nurse to come home! Now let me tell you a true incident.

It was a bitter cold day in January on a Friday in 1931 and I was trying to finish up some work because it was my afternoon off. I had my mind on a cozy room and a new novel by my favorite author. The telephone rang and Rosalie (who handled medical Social Service then) reached for her notebook to take a telegram. When she had finished she said, "Well, I don't know what I am going to do with all of the couriers out and nobody to make a trip to Coon Creek. The Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children has just wired from Lexington that they must have permission tonight to operate on Nora Napier's back in the morning. Floyd lives on Coon Creek and it's about seven and a half miles over there, making fifteen, and what weather!" I piped up and asked Rosalie what she was making a speech about. It dawned on me that she had really made one, and that it was the Shriners' Hospital asking for permission for an operation. I gave one more sigh for my book and cozy room, for quickly I figured that if a hospital like the Shriners' was willing to give time for a patient of the F. N. S., a mere secretary could give up one afternoon and get that permission slip in. I turned my face away from the window so I wouldn't see snow and ice and the trees swaying from the wind, and said in a wee voice, "I will go."

Rosalie was so grateful that she just fairly beamed. We went into a conference and decided that we would wire the Shriners' as soon as I came back with the signed permission slip, and that we would send the permit down next day by registered mail for the hospital records. Also, I was to stop by the stable and tell Kermit to saddle a horse, while I went to my home across the river and put on my riding habit.

When I stopped by the stable and asked Kermit if there was a good horse that could make about fifteen miles, he replied, "There's only one horse left and he could make forty miles in half a day! I asked him to have the horse ready by the time I went home and got dressed. When I got home I dressed in all of the warm clothes I had: woollen undies, hose, riding breeches, sweater, knit gloves and a cap. I decided my short

leather coat wouldn't be warm enough so I wore my heavy polo coat and my brother's leather gloves over my knit ones. By the time I had finished dressing lunch was ready. When I slipped into my chair Dad gave me a rather stern look and asked, "Where in the world do you think you are going on a bad day like this?" I tried to sound as urgent and impressive as I could as I told him that the Shriners' in Lexington must have an operation permit for a child on Coon Creek that night, and that there was no one to go but me. Dad wanted to send our hired man instead, but I wouldn't agree, because I was afraid the man would get some "moonshine" and not come back at all that night! There was no one else at home who could go. So with much persuading Dad agreed to let me go, but it was with regret in his voice.

When I got back to Wendover, Rosalie examined me to see if I had on enough warm clothes and decided that I should have a wool scarf instead of a thin silk one and lent me hers. She had the permission forms ready. I refilled my fountain pen and buttoned them all in my pocket, and then went out to the stable where Kermit had a big dark bay horse waiting. The horse was pawing the ground and chewing at his bit and as he seemed to be so anxious to get going neither Kermit nor I said anything. Kermit unhitched him and led him up to the rock in front of Aunt Jane's Barn and I mounted and was off like a flash. By the time I had reached the river road I realized that I had never seen the horse, much less ridden him, and I couldn't find his name on either the bridle or saddle. So I christened him "Buddy". One thing he did have all of his own and that was a swell gait. I let him have his way until we started up Camp Creek where the road was quite steep; then I pulled him in and rode more slowly. The going had to be slow, with no motion except when "Buddy" would break through the ice. By the time we got to the top of the Camp Creek mountain I was so cold my teeth were chattering and my feet no longer had any feeling in them. I had difficulty in keeping my hands on the reins, and that I had to do because I didn't intend to let "Buddy" get a start with me. I wasn't sure what he might do and I couldn't make up my mind which horse he was. I knew that there were a few dangerous horses, like Royal Bill, and that

Mrs. Breckinridge had forbidden anyone but the couriers and the men to ride them.

I was anxious to get across the mountain so I could put "Buddy" back into that fast running walk. But right on the gap of the mountain, where one should turn down the other side, there lay a huge up-rooted tree across the road. When I saw that I stopped "Buddy". When I realized there was no way to get around my heart went down to keep my cold feet company. I considered going back to try to find a path around, but I hadn't seen one on the way and to do so would only mean loss of precious time. The trunk of the tree didn't look too high for a horse like "Buddy" to jump, so I decided to do just that. I was too cold to get down and let "Buddy" jump alone. Besides there was the possibility of his getting away from me! So I did ride back several yards and then turned around and started "Buddy" in a gallop towards that tree. I had never had a lesson in jumping on a horse in my life but that was my idea of the way it should be done. When I got up close to the tree and could really see where we were going, I saw the road on the other side suddenly turn right down a steep mountain, covered solid with ice! It was too late to stop "Buddy", so I swiftly breathed a prayer, "Let us safely over and I'll never do it again." When we hit the other side "Buddy" hit the ice on all fours and I was still intact in the saddle.

After that we made fair time. When we reached what I thought must be Coon Creek, while I was making up my mind which way to go and of whom to ask for directions, I saw a man come in view. I rode up to him to ask him the way to the Napier home. He told me how to get there, and then he asked me if I had come from Wendover. I told him I had and he advised me to stop somewhere and get warm or else I might get a bad frost bite. I thanked him but kept going. It wasn't so long until I saw the Napier home away up in a branch near the top of the mountain. "Buddy" and I followed a narrow foot path along the edge of the cliff and made it safely.

Floyd met us at the gate and took "Buddy" to the stable, where he said it wouldn't be so cold, and I went to the house. It may be that I was seeing things, but I never saw such a huge fire in an open fireplace in my life! Liza Jane was sewing.



She took my coat and gloves off and put me in a chair by the fire. In a few minutes Floyd returned and they asked me about Nora; and Nora's little brother (about three years old) wanted to know when he could go to the hospital! Everyone laughed and his mother explained that a hospital was where sick people went, so nurses and doctors could take care of them until they were well. He showed me his toe, which was neatly bandaged, for his excuse to go to the hospital. I told him I thought his mother was a good nurse, and he went back to play with some sticks he was using to make a house. I gave the permission slip to Floyd and Liza Jane. Liza Jane read it out loud to Floyd and they both signed it and Liza Jane wept a few moments and Floyd said he was glad I had brought my pen as they didn't have any ink or pen. In a few minutes all was gay again. Floyd put another stick on the fire and Liza Jane showed me the shirts and dresses she was making for the children, and there was a red print for Nora when she came home.

I could have stayed on indefinitely but decided that I should be getting back to Wendover. Floyd asked me about the road and I told him about the tree and he described a path that I could take back and not have to do any more jumping. That was good because in my prayer I had promised not to; and "Buddy" couldn't have jumped the tree up-hill. On the return trip the ice had frozen hard enough to hold "Buddy" up and so we didn't lose time breaking through the ice and pulling out of deep mud holes. "Buddy" seemed to have hay and oats on his mind!

When we rode up "Pig Alley" at Wendover I saw Jahugh at the big gate standing in a frightened pose, but I couldn't make up my mind whether he was really scarred or just cold. "Buddy" was prancing along as if he were on parade. Jahugh said, "Who let you ride Royal Bill?" I was sort of stunned myself, because I had heard Mrs. Breckinridge's orders about Royal Bill and had heard some of the men say he was too dangerous to ride. It was a bad slip-up, but I didn't doubt my ability to stick on him to the barn!

Jahugh opened the big gate for us and "Buddy"—alias Royal Bill—made a bee line for Aunt Jane's Barn while Jahugh yelled,—"Take him easy"! By that time a courier had returned.

As she heard us come in she stuck her head around the corner of the barn. Just as I was taking my foot from the stirrip I heard her say, and that in a faint voice, "Royal Bill"! She took charge of the horse and I went to the Big House where Rosalie was waiting to send the telegram, and I knew there would be a nice warm fire and hot tea. Eventually someone asked me which horse I had ridden, and when I said, "Royal Bill" was it a notion or did I hear a number of teacups rattle?

Royal Bill has gone where all good horses go—to haunt the memory of those that loved them. I hope his "god" will forgive him for those he kicked, bit and threw but in my memory he has taken on another alias—*Loyal Bill*.

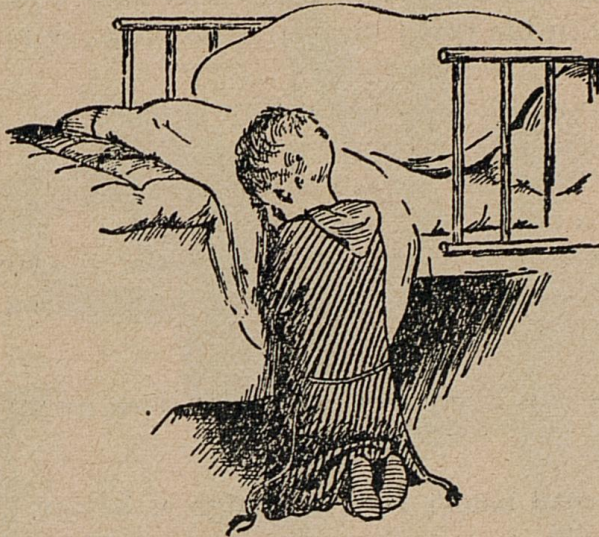
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#### "HARASHO"

One day Mr. Ishii took us to a Russian Protestant gathering in a private home. What with the low ceiling, the double windows hermetically sealed, the stale air and the heat from the stove, we Japanese felt almost suffocated; but the Russians seemed oblivious of mundane matters, as they knelt on the floor, all praying aloud at the same time. The hum of voices, the serious faces, the shabby garments and the dim light made me think of the early Christians worshipping in the catacombs. Never have I witnessed a religious gathering of such solemn intensity.

Among the worshippers was a stout woman who afterwards invited us to tea. Mr. Ishii accompanied us and acted as interpreter. She kept a confectionery shop on the main street and lived in the rooms at the rear. The room to which she took us was dark and stuffed full of old broken bric-a-brac, more like a storehouse than a dwelling. On a table, spread with her best linen, were several cups and saucers, suggesting that more guests were expected; but it was all for us. Our hostess served us first tea, then coffee, then cocoa, meanwhile bringing sandwiches, biscuits and cheese, and some of every kind of cake from her shop. . . . Our hostess began to grow emotional, pointing up to the sky, beating her breast, and looking at me intently. I told Mr. Ishii to explain to the woman that I understood what she wanted to say,—that here on earth we belong to nations, with language barriers, wars and strife; but up in heaven there will be no more war, because our heart language is the same celestial language spoken by all. On hearing the interpretation, she started up from her chair, with tears rolling down her cheeks; she put her arms around me and kissed me on both cheeks, hugging me so tight I could hardly breathe. "*Harasho! Harasho!*" she cried again and again—"You've got my meaning!" Since then the sight of a Russian woman tugs at my heart strings, and I wonder if my hostess in Vladivostok is now in that other world, speaking in the celestial language.

—*My Lantern* by Michi Kawai, Formerly General Secretary  
of the YWCA of Japan. pp. 146-147.



## THEY HAVE GROWN UP

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By SUSA STANTON SNIDER

Based on *WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG* by A. A. Milne, published and copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York; and reprinted by the kind permission of E. P. Dutton & Company and of Mrs. Snider of Leesburg, Virginia.

They can't change guard at Buckingham Palace,

Said Alice,

For the court yard is full of rubble and stones,  
And they're searching through it for human bones,

Said Alice.

Christopher Robin is flying a plane,  
And fighting for England (and Mary Jane),

Said Alice.

And of all those people we loved and knew  
Only one is unchanged—Winnie-The-Pooh,

Said Alice.

James James Morison Morison never came back from Dunkerque,  
And John "with his great big water-proof boots on"  
Is doing a sailor's work.

And the promise made by Little Boy Blue  
To Little Bo-Peep is no longer true,  
For he said: "Bo-Peep, I shall be always here."  
And now he is gone—still to her it's clear  
That one of these days, from the depths of the sea,  
Like those dear lost sheep, he'll "come home to tea,"

Said Alice.

And the King, not a word of complaint does he utter,

Said Alice,

Though his bread hasn't even a smidge of butter,

Said Alice.

The Dormouse is happy, his eyes are shut tight,  
And he has no idea that a terrible fight  
Has destroyed all the gardens from Sussex to Kew,  
All geraniums red, all delphiniums blue,

Said Alice.

And Emmeline—she wasn't seen  
For nearly a week.

They found her between  
"The two tall trees at the end of the green,"  
And though they called to her "Emmeline!"  
She never answered,

Said Alice.

But though we have lost these little friends  
That doesn't mean that our friendship ends,

Dear Alice.

It's because we have known them and loved them well  
That we hope very soon you'll be able to tell  
That we're helping to make it safe again  
For all little boys, from Devon to Maine,  
To kneel at the foot of their beds and say:  
"Oh! Thank you, God, for a lovely day."



## A KNIGHT'S PRAYER

MY LORD, I am ready on the threshold of this new day, to go forth armed with Thy power, seeking adventure on the highroad, to right wrong, to overcome evil, to suffer wounds and endure pain if need be, but in all things to serve Thee bravely, faithfully, joyfully, that at the end of the day's labour, kneeling for Thy blessing, Thou mayest find no blot upon my shield.

## THE PATCHWORK SCHOOL

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### A CHRISTMAS STORY

Acknowledgment is granted to Lothrop, Lee and Shepherd Company for kind permission to reprint "The Patchwork School", slightly abridged, from the collection—The Pot of Gold and Other Stories by Mary E. Wilkins.

Once upon a time there was a city which possessed a very celebrated institution for the reformation of unruly children. It had been established years before by a benevolent lady, who had a great deal of money, and wished to do good with it. After thinking a long time, she had hit upon this plan of founding a school for the improvement of children who tried their parents and all their friends by their ill behavior. More especially was it designed for ungrateful and discontented children; indeed it was mainly composed of this last class.

There was a special set of police in the city, whose whole duty was to keep a sharp lookout for ill-natured fretting children, who complained of their parents' treatment and thought other boys and girls were much better off than they, and to march them away to the school. These police all wore white top boots, tall peaked hats, and carried sticks with blue ribbon bows on them, and were very readily distinguished. Many a little boy on his way to school has dodged round a corner to avoid one, because he had just been telling his mother that another little boy's mother gave him twice as much pie for dinner as he had.

There was not a child in the city but had a great horror of this school, though it may seem rather strange that they should; for the punishment, at first thought, did not seem so very terrible. Ever since it was established, the school had been in charge of a very singular little old woman. Nobody had ever known where she came from. The benevolent lady who founded the institution, had brought her to the door one morning in her coach, and the neighbors had seen the little brown, wizened creature, with a most extraordinary gown on, alight and enter. This was all any one had ever known about her. You see, the

benevolent lady had a very tender heart, and though she wanted to reform the naughty children of her native city, and have them grow up to be good men and women, she did not want them to be shaken, nor have their ears cuffed; so the ideas advanced by the strange little old woman just suited her.

"Set 'em to sewing patchwork," said this little old woman, sewing patchwork vigorously herself as she spoke. She was dressed in a gown of bright-colored patchwork, with a patchwork shawl over her shoulders. Her cap was made of tiny squares of patchwork, too. "If they are sewing patchwork," went on the little old woman, "they can't be in mischief. Just make 'em sit in little chairs and sew patchwork, boys and girls alike."

So the school was founded, the strange little old woman placed over it, and it really worked admirably. It was the pride of the city. Strangers who visited it were always taken to visit the Patchwork School, for that was the name it went by. There sat the children, in their little chairs, sewing patchwork. They were dressed in little patchwork uniforms; the girls wore blue and white patchwork frocks and pink and white patchwork pinafores, and the boys blue and white patchwork trousers, with pinafores like the girls. Their cheeks were round and rosy, for they had plenty to eat but they looked sad, and tears were standing in the corners of a good many eyes. How could they help it? It did seem as if the loveliest roses in the whole country were blossoming in the garden of the Patchwork School, and there were swarms of humming-birds flying over them, and great red and blue-winged butterflies. Later in the season there were apple and peach trees, too, the apples and great rosy peaches fairly dragging the branches to the ground, and all in sight from the window of the schoolroom.

No wonder the poor little culprits cooped up indoors sewing red and blue and green pieces of calico together, looked sad. Every day bales of calico were left at the door of the Patchwork School, and it all had to be cut up in little bits and sewed together again. When the children heard the heavy tread of the porters bringing in the bales of new calico, the tears would leave the corners of their eyes and trickle down their poor little cheeks, at the prospect of the additional work they would have to do.

All the patchwork had to be sewed over and over, and every crooked or too long stitch had to be picked out; for the Patchwork Woman was very particular. They had to make all their own clothes of patchwork, and after those were done, patchwork bed quilts, which were given to the city poor; so the benevolent lady killed two birds with one stone, as you might say.

Of course, children stayed in the Patchwork School different lengths of time, according to their different offenses. But there were very few children in the city who had not sat in a little chair and sewed patchwork, at one time or another, for a greater or less period. Sooner or later, the best children were sure to think they were ill-treated by their parents, and had to go to bed earlier than they ought, or did not have as much candy as other children; and the police would hear them grumbling, and drag them off to the Patchwork School. The Mayor's son, especially, who might be supposed to fare as well as any little boy in the city, had been in the school any number of times.

There was one little boy in the city, however, whom the white-booted police had not yet found any occasion to arrest, though one might have thought he had more reason than a good many others to complain of his lot in life. In the first place, he had a girl's name, and any one knows that would be a great cross to a boy. His name was Julia; his parents had called him so on account of his having a maiden aunt who had promised to leave her money to him if he was named for her.

So there was no help for it, but it was a great trial to him. Still he never complained to his parents, and told them he wished they had called him some other name. His parents were very poor, hard-working people, and Julia had much coarser clothes than the other boys, and plainer food, but he was always cheerful about it, and never seemed to think it at all hard that he could not have a velvet coat like the Mayor's son, or carry cakes for lunch to school like the lawyer's little boy.

But perhaps the greatest cross which Julia had to bear, and the one from which he stood in the greatest danger of getting into the Patchwork School, was his Grandmothers. I don't mean to say that grandmothers are to be considered usually as crosses. A dear old lady seated with her knitting beside the fire, is a pleasant person to have in the house. But



Julia had four, and he had to hunt for their spectacles, and pick up their balls of yarn so much that he got very little time to play. It was an unusual thing, but the families on both sides were very long-lived, and there actually were four grandmothers; two great ones, and two common ones; two on each side of the fireplace, with their knitting work, in Julia's home. They were nice old ladies, and Julia loved them dearly, but they lost their spectacles all the time, and were always dropping their balls of yarn, and it did make a deal of work for one boy to do. He could have hunted up spectacles for one Grandmother, but when it came to four, and one was always losing hers while he was finding another's, and one ball of yarn would drop and roll off, while he was picking up another—well, it was really bewildering at times. Then he had to hold the skeins of yarn for them to wind, and his arms used to ache, and he could hear the boys shouting at a game of ball outdoors, maybe. But he never refused to do anything his Grandmothers asked him to, and did it pleasantly, too; and it was not on that account he got into the Patchwork School.

It was on Christmas day that Julia was arrested and led away to the Patchwork School. It happened in this way: As I said before, Julia's parents were poor, and it was all they could do to procure the bare comforts of life for their family; there was very little to spend for knickknacks. But I don't think Julia would have complained at that; he would have liked useful articles just as well for Christmas presents.

But he had had the same things over and over, over and over, Christmas after Christmas. Every year each of his Grandmothers knit him two pairs of blue woolen yarn stockings, and hung them for him on Christmas Eve, for a Christmas present. There they would hang—eight pairs of stockings with nothing in them, in a row on the mantel shelf, every Christmas morning.

Every year Julia thought about it for weeks before Christmas, and hoped and hoped he would have something different this time, but there they always hung, and he had to go and kiss his Grandmothers, and pretend he liked the stockings the best of anything he could have had; for he would not have hurt their feelings for the world.

His parents might have bettered matters a little, but they did not wish to cross the old ladies either, and they had to buy so much yarn they could not afford to get anything else.

The worst of it was, the stockings were knit so well, and of such stout material that they never wore out, so Julia never really needed the new ones; if he had, that might have reconciled him to the sameness of his Christmas presents, for he was a very sensible boy. But his bureau drawers were full of the blue stockings rolled up in neat little hard balls—all the balls he ever had; the tears used to spring up in his eyes every time he looked at them. But he never said a word till the Christmas when he was twelve years old. Somehow that time he was unusually cast down at the sight of the eight pairs of stockings hanging in a row under the mantel shelf; but he kissed and thanked his Grandmothers just as he always had.

When he was out on the street a little later, however, he sat down in a doorway and cried. He could not help it. Some of the other boys had such lovely presents, and he had nothing but these same blue woolen stockings.

“What’s the matter, little boy?” asked a voice.

Without looking up, Julia sobbed out his troubles; but what was his horror when he felt himself seized by the arm and lifted up, and found that he was in the grasp of a policeman in white top boots. The policeman did not mind Julia’s tears and entreaties in the least, but led him away to the Patchwork School, waving his stick with its blue ribbon bow as majestically as a drum major.

So Julia had to sit down in a little chair, and sew patchwork with the rest. He did not mind the close work as much as some of the others, for he was used to being kept indoors, attending to his Grandmothers’ wants; but he disliked to sew. His term of punishment was a long one. The Patchwork Woman, who fixed it, thought it looked very badly for a little boy to be complaining because his kind grandparents had given him some warm stockings instead of foolish toys.

The first thing the children had to do when they entered the school, was to make their patchwork clothes, as I have said.

Julia had got his finished and was busily sewing on a red and green patchwork quilt, in a tea-chest pattern, when, one day, the Mayor came to visit the school. Just then his son did not happen to be serving a term there; the Mayor never visited it with visitors of distinction when he was.

To-day he had a Chinese Ambassador with him. The Patchwork Woman sat behind her desk on the platform and sewed patchwork, the Mayor in his fine broadcloth sat one side of her, and the Chinese Ambassador, in his yellow satin gown, on the other.

The Mayor and the Ambassador stayed about an hour; then after they had both made some remarks—the Ambassador made his in Chinese; he could speak English, but his remarks in Chinese were wiser—they rose to go.

Now, the door of the Patchwork School was of a very peculiar structure. It was made of iron of a great thickness, and opened like any safe door, only it had more magic about it than any safe door ever had. At a certain hour in the afternoon, it shut of its own accord, and opened at a certain hour in the morning, when the Patchwork Woman repeated a formula before it. The formula did no good whatever at any other time; the door was so constructed that not even its inventor could open it after it shut at the certain hour of the afternoon, before the certain hour the next morning.

Now the Mayor and the Chinese Ambassador had stayed rather longer than they should have. They had been so interested in the school that they had not noticed how the time was going, and the Patchwork Woman had been so taken up with a very intricate new pattern that she failed to remind them, as was her custom.

So it happened that while the Mayor got through the iron door safely, just as the Chinese Ambassador was following it suddenly swung to, and shut in his braided queue at a very high point.

Then there was the Ambassador on one side of the door, and his queue on the other, and the door could not possibly be opened before morning. Here was a terrible dilemma! What

was to be done? There stood the children, their patchwork in their hands, staring, open-mouthed, at the queue dangling through the door, and the Patchwork Woman pale with dismay, in their midst, on one side of the door, and on the other side was the terror-stricken Mayor, and the poor Chinese Ambassador.

"Can't anything be done?" shouted the Mayor through the keyhole—there was a very large keyhole.

"No," the Patchwork Woman said. "The door won't open till six o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Oh, try!" groaned the Mayor. "Say the formula."

She said the formula, to satisfy them, but the door stayed firmly shut. Evidently the Chinese Ambassador would have to stay where he was until morning, unless he had the Mayor snip his queue off, which was not to be thought of.

So the Mayor, who was something of a philosopher, set about accommodating himself, or rather his friend, to the situation.

"It is inevitable," said he to the Ambassador. "I am very sorry, but everybody has to conform to the customs of the institutions of the countries which they visit. I will go and get you some dinner, and an extra coat. I will keep you company through the night, and morning will come before you know it."

"Well," sighed the Chinese Ambassador, standing on tiptoe so his queue should not pull so hard. He was a patient man, but after he had eaten his dinner the time seemed terrible long.

"Why don't you talk?" said he to the Mayor, who was dozing beside him in an easy chair. "Can't you tell me a story?"

"I never did such a thing in my life," replied the Mayor, rousing himself; "but I am very sorry for you, dear sir; perhaps the Patchwork Woman can."

So he asked the Patchwork Woman through the keyhole.

"I never told a story in my life," said she; "but there's a boy here that I heard telling a beautiful one the other day. Here,

Julia," called she, "come and tell a story to the Chinese Ambassador."

Julia really knew a great many stories which his Grandmothers had taught him, and he sat on a little stool and told them through the keyhole all night to the Chinese Ambassador.

He and the Mayor were so interested that morning came and the door swung open before they knew it. The poor Ambassador drew a long breath, and put his hand around to his queue to see if it was safe. Then he wanted to thank and reward the boy who had made the long night hours pass so pleasantly.

"What is he in here for?" asked the Mayor, patting Julia, who could hardly keep his eyes open.

"He grumbled about his Christmas presents," replied the Patchwork Woman.

"What did you have?" inquired the Mayor.

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings," answered Julia, rubbing his eyes.

"And the year before?"

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings."

"And the year before that?"

"Eight pairs of blue yarn stockings."

"Didn't you ever have anything for Christmas presents but blue yarn stockings?" asked the astonished Mayor.

"No, sir," said Julia meekly.

Then the whole story came out. Julia, by dint of questioning, told some, and the other children told the rest; and finally, in the afternoon, orders came to dress him in his own clothes, and send him home. But when he got there, the Mayor and Chinese Ambassador had been there before him, and there hung the eight pairs of blue yarn stockings under the mantel-helf, crammed full of the most beautiful things—knives, balls, candy—everything he had ever wanted, and the mantel-shelf piled high also.

A great many of the presents were of Chinese manufacture; for the Ambassador considered them, of course, superior, and he wished to express his gratitude to Julia as forcibly as he could. There was one stocking entirely filled with curious Chinese tops. A little round head, so much like the Ambassador's that it actually startled Julia, peeped out of the stocking. But it was only a top in the shape of a little man in a yellow silk gown, who could spin around very successfully on one foot, for an astonishing length of time. There was a Chinese lady-top too, who fanned herself coquettishly as she spun; and a mandarin who nodded wisely. The tops were enough to turn a boy's head.

There were equally curious things in the other stockings. Some of them Julia had no use for, such as silk for dresses, China crepe shawls and fans, but they were just the things for his Grandmothers, who, after this, sat beside the fireplace, very prim and fine, in stiff silk gowns, with China crepe shawls over their shoulders, and Chinese fans in their hands, and queer shoes on their feet. Julia liked their presents just as well as he did his own, and probably the Ambassador knew that he would.

The Mayor had filled one stocking himself with bonbons, and Julia picked out all the peppermints amongst them for his Grandmothers. They were very fond of peppermints. Then he went to work to find their spectacles, which had been lost ever since he had been away.

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In the year 1653,  
when all things sacred  
were throughout ye nation  
either demolished or profaned,  
Sir Robert Shirley, Baronet,  
builded this church;  
whose singular praise it was  
to have done the best things  
in the worst times  
and to have hoped them  
in the most calamitous.

—Inscription on the cornerstone of a  
chapel in Leicestershire, England.

Taken from the **Diocesan News**  
of Lexington, October 1, 1941.

## OLD STAFF NEWS

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We haven't as many letters as usual from the old staff in this issue of the Bulletin. Their letters through the summer were all printed in the last issue and the letters for Christmas have not come in as we go to press. All the most interesting parts of the communications through the holidays will be printed in the Winter Bulletin. We have no recent news from any of the nurses with the Near East Forces.

The first letter we print is from Marion Ross in Toronto, our first chief Statistician at Wendover and for many years one of the dearest and most valued people on our staff. This letter, which follows, was written in the late summer:

About a year ago now I decided to offer my services (to the F. N. S.) in a volunteer capacity for a least two weeks this summer. Then the old foreign exchange began tightening and now I just do not know how I could get to Kentucky. 'Tis almost impossible to get into America except for business purposes. Certainly a holiday is entirely out of the picture.

A. M. S. (Associated Medical Services) continues to be a great old job. The new quarters into which we moved in November are really quite an improvement over the old and I have a wee office all to myself. There are between thirty and forty on the staff and we continue to expand. We have about 26,000 subscribers, and eight branch offices, and average about 700 new subscribers each month.

Tomorrow night we experience our first blackout. Two or three of the men in the office are training each week in A. R. P. work which is being emphasized increasingly. My efforts are limited to knitting and voluntary office work but there are large units of women in uniform. Tonight's paper carries the first indications of calling for volunteers for women to go overseas as drivers and so forth. Recently we have seen much more of parades and bands and whatnot which, up to the present, have not characterized this holocaust at all. We're being taxed up to the teeth but there isn't a whisper about that. Most of us feel we're doing only too little.

**From Kelly at a Mothers' Hospital in London—**

August 17, 1941.

. . . . . I am now Night Sister (Night Superintendent) here. It is not that I really like night duty, but . . . . . they were in a hard place for a Night Sister. Many who had done it had gotten a bit tired of the sky activities. As for myself, my type of mental make-up is not affected by noise and racket. . . . . We have had one direct hit only and are winged around by others. Whichever way I look I see shells of houses touching the Hospital premises on every side. It is a bit depressing but one gets used to it. Owing to the short hours of darkness which we have in England in the summer we have had some weeks of peaceful nights. Some people think Hitler is too busy elsewhere; others that we now have mastery of the air; others that we shall be for it again soon. Anyhow everyone is rested up; which helps.

The shortage of midwives is critical. Nurses all want to do military nursing. . . . . It is the strangest thing to me how war affects people. Why, just because there is a war on, all nurses must fly to the colours, whether they are needed or not, is difficult to understand. Surely the coming generation has to be considered. . . . . As I see it my place is here (namely: in a maternity hospital).

. . . . .

**From Worcester in the country in Sussex—October 5, 1941.**

We have decided to do without a dog until the war ends, and then, if and if (??) we can have another.

Our old dog still seems to be here, and I often look up, at certain little noises, expecting him to slide around the door. The door would first give the faintest possible creak, and gradually come open sufficiently to allow his nose to show, and bit by bit his whole body crept in, and with a little rush, he arrived on the hearth rug. *David* (*her husband*) misses him terribly. We had a small kitten, Jonathan, whom we both loved, but he disappeared suddenly. The blue cat is still here.

Since the Government begged us all to keep rabbits we have acquired four. They are rather sweet, and I enjoy them a lot. I dread the day when we become overstocked as nothing would induce either of us to eat one of them.



The fowls are still doing their best. Life isn't perfect for them, as we are not allowed any grain, and the mash with balancer meal, and scraps, tends to fatten them, then they lay soft eggs, and often eat them. But we've been very lucky, and we still get eggs enough to keep this household going, and some to spare, and I have a good supply pickled for the winter. The food situation is decidedly better. I get a real thrill when I see Pet milk (we usually had some other brand, before the Lease-Lend supplies appeared.)

I have a duck, a Khaki Campbell, and she should lay throughout the winter, if we are lucky. She chatters away to us, and simply demands that we dig for worms, in the most amusing way.

In spite of the "dig for Victory" campaign we still have a flower garden. We cannot cope with more vegetable garden in any case, so we just left the roses. I have loved them this summer, and they have been lovelier than ever, I feel sure. The Frau K. Drushki (bought in memory of our first Beech Fork center collection) produces such handsome blooms, and we have lots of others just as beautiful.

The fruit trees are coming along slowly, and this Autumn we plan to put in cultivated blackberries. The wild ones, were the only fruit which was plentiful this year, and although I was too lazy to do my own gathering I received a lot from an old man who lives near, and I have made all the jam I could. David had Saccharine in his tea (beastly stuff) for months, and I saved the sugar to make him extra jam. We bottle some too. I've given away vegetable marrows by the dozen as I raised such a lot. Also, I salted down several jars of runner beans. They come out delightfully fresh in midwinter; much nicer than the canned ones.

My operation is being done next week, and when you get this the pain and grief will be over. I shall write again soon, because I want to show off my rapid recovery!

Best of luck to the Midwifery School.

. . . . .

**From Betty Lester in London—October 7, 1941.**

Of course I got my re-entry permit and wrote to let you

know. Thank you so much. Didn't you hear from me? By this time I believe you'll have got it again. I sent it to Mrs. Breckinridge together with the midwifery paper duly signed, and mentioned that I was sure you'd renew it for me once more. I wonder how many more times!

My! oh! my! what an important place our Midwifery School is getting to be. How glad I'll be to get back and do my share. . .

I decided to join an ambulance service as I wanted to stay in London. Here I am on an ambulance—coming home after duty each day but not doing much work. Of course in a way I'm glad because while we are not working it means London is not being bombed. . .

Margaret Watson came home last week. She had lunch with Peggy and then my sister, niece, and I went over there for tea. In the evening we brought Margaret home to stay the night. Peggy showed us a letter she'd had from Agnes about her end of Service work. Margaret seems to be enjoying life with the army.

. . . I will come back as soon as it is all over. . . Won't it be wonderful when I get out of the train at Lexington and some of you people are there to meet me? What a time we'll have to be sure. . .

Imagine! the bombers you sent over are taking less than twelve hours to cross the Atlantic. If only I could board one and come over for a holiday—a week-end wouldn't be too bad would it?

So Barrie and you talk about me. Will he have forgotten me do you think? Dogs don't really forget but it is being such a long time. . . .

My love to everybody.

. . . . .

**From Sybil at 9/Nurses/H/945/Sister T.A.N.S., No. 36  
General Hospital, c/o A.P.O. S102, West African Force  
—October 15, 1941.**

. . . As you see I have signed the amendments and entirely agree. I'm afraid it'll arrive too late, though! I'll send by air mail if it is at all possible.

As you see I have been on the move and have not yet got

the Spring Bulletin. In fact, I only got the Christmas one about four weeks ago! I enjoyed it, except it made me very homesick for Kentucky.

I am not allowed to tell you in which part of Nigeria my unit is, but it is the best spot in this very unhealthy country. At the moment, I have been lent to a civil hospital, European Hospital, Kano, Nigeria. I have been here seven weeks and loathed it at first, but am quite enjoying it now. It is a very interesting, if unhealthy, spot. The city, Mohammedan, is like a chapter out of the Bible and thrilling. I ride a lot. The Resident here has lent me his stallion and he's a darling, "Nimble". My own "Al-baba" is with the unit. I expect to go back there in a month or two.

The heat is pretty awful and the flies, mosquitoes, and cantharides. The Hamattan (desert winds) has started; already one's lips and nose are cracking though it is not bad yet (they say). We should have the cold season in November. This is the "Little Hot Season," after the rains. Gosh what rains too!

Tropical diseases I find very interesting though not to have! I've had malaria, much to my fury. I'm so tough I didn't get it properly with a high fever but a stupid low fever type. I'm OK now after a course of atabrine.

Here is my pet lizard, "Lizzie" of course, coming to be fed but she or he is a bit previous. I have two of them. One eats out of my hand and bites my toes when they are bare. Funny little things.

I started to learn Hausa before I was posted here. It is fun—all tones.

There is another army Sister here and we do twenty-four hours on each from two p. m. to two p. m. It works out well. The civilian Sister at the European Hospital is on local leave meantime. We do the catering too. It is fun. My arithmetic hasn't improved though, tell Audrey. I wish she was here to keep the books for me! Local stuff is very cheap. Meat without bone, three pence a pound, eggs, seven pence, etc., oranges, four pence a dozen. How I'd like to send some home! Of course tea, sugar, etc., is expensive, but living (eating) is very cheap on the whole.

I've got some lovely Kano cloth and local leather work. Hausa traders often come around. It is great fun bargaining with them.

How are you all? It was great to hear from you. First time in months. I wonder if you ever get my letters. I write quite often. I'll find out from O.C. Troops if I can send this by air. I may be able to via Cairo.

Heaps, and heaps of love to you all and every good wish.

P. S. I have had two hebonese babies here!

. . . .

**From Parkie in Surrey, near London—October 19, 1941.**

Our third year of war. It doesn't seem possible. Wonder how long it really is going to be. It's different to the last. It's more of a civilian's war and I sincerely hope it never comes to your country.

It's been like heaven over here lately since he decided to attack Russia. We get interruptions of a minor degree but after the other we have become very bold and we turn over and go to sleep unless it gets very near. What it must be like in Russia heaven alone knows for they have the cold bitter weather to contend with as well, which makes it doubly hard.

I've done very little visiting this year, have had nearly eighty babies in the first ten months but I did get a very lovely summer holiday and I enjoyed every minute of it doing—actually nothing. I think the women are heroic having babies in times like these and they are lovely babies too. Of course if you want to get extra clothes and extra food you have to have a baby just now in England so it has some compensations! Fifty clothing coupons are not to be sneezed at and seven pints of milk a week assured, also extra food. But honestly the women are bricks, take everything in good spirit and as they have to register for work they are more than willing to do not only their own share but a bit more. Of course housewives with a family are exempt, unless they volunteer, and there is a suitable creche near to keep babies breast-fed. I should think breast feeding has gone up twenty-five per cent since the Raids. The mothers do feel they have the babies' food with them if they have to run to a shelter. There is generally no time to get babies' bottles,

but they can snatch a jug of clean water and most of them keep a small stock of tinned stuff in the shelter in case of necessity!

I've just finished William Shirer's book "Berlin Diary". It's awfully true and very good reading, especially when he says he met Mary Marvin Breckinridge in one or two places. The Nazis certainly won't thank him for publishing it. Gladys sent it for my birthday but it's published over here now. I enjoy the Reader's Digest but that has been printed over here all this year. Father gets his Geographic and hasn't missed one so far this year, but my Spring F. N. S. Bulletin went down and never arrived so Gladys is sending me on hers.

There are plenty of oranges this week but all reserved for children up to six. Toys will be few and far between this year and I'm afraid many a little girl won't get a dolly. They are very scarce and dear too, but I feel as long as there is enough food that is the biggest problem.

October 26.

This is how my letter writing gets done. I had five more babies this week. It was inspection week with the County Superintendent. We had a Whist Drive Wednesday afternoon for the Nursing Association and we have one Thursday for the Tank Fund; and that's how life goes on. I have two more babies due in October and then heavy months in November and December and many for January, February, March, April and one for May, and I know where ten are for June! and so life goes on.

I had a patient with three boys, the youngest six. The new baby is a precious girl. Brian, the six-year-old, wanted money Saturday to spend and his mother said that now they have a sister they had bothered the nurse for, for months past, she thought they ought to help pay for it. After my last visit, Brian raced in and said, "How much is she going to let us have the baby for?" His mother said, "Two pounds". "Oh," he said. "Dirt cheap that, Mum, isn't it?"

I asked him next day the baby's name and he said, "We call her Alfreda but Daddy calls her the little Princess. Which name do you like?"

I had half an orange this week. I felt quite intoxicated afterwards. It's my first one since June.

**From Mac, The Knowle Rest House, Cranleigh, Surrey,  
England—October 23rd**

This is a lovely house, taken over for injured and blitzed nurses. It stands in a park and surrounded by trees, and a heavenly garden. The Matron is wonderful. The place is run by the Red Cross and the owner is the Commandant. She is charming and a perfect hostess. Her daughter works here, washes the dishes and takes the trays round and drives the ambulance as well.

It is a very interesting place. The present owners have had it only for three years, but the house was built over 300 years ago, but it has been modernised and is perfect (lots of bathrooms). We have a very interesting crowd, a good few from Coventry suffering from nerves, poor things. We have several Czechs. One was a ballet dancer and is now a *nurse*??? Very amusing—There is a Polish girl, perfectly sweet but oh so sad; my heart goes out to her. I am really enjoying the rest, as it is the first since I came home.

I expect to be back on duty when you get this and to carry on doing my bit to win this ghastly war. It is going to be a hard winter and we must face it bravely and with a smile. Are you not proud of the Russians? What they are facing must be awful, burning their own homes and losing everything. Still they carry on bravely.

Shall be thinking of you on Thanksgiving Day and please give me one minute. I shall be with you.

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**"A MISTAKE?"**

"If fighting for democracy is a mistake, then the U. S. has been a mistake ever since it began."

Clarence K. Streit in a debate with Norman  
Thomas on Union Now at  
Pershing Square Auditorium in Los Angeles.

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Mother: "Who ever taught you to use that dreadful language?"

Wallace, Jr.: "Santa Claus when he fell over my bed Christmas eve."

# CALENDAR IN CHRONIC DISORDER

1942

## PRESENT GREGORIAN CALENDAR

FIRST QUARTER							THIRD QUARTER										
	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
JAN					1	2	3		JUL					1	2	3	4
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17			12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24			19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31			26	27	28	29	30	31		
FEB									AUG								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21			16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28			23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
	29	30	31							30	31						
MAR									SEP								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			1	2	3	4	5			
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21			13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28			20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
	29	30	31							27	28	29	30				
90 days							92 days										
SECOND QUARTER							FOURTH QUARTER										
	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
APR						1	2	3	OCT						1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18			11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25			18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
	26	27	28	29	30					25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
MAY							1	2	NOV								
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16			8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23			15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30			22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
	31									29	30						
JUN									DEC								
	1	2	3	4	5	6				1	2	3	4	5			
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13			6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20			13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27			20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
	28	29	30							27	28	29	30	31			
91 days							92 days										

This calendar has 52 weeks and must borrow from another week to complete the year. This causes the calendar to change every year and is responsible for its confusion. Also note varying number of days in each quarter.

## PROPOSED WORLD CALENDAR

FIRST QUARTER							THIRD QUARTER										
	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21			15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28			22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
	29	30	31							29	30	31					
FEB									AUG								
	1	2	3	4						1	2	3	4				
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18			12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25			19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
	26	27	28	29	30					26	27	28	29	30			
MAR									SEP								
	1	2								1	2						
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16			10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23			17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30			24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
91 days							91 days										
SECOND QUARTER							FOURTH QUARTER										
	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21			15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28			22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
	29	30	31							29	30	31					
MAY									NOV								
	1	2	3	4						1	2	3	4				
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18			12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25			19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
	26	27	28	29	30					26	27	28	29	30			
JUN									DEC								
	1	2								1	2						
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16			10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23			17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	**		24	25	26	27	28	29	30	*
91 days							91 days										

\*YEAR-END DAY, December 31 or Y, an extra Saturday (a WORLD HOLIDAY), follows December 30th every year.  
 \*\*LEAP-YEAR DAY, June 31 or L, another extra Saturday (a WORLD HOLIDAY), follows June 30th in leap years.

By ELIZABETH ACHELIS  
 President, The World Calendar Association

Nurses are called upon to contribute their services on land, on sea, and in the air; at home and abroad, for the defense of freedom. In this endeavor, the new World Calendar of Time offers you freedom from the defects of our present calendar which handicaps your work no less than it does the efforts of other members of society and which in its way is as disordered as our world is today.

The aim is, therefore, to establish a new and better calendar for a new and better world. Before we set forth the benefits of The World Calendar plan of 12 months and equal quarters let us analyze the chronic disorder from which today's calendar is suffering.

Nurses and doctors realize better than any other humanitarian group the value of accurate time, the exact minute and the spacing of hours for giving medicine or treatment to a patient and for offering specific periods of rest as an effective cure. Thus they are quick to recognize the tremendous importance of order and regularity in an accurate and dependable clock; but what about the calendar? Would they not like to see the same qualities in it?

Our calendar is the very opposite of the clock. It suffers from chronic disorder. The lengths of the months are so irregular that they are remembered by a childish nursery rhyme. Days and dates never agree from year to year. Quarter years are so unequal that the first quarter in ordinary years has 90 days, the second 91 and each of the third and fourth quarters has 92 days. Because the year always begins on a different day, we are compelled to discard our calendar for a new one every year. Would you like to throw away your watch every year for a new one—your thermometer, scales, tape measures, because these no longer fit in the new year? And then, would you like to learn afresh every year a different measuring system, thermometer and clock reading—shall we say a clock that sometimes begins at 12, midnight, then at 11:30 p. m. or at 12:30 a. m. This in brief is what we have to endure every year with our disordered calendar, and only because we are so used to its shifting awkwardness do we take the calendar for granted and do nothing about it.

Because holidays touch us all so closely, let us consider how they affect us and our families. The approaching New Year's Day comes on a Thursday and no three-day pleasant week-end will be ours to enjoy and the same is true of Lincoln's Birthday; whereas Memorial Day and Independence Day both come on a Saturday, already a half-holiday, thus defrauding us of a full holiday.

When we think of our own anniversaries, what then? We



are constantly deprived of enjoying them on the actual day on which they occurred. Were you born on a Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday? Do you observe these days always as your birthday? Not at all, they hopscotch heedlessly through the week, irrespective of when they first occurred. Why can't we observe the *day* as well as the date, month and year of our birth? It would be far more accurate, far truer than to observe only the birth *date* as we now do. Strange is it not that the day of our birth is a sad Cinderella, neglected and ignored.

Imagine how joyous Christmas would be were it to be always Monday, December 25th! We should all be grateful and glad for a Christmas Eve Sunday on which to prepare in a more spiritual sense for the Monday Christmas celebration. What a boon this would be to salespeople and mail carriers, and all those who do so much toward making Christmas a happy one for us all.

The economic aspect is also an important consideration in our awkward and inconvenient calendar. With short and long months, with holidays breaking willfully into the week, with months having either four or five Mondays, or Tuesdays or Wednesdays (November has four or five Thursdays) all these unreasonable variations bring about unnecessary difficulties in the smooth running of our lives. They present serious obstacles to the production and distribution of goods. The payment of wages and payrolls also calls for readjustment in one way or another so as to overcome calendar deficiencies. How much pleasanter it would be to have a calendar wherein is maintained the same order, harmony and stability that we enjoy in the clock. Well, that is just what the new World Calendar of 12 months and equal quarters is going to do.

This new calendar brings rhythmic order and equal division in its arrangement of the year into equal quarters. Each quarter has its three months of 31, 30, 30 days and contains 13 even weeks. In each quarter the day, week and month coordinate so perfectly that on the first and last days these meet in harmonious agreement. The new World Calendar develops a wholesome system with chronic disorders removed. The different timeparts in the calendar like the different parts of our bodies all function now in rhythm, in harmony, in coordination.

That this improved calendar is recognized by our women is shown in the resolutions endorsing The World Calendar by the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

Chief among its benefits, are the two new World Holidays—one every year to take care of the 365th day and another in leap year for the 366th day. These World Holidays come on an extra Saturday after December 30th, and in leap years after June 30th. Not only are these, *new holidays* but holidays with special significance. The whole world is offered these certain days upon which nations and people everywhere will unite in a spirit of amity and good will, sharing their knowledge and culture in joint comradeship. The whole world will be united in the spirit of a larger community. Nationalism, religious and racial differences will have been put aside on these days and like the leaves of the Tree of Life, these World Holidays will become as the healing leaves for nations.

The date for adoption of The World Calendar is January 1, 1945. That year is chosen because December 30, 1944, in both the old and the new calendar falls on Saturday. The change is, therefore, convenient and easy. The following or transitional day, December 31, in the old calendar naturally becomes the first new World Holiday, that extra Saturday, the "Year-End Day." The World Calendar will then be put into operation the following day, Sunday, January 1, 1945.

Will you do your part? Will you speak about it among your groups, associations and clubs? Ask them to study and endorse The World Calendar through resolutions and send these to the President of the United States. In that way he will become aware that Americans are no longer satisfied with the present shifting and disordered calendar and want another—one which in arrangement is harmonious and balanced, a calendar everyone can enjoy in a new and better world.

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"Step softly under snow and rain,  
To find a place where men can pray;  
The way is all so very plain  
That we may miss the Way."

—G. K. Chesterton.

## DIARY OF A NURSE-MIDWIFE

By AUDREY DYER  
Registered Nurse and Certificated Nurse-Midwife

FOREWORD: Miss Audrey Dyer and Miss Ruth Peninger (hereinafter called Penny) were the two nurse-midwives stationed at the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence while Miss Rose Evans and Miss Peggy Brown were on holiday. Soon after they took over Miss Peninger fell from her horse. We were still too short of relief nurses to send a "floater" to help Audrey. From September 23rd to October 2nd she had to carry the double district alone. We asked permission to print her diary covering these turbulent days and nights.

Sept. 23, 1941—

Penny fell off Blackie (*her horse*) into the river at Mouth of Wilder this evening with three loaves of bread! Hurt her hip. Reported. Miss Buck says "No relief", meaning I am handling midwifery and sick calls on two districts.

Sept. 24, 1941—

Penny had a miserable night. Three-way conversation on the telephone with Miss Buck and Dr. Kooser. Penny went to Hospital on a bed in a truck. Off to Grassy Clinic to see a prenatal and three postpartums and their babies. Have three couriers for dinner and the night,—a nice lot. Talked until 10:00 p. m.

Sept. 25, 1941—

At 4:00 a. m. a call, "This is Tim. Hit's for Sarah." I am there at 6:00 a. m. Sarah is delivered of a girl baby which she names Princess Marie. After I had made mother and baby comfortable, the grandmother served me a wonderful breakfast of fried chicken. Then Floyd from the other district arrives to tell me his Florence is sick and wants me right away. Accompanied by a courier, I went to Florence and was greeted by the family and an old midwife. She packed her bag and I unpacked mine for Florence said, "Please, I want the nurses". So the old midwife (seventy-three years old) was helped on to her mule and went home.

At 11:30 a. m. Florence was delivered of a five and a half pound premature boy who looked even smaller than he was. After making them comfortable and giving detailed instructions to the family regarding his care, I got on Camp and went home.

At 1:00 p. m. had a sandwich and milk, my mail and the funnies.

At 2:30 p. m. went up Wilder Branch to Spring Branch with the couriers to visit two postpartums and one prenatal. All of them all right. Rode Blackie (Penny's horse) and came home by the river. 4:30 p. m. home, hot bath, dinner, and a few minutes on the couch waiting for telephone news about Penny. 5:45 p. m. delivery call. Sally in labor. 7:30 p. m. reached Sally's house in one hour and twenty minutes. Beautiful night, crescent moon. Sally very quiet; would hardly know she was in labor. Two neighbor women by the fire. Four children, aged three to twelve, in the other bed, not asleep, but quiet. 8:40 p. m. Sally's baby, sweet girl called Shirley, born after an anxious time. The cord was wound four times tight around her neck. She was breathing hard and fast but soon better. Sally's oldest sister reached up to the mantel and pulled down a worn purse from which Sally gave me a well-worn five dollar bill to pay for Shirley. That's all she costs! But not all she's worth! 10:10 p. m. I leave instructions with the oldest sister about the care of Sally and Shirley; put the saddle-bags on Camp and start for home. Mostly asleep on the way home. Feared I might fall off but was kept on by the Everlasting Arms.

Sept. 26, 1941—

Clinic at the Center. A. M., cleaned three pairs midwifery saddle-bags. P. M., visited my two newest postpartums.

Sept. 27, 1941—

A. M., visited four postpartums and answered a sick call. P. M., wrote up my records of the three deliveries and the three babies, Princess Marie, Darrell, Shirley.

Sept. 28, 1941—

Sunday. An appreciated day of rest. One clinic call.

Sept. 29, 1941—

Visited three mothers and babies and two sick cases. Wrote up the records.

Sept. 30, 1941—

Visited postpartums. Got lost beyond Hell-for-Certain Creek between Devil's Jump and Wilder's Branch.

Oct. 1, 1941—

Visited two postpartums before Grassy Clinic at 9:30 a. m. Got back to the Center for lunch. After lunch went to Dry Hill on Camp, leading Penny's horse, Blackie, to meet her. She was brought that far by "Freddie" and is all right again. Did a prenatal clinic at Dry Hill and had Camp shod. Did a postpartum on my way home. Wrote up records while Penny talked with "Freddie".

Oct. 2, 1941—

Another baby! But Penny's back and there will be two of us again.

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### GREETINGS

The Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service is getting a number of Christmas subscriptions and is sending, to each recipient of the Bulletin gift for one year, a lovely greeting card with the name of the donor and a picture of the Winter Baby wrapped in a leaf surrounded by furry animals.

If any more of you who read this want to give the Quarterly Bulletin for a year to a friend, kindly send one dollar to Wendover with the name and address of your friend. This issue of the Bulletin will be the first sent the friend and the greeting card will be mailed immediately. At least it should arrive before New Year!

## OLD COURIER NEWS

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The news of our old couriers continues to delight us with its variety and novelty and charm. "Pebble" Stone of Lawrence, Long Island has now done so many solo flights that she is no longer a novice at flying. Susan Page of Philadelphia has taken up training as a nurse and has chosen the Montreal General Hospital in Canada as the place in which to train. She writes: "I have been here since August and I love the work. I am still a 'probie', which means that most of my time is in classes. With luck and the grace of God I get my cap around the first of February." A picture of Anne Preston making a most daring jump appeared in the Louisville Courier-Journal of October 22nd with the following caption:

"One of the most consistent first-place winners on the Kentucky horse show circuit this season has been Dusty Red, owned and ridden by Anne Preston of Lexington."

Betty Pratt (Mrs. Andrew Yeomans of Boston) writes as follows of her husband:

"For a year's period, Andy is now a medical officer connected with the New Pan American air base on the west coast of Africa: in Nigeria and Gold Coast regions. These bases are used for National Defence to transport bombers and planes from the U. S. A. to the Near East. He and two surgeons will be in charge of a large personnel and there will be adequate medical supplies and living facilities. There will be medical centers at air fields dotted through Africa, on up to Khartoum. He is pleased to be working in such close touch with the R. A. F. and the British Army."

Betty, with her little boy and the new baby expected in December, will stay with her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Pratt, in New Bedford until her husband returns.

Mary Stevenson of Pittsburgh has announced her engagement to Mr. Spencer Hackett who is now studying for the Navy at Northwestern. They hope to be married after his four months' training course.

From Susan Morse, Mrs. John W. Putnam, in Concord, Massachusetts we quote from a letter of November 7th:

"I suppose you know that our second child Eleanor, arrived last March and has already reached the crawling stage. We have

a lively household with two of our own and two English children aged 16 and 14 who have been with us for over a year. The latter are delightful and we feel as if they almost belonged to us. We were lucky to get two who fitted in so well and have adapted themselves so nicely to American ways. Poor lambs! Think what a wrench it must be for them."

Kitty Lou Taylor of Pittsburgh spoke for an hour to the third year student nurses of St. Margaret's Training School. She writes about it as follows:

"I felt rather guilty as I certainly couldn't do the justice to it that one who does it all the time can. But it was all very informal, and they asked lots of questions. I felt rewarded when two nurses came to me afterwards to find out to whom to write about the qualifications, etc."

Barbara Brown and Hariette Sherman in Cleveland were slated to give a talk about the Frontier Nursing Service in November. We haven't heard of the outcome, which we are sure was highly successful. Barbara writes about it in advance:

"Harriette and I have quite a job ahead of us Monday night. The group that Andy belongs to (Alpha Omicron Pi) has one evening a year here in Cleveland for the F. N. S. So we are going to their meeting and tell them all about it. Heaven only knows what will happen, but it ought to be fun. Andy sent on some pictures. It's informal and at someone's house so maybe it won't be quite so scary. Besides secretarial school I work at Lakeside Hospital which is marvelous fun. I just love it. But nothing will ever compare to working at Wendover. There's a real, genuine and free atmosphere down there that is very contagious and often I wish for it. You're helping people all the time and at the same time leading a wonderful normal carefree life without the feeling of being shut-in and suffocated, as one does in a big city or anywhere where life is roaring and tearing. I've really never been so happy as when I was at Wendover."

Our old courier "Prudy" Holmes, writes from Philadelphia as follows:

"It is too easy to imagine the difficulties which the Service must have had to face in the loss both of forces and of funds withdrawn or scattered across the great need of our tragic world. Yet its meaning and value have become, if possible, all the greater, as we realize that poverty and need are not the birthplace of the democratic values which are at stake in the bombed courts of England, the betrayed villages of France and, as I write, in the struggles of the brave Russian people defending their soil. In a tremendous conceptual leap of the harrassed contemporary mind we become aware of a unity which makes crumble the false concepts of national barriers; and we recognize a common struggle across the earth for an equitable social order within which the aspirations of free peoples can thrive. How much we wish that this struggle could be fought with the weapons of Wendover."

# CATTERIES

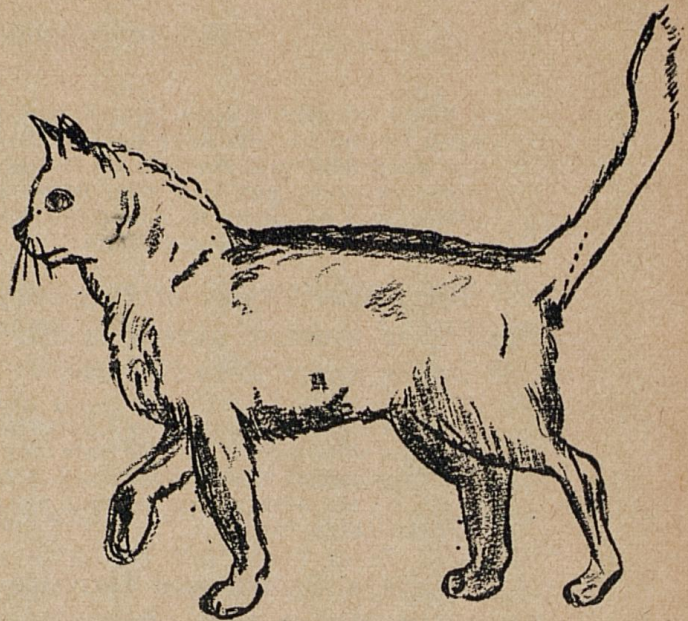
I

Pitty-Pat  
Is a tentative cat  
And a tentative cat is she  
She comes half way in  
She goes half way out  
She takes a quick spin  
Then still as a pin  
She mews with a shout  
Pitty-Pat  
Is a tentative cat

She goes for a mouse  
She darts at a dog  
Then claws an old log  
Snarls at her poor spouse  
Runs under the house  
Pitty-Pat  
Is a tentative cat

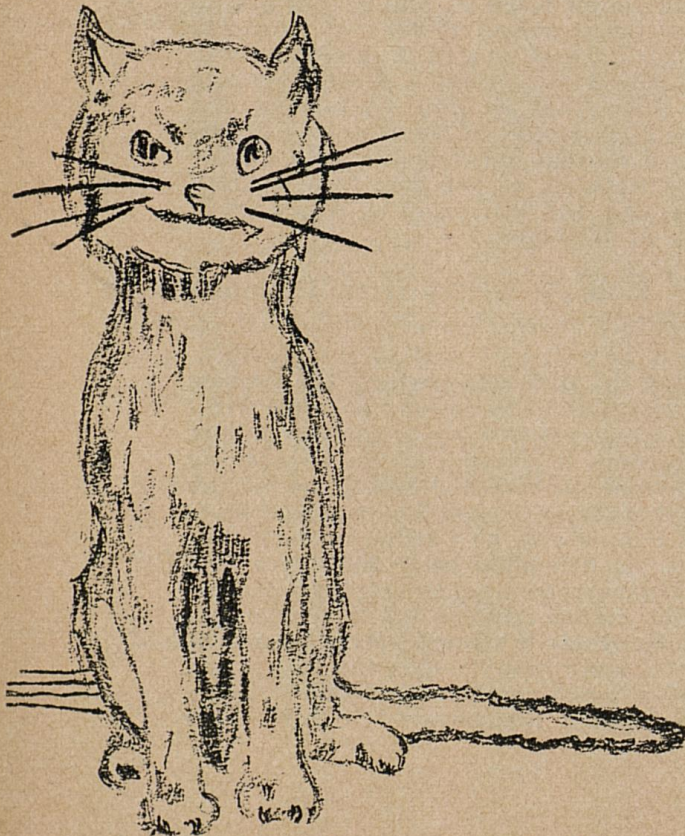


A Kitten — with tentative tail



Pitty Pat is a tentative cat

She begs at the door  
Comes asking for milk  
Spills it on the floor  
Then cries out for more  
As brazen as silk  
Pitty-Pat  
Is a tentative cat



A scruminoulolius cat



She borned a kitten  
With tentative tail  
Nary a mitten  
To cover the bitten  
Stumped end of this male  
Now is that fitten?  
Pitty-Pat  
Is a tentative cat  
And a tentative cat is she  
Ah! Me!

II

Old Pat is scruminoulolius  
Dispute it not  
All those who rumple his folius  
Deserve to rot  
When this does bumble your bolius  
Then go to pot.



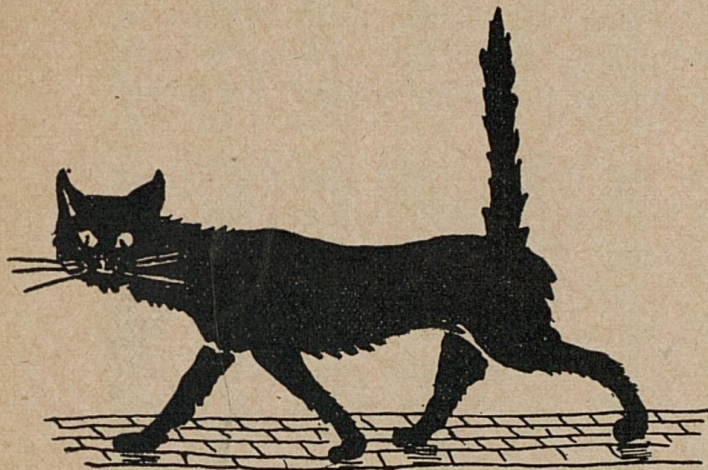
S  
Dedicated to David  
Because he had a birthday at Wendover

III

What so rare as a little black kit  
Hey-nonny  
Unless it is his brother gray kit  
Hey-nonny  
They  
Spit  
Bit  
Fit  
Hey-nonny, hey-nonny, hey-nonny



They . . spit . . bit . . fit



Stranger Cat

IV

Stalking on my roof  
With paw not hoof  
Came a Stranger Cat  
Seeking a rat.

God rest you Little Friend, I said,  
The night is late, go home to bed  
Remove from off my roof your tread.

The Stranger Cat answered me not  
She chose to linger near this spot  
I do not know what made her come  
I only know she's now at home.

V  
Talking through your Hat  
Riding on a Bat  
Stalking like a Cat  
Swimming in a Vat  
Walking up a Flat  
Gnawing like a Rat  
Growling on the Mat,  
Don't do that  
Scat!



The End

## TRAILS, TOWNS AND TRAINS

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### TRAILS

In the month of September we again had our rallies at all of the six outpost nursing stations. They are a source of unending enjoyment to me, as Director of the Service. No words can describe what fun it is to meet with hundreds of mountain friends for a picnic lunch, to make my official report to them of the work of their Frontier Nursing Service and so bring to their minds and hearts the fact that each locality is part of a larger whole.

The first rally was at the Possum Bend Nursing Center (Frances Bolton) down on the lower Middle Fork at Confluence on Tuesday, September second. The afternoon before I was driven down by car over the stretch of WPA road as far as it goes, which is about a mile above Dry Hill. To that point our courier, Bobby Whipple, had ridden her horse and led my flea-bitten gray mare, Babbette. We all met where the bit of improved road ended and the old trail began. I left the car and mounted with my saddle-bags and we rode the remaining seven miles to Possum Bend, crossing and recrossing the river at several points. I spent the night with our nurses there, Peggy and Cherry. Next day in advance of the rally our admirable Confluence Committee under the able chairmanship of our Trustee, Mr. Elmer Huff, met with me and the nurses. We then all took on the part of hosts and hostesses to serve the picnic lunch to a large gathering of nearly three hundred people. Mr. Huff spoke and I made my report. After that I told a story about wizards to the children. Later in the day Bobby and I mounted our horses and rode the ten miles up Wilder, across the mountain, down on to Shoal, over the river, and along the river to the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown in Perry County. There Foxy gave us a big welcome and we had a restful evening with the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Gabbard of Buckhorn School for dinner.

At each of these rallies the procedure is the same. Again at Bowlingtown our local Committee gathered around me. Our fine local Chairman, Mr. Will Gay, spoke and I followed with my report. After that and the picnic lunch I told a story to the children. Then Bobby and I got on our horses again and rode across the river, stopping a minute on the far side to talk to our old friend, Mrs. Barger, and then up Leatherwood Creek over the mountain, and down Panco Creek, to Bullskin and so to Brutus. We were intrigued with the work being done on the WPA road up Bullskin Creek. Over this smooth dirt surface our horses struck into their fastest running walk and the last two miles were covered quickly. Here at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center we were given a royal welcome by Minnie Meeke and Nelly Kelly.

Needless to say, the dogs and horses and cow at each Center shared in welcoming us. Peter is the dog at Confluence, Brownie the one at Bowlingtown, and old Tiger the dog at Brutus. Among the pets at Brutus are two geese, almost a replica of the two at Wendover. We had sent the gander over from Wendover and I was enchanted to see him again and his lovely mate, Bridget, who came from the neighborhood. All of these Centers looked fresh and trim with the painting and repair work that had been done on them. I was glad to see that the grass in the pastures at all points was good.

The next day, Thursday, September fourth, came the Brutus rally preceded by the usual picnic lunch. Here our excellent chairman, Mr. Jasper Peters, spoke first; then, just as I was about to begin my report, the Peters' little daughter, who is only two years old, came up to me in a new long dress to her ankles and new white shoes. Very solemnly she presented me with a bouquet of late garden flowers. At the suggestion of one of the men on the Brutus Committee every member of the Committee wore a little blue bow as a badge to distinguish them as hostesses and hosts of the meeting. Over three hundred people attended this rally.

For all of these rallies the weather was fine while the rally was on, but every day it rained after the rally, so that Bobby and I were swathed in raincoats most of the time we were riding.

The rally of the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing

Center at Beech Fork took place later in the month on Thursday, September eighteenth. We had it at the Stinnett Settlement School this year instead of at the nursing Center so as to let the people from the lower end of the districts attend with more ease. I went up the night before to the nursing Center accompanied by our courier, Catharine Mellick. Again the couriers helped to reduce my hours of riding (which do hurt my back) by taking me as far as the new road would allow by car. Catharine brought both horses up, and where the road ended my saddle-bags were thrown over Babbette and I mounted. The highway had been extended several miles since I was last up there and is an enormous improvement, but one is saddened by the destruction of so many glorious trees to the right and left of these new highways. I never cease to suggest that the trees be spared, or to wonder why they need be cut down.

The Jessie Preston Draper Center looked radiantly lovely in the evening light. The nurses, Inty and Burt, and the dog, Paddy, the horses and cow and cat all welcomed us genially. A third nurse was there, Gonny, who was to take over for Inty's vacation which would come right after the rally. We had a jolly evening and for me a most informative one. I get so much more from the "Rounds" than I ever can give in return.

The next day we rode down to the Stinnett Settlement School. For the first time in all the many years that he has held the chairmanship, Mr. Sherman Cook had to miss a meeting. He had just gotten a road job and could not get off. Mr. Albert Hoskins opened the meeting and asked Mr. Isaac Wells to preside. The delightful Christian minister from Hazard, Mr. Stewart, and his wife were present and Mr. Stewart was so kind as to speak before I gave my report. Of course there was the usual picnic lunch of sandwiches, apples and orange pop, and again I told the children a fairy story when the regular meeting was over.

The last two rallies did not come until later in the month and Dorothy Buck went with me to them. Over the new WPA road I was able to get to the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at the mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River by car and our courier Freddie Holdship, drove me. The rally came on Thursday, September twenty-fifth, and we spent the

preceding night with Charlie at the nursing center. Again the joy of seeing old friends including Whitey the dog, Charlie's horse Puck, and Spicy-Step her cow. I found that several of the cows at the nursing centers were giving more milk than the nurses felt they actually needed to drink and for butter. The nurses were giving the surplus away to neighbors with children whose cows were dry.

We held the rally at the Flat Creek School. The weather was glorious and we picnicked under some great trees. Our Chairman, Mr. Bascomb Bowling, spoke and I followed with my report and then a story for the children. Everything went through with the smoothness and ease of long practice.

After the rally we drove down the WPA trail along lovely Red Bird River. Here the trees on both sides have not been cut, the trail is narrow and winds charmingly, crossing and re-crossing the river at several points. Of course it is impossible to use a car over it when the river is high, and one goes back to the undauntable horses again.

We arrived at the lovely Clara Ford Nursing Center, high up above Red Bird River in time for a late tea and were given a royal welcome by our nurse there, Catherine Uhl. Before it was dark we visited the grounds and barns, made acquaintance again with her horse, Gypsy King, and her little Model A Ford car named Henrietta (for this center is partly motorized). We met her new dog, Frankie, and liked him. We greeted again with enthusiasm her fine old cow, Mary Chase, who was given us years ago by Mrs. Philip Chase of Boston and who has been a most dependable milk and butter producer ever since. As at all the centers there were a thousand things to see and hear.

On Friday, September twenty-sixth, we had the Red Bird rally at the School at Big Creek attended by a large crowd of men, women and children. In addition to the regular picnic lunch, our Secretary of the Red Bird Committee, Mrs. Floyd Bowling, and the other women on the Committee, had baked a lot of delicious cookies and made some coffee for those who preferred it to orange pop. Our splendid Chairman, Mr. Leonard Adams of Big Creek, spoke and I followed with my report and then with a wizard story for the children. This was the last of the rallies and fitting that it should take place with one of

our oldest Committees and groups of friends. Here the station wagon met me with some of our people from Hyden and Wendover and we drove home in the gathering dark to the mouth of Muncie Creek. Beyond that we don't take the station wagon because the river must be forded and the trail is rough. The rallies were over for this year.

### TOWNS AND TRAINS

On Tuesday, October twenty-first I left Wendover in time to catch an afternoon train in Lexington for Washington. Wednesday I spent in Washington with our Chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner, and her husband and our courier, Marion Shouse. Mrs. Groner called the Washington Committee together to meet me at tea in the afternoon and invited a few other friends so that there were about fifty people in her long drawing-room. It was lovely to meet them, to make a brief report to them, and to hear about the plans for Washington's traditional annual Benefit. Again, as in past years, we will have the famous John Mason Brown at the Mayflower Hotel. This year it will be Saturday, March twenty-eighth, 1942.

My own Elisabeth Holmes, my former secretary, now in training at Johns Hopkins Hospital, came from Baltimore to see me. That night she, young Marion and Marion's indefatigable shadow, Reeve Lewis, took me to the station where I caught a night train for Boston. Straight from the train the next morning I went to our honorary Chairman Mrs. E. A. Codman's house on Beacon Street for breakfast. From then on followed an enthralling as well as busy day. Several members of the Boston Committee who couldn't come to the afternoon meeting came by in the morning. Mrs. John Rock came in early and she and Mrs. Codman and I lunched together. We are without a permanent Chairman in Boston because the Chairman who succeeded Mrs. Codman, Mrs. Guido Perera, has gone with her husband to Washington for the duration. In fact, it seemed to me that about a third of our Boston Committee had gone to Washington. Mrs. Reginald Smithwick was so dear as to consent to take the annual meeting chairmanship, and so tide over the interregnum, but we deferred setting the time of the annual meeting, which will probably not be before spring.

Mrs. Richard Higgins who is a member of our Boston Committee and also a member of the Educational Division of the Greater Boston Community Fund discussed a suggestion that I speak for this Fund when they open their drive in January, as I did for the Dayton Community Chest Fund last year. Before I got back to Wendover it had all been arranged. Upon the invitation of the chairman, Mrs. Phister Corvin, I am speaking at the opening luncheon of the Educational Division on Monday, January fifth. This gives me peculiar pleasure. Not only do I like to do this whenever I can fit in the time, but in the case of Boston I have a very real debt to pay. It was in Boston that I took my graduate training in district nursing with the old Instructive District Nursing Association on Commonwealth Avenue. I know something at first hand of Boston's vast metropolitan problems and I have never ceased to be grateful for the excellent training in district nursing which Boston gave to me.

Where one has as many loyal friends on a Committee as we have in Boston it is not possible to describe the pleasure with which I always see each one again. I had to catch a train in the early evening for New York. My young cousin, Mrs. John Grandin, Jr. took me from Mrs. Codman's house to her apartment. After an hour with her and her husband they put me on my train.

That same evening, just short of midnight, I got to the Cosmopolitan Club in New York. Thursday was not quite over, but I had moved so fast and seen so many people, that I found it hard to realize that on Tuesday I had been in the heart of the Kentucky hills. I stayed in New York for several days. Our charming and able New York Chairman, Mrs. H. Harvey Pike, Jr., has gone to California for the Autumn. Last year she was much in Mexico and Quebec. She felt that she should not carry the chairmanship when she had to be out of New York a good deal of the year. I got in touch with many of the New York Committee, at lunch and tea and over the telephone. I found they were all unanimous in their choice of a new Chairman so I had both the difficulty and the delight of persuading Mrs. Milward W. Martin, who had been Chairman of the Bargain Box Committee, to take the chairmanship of the whole New York Committee. She also is so able, as well as charming, that we

are rarely fortunate in winning her consent. In spite of all this business I found time in New York to see old friends and members of my family, attend a luncheon and Forum of the Foreign Policy Association with Ella Woodyard at the Waldorf Astoria and cram in stacks of other things.

On Tuesday, October twenty-eighth, the New York Committee had a meeting in the morning and then gave a Rummage Lunch in my honor at the Junior League. A rummage lunch is one where everybody who comes has to bring something for us to sell at the Bargain Box. We all gathered for the preliminary meeting at the home of Mrs. Carnes Weeks, our New York Vice-Chairman. When I said that I was on my way to Chicago and only hanging about the East, Mrs. Kirkland remarked: "It sounds like the morning star". Like all inland people I ate so much sea food during these few days on the coast that my stomach, like that of the young man on his first trip to Florida, rose and fell with the tide.

On Wednesday, October twenty-ninth, I left for Milwaukee via Chicago. Thursday morning early, in the big, roaring, dirty station, I had an idyllic experience. I was hurrying past an express car when I noticed, standing in the middle of the opening, a wonderful white gander exactly like my Waddle at home. When I spoke to him he bowed. Then I spoke again and he continued to bow. A man near him said that he was a mascot for the express car. Intrigued, I drew closer and saw that one end of the car had been made into loose boxes. There, with a genial colored man in attendance, were two horses—one brown and one a flea-bitten gray like my Babbette. Immensely bucked by this vista I hurried across to the Chicago and Northwestern station. I know this place of old and its facilities for getting tidy. I had a bath, an oil shampoo and a manicure. Then I caught a train for Milwaukee. Mrs. A. E. Eschweiler, Jr. and Mrs. Waller Carson met me at the station and took me to the lovely Woman's Club of Wisconsin on Kilbourne Avenue. We had a huge lunch of about three hundred women. After that I made my talk to the Club.

That evening I spoke again at the Marquette Medical School auditorium to the nurses of Milwaukee under the auspices of the Board of the Visiting Nurse Association. Although mem-



bers of the Board, men and women, were present my talk was entirely for the nurses themselves. After that the Chairman of the Board and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stone, had a party for me at their house.

I spent the night with my dear cousins the Joseph Carsons and went to Madison the next morning. From Friday until Sunday afternoon I stayed at Madison with another dear cousin, Elizabeth Agard, and her husband, Walter R. Agard, who is head of the Department of Greek at the University of Wisconsin. They had a party for me Friday afternoon at which I spoke. It was a lovely restful weekend and by that time I needed it. Sunday evening found me in Chicago.

On Monday, November third we had our big Chicago annual meeting at the Casino Club, to which I was taken by Mrs. D. Mark Cummings. Our outgoing Chicago Chairman, Mrs. Donald McLennan, gave a luncheon for me of the Committee members first. She arranged for me to change seats with every course so that I really got a chance to see and talk with some of my friends. Miss Naomi Donnelley, in whose dear mother's home we had had our first Chicago meeting so many years ago, has succeeded Mrs. McLennan in the Chicago chairmanship. The three former Chicago Chairmen, in the order in which they served, have been so kind as to agree to serve as Vice-Chairmen, namely: Mrs. Frederic Upham, Mrs. Charles W. Dempster and Mrs. Donald McLennan. The Committee had been enriched with five new members: Mrs. J. Francis Dammann, mother of our courier Nancy; Mrs. George C. Ebbert; Mrs. Roy C. Ingersoll, mother of our courier Barbara; Mrs. Clark J. Lawrence, mother of our courier Nancy Blaine; and Mrs. James Ward Thorne. It was good to have them come on the committee, and good to meet again so many of the old members of the Committee including old couriers.

To my delight our Lyda Anderson had come up to Chicago for the meeting and we had a lovely visit together afterwards. The arm she broke when she came to help the F. N. S. will never be quite well, but it is so much better that it rejoiced my heart to see it.

I remained in Chicago until Wednesday evening and both Tuesday and Wednesday were crowded with interest and with

the joy of seeing something of old friends. Tuesday evening Mrs. Dammann and Nancy took me out to Winnetka where I was the guest of Mrs. William G. Hibbard at a most interesting dinner. We went on afterwards to a Forum on Federal Union sponsored by Mrs. James J. Forstall and other members of the Winnetka Chapter. The speaker of the evening was a most delightful Swiss lawyer, Max Habricht. Mr. Armin Elmendorf, Chairman of the Winnetka Chapter, presided. I was asked to speak for about ten minutes in advance of Mr. Habricht.

On Wednesday afternoon I was so happy as to have another glimpse of Federal Union in Chicago when the Chicago Metropolitan Council invited me, with Dr. Habricht, to attend a meeting of their Board of Directors. Another interesting thing for me was to attend, as the guest of Mrs. Frederic Upham, a luncheon of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. The speaker was Jay Allen and he was impressive. For anyone who lives remotely in the country, occasions of this sort are rare treats. I caught a late train Wednesday evening for Louisville where I stayed from Thursday morning until Friday afternoon with Miss Mattie Norton at "Gardencourt".

Thursday was the day of the wonderful Rummage Sale (which cleared over a thousand dollars) sponsored by Mrs. Morris Belknap and the rest of the Louisville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. Miss Mattie and I were in and out of the Sale all day. I never saw people work any harder or more effectively than the various members of the Louisville Committee who were in charge of tables. Donations of furniture, china, clothing, books, pictures and hosts of other things filled the big room and sales went on briskly all day.

At Friday noon we had a meeting at the Pendennis Club of the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service in a private dining-room. Our Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett, presided and our Treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, came over with other Lexington members to make his report. All of the Louisville members were present but Thruston Morton, who is in the Naval Reserve and at the Great Lakes' Training Camp. Mrs. Henry B. Joy came down all the way from Detroit and Mrs. Herman F. Stone all the way from New York. Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker had intended coming from Pittsburgh but wired that her doctor

had put her to bed because of a heavy cold. Mr. Rogan was away from home and had to miss this meeting. There are never any words to describe what it means to me to have these Executive Committee meetings and unload the full burden of an executive's responsibilities. At these meetings, for a brief space, the burden is shared. The counsel I get then keeps me going until the next meeting.

That afternoon I went back to Lexington in Mrs. George Hunt's car; and came up to Wendover with our courier, Jean Hollins, the next day. I had only been gone a little over two weeks but these weeks have been so crowded with towns and trains that it seemed as though I must have been away a much longer time.

. . . .

On the trails of the Kentucky mountains one not only meets with good Anglo-Saxon stock, but with good English speech. It is often in startling contrast to some of the words that pass for English in our modern newspapers. As an example, compare this.

At one of our rallies on Red Bird River an old friend rose up and spoke of me as "that blessed old gray-haired creature".

In a Milwaukee newspaper after I had spoken to the Woman's Club I saw myself described as "an aluminum-haired, dynamic sexagenarian".

I do not like to be a purist in the use of the English tongue—but which would you prefer if you were I?

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

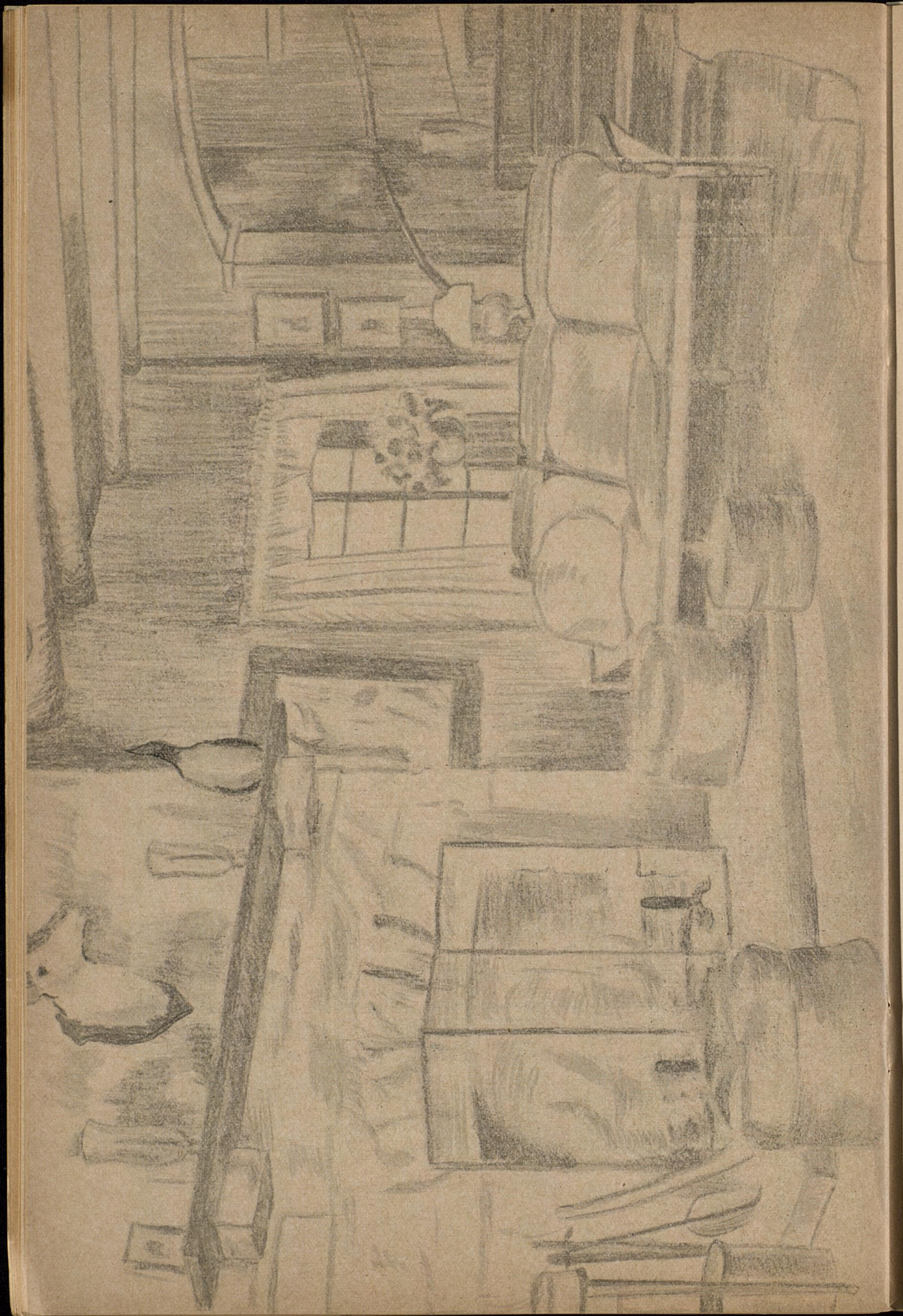
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#### LETTER FROM A SCHOOL

"Among the numerous books given the children to read and review last summer 'Nurses on Horseback' was most popular and seventy per cent of the girls chose it. One child wrote in her paper:

'Mary Breckinridge was born in 1790 in Virginia . . . . She lived for twelve months in Washington, then went to a Swiss school. . . . This book . . . was simple reading and was always interesting and every word I read put more knowledge into my head.'

Another child wrote: 'Although Mary Breckinridge has long since been gone her spirit still lives in the Kentucky mountains.'



## WENDOVER

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By MARION SHOUSE

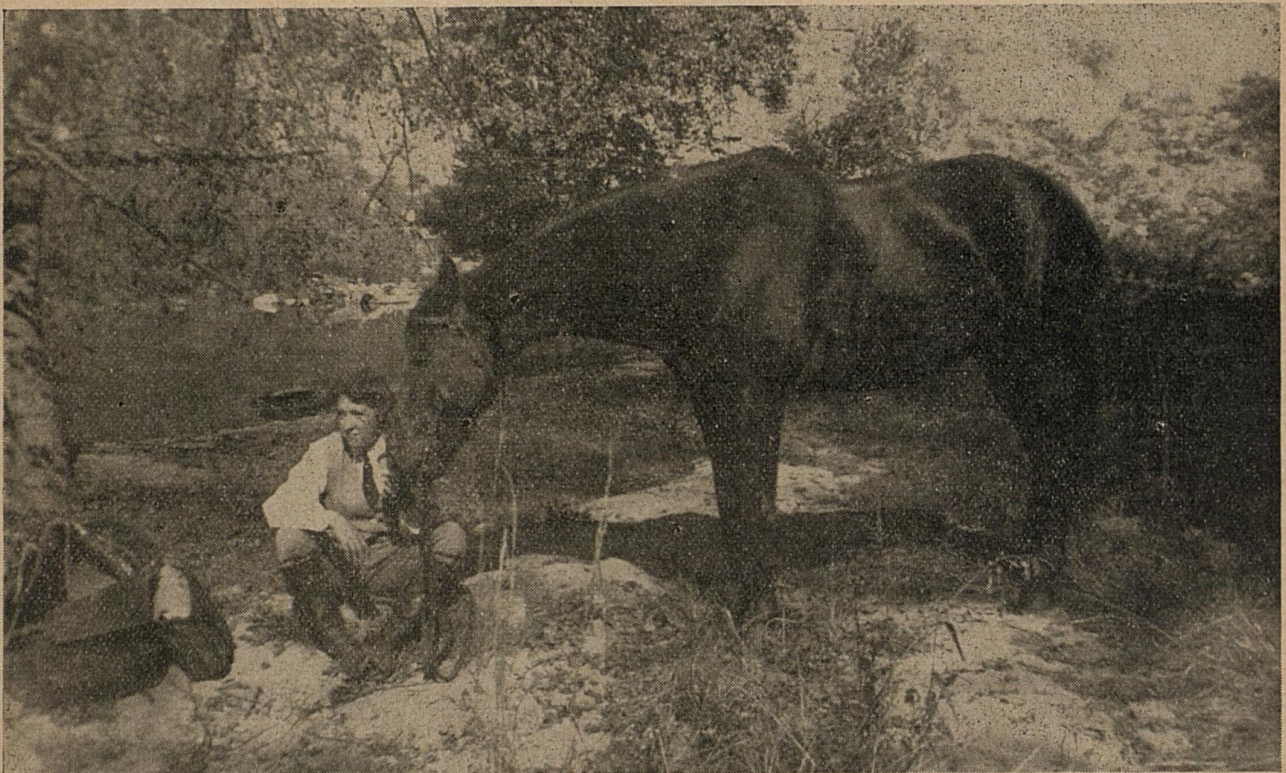
I have a fancy that each night  
A lighted candle gleams  
Across that quiet window sill,  
To lighten with its beams  
The dark that falls for all of us  
Who there have shared our dreams;  
And laughed and slept, and walked and wept.  
It beacons with its beams  
Across the years, the joys and tears  
That blended in its name;  
And by its call vanquishes fears  
Where-ere on land or sea  
We hear the name, well loved, long called,  
Still changelessly the same;  
In all this change  
Still changelessly the same.

November, 1941.

## ME AND MY HORSE

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By FLORENCE SAMSON, R. N.



**SAMMY AND CAPTAIN PAT**

A year ago I would have thought it impossible to become fond of a horse. How one's point of view changes!

In spite of this being a mechanized age I had seen horses before I came to the Frontier Nursing Service. They are four-legged animals and come in assorted colors. They have a long, hairy appendage at the back, a tail, which is supposed to discourage flies. It also discourages the man who shoes the animal. A horse wears lovely iron shoes which would last you or me a life-time; but not a horse. Three weeks is about average.

A horse is nearly always taller than you are. It seems foolish

at first to expect anyone to step up and sit down on a bit of leather which is a foot above your head, but it can be done. When you mount a horse, he is apt to shrug his shoulders and switch a fly. You grasp the reins more firmly and give him a nudge with your right heel. He starts slowly forward.

The courier, your instructor, tells you about a running-walk. All you do is jiggle but you stay with it. Gradually you learn to relax and take it easy; and then you begin to enjoy sitting high up and looking at the beautiful mountains. More gradually you begin to notice symptoms of personality in your horse. Both of you come in tired, hot and dusty and while you are rubbing him down he rubs his dirty, wet nose on your sleeve. He may even nibble at you a bit with his lips. Don't jump and yell. He is being affectionate.

When you go to the barn he sticks his head out of a generous box stall and looks interested. You rub his nose and forelock and scratch around his ears. He leaves a smear of wet oats on your uniform. This is love.

When you start out he grunts and groans like a disappointed camel, but once down the hill he starts off in his beautiful, smooth, running-walk. It makes you want to laugh for sheer joy.

He is much interested in your lunch. Grass he can have by merely stretching his neck but your bacon and tomato sandwich smells so good he can't resist it. You have already had two bites of it so he reaches out and takes one. That is the end of that sandwich. If you tie him so far away that he can't get at your lunch, he looks at you reproachfully.

After lunch you start off again for your next call. You are eating a large, juicy peach which Mattie has put into your lunch, and making uncouth noises to prevent the loss of the juice. Your horse listens to that for a while and then reaches around for his share. When he practically puts his head on your knee and says, "Please", you sigh and give it to him. He takes it, spits out the seed, and starts off with his head held high and his neck arched.

The day comes when your horse runs away from you. You have taken off his saddle to rest his tired back while you make a long visit to a new-born baby and its mother. You have tied him in a nice bosky dell where he should be happy. You are

sitting in the cabin with a naked baby on your aproned lap when you look up to see your darling rushing off down the creek trailing remnants of bridle and reins. You resign yourself to a nice quiet walk home and continue to bathe the baby. It is only ten miles around the mountain.

You finish your work and start to walk with the forty-pound saddle-bags over your shoulder. You collect bits of bridle as you go. The longer you walk the more you dislike it. How does that animal dare do this to you? You have petted him like a baby. You have procured lump sugar for him at great trouble and expense. You have wheedled apples from Mattie for him. You have rubbed his tired, aching back with lotions and oiled his coat to keep him shining. And he leaves you up a creek!

The farther you walk the more irate you get. You plan fancy forms of mayhem and battery. If you ever get your hands on that animal you will bash his ears down! The sun beats down as you trudge along, panting from the unaccustomed exercise. You sweat. You mutter in your teeth. And lo! Here is your horse!

Your anger rises up to choke you. With a whinney of pleasure the animal rushes to meet you. He noses around your shoulders and spreads partly chewed grass and saliva all over your coat. He scratches his face on the buttons. What do you do? You are as glad to be re-united as he is and you say so. You patch the bridle together with bits of string. He all but kneels down to let you climb on his bare back. He has rolled on some nice gooey mud, but you climb on his bare back. You still have to retrieve your saddle.

Your horse is an angel for days after this episode; but you never know when his sense of humor will break out anew. He is the pride of your life; your joy and your despair. He carries you about over difficult terrain and never seems to complain. In snow and sleet he picks his way over icy rocks, slowly, carefully, so as not to jar you by slipping. He carries you to and fro over steep mountain trails in black dark. In the essentials he never lets you down. He is as faithful as a dog and as gentle and loving. But don't let's get started on dogs. . . .



## NIGHT CALL

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By MARY ELIZABETH ROGAN

FOREWORD: Only lately have we been privileged to see a letter written by Mary Lib on February 7th, 1934 to her family in Glendale, Ohio, from which this bit is printed with their kind permission. The Maggie of the story was the Wendover nurse-midwife then and her full name is Margaret Oetjen.

At about 8:00 P. M. what do you think happened? Maggie got a delivery call and she said she'd take me. We tore out and got the horses ready in the blackest black you've ever seen—with flashlights, and were on our way with the father by 8:15. Maggie had her saddle bags on Little Bill and I had a big layette in a laundry bag under my left arm and a flash in my right. Of course the house we were going to was the farthest away of any of Maggie's cases on the worst road in this section of the country. It was about 7 miles away—3 miles of which are straight down a hill made of one mass of rocks. It was awfully cold and the ground was frozen hard and neither of our horses had on ice nails; consequently we had to get off and lead them for about two of the miles down hill. The creeks were frozen over and we had to break through the ice to let them drink and, incidentally, it's also very bad on the horses' legs—scratches!

We got there about 10:15 P. M. and tied up our horses and went in the house simply frozen. Do you think that house was warm? Nuts! They had a fire going but the cracks and holes in the walls and floor successfully counteracted any heat that might have been forthcoming. We found three women in the room with the patient—sister, sister-in-law, and aunt. The room was clean and the beds were tidy. When we came in all four women were sitting around the fire. The patient was having pains about every half-hour, so we settled down to wait.

By about one A. M. we were all pretty tired and the patient had gone to bed; so Maggie got on the bed by her, and I lay down on a sort of couch with a sheet over it with my head on my coat and Maggie's big heavy coat over me. It was so cold though that I couldn't go to sleep so, after lying there for an hour, I

got up and sat by the fire and waited. It was one of those processes where you toast your back till it's crisp and your nose gets brittle with cold, then you toast your nose till it's about to melt and your back gets so numb you wonder if it's still there. I sat there till about 4:30 A. M., then helped Maggie start getting things ready. Gosh it was cold. We could see our breath easily and Maggie's hands (as well as mine) were frozen. By five o'clock things started happening and at 5:29 A. M., the baby arrived. It was a perfectly normal delivery except for the fact that the cord was wrapped so tightly around the baby's neck that it had to be cut before the rest of it was delivered. It was a little boy and weighed 6½ pounds and it's really awfully cute. We left there at about 7:20 A. M. after bathing and dressing the baby and mother and changing the mother's bed. The mother was perfectly swell and hardly made any fuss at all and was tickled pink because it was a boy.

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### DEAR WORDS FROM FRIENDS

#### From a Friend in Detroit

"I don't believe I ever knew an organization which had such personal affection from a so widely scattered group of members. I am always hearing somebody say, 'Oh, do tell me about the Frontier Nursing Service. People seem so crazy about it.'"

#### From a Friend in New Jersey

"You have a remarkable organization of service and may I say just here that it is very impressive to see all of the different branches and to have had the opportunity of actually coming in contact with so many members of the Frontier Nursing Service."

#### From a Friend in New York

"The work of the Frontier Nursing Service is so thrilling that I would feel a sense of personal loss without the enriching privilege of sending my small gifts as regularly as possible. . . . I know how difficult this year will be for you. I am so sorry. We will all stand by, as well as we can, I am sure. God go with you all the way."

## KENTUCKY TO JAPAN

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December 8, 1941

You made a sorry mistake yesterday. God pity you. We shall not stop fighting until as a naval and military power you are finished.

All nations the world over are composed alike of sinful men and women. It is not that we are all goodness and you are all badness that we fight you. We make mistakes too but in a democracy we cannot cover them up; and we have not made the only fatal mistake, which is to abdicate personal freedom and leave one's fate in the hands of ruthless men.

We here in our inland fastnesses know that most of your people live in mountains too and are poor as we are poor. We know the pangs of your child-bearing women; we know the wants of your little children. Because your people who did not want war abdicated their power and left the decision to the few who did, because of that you have attacked us and we will fight you to the finish. Poor things! If you had achieved freedom of speech and press you would have demanded peace. Those of you who toil to raise rice, to catch fish, to tend silkworms, those voiceless millions of you, are now stricken to the heart.

For these millions we have a message. When we have won the war, we shall be your friends. The power over you of your own ruthless men will be broken. We shall send you food, we shall buy your silk, and give you in exchange the wherewithal to rebuild your life.

Your Emperor, you say, stems from the Sun Goddess. You are the Land of the Rising Sun. The Light of all the suns of all the worlds has risen for you and for us alike with the command to love one's enemy.

"O rising Brightness of the everlasting Light, and  
Sun of Righteousness:

Come Thou and enlighten those that sit in darkness  
and in the shadow of death."

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

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It has been borne in on us gradually that our last Spring's Bulletin failed to reach our British friends. Apparently the entire issue went down to the bottom of the ocean with a far more valuable cargo of food and war supplies and perhaps even of human lives as well.

We still have some seventy copies of this Bulletin on hand. If any of our old staff or any other British friend would like to see last Spring's Bulletin, will he or she drop us a post card? Of course in sending such a message, we are assuming that *this* issue of the Bulletin will get through!

. . . . .

All of our letters for Christmas last year to the old staff and to other friends in Britain were sunk. This year some of us are sending our personal messages air mail. Except to overseas friends, and to children, your editor is not sending Christmas letters or cards at all this year. My list of friends is a very long one and I haven't the time or strength to address so many envelopes. This I do promise you; I shall again during the blessed Christmas season, as I did last year, go through my list and carry the name of each one of you for a moment in loving remembrance in my heart.

. . . . .

The following bit about potatoes in occupied France is from a recent letter by our friend the Lady Hermione Blackwood:

"Things are very quiet here at present and the rationing system has worked wonderfully well on the whole. The people have been far better fed than they were in the last war and we have been very lucky on the whole. One hears of great starvation in the occupied countries. I was on a visit and travelled down from London in the train in which were five French youths who had just escaped from France and came over here in a canoe. They wouldn't tell us much but they said that no Frenchman had had a potato to eat since the German occupation. The old potatoes had all been carried off and the new ones which the French peasants had dug up and put in piles were at once marked with the Zwasstika and the owners had been told there would be dire penalties if they were touched by any but Germans. The slaughter in Russia must

be terrific and our aid to them can only be slow, the distances are so great."

. . . . .

From another friend in England, a man of high standing, we have a letter from which we quote as follows:

"There is no doubt that events will gradually force even the most reluctant to look facts in the face. I know how long it took to make my own countrymen realise what was happening right under their noses and I can well understand how much more difficult it is with those who live a long way off, or what people used to think a long way off.

"One of my partners returned the other day in 9¼ hours from coast to coast. This really brought home to me what a difference the air is going to make in years to come. Incidentally, although a man of nearly 70, my partner arrived without being the least bit tired and I could hardly believe that only the evening before he had been on your side of the water."

. . . . .

It is not a far cry from London to North Carolina. Nothing will ever be far apart on this planet again. Our next quotation is from a letter from our Clara Dale Echols, now a graduate student at Chapel Hill. She says:

"Our dormitory is housing dogs as well as graduate students this year. A number of blind girls are taking special courses to equip them to do social work among the blind, and each has her seeing-eye dog."

. . . . .

Our friend and Trustee, Dr. Preston Pope Satterwhite of New York has presented a collection of his almost priceless art treasures to the J. B. Speed Memorial Museum in Louisville. He and his sister Sunie Satterwhite, and a host of our mutual friends, attended the formal opening of this collection on Saturday evening, November first. Our readers will all remember that it is Dr. Satterwhite who gave us the beautiful St. Christopher window for which we expect to have a chapel built after the war.

. . . . .

We lately received a most touching reminder of a young friend, Louise Askew of Georgetown, Kentucky, who died within the past year. We did not know of her death until long afterward. She had employed the long hours of enforced leisure during her last illness in making baby clothes for us. Some of

them were left unfinished. Our Trustee, Mrs. W. H. Coffman, took them over, finished them and sent them on up to us.

Many of the things sent to us are symbolic, and these baby clothes seem peculiarly so. The young and gifted life that was passing on thought in terms of younger lives just beginning.

Many talks are made about the Frontier Nursing Service but probably only one person has talked about us in Syria. Jim Boardman, son of our loyal Riverdale friends, Francis and Anne Boardman, has twice talked on the Frontier Nursing Service to Syrian students. He has done it the more effectively in that he has interwoven the rural problems of Kentucky with those of the Near East. One of his talks begins like this: "If you walk down Rue Bliss, past the lighthouse and continue westwards for a third the circumference of the world, you will arrive in Kentucky." He then speaks of the income of Alouite peasants and compares it with the income of a Kentucky mountaineer. He says that in Egypt "the energy of millions of fellaheen is sucked away by 'bilharzia' ". He adds that in the Kentucky mountains the hook-worm "produces the same weakening, deadening effect on physical ambition". He alludes to the proverbial hospitality of the Bedouin with his "marhaba" and the Kentucky mountaineer with his "howdy". He develops a comparison between the A.U.B. clinics near Damascus and the clinics of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains.

To the Frontier Nursing Service the world is one. We in the Service are planetary persons and do not feel that anyone can stand apart in work or in war.

Recent speakers for the Frontier Nursing Service have included staff and trustees.

Our Hospital Superintendent, Vanda Summers, with our courier Frederica Holdship, represented the Service at the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses at Middlesboro in October, where Vanda spoke. We were happy to hear "how much everyone enjoyed her" from that distin-

guished member of our National Nursing Council, Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate.

One of our recent graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Ethel Broughall, spoke six times (with slides) while on her holiday, first to a combined group of students from the Jewish Hospital and the Norton Infirmary at the Norton Infirmary in Louisville on September 19th; and later to the following groups in Massachusetts: the Chalcedony Club of Avon on October 8th; to representatives from thirty clubs of the Brockton Enterprise on October 9th; to the Quota Club of Brockton on November 5th; to a group of friends in Bridgewater on November 6th; to the students of Public Health, Simmons College, Boston on November 14th.

Our Trustee, Mrs. William C. Goodloe, spoke at a meeting of the Home Missions Society of the First Presbyterian Church in Lexington on October 23rd.

Our Trustee and honored Cincinnati Chairman, Roger K. Rogan, spoke to the Optimists Club on Saturday, November 29th.

Our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, attended the meeting of the Southern Medical Association in St. Louis in November. He read a paper in the obstetrics section on "Rural Obstetrics—A Report of the Work of the Frontier Nursing Service". We have heard from mutual medical friends that he made "a wonderful impression". The discussion which followed his talk was ably led by Dr. Robert E. Seibels of South Carolina and Dr. William T. McConnell of Louisville. Then our honored Trustee, the chairman of our Baltimore Committee, Dr. John Bergland, got up and summarized in the most beautiful and kind language his impression of Dr. Kooser's paper and the work of the Frontier Nursing Service which he has supported from the beginning. Among old friends of the Service who attended the meeting were Dr. Josephine Hunt, Dr. Francis Massie, Dr. R. Glen Spurling and also Dr. Hiram C. Capps who was the first Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Among the many reasons why we need an assistant for Dr. Kooser is because of the value to him and to the Frontier

Nursing Service of his participation in large medical gatherings like that of the Southern Medical Association in St. Louis.

. . . . .

The annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service in Providence, Rhode Island, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edward P. Jastram, has been arranged for Wednesday afternoon, January seventh. As a Benefit for the F. N. S. on Monday evening, January twelfth. Providence is having Mr. Syd Shurcliff show his technicolor ski movies. Our courier, Miss Lucy Pitts, is in charge of the ticket sales. Since the Secretary of the Providence Committee, Mrs. Sinclair Armstrong, has gone with her husband to Washington, our former courier, Mardi Bemis, now Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. is the Secretary of the Providence Committee.

The annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service in New York is fixed for Wednesday, 11:00 a. m., January twenty-first at the Cosmopolitan Club.

The Philadelphia Committee is having its annual meeting at the Barclay Hotel during the second week of January. The date has not been fixed as we go to press.

The Cincinnati Committee will have its annual meeting the fourth week of January.

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#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

"Perhaps hearts are tenderest of all when stewed."

— *Weekly Telegram*  
Punch, August 13, 1941.

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The Germans complained that when their loud-speakers on the Eastern Front broadcast propaganda they drew Russian artillery fire. What did they expect? Fan mail?

Punch, August 20, 1941.

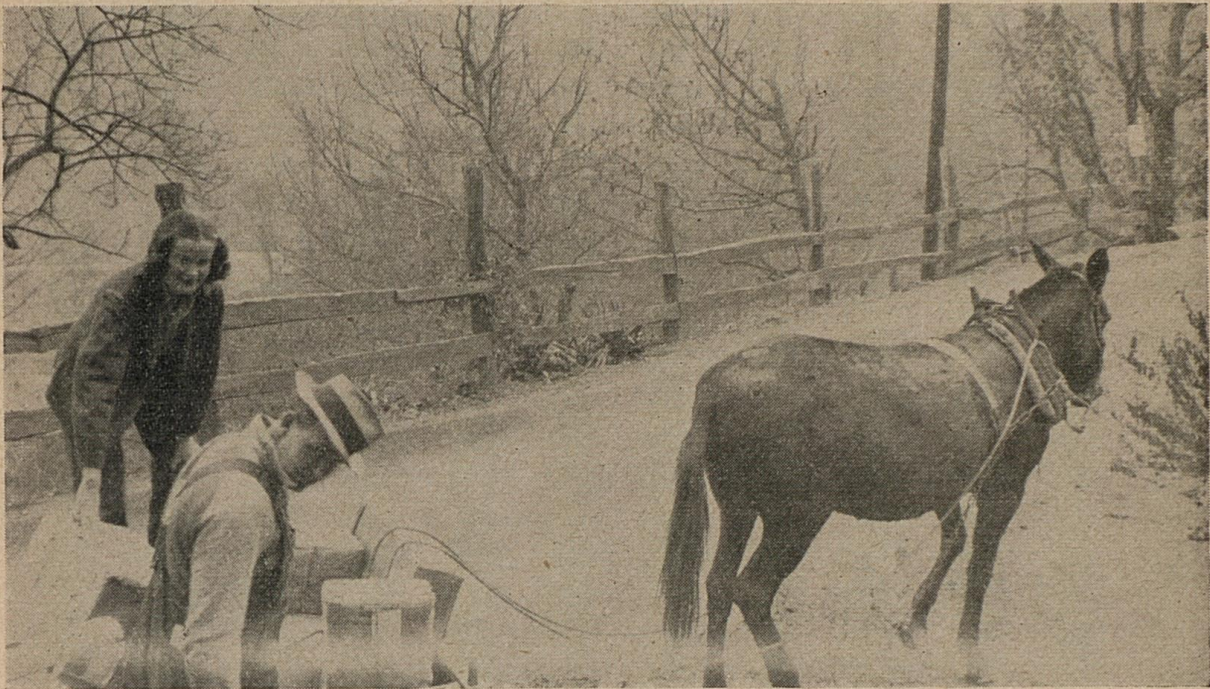
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Two months ago Herr Hitler said his armies would sweep through Russia or he would know the reason why. Now he knows the reason why.

Punch, August 20, 1941.



## FIELD NOTES



This picture of last year's Christmas Secretary Kay Bulkley (Cleveland courier), of the hospital barn man, and of Tenacity the hospital mule drawing a sled of parcels along the hospital road, will show you who read this how some of your shipments look when they arrive. The barrels and boxes that come by express and freight to Hazard are brought in on the truck. The parcel post that comes to Hyden is drawn up in the sled by Tenacity.

This is written in late November just before the belated Autumn Bulletin goes down to the printers. By the time the Bulletin is set up and proofs have been corrected and it is mailed out from Lexington and you get it, Christmas will be almost here. All through November and December the parcels are coming, hundreds and hundreds of them, with their thousands of toys, their clothing, their candy.

The Christmas Secretary this year is our courier Barbara

Jack from Decatur, Illinois. You will be getting her notes expressive of the loving thanks of us all. Barbara wants us to remind you again this year that sometimes shipments come in from large concerns who neglect to put the donor's card in the parcel, or the donor's name and address outside the parcel. The Christmas Secretary invariably writes these stores to get the name and address of the donor, but as a rule they have no record. If you have not heard within a week of the safe arrival of a shipment, please send a post card to "Christmas Secretary, Frontier Nursing Service, Hyden, Kentucky" giving your name and address and the name of the concern from which you sent a shipment and the nature of the shipment as well as the date. Every year some gifts are received and distributed but never acknowledged because we don't know from whom they came. The Christmas Secretary volunteers for the job of handling the supplies, and she longs to write and thank each donor.

We in the Kentucky mountains wish you each and all a blessed Christmas season. We must all of us everywhere try to make the children happy. In dark and troubled times like these we must protect the children whenever we can from sadness, and give them the joy of which childhood is robbed in the captive countries of Europe and a large part of the Orient.

Our Christmas season in the Frontier Nursing Service is our busiest time of the year and the one in which we have the smallest leisure for ourselves. All of the toys and other things you send are redistributed to all of our outlying stations as well as to Hyden and Wendover. Everywhere we have Christmas trees and parties and refreshments. With the extra money some of you send we buy the several hundred toys of which we run short each year, and oranges and apples to distribute with the little bags of candy.

In the celebrations at Hyden and Wendover we have a few traditions that are precious to us. Dinner Christmas Eve at the Hospital is cooked by the nurses and served to the domestic staff and their families and friends. The children of the married people come, and every maid invites her beau. At Wendover we all have our Christmas Eve dinner together, and it is

served by the couriers and younger secretaries. We have a Nativity Pageant also at Wendover, and carols are sung by the neighborhood children. The last thing at bedtime on the night of Christmas Eve we light a candle and put it out-of-doors on a rock so that, in the words of an old legend, we may light the feet of the Christ Child when He comes again to visit His world.

Since we are occupied during the whole of the Christmas season with plans for the children we of the Frontier Nursing Service staff take Thanksgiving as the day of our annual staff get-together. All of the nurses come in to Wendover from far and wide, babies and weather permitting, to a noon dinner and jollification. Dr. and Mrs. Kooser come with their children. We have the best dinner of the year. This Thanksgiving Marion Shouse made little individual place cards for the six tables spread out in the Dog Trot and living room. Each card was in rhyme. Between the turkey and the pudding everybody had to read hers out loud to the accompaniment of whoops of mirth. Before we sit down to the table we sing that lovely old Thanksgiving hymn which begins "Now thank we all our God" and ends with these four lines:

And keep us in his grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

After we sing this hymn we stand for a moment in a silence in which we remember in our hearts all those we love, whether in the body or out of the body, now absent from us. How ardently our hearts turn to those of our own old staff now so far away, who once made merry with us at Thanksgiving!

When the Thanksgiving party is over all of the nurse-midwives gather in the living room at Wendover for the annual meeting of the organization that was incorporated in 1929 as the Kentucky State Association of Midwives and has now legally changed its name to the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. We had a fascinating meeting this year in which we enlarged our Board of Directors to include well-known nurse-midwives not attached to the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. Kooser, who was present by virtue of being on our Council, gave

a most interesting report of his visit to the meeting of the Southern Medical Association in St. Louis. Two lay members of our Council were also invited to attend the meeting, Jean Hollins and Marion Shouse. We are slowly building up a Council composed entirely of people who are deeply interested in the development of nurse-midwives. From the very beginning we have had on it the honored English names of Dame Rosalind Paget and the Matron of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in London, Miss Maud Cashmore. A full report on the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will be written up for some subsequent number of the Bulletin. This little bit is inserted only for the sake of absent members.

The new Midwives' Quarters has been occupied for weeks by the two instructors and the four pupils of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. It is an adorable house and the dear donors, who wish to remain anonymous, are to be congratulated as well as thanked for a building so lovely and so useful. Our Trustee Mrs. William C. Goodloe in Lexington, undertook to buy the furnishings personally and spent days tramping from place to place to make selections and beat down prices. She said to the various shops something like this, "No, I won't pay what you ask for that chair. You must remember this is a charity." The result was that she got exceptionally attractive things, individually chosen, at wholesale prices. We have had a number of special presents for the house as well; among them the following: Insulation for the entire house from Mr. Edward C. Burch, Jr. of the Kimberly Clark Corporation in Cincinnati; plated flat silver for eight from Mrs. Charles Burt in Lexington; a box of linens from the Grace Philathea S. S. Class in Newton, Iowa; the fire screen and andirons and chair covers from Mrs. Roger D. Mellick in Far Hills, New Jersey; an eight-cup electric coffee percolator from Catharine Mellick; five pairs of all-wool Canadian blankets from Elizabeth Campbell in Sewickley, Pennsylvania; a gift from the Southern Bedding Company in Lexington; and much else besides.

The heating plants and the new rooms on the Lower Shelf at Wendover, of which we spoke in our last Bulletin, have been

paid for by friends in Pittsburgh and Detroit. Friends in Louisville and Chicago have given to other unmet Urgent Needs. It is hard to find adequate words in which to express our gratitude to these friends, and others from all over the United States, who have stood by also in helping us to carry our budget during these difficult times. In the words of an old prayer: "Thou hast cheered the way with many dear affections".

We have had an extraordinarily good courier service during the late summer and autumn months. Frederica Holdship ("Freddie") of Sewickley, Pennsylvania has been senior courier. The first two junior couriers were Nancy Dammann of Winnetka and Louise Will ("Scoopie") of Rochester, New York. The two juniors for November and December are Linda Hardon of New Canaan, Connecticut and Nancy Hillis of Bronxville, New York.

Of the graduate nurse students in the lovely new Quarters of the School of Midwifery, their instructors and their work we will write in the Winter Bulletin.

The two new staff nurses at the Hospital, who took the places of Blair and Pat when they went on into the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, are Alice Pierce of Montague, Massachusetts and Trudis Belding of Pigeon, Michigan. Our Hospital nurse, Anne Nims ("Georgia") after her year with us is up and she has had a bit of a holiday, has volunteered for the Army Nursing Corps.

Our nurse-midwife, Ethel Broughall, married on September 27th in Norfolk, Virginia, with our full permission, the man to whom she has been engaged for some time and who is now in the Navy, Mr. Andrew Steven Freund. He is attached to the U. S. S. West Point, now at sea. The young people had only a few days together and then Ethel came back to take up her work with the Frontier Nursing Service for the duration.

The Service extends its deepest sympathy to our nurse, Minnie Geyer, upon the death of her mother in Pittsburgh in November.

Andy, Sammy, Boxy and Foxy had a wonderful vacation, all going West together in a little car that belongs to Foxy. They crossed Rabbit Ears Pass in Colorado in snow so deep

they had to put chains on the car; they flew ten thousand feet above the Rockies; they bathed in the Pacific at Long Beach; they got stuck on the Continental Divide and had to be hauled out by a tractor; they passed herds of two thousand sheep with cowboys and dogs; they visited the Dinosaur National Park, the Grand Canyon, Yosemite; and tried "to collect a Mormon" in Salt Lake City.

Andy (Edith Anderson) took her holiday with an easy mind because Marion Shouse came down again to relieve for her as Social Service Secretary. It is deeply gratifying to us older ones in the Service to find a young courier who not only has the spirit to take over such a tough job, but the ability and the compassion needed to carry it successfully.



#### BEFORE

With Dr. F. W. Urton as operator and Dr. D. M. Dollar as anaesthetist we had our tonsil clinic again this year from October 19th through the 21st. These two distinguished men gave all of this time out of their busy lives to meet the really desperate need of those of our children whose bad tonsils would otherwise

mean sickness, hearing disabilities and other complications, not only through the winter months but for life. Dr. Vincent was so kind as to come up this year to assist with the anaesthesia. Dr. Urton examined fifty-five children, already lined up for him by Dr. Kooser, and operated on fifty-four. Dr. Dollar gave ice cream to the whole crowd, as he does each year. We had extra nurses at the Hospital in attendance both for day and night duty and in addition help from our couriers: Catharine Mellick, Nancy Dammann, Louise Will and Frederica Holdship.



#### AFTER

From October 31st through November 2nd we had a really wonderful surgical clinic at the Hyden Hospital. Our friend Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington, Kentucky, who has come up before for such clinics, came in for this one. We were rarely fortunate and profoundly honored to have Dr. Arthur B. McGraw of Detroit come in with him. The first day they spent in examination of the patients Dr. Kooser had lined up, in all forty-five. To many of these they gave advice and treatment. On Novem-

ber 1st and 2nd they operated on eleven cases, many of them complicated and serious. All of their patients have made a good recovery and will be able to lead lives of well-being and usefulness again.

The following excerpt from one of Dr. McGraw's letters is so dear that we venture to print it:

"I have nothing but praise and admiration for the spirit and skill and efficient forethought and cooperation of the nurses of the hospital. To run off those two days of operating took a bit of planning and forethought and though Francis and I used up prepared materials almost as fast and naively as small boys shoot off firecrackers on July 4th, the many little *details* of *correct* preparation were not lost on either of us. Please tell them how much I learned from them and am obliged to them.

"I hope that, in addition to the patients getting on o. k., Mles. Petunia\* and Cherry\* are also on the mend."

We think we have printed few things as good as Grayce Morgan's article called "A Secretary Takes to the Saddle". It will be hard to give Grayce up in the Christmas holidays, even to a happy marriage.

We have had so many delightful guests during the Autumn weeks that it isn't possible to mention them all. Although Dr. Massie and Dr. McGraw stayed at Joy House with the Koosers, the Hospital and Wendover guests rooms had the very real pleasure of entertaining Mrs. McGraw and Mrs. Massie while their husbands were surgically occupied. Prior to that we had another joyous visit from Dr. R. Glen Spurling and Mr. Charles W. Williams of Louisville, who also headquartered at Joy House. The nursing center at Beech Fork was enchanted that they elected to ride up there one afternoon with Dr. Kooser and stay the night. They have promised us some of the pictures they took. As both gentlemen are adepts at photography these should be lovely. Dr. Spurling delighted Dr. Kooser with the gift of another kind of picture—namely, six dozen X-ray films large size 12 inches by 17 inches.

Among our other early Autumn guests were four charming members of the National Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority—all from Nashville, Tennessee; and the new Kentucky State Nutrition-

\*Hospital cows who had just suffered de-horning.



ist, Miss Marjorie Grant, who hails from Groton, New York.

We were more thrilled than we can begin to put into words to have a visit in October from our Cincinnati Chairman and Trustee, Mr. Roger K. Rogan, with Mrs. Rogan and Mrs. Charles W. Moss. Although Mrs. Rogan has been up several times to see us, this was Mrs. Moss' first visit and the first one from Mr. Rogan. He was a rare good sport about everything and gave immense pleasure to all who met him at Hyden, Wendover, Flat Creek and Red Bird. Soon after they left, Mr. and Mrs. Roger D. Mellick of Far Hills, New Jersey, father and mother of our courier, Catharine, came to us for an all-too-brief visit, and proved to be just the kind of father and mother that Catharine deserves. After that we had a visit from our friend of many years' standing, Mrs. Harry D. Nims of Bronxville, New York—mother of our Hospital nurse "Georgie". Other kin-people of the staff to come in this autumn were Rose Avery's sister Eugenia, and "Freddie" Holdship's sister Margaret, with her friend Miss Caroline Gilchrist. The young sister of Alice Ford, Katherine, with her friend Miss Helen Long, also came in to see us, and Alice's charming friends Miss W. N. Higdon and Miss Irene Cullis. To Miss Cullis' ability and generosity as an artist we owe the picture of the Wendover living room reproduced elsewhere in this Bulletin.

Delightful guests who came in just to see us for the day were a group of Lexington friends, namely, Dr. and Mrs. Charles N. Kavanaugh and Mrs. W. T. Briggs. To our added pleasure they brought with them Mrs. Edward H. Little of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who is visiting her daughter in Lexington. We also entertained for lunch at the Hospital a most interesting group of foreign students, men and women, of Drew Theological Seminary in New Jersey. They came with Mr. Ralph A. Felton, Head of the Department of the Rural Church of Drew, and Mr. Benton P. Deaton, Head of the Wooton Community Settlement of the Presbyterian Church, with whom they had spent the night. There were twelve of these students and they hail from such places as Peru, Mexico, China, Korea and South Rhodesia. We were included as part of an itinerary through the Southern Appalachians.

Our life-long friend and generous volunteer worker Mrs.

E. Waring Wilson, whose name is woven through all the early years of the Frontier Nursing Service, is spending a month here at Wendover helping with the last of the Christmas appeal cards, with the thank-you notes, and in a thousand other ways at this busy season. As we go to press we are getting our first visit from our Washington Chairman Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner. There are no words to describe how enchanted we are at last to get a visit from her, how lovely she is as a guest, or the fun it is to all of us to have her. Her daughter, our courier Marion Shouse, is realizing one of her top dreams in showing her mother over Hyden and Wendover and at least two of the outpost stations.

Our young friend Lucian Morgan, son of our Foreman at Wendover, Jahugh Morgan and his wife, and one of the finest and steadiest young men in all Kentucky, met with a shocking accident on the outskirts of Hazard. He was changing a tire by the side of the road when a car charged into him and broke his leg, besides inflicting other injuries. He was taken to the mining hospital in Hazard where he had the immediate services of those skilled surgeons Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. J. E. Hagan. With their permission, after the leg was in a cast, we moved him over to our own Hospital at Hyden. His many friends are glad to know that he is making a good recovery.

The Sugar Creek Trail from Wendover to the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River had a bad slide at the Taylor Couch Cove which made it dangerous for the couriers to travel that way in leading horses across. We reported this trouble to that able and kind member of our Red Bird River Committee, Mr. C. G. Queen, Fordson Company Engineer. Within a week he put three men on this trail for a couple of days. They dug a new riding path around the slide, and also cut out a number of trees which had fallen across the trail, as well as a number of overhanging branches.

To our gifted courier Barberie Whipple of Rochester, New York, we owe the cover picture of this issue of the Bulletin. Her pencil also is responsible for the delightful cats and kittens which illustrate the jingles called "Catteries". Your editor wrote the Catteries for David Johnson, aged exactly eleven. They are printed with a Merry Christmas wish for those of our readers who are children.

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### QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1941.

State of Kentucky }  
County of Leslie } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., publishers of the Quarterly Bulletin and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1922, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owners are: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mr. E. S. Jouett, Chairman, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Mattie A. Norton, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Mr. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, O., vice-chairmen; Mr. C. N. Manning, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.,

By Mary Breckinridge, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1941.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,  
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires December 16, 1942.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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

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

\$ 5,000 will endow a Frontier baby crib.

\$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.

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

\$10,000 for buildings.

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

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

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

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

### DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

"To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in child-birth; 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."

