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BORN AT HYDEN HOSPITAL—ONE "IMP"

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AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2

An Offertory

With the Music by Holst
Church of the Transfiguration
"The Little Church Around the Corner"
January 31, 1943

Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways.
Old now is earth and none may count her days,
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
Still wilt not hear thine inner God proclaim
"Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways."

Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise,
Age after age their tragic empires rise.
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep.
Would man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair, and all men glad and wise.

Earth shall be fair, and all her people one.
Nor 'till that hour shall God's whole will be done.
Now, even now, once more, from earth to sky
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry,
"Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one."

Clifford Bax.

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MIDWIFERY AT THE HYDEN HOSPITAL

by

HELEN EDITH BROWNE, R.N., S.C.M.

*I told you that I could not write.
You asked me, so I had to try:
When this has been proof-read by you,
Perhaps some parts of it will do!*

The emergency Hospital of the Frontier Nursing Service is situated at Hyden in Leslie County. Apart from the general ward, the obstetrical unit consists of a ward and glassed in porch with space for eight beds and nine bassinets, and a well-equipped labor ward with a modern delivery bed. If a patient needs to be isolated, she is cared for in the Wee Stone House (see picture on inside back cover) and has special nurses.

The Hospital nurse-midwife, under the Medical Director and the Superintendent, is in charge of all the obstetrical patients from the time they are admitted to the Hospital. One of the general duty nurses is assigned to help her with her routine work when she is busy. They work in accordance with the Hospital Routines which are the standing orders of the Medical Director for Hospital cases. Patients who are abnormal are referred to the Medical Director for special orders. The Hospital nurse-midwife is fortunate in having the Medical Director right on the spot most of the time. This is as it should be as abnormal obstetrical patients, as far as possible, come to the Hospital. However, occasions do arise when the Medical Director is out on the districts. She then carries on as she has been taught to save life.

Patients delivered in the Hospital are those from outside the territory covered by the Frontier Nursing Service, where it is impossible for them to get other medical aid; those on our districts who have been abnormal in previous labors, or who show some abnormality in pregnancy or at the time of admission; and, occasionally, a district patient who elects a Hospital delivery.

There is always a small percentage of emergency cases—

patients usually from outside the Service territory, who have not been registered and have had no prenatal care. Here are two examples of such emergency cases:

The first, Mary, arrived one hot summer night. A truck drove up to the Hospital, and an anxious-looking man came to the door and said his wife was "bad off". She had been delivered by a local granny three weeks before and had never been well since. She had "wasted something terrible". Mary was lying on bedsprings in the truck, surrounded by anxious relatives. One look at the patient was enough to tell how serious her condition was. The Medical Director was notified and Mary was taken upstairs to a Hospital ward. She was in a state of collapse—no pulse could be felt, and her respirations were very shallow. It looked as though she didn't have long to live, so her husband was called to her bedside. Dr. Kooser arrived and started an intravenous saline right away. When he exposed the vein it was quite collapsed and pale—in fact, Mary was "bled out". Dr. Kooser then matched Mary's blood with that of her relatives and found a donor. In a short time, Mary was having a blood transfusion. A miracle happened right before the nurses' eyes! Mary's pulse came back, her breathing became normal, and soon she was asking for a drink of water. From then on she made steady progress.

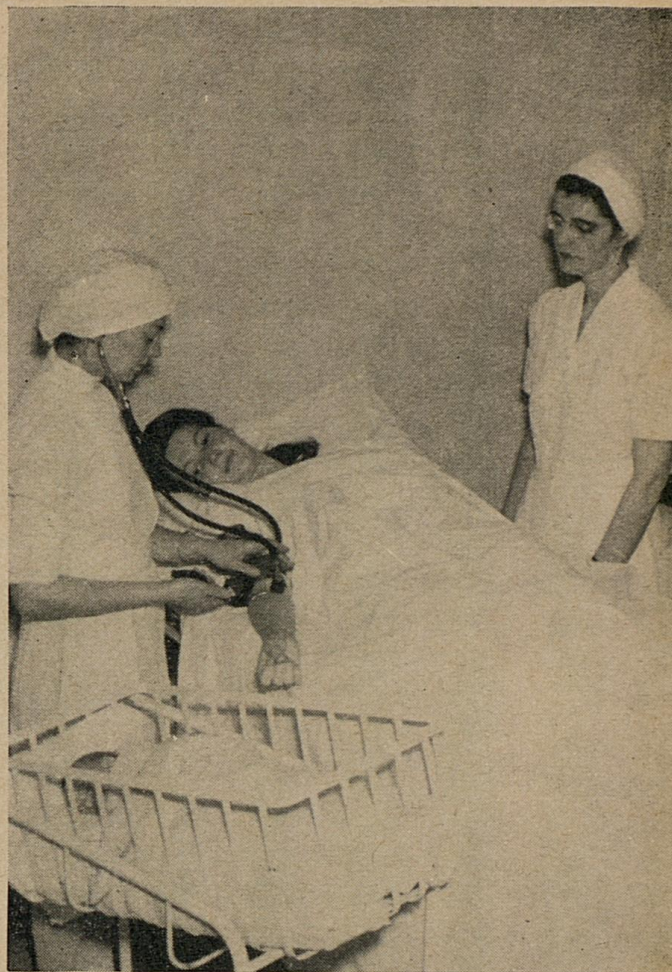
Another emergency case, Jane, was brought to the Hospital one winter evening on a stretcher, having severe eclamptic convulsions. Her baby was due to be born. Later we learned she had felt sick that morning with cramps in her stomach, and a bad headache. Thinking she was in labor, she sent for the local granny. The granny arrived and sat and chatted. Jane had two convulsions while the granny was there. There were no real signs of labor, so the granny went home, having told Jane to send when her pains got hard—no word about the convulsions. Poor Jane was feeling so bad! Then her husband came home, found her having another convulsion, and decided he had better take her to "the nurses." He got the neighbor men to help him make a rough stretcher of young saplings and put Jane on it wrapped in quilts. Jane was only semi-conscious when she arrived at the Hospital. The Medical Director was notified right away, and Jane was admitted for special treatment. After

three days, her toxic condition was much improved but, unfortunately, the baby was born dead. A real emergency case—no prenatal care, therefore no treatment for the early signs of toxemia which may have occurred sometime during the pregnancy.

Normal patients who live near the Hospital usually do not come in until labor has started; but those who live some distance away come in for a few days beforehand. As the years have passed, travel has become easier. At first most of the patients came to the Hospital either on a mule or by stretcher, as their condition allowed. Now most of them can get the last part of the way, at least, by car or truck. Of course, they may have to go back altogether to the old method of travel since gasoline and tires are hard to get.

Keeping the expectant mothers occupied during their stay in the Hospital, so that they do not get homesick, is quite a business. Some of them say they "can hardly stand hit to be away from the young 'uns so long". They make baby quilts from scraps of material, a few of them have made Red Cross sweaters for the Army, and some help mend the baby shirts and sew on tapes. Reading is a pleasure to many of them, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" being one of their favorite stories.

After a normal delivery the mother and baby stay for ten days unless they have a long mule ride, in which case the mother



THE AUTHOR
And a Student of the Frontier Graduate School of
Midwifery Giving After-Delivery Care
At Hyden Hospital

is advised to stay until her twelfth day. During the postpartum period, the mother is instructed how to take care of her baby and is shown how to bathe it. All mothers and babies get a postpartum examination by the Medical Director before they are discharged to the care of our district nurses. They are asked to return for a final check when the baby is between four and six weeks old. Some of the mothers, who have the time and the money, make or buy their baby clothes; others depend on the lovely layettes sent us by friends from all over the country. These people have grown to know and love this Hospital and no longer have any fear of the "brought on" doctor and nurses.

The new babies are beautiful, most of them are well nourished and practically all of them are breast fed. The mothers establish lactation with few complications. We have our share of premature infants, which are kept warm and cozy in a basket with external heat, a thermometer being kept in with the baby, so that an even temperature of 85 to 90 degrees F. may be maintained. The smallest baby that has survived in the last few years weighed just two pounds at birth and was the pride of the Hospital when he left, being then seven weeks old and no bigger than a doll. He is now a sturdy youngster with a baby sister. There have been the usual number of twins, and one case of triplets. We are now hopefully waiting for quadruplets or even quintuplets!

There has been an increase of almost 50% in the number of Hospital deliveries since 1939, which was the year the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery started. We have more cases from outside our territory to keep up the number of deliveries for the student nurse-midwives.

The Hospital nurse-midwife supervises all work done in the Hospital by the students. This includes prenatal examinations, and treatment of prenatal abnormalities, such as toxemia, antepartum hemorrhage and abnormal presentations. A student is with the patient during labor and manages the delivery of normal cases under the direction of the nurse-midwife. In the event of an abnormal case, requiring the presence of the Medical Director for the delivery of the patient, all students are called to be present. The nurse-midwife gives the students practical demonstrations of the treatment of breasts for the promotion of

lactation. The Truby King method is used for stimulation of the breasts.

The post of Hospital nurse-midwife is a busy one, but to anyone who likes midwifery and the practical demonstration of midwifery, it offers all that can be desired. Life is full of interest, and the unexpected emergency is always just around the corner.

CHIEF OF TIMBER TRAINING CORPS

A number of people sent us anything from twenty-five cents in stamps for one copy to six-dollar checks for twenty-four copies of the little blue booklet called **I Wanted to Live, America** by Gladys Marcia Peacock with the pen-and-ink illustrations by Vanda Summers. Some people ordered first one and afterwards several copies to give away. A woman in Williamstown, Massachusetts wrote her daughter who had sent her a copy thanking her for "the darling little booklet." We still have some of the first printing of this booklet for sale at twenty-five cents and will gladly accept postage stamps for orders. Readers of the booklet will be charmed to know that Miss Peacock is now in Yorkshire as commandant of a Women's Timber Corps training center in the West Riding and how this news has reached us, because Peacock herself is no great shakes as a letter-writer.



PEACOCK IN 1932

First, we had a letter from our old friend and British Trustee, Mrs. Arthur Bray, who lives in the country in Yorkshire and who wrote us as follows:

"Who do you think is coming to tea with me on Sunday? Peacock! . . . I saw an article in the Yorkshire Post . . . giving her connection with the F. N. S. and so forth. . . . I wrote the Yorkshire Post for her address only to find she is living in Weatherby about a mile from me! . . . I have spoken to her on the phone and she is to come on Sunday. . . . It will be fun."

The next news of Peacock came through the Louisville, Kentucky Times which copied the Yorkshire Post article with the following caption: "**Chief of timber training corps formerly delivered babies in Kentucky mountains.**" The article concludes with the following paragraphs over which Peacock's friends will pass out:

"And now Miss Peacock is teaching herself modern Greek so as to be ready to do reconstruction work in Greece at the end of the war. It is, she says, her great ambition.

"What does she look like, this remarkable woman? Tall, weather-tanned; has laughter wrinkles 'round her eyes; wears corduroys, but is feminine enough to enliven her brown jersey with a simple string of pearls, and has a box of face powder on her dressing table."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The cover picture of the Bulletin was taken by Mrs. Alexander C. Northrop (Elizabeth Harriman) when she served as a courier with the Frontier Nursing Service.

The inside cover picture of "Imp" was taken for her owner, our nurse, Patricia Simmons, by a friend, Mr. S. H. Sims of Chicago.

The drawing of the swinging bridge was done by our nurse, Gladys Moberg, who knows it at first hand.

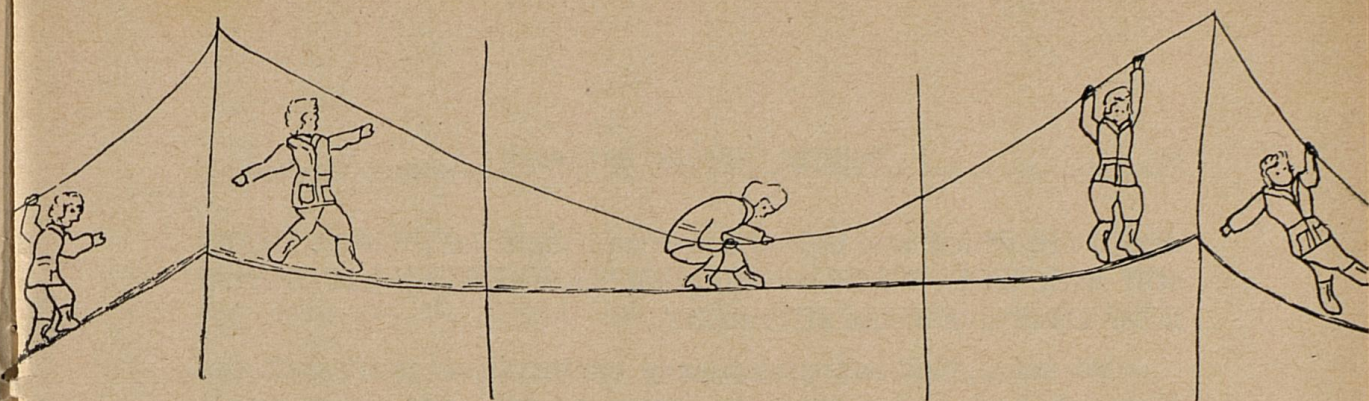
The two photographs in the article called "Nor Rain—Nor Cold—Nor Wind—Nor Sleet"—and the one used in Midwifery at the Hyden Hospital were taken by Mrs. George Lawrence (Edith Anderson) when she came back over the Christmas holidays as Social Service consultant and to take photographs. It is not her fault that the ice had melted before she came to take the pictures. We want to mention with special gratitude her friend, Miss Gloria Santucci, who loaned her all the equipment to take indoor pictures.

The picture at the beginning of Field Notes is one that Mrs. Jefferson Patterson took many years ago when she was the courier and photographer, Marvin Breckinridge. We have never used half of the wealth of photographs she took for us.

The candle was drawn for us by our Hospital Superintendent, Vanda Summers.

The other pictures are snapshots by friends and various members of the staff.





**"NOR RAIN—NOR COLD—NOR WIND—
NOR SLEET"**

THE INSTRUCTOR'S VERSION

by

EVA GILBERT, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

It seemed that Ruby was destined to have her baby soon, although we had made every attempt to continue her pregnancy until she could be assured of a live baby. We had excellent co-operation from Ruby but it just seemed things would not go as we had hoped.

On a December morning Ruth (Ruth Davis, one of the midwifery students from Georgia) and I made the trip across the river, up Owl's Nest and over Cemetery Hill to Flackie, only to find Ruby not feeling even as well as usual. We did all we could for her and then left, warning her to call us in case anything more developed.

Soon after we finished dinner that same evening, the not-unexpected call came, saying Ruby needed us. Albert (Ruby's husband) assisted us in getting Camp and Patsy saddled, so we were soon on our way, dressed as warmly as possible, for the thermometer was falling and the night promised to be a cold one. I thought the river might be too high to ford but was assured by Albert that it was not, as he had safely crossed the lower ford. I did find, however, that the water was much higher than it had been when we crossed earlier in the day, but as he had said, we could cross safely.

It was a dark night but with the aid of our faithful flashlights we slowly made our way up Owl's Nest and over the mountain to Flackie, arriving after about two hours, at the three-roomed cabin which was Ruby's home. Gola had a won-

derful fire which was indeed a welcome sight as we were almost stiff with cold. While warming we learned Ruby had started labor about five in the afternoon.

We soon had our preliminary examination made and the "set-up" ready, since the examinations had confirmed our suspicions that Ruby would lose her baby. Suddenly, at about eleven, Ruby's condition became worse and I realized that it would be necessary to get Dr. Kooser as soon as possible. I called Albert (who had gone into the other bedroom to "nurse" the three young children) to get his mule saddled while I wrote a note to the doctor explaining the condition of our patient. We then did all we could for Ruby and shortly her condition improved, but we were still glad to know that Dr. Kooser would be coming soon.

While Ruth watched the patient, I found a table in the kitchen which could be used for the doctor's equipment and moved it in to Ruby's bedroom. I also saw that there was a large kettle of boiling water and that the flat rocks were reheated and wrapped in papers, then placed about Ruby to keep her warm. The room was cold in spite of an excellent fire in the grate.

We often and eagerly peered into the darkness for the light which would mean that help for our patient was near. After three hours we saw the light shining brightly, way up on the mountain side, half a mile away. As we watched it come nearer we realized there was but one light, wondering why, until Gola solved the problem by saying, "They are both riding the mule." This meant that the rushing and rising Middle Fork was now past fording for horses and that they had crossed the swinging bridge to the mule on this side of the river. In a short time the two men were at the door, both cold and wet. For them, too, Gola had a hot fire, and so the doctor was soon warm enough to start work.

After his examination of the patient, Dr. Kooser started an intravenous injection of Dextrose and Saline. Further treatment was also instituted to help Ruby through her hour as quickly as possible, for, while her general condition was improved, we knew she could not stand the strain much longer. Our efforts

were not in vain, for about five o'clock a tiny, five months baby was born—dead as we knew it would be. But Ruby was over her pain and the blood loss which was sapping her strength.

Now that we had time to talk of other things, we learned from Dr. Kooser that when Albert had tried to ford the river on his way to the Hospital, the mule had started to swim. He realized the mule could not make it and quickly turned back before the rushing current became too much for the faithful mount. Albert had left his mule and crossed the swinging bridge to walk the last mile to the Hospital.

With Ruby comfortable and the seriousness of her condition much improved, Dr. Kooser rode off in the cold dawn on Camp—while Ruth and I stayed on for a few more hours. After a hot breakfast in a cold kitchen, we packed our saddlebags, reassured ourselves that Ruby would be all right until we returned the following day and started home with Ruth on the mule and I on Patsy. We made our way slowly over the mountain and down the Owl's Nest Creek to the river. My!—how cold the wind was, and strong enough, it almost seemed, to blow the horses sideways off the narrow path. It blinded us with the snow which was sharply blown in our faces.

In time we reached the Roberts' barn where Camp had been left and where we were to leave Patsy and the mule. Now for Ruth came the most terrifying experience she had had since she arrived in Hyden—that of crossing an ice-floored swinging bridge strung over the muddy, rushing waters of the Middle Fork. For the uninitiated any swinging bridge is frightening enough, but this one was even more so since it had no protecting wire sides (the bridge having been constructed after wire was no longer available) and one never knew what moment a gust of wind, aided by the ice on the floor and the nurse's boots, would make her lose her balance and go tumbling into the angry waters below. I waited and watched breathlessly while Ruth cautiously, almost crawling on hands and knees, arrived safely to the other side.

In a short time I had joined Ruth and we started walking up the road towards town and the Hospital hill, with the forty-pound saddlebags over my shoulder. Much to my relief I saw

Mr. Salyers (our coal man) coming with his team of beautiful horses and the wagon. We at once asked permission to climb in with the saddlebags. I sat on the seat and Ruth stood behind me, hanging onto my shoulders for dear life as the road was rough. Thus we rode in style up the last steep and slippery hill to the Hospital and then on to the very steps of our own lovely Midwives' Quarters.

**"NOR RAIN—NOR COLD—NOR WIND—
NOR SLEET"**

THE STUDENT'S VERSION

by

RUTH DAVIS, R.N.

December 1, 1942 is a day I shall always remember. It all started when I asked Miss Gilbert, "How does one get to Flackie?" When she learned that I was the only student who had not been introduced to this part of the district, she told me I could go with her to see Ruby, a threatened miscarriage case, who had to be seen that day.

It was a cloudy day but not too cold to spoil a good eight-mile horseback ride. In due time we reached Ruby's home to find her doing fairly well. Miss Gilbert told her to call us should she start in labour or should she bleed any more.

After we left Ruby, we rode on up Flackie Creek to see Grace, a normal prenatal who was due to deliver soon. After seeing Grace I decided it would be the very thing for her to deliver that night. Then I would get to return to Flackie. On my way home I started wishing and that is really the beginning of my story.

"Miss Gilbert, I wish we would get a call to go back to Grace on Flackie tonight." Those were my very words. Sure enough at seven o'clock that evening the telephone rang and Miss Gilbert answered. It was Ruby, not Grace. "Ruby on Flackie," that's all I heard and all I needed to hear. I rushed to my room to get into my uniform, raincoat and rain hat, since it was pouring. The idea of going four miles in the rain on

horseback appealed to me and at eight fifteen we were well on our way. The river was high but we managed to get across and although the rest of the trip was exciting nothing of special interest happened.

We reached Ruby's three-roomed cabin about ten o'clock, to find a good fire in the grate which was most welcome. Ruby was found to be "punishing bad" so we did not waste any time getting our delivery supplies ready.

About midnight, Ruby was not doing so well so Miss Gilbert



SWINGING BRIDGE

Picture taken after the event when the snow and ice had disappeared

sent for Dr. Kooser. It was now time to "prepare" the patient so with Miss Gilbert holding a miner's carbide lamp for me, I started the procedure. I thought I was doing well enough when all at once Miss Gilbert started hitting me on the head! I was surprised since she had never before used this method of correcting me. To my relief I learned she was only putting out the fire in my mesh cap and hair which had started from the flame of the carbide lamp.

Dr. Kooser came about 2:00 a. m. and with his treatment the patient delivered and improved. Since he could not ford the river, he had ridden Albert's mule after walking the first mile and crossing the swinging bridge. It was now about six o'clock and Dr. Kooser felt he could safely leave Ruby in our care, but had no way to get home except to walk or ride the mule which had already made two trips to the river that night. So we asked him to ride Camp and leave the mule for Miss Gilbert to ride when it had rested.

About 9:00 a. m. Ruby seemed to be enough better to be left, so after a hot breakfast we made preparations to start home. During the night the rain had turned to snow and the thermometer had dropped to ten degrees above zero! Albert had fed and saddled my mare, Patsy, and his mule, Susie. When we reached the barn Albert told us the stirrup straps on Susie's saddle were weak, and so Miss Gilbert decided that with her weight the stirrups might break. Hence it would be better for me to ride the mule, since I was lighter.

Susie is a small mule and a good safe one, but oh so slow! We started up towards Cemetery Hill and the wind was something fierce, blowing the snow in our faces. The harder the wind blew the slower Susie walked and the colder I became. The trees swayed and creaked and I began to worry, "Suppose one of them should blow down on Susie and me?" When I reached the top of the hill Miss Gilbert was waiting for me—she had been watching my slow progress up the hill. At times I could hardly see her form on Patsy because the wind was blowing the snow so fiercely in front of me. She asked how I was. Grinning, I said, "Fine." The grin must have been something to see as my face was so cold the muscles did not respond to the stimulus of a smile.

Finally we reached the river to find it still too high to be forded, so we left Patsy and Susie in a barn where our barn man would take feed to them later.

Only one mile to go! But this last mile included the swinging bridge and I was on the wrong side of the river! My boots were covered with ice and snow and so was the bridge. How could I ever get across? The cable was too high to reach on each end and only a foot above the floor in the center of the



WAGON

Picture taken after the event when the snow and ice had disappeared

bridge. What if my feet should slip? What would I do if I should fall thirty feet into the swift icy waters of the river? I couldn't swim with my heavy, laced boots on! All this ran through my mind as I made slow progress across the bridge. Often a puff of wind blew the bridge making it swing and sway. I stretched to reach the cable at the end, then stooped to its level in the middle as the bridge rocked, and Miss Gilbert watched from the other side. Oh to learn the art of walking a swinging bridge! Finally safely across I thought I would have the fun of watching Miss Gilbert cross in the same manner I had, but she had already mastered the art and without delay came across carrying the forty-pound saddlebags over her shoulder.

Now that the bridge was behind me, the last mile on to the Hospital did not seem so far. What could be better? Here came Mr. Salyers in a wagon! and he was going to the Midwives' Quarters! With his permission Miss Gilbert and I climbed in—she on the seat and I standing in the back holding onto her to keep my balance.

Twenty minutes passed and we were now going up the hill to the Hospital. I waited anxiously for the Midwives' Quarters to come into view—Ah! there it was, smoke coming from the chimney, warmth—food—and the other three students and Mitch there to greet us. We climbed out of the wagon, cold, hungry, tired and sleepy, but very grateful that another mother, in her lonely cabin, had delivered safely and was clean and warm in her bed.

Do you wonder I shall remember December first and second in 1942, as long as I live?

“Before experience itself can be used with advantage, there is one preliminary step to make which depends wholly on ourselves: it is the absolute dismissal and clearing the mind of all prejudice, and the determination to stand or fall by the result of a direct appeal to facts in the first instance, and of strict logical deduction from them afterwards.”

—Sir John Herschell

A cynical young poet on being introduced to a veteran author remarked in a superior way that he found people under great illusions about life. For himself, he said, he had no illusions, “Oh, surely,” said the author, “you have one.” “What is that?” asked the poet. “The illusion that you have no illusions.”



THE AUTHOR

Leaving the Possum Bend Nursing Center With One of the Fathers on Her District

A CHARMING FAMILY

by

PEGGY HELEN BROWN, R.N., S.C.M.
Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence

They lived on Hell-for-Certain, when first I came to the Confluence District three years ago, and from the very beginning I was paying regular weekly visits to Maud, the mother, who was expecting a new baby early in March. Little Joyce Lee arrived safely and all the members of the family, two girls and four boys, were delighted with their baby sister.

The baby bill of \$5.00 was promptly paid in all kinds of produce, fresh eggs, greens, fire wood for kindling, chopped up and hauled to the Center by Coda the father, and other things. This family lived like most of the others in our District, on a small farm, and by hard work, good management and thrift, had plenty to eat. They sold eggs and surplus garden produce to

buy necessary groceries from the store and clothes and shoes for the children.

Maud and all her family were devoted to "the nurses," and "loved them all so good," as she frequently told me. Often she would waylay me on my way back down Hell-for-Certain Creek with presents of freshly picked lettuce, a melon, or some roasting ears of corn. It was pleasant too, to stop in at the house to chat with her about the children, as she was so anxious to learn to care for them when they were sick, and believed in the first-aid methods we advise rather than the cobwebs-and-soot method to stop the bleeding of cuts and injuries.

Little Joyce Lee was about eighteen months old when Maud came to the clinic one day, and laughingly told me that she had come "to register up to buy her another baby." All went well at first, but after a few months symptoms of toxemia of pregnancy appeared, and she went up to see Dr. Kooser in Hyden. An X-ray picture was taken which confirmed our suspicion of twins.

Dr. Kooser advised complete bed rest and restricted diet at home for a while. Later, Maud had to go up to our Hospital in Hyden for treatment as her condition showed no improvement, her blood pressure was rising and she had albuminuria. She stayed up there a week, but became so homesick that with Dr. Kooser's consent, she was allowed to return home to remain under daily supervision in my district. I teased her about coming home when Doctor wanted her to stay in Hospital, and she replied, "Why, Miss Brown, there hain't a bit of use for me to stay up thar and take up a bed with them so busy, when I can just as well stay at home and have you take care of me, though they all sure were good to me up thar, and I liked it well."

But staying at home didn't do Maud quite so much good, and again we prepared to take her up to Hyden. This time she was not able to sit up and I arranged for a truck to go up to the house with a cot bed in the back, so that she could make the rough and bumpy trip a little more comfortably. Fortunately the river was low enough for the truck to ford at the mouth of Hell-for-Certain so that we only had three to four miles of creek-bed and wagon trail before reaching a W. P. A. road.

Maud, wrapped in a patchwork quilt, was carried by her

husband and brother-in-law out of the house and down the ladder-like wooden steps that led from the porch. Apparently the combined weight of three people was too much for the poor steps, and the lowest rung broke, throwing Maud and her bearers into the yard. I had remained in the bedroom to fasten my saddlebags, before hurrying after my patient. I started down the steps before I realized there was a mix-up in the yard—when the second top step broke under my weight, throwing me out on top of the others! Fortunately, the two men had managed to keep Maud up, so she was unhurt. Thus we all joined in a hearty laugh over what turned out to be just a funny incident. The rest of the journey was uneventful.

By this time Christmas was near, and Maud's heart was torn at the thought of not being at home with the family. She felt better and persuaded Dr. Kooser to allow her to go home for a few days, where I could look after her.

On Christmas Eve a Christmas party was held at the school on Hell-for-Certain and all the families received their bags of gifts. The Colwell children brought theirs home to open them with their father and mother. Maud was sitting up in bed as excited as any one of her children. Thus I found her when I went to pay my visit, and in spite of a pretty high blood pressure she seemed to be feeling fairly well, and was thrilled with two warm fluffy blankets—gifts for the babies-to-be. While I was examining Maud we heard the most desolate wails coming from the next room, "Why that's Bufford," she said, "I wonder what ails him." I decided to find out, but could make nothing of the broken sentences and sobs that came from Bufford, a boy of five. Finally some of the other children came to my rescue and told me that Bufford was heartbroken because Father Christmas had not brought him a truck. I had tried to be a good and fair Father Christmas and had put in an assortment of toys for the four boys, among them a big red and blue truck. This had promptly been seized upon by the youngest boy, Ronald, and nothing would induce him to part with it, so poor Bufford cried and wailed and I felt more and more miserable for having inadvertently caused so much unhappiness.

Bufford was finally consoled with the promise that I would take his father home with me to see if I could find another truck

that Father Christmas had left at the Center, so Coda saddled his little black mare and rode back with me to the Center. There we found a similar truck, which was to have gone to another little boy. However, as this little boy had not seen it, and got something else instead, he was not unhappy. And Bufford's final instructions to me had been, that the truck must be the same as Ronald's, "leastways as big as his'n"—and it was.

Christmas passed, and on Thursday, December thirtieth, just as I was preparing to start up Hell-for-Certain to the Clinic, June, Maud's oldest daughter, came riding on the little black mare to tell me her mother was sick and needed me at once. Losing no time, I took up my bags and the bundle of baby clothes and started off on Kelpie, pressing her as fast as she could go in her running walk. We covered the distance in record time, and I ran into the house to find Maud in active labour, "Hurry up, Miss Brown," she said, "the babies are ready to be born right now." I begged her to put it off for a few minutes to allow me to get out my things, and this she obligingly did. But I just had time to get an apron on, put out a few things, prepare the bed, and scrub up, before literally "catching" the first little twin girl ten minutes after reaching the house. The second twin girl followed after five minutes, and to put it in her own words, Maud "got along the best ever was."

The babies were only a week or so premature, and were healthy and vigorous, weighing $5\frac{3}{4}$ and $5\frac{1}{4}$ pounds respectively.

Cherry had come along to give me a hand, so she cared for the babies while I cared for Maud. Delighted with her babies, Maud asked me what she owed me for "all my trouble." Rather surprised by the question, I replied that the fee was \$5.00 the same as usual. "But, Miss Brown," came the somewhat indignant answer, "you know two babies is worth more than one, and I have made you a lot of trouble this time going to Hospital and all. Coda sure told me to pay you all that I owed." I assured her however that the \$5.00 fee would cover all, even the two babies, and Maud proudly paid me in cash this time, as Coda is now working in the mines near Hazard.

The babies' names were decided upon long before they arrived; Maud had longed for twin girls, so she called them Rose Marie and Peggy Helen after Cherry and myself.

Maud made a quick recovery and the babies thrived and looked so cozy and comfortable in a crib to themselves close to the fire. January turned out to be bitterly cold. Hell-for-Certain Creek froze solid. This made my visits to the twins an exciting and perilous journey.

Alas, Coda wanted the family to move closer to the mines so that he could see more of them so, before the twins were a month old, this charming family moved away from my district.

EYES FOR THE NEEDY

Mrs. Arthur Terry Describes a Fine Philanthropy

To the New York Herald Tribune:

Since 1933 I have endeavored to supply what then was and still is one of the great needs in our city—"New Eyes" to hundreds of people who are not on home relief, but who in order to retain their jobs or procure work in our defense or join armed forces are handicapped by being unable to afford glasses.

To meet this problem, I have been able to obtain old spectacles from every state in the Union, in answer to appeals over radio and by articles in magazines, to supply over 13,000 people, thus using material that is generally discarded as useless, to make others happy. I have interviewed each applicant and, after working in six food stations under the Gibson commission, was offered office space through the kindness of New York City. This enables me, on one day a week, to receive any man, woman or child bringing me a personal letter from about forty-five different organizations: Catholic, Protestant, Jewish or colored charities, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Red Cross, Salvation Army, C. O. S., etc. They are requested not to send me more than one person a week. I now have a long waiting list.

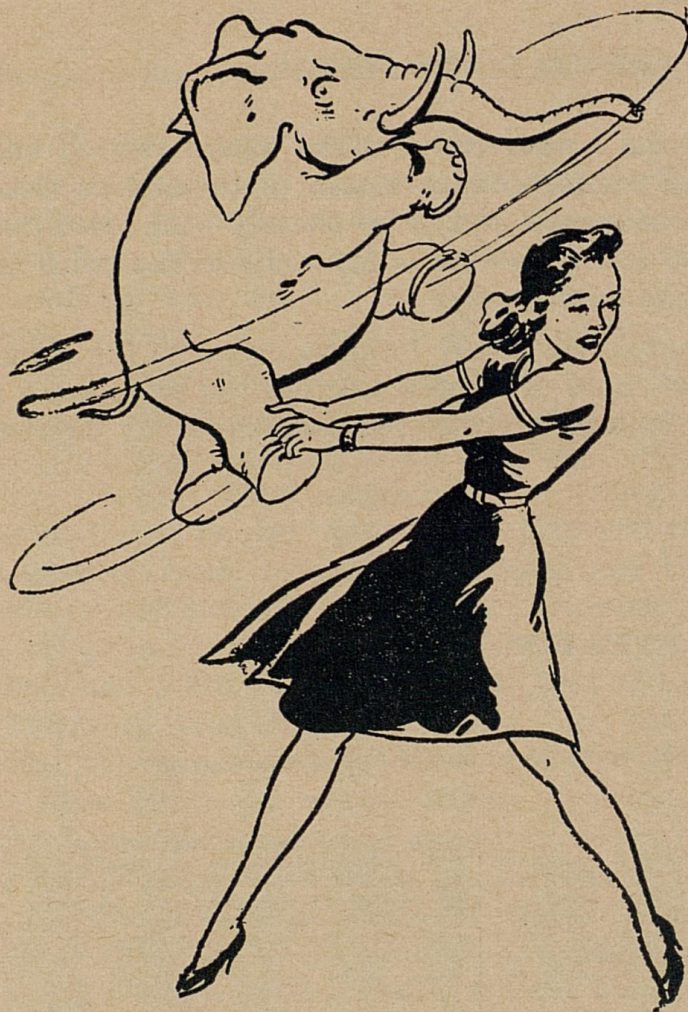
The packages I receive are all sent to, and handled by, the local postoffice and the Junior League at Short Hills, N. J., and the gold content is sent to a large refining company in Newark, which only accepts a large amount and generously pays me 97 per cent of the actual value. This money, kept in a separate account, enables me to pay our only expenses: postage and new lenses of the best material, at hospital price, made to prescription by a fine optician, after a thor-

ough examination by a first-class oculist. The shell frames are carefully sorted, the old lenses removed and sent in quantities to the Seaman's Institute in New York, where they have a resident optician. The new-style frames of shell are then sent to the optician in New York, if in perfect condition, with the exception of the "old age" or magnifying glasses, which we send by hundreds, each in a case, to the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service (they are carried to the old people in the hills by the nurses in their saddlebags), to North and South Carolina, Georgia and the pear country in California. Even the cases that snap shut are put to use and converted into trim little sewing kits for the men in the camps and enthusiastically received.

To the many kind people who have put our work on the air, notably Alexander Woolcott, whose broadcasts brought in 15,000 pairs, and Mr. Dave Elman, whose last "Hobby Lobby" program asking for old spectacles produced 7,000 in ten days, and the many folks who have taken the trouble to hunt out their "old optical scrap," I am deeply grateful. But, oh, what gold mines there are still in New York City! If only the busy hotels, movies and theaters would remember me when they clear out the glasses left by a careless public, especially since they have to stand when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is sung.

Our slogan is "No overhead, red tape or paid helpers, no committee meetings, no organization." Our motto: "Do it yourself, do it now." Please co-operate.

MRS. ARTHUR TERRY,
Care Junior League,
Short Hills, N. J., Oct. 22, 1942.



*What
to
Do
With
White
Elephants*

We all of us have them. We have ornaments we don't want and don't like, we have surplus furniture that doesn't fit in, we have old party dresses and party shoes, discarded handbags, maid's uniforms and not so many maids, trinkets and costume jewelry we will never use again, all kinds of RUMMAGE of no use to home charities or to refugees abroad.

These WHITE ELEPHANTS can be turned into money for the Frontier Nursing Service. If you live in the greater New York area, tag them FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE and send them to the BARGAIN BOX, 1186 Third Avenue, New York City or

**Call Regent 4-5451
for Free Pick-Up Service**

If you live in the Louisville, Kentucky area, tag them FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE and send them to the THRIFT SHOP, 624 South Floyd Street, Louisville, Ky. Free tags, properly printed, will be furnished you in any quantity if you send a post card to the New York Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Locust Valley, Long Island or the Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Morris Belknap, Upper River Road, Route 1, Louisville.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From overseas comes the welcome news that our English courier, Alison Bray, who is in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, is now a Senior Commander, which is the equivalent of a Major. We are tremendously proud of Alison.

The WAACS and the WAVES are also drawing from our courier ranks. As yet, we have no courier recruits in the SPARS or the Women's Marines Auxiliary Corps—we are still hoping!

Janet Chafee, who is in the WAVES, wrote us from Northampton, Massachusetts, November 10, 1942:

"We have been here since the sixth of October. The first month we were apprentice seamen (the lowest of the low), and now we are midshipmen 'till February when we get to be ensigns. The first month was indoctrination and we had courses in Naval History, Naval Organization and Administration, Naval Personnel (who to salute, etc.), and Ships and Aircraft. I can tell a little about the drainage system of a battleship now! We march everywhere. There are lots of people here who have never walked more than the length of a city block and I felt sorry for them at first. There are about one thousand of us. Five hundred live in a hotel in Northampton, where we all eat. The rest of us are in three Smith dormitories—about one hundred and sixty in each. Each house is a company and there are three platoons in each company. You march, have classes, eat, get inoculated, drill and die in platoons. But we have a good time in ours, thank goodness! About two weeks ago, we went into uniform; that means we have to salute all officers. I even look at taxi drivers or bus drivers wondering what they are and what all the brass is and whether to salute or not. One girl in New York last week saluted a doorman."

Joan McClellan of Cape Nedick, Maine, entered the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School at Mount Holyoke, on December 22nd. She has just written us as follows:

"Life has been hectic, crowded, and rushed in every way. Navy life is something. I spent three weeks at Mount Holyoke as an apprentice seaman (the lowest form of Navy life) and was thoroughly indoctrinated. Then we became midshipmen and a whole bunch of us, about two hundred and fifty, were moved over to Smith. I had seven swell roommates—all Mac or Mc something—at Holyoke, and we spent a mad three weeks cramming five weeks' work into three, struggling against dust,

exams, captain's inspections, and other varied items of Navy routine and life.

"I have been over here nearly six weeks, every bit of which seems to have been a constant bout of studying and worrying over exams. We're due to graduate March 9th, so please cross your fingers and pray for me."

Nancy Dammann (now Auxiliary N. Dammann, 2nd WAAC Training Center, Daytona Beach, Florida), wrote us on January 5, 1943:

"We are living in the lap of luxury, in an excellent hotel one block from the beach. Of course, we have five and six to a room but we should kick as that means each person has to do less scrubbing. (Can you imagine me getting up at 5:30 to scrub the floor?)

"I am in a four-weeks basic course after which I shall probably be sent to one of the new WAAC Training Camps to interview. Personnel work is one of the ten things I always wanted to do.

"Life here is fine. We spend our time 'falling out, in and down on the double', jumping up when officers enter a room, saluting and saying 'yes ma'am'.

"The Army gave us a day off on Christmas which we spent swimming. New Years, however, was a different story. We had planned to go out New Year's Eve but went to bed instead as we had just finished fourteen hours of K. P. It consists of slopping slop off dishes to sorting garbage, washing huge greasy pots and generally having a good time. Peeling potatoes is the easiest part of it. At first, mess and everything connected with it seemed disgusting; but as one becomes more acquainted with the situation, everything turns out to be surprisingly clean and efficient. New Year's Day we celebrated by having classes as usual plus typhoid shots. The Army only celebrates one holiday—Christmas.

"The WAACS really are the thing and I believe they will do a good job. The officers are as fine a bunch of women as I have ever met. Right down the hall from me is a Ruby Combs from Hazard. It makes me homesick to hear her talk.

"This letter has become very disjointed. I started it at 6 a. m., and it is now 8 p. m. Every time I start to write we are told to 'fall out' for classes, mess, drill, physical education, a lecture on morale, or shots."

Our loving thoughts are constantly with those couriers whose husbands are in the armed forces—scattered over every continent. We know that the same indomitable spirit and un-failing courage that carried them through the hazards of swollen fords, quicksand, and icy trails in zero weather as F. N. S. couriers in the Kentucky mountains, will carry them through these anxious days.

Mrs. Guido Verbeck (Babs Van Duyn) writes as follows:

"I think of you all so many times and wish it could be a

great deal more than mere thoughts. My son and I are again with Mommie, Guido having left for overseas duty in the spring. He is on . . . , living in a cocconut grove, which is about all he can tell me."

Mrs. John Frederick Kraft, Jr. (Mary Gordon), of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wrote us on November 27, 1942:

"Since Jack left last June I have tried to keep every day solid with things to do and with the two boys so active it isn't hard. I work one day a week at the Red Cross Blood Bank, which is awfully interesting; and between two hospital boards the days go very fast."

Mrs. Kraft wrote us again on February 10th:

"Jack at present is in Egypt on detached service from the American Air Forces and attached to an R. A. F. Unit. He has had the most fantastic Army life, it seems to me. He has been on four continents (India included) and keeps leaping around from pillar to post and army to army. It is all beyond me. He has had pneumonia but says he is all right now, thank heavens! I am about four jumps behind him all the time and have given up trying to locate him. I keep telling him to look out for the F. N. S. nurses but hope he won't really see any except socially."

Mrs. John Harleston Parker (Sue Ayer), of Boston, Massachusetts, whose husband is in the Navy, writes:

"I am, like so many other Navy wives, back with my family again. We are living in Boston this winter because the transportation problem was so difficult. Harley is off on a cruise doing his bit to end this horrible mess."

Mrs. Harold L. Colvocoresses (Josephine Rice) wrote us from Miami, Florida, on her way to Bogota, Colombia, South America, with her husband, who is in the Department of Press Intelligence:

"Harry and I are leaving for Bogota, Columbia, by plane on Sunday. We are delighted to have had an opportunity to go. At this point I am thrilled and just waiting for Harry to come from Washington. I know but a few words of Spanish now but hope to make rapid progress when once we have landed in South America.

"Do send me the Bulletin. I shall be so out of touch with America and friends and doings of Wendover. It will mean so much to me to have the Bulletin."

Mrs. John Winslow Putnam (Susan Morse of Boston), whose husband is a Lieutenant in the Army, wrote us from Monroe, Louisiana:

"Johnny is in the ground aviation and, for the time being, is instructing in 'identification' of planes out at the airfield. Since he is an instructor he is more or less permanent so we moved the whole family down here in late September. We are much too well off for these times but we're making hay while the sun shines because there's always a chance that even some of the instructors will get transferred near the combat zone."

Mrs. William G. Ludlow (Cynthia Beatty), our first Christmas secretary, wrote us on December 17th, from "Landfall," Easton, Maryland, as follows:

"This letter has been far too long in the making. The whole Pearl Harbor affair left me numbed; and then things began happening to us so fast I haven't quite caught up with myself yet! Billy (her husband) came home unexpectedly in the spring for duty at Portland, Maine. We met in Washington and came over here for ten days leave. But we both fell in love with the place and the anticipated rest turned into a bustle of house hunting. We finally found the place we were looking for and are now the proud owners and occupants—that is, minus the head of the house. We hope to have him permanently with us before too long.

"It is such a thrill finally to have a home of our own. We have about eighteen acres, three miles out of Easton, on one of the little Tidal streams, Peach Blossom Creek. I'm taking my farming seriously, although, what we have is only a postage stamp compared to most of the places around here. But since I'm not available for much war work because of my young family, I hoped that top productions even from our few acres might help out a little bit. So far, we've acquired a fine Jersey cow which promptly obliged by producing a calf, and we have a varied assortment of chickens. The place has endless possibilities, though, that keep me in a rosy glow. I find it all thoroughly satisfying and invigorating.

"The enclosed snapshot will show you how we're growing up! My one and one-half year old son is my particular pride and joy. He's a fat hunk of pure gold and sunshine. My oldest, Anastasia, is going to be a fine recruit for the Nursing Service which means that Josephine will want to come, too. They're inseparable. I do hope they'll both have the privilege and joy of working with the Service. I wouldn't take anything in the world for the times I stayed in the mountains. You gave me so much more than I could ever have hoped to give in return."

Mrs. Richard Stevens (Deedie Dickinson), of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, wrote at Christmas, as follows:

"Steve is now in the Signal Corps at Camp Crowder, Missouri, and I am going to a government welding school and doing very 'weld', thank you. Guess not many of us are exactly swinging from the chandeliers this Christmas—but something tells me 1943 will prove a much brighter one for us all."

Mrs. Donald More Skinner (Eleanor Stineman), writes the following from Camp Cooke, California:

"We live in a little town just ten miles from the post, which

is most convenient. At first, we had a little house way out in the country which we just loved, but it was sold so we had to move; and in town our luck hasn't been at all good.

"The town of Lompoc had a population of three thousand before the arrival of Camp Cooke—now it is thirty-five thousand, and since no building is permitted, you can well imagine what it is like. We scoured the place for another house or apartment but with no success whatsoever, so we are now living with an awfully nice elderly couple.

"There's absolutely nothing to do out here to keep one occupied, so I took it upon myself to get a job. I work in the post library and just love it. It's interesting and a great deal of fun. Also, it gives one a lot of satisfaction to be doing work that gives the soldiers so much pleasure. Several friends of ours are stationed out here too, which makes it nice.

From Mrs. Raymond J. Kelly, Jr. (Patricia Pettit), of Racine, Wisconsin:

"We have a darling little house in the country on the shore of Lake Michigan, a couple of horses, a top buggy, and a Dalmatian dog. I am chief cook and bottle washer, stable boy, and yard man and love it.

"We fixed up our barn ourselves and had fun doing it: laid the concrete, insulated it, painted and built stalls. Ray even made the iron grill work for two nice roomy box stalls.

"I think of you all so often, and it is all as clear to me as if it were only last week I was there, instead of almost two years ago."

Mrs. Herbert W. Wells, Jr. (Eleanor Field) of Wethersfield, Connecticut, wrote us as follows:

"We are, of course, very busy on the farm here. Thirty-odd cows and twenty-seven horses keep us on the jump. I don't ride much any more as I am busy taking care of Nancy. If one keeps me busy, what would I do if I had half a dozen?"

Mrs. Wm. S. Warner, Jr. (Betsy Parsons), is living in Camden, Maine, for the duration, and wrote us at Christmas:

"We are settled here for the duration, I expect—Bill has a good job at the shipyard and so we are dug in, and find life not too bad. We have a barn attached to the house, and with the gasoline situation as it is I am trying to find a horse for us. No luck, so far, but the hunt is almost the best part of it! Life is uneventful and pleasant; a great relief to be in such a pretty and congenial village after our years of suburban life. Bill is building us a small sailing dinghy. The children are growing up fast and are good enough, though often a headache to their mother."

We have just learned that Betsy has written a story which has been accepted by the New Yorker. We hope it will appear in an early issue.

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

"I'm doing Motor Corps two or three days a week, work at the Children's Memorial Hospital one full day a week and now have a new project—The Illinois League for Planned Parenthood. There are six clinics in the city and it's a very needed cause with the miserable incomes and large families these young (and older) women already have. The supplies, etc., are given free if they can't pay for them.

"I still speak of and think often of Wendover, so any news from you there warms my heart. I seem to have left rather a large part of myself there and I want so to return sometime."

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Mrs. V. S. Littauer (Mary Graver) has been good enough to take over the duties as Acting New York Courier Chairman, while Pebble Stone is in Houston, Texas, with Jacqueline Cochran's Unit of the A. A. F. Flying Training Department. Knowing how busy Mary is with war activities, we are deeply grateful to her.

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Sylvia Bowditch, who was for so many years Chairman of the New England Courier Committee, has been working at the University of California, operating an electro-encephalograph machine, which the University has on an Infantile Research Grant. Ruth Chase of Boston, who is also in San Francisco, wrote us on November 18th:

"Sylvia Bowditch is here too, as you know, but perhaps you did not know of her latest claim to fame. She was sponsor for one of Kaiser's 10,500 ton Liberty Ships which was named for our mutual great grandfather, Nathaniel Bowditch. She did a masterful job of smashing the bottle and starting the ship down the ways towards her new wartime task.

"I cannot lay boast to anything so colorful; however, the company I am working for was awarded last week the Maritime "M" for merit, which has spurred us on to even greater efforts, tho' how people could toil harder over office jobs I cannot imagine. It's a wonderful company and when we were told that we served sixty per cent of the shipyards all over the country and that our products constituted two-fifths of the necessities going into the construction of a ship—thereby being more vital by one-fifth than even steel—I realized what a tremendous task and responsibility we have.

"I surely wish I could someday get back to Wendover and see everyone there and the country again; but, for the present, I guess I'm well anchored here in San Francisco. I really love it here, too."

From Betsy Pagon, February 18th, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland:

"The first of July I stopped the job I'd had here at Harriet Lane of Johns Hopkins. My plan was to take the summer off for a much needed vacation and then start a new job the first of October.

"The first of August, while I was still in Gloucester, I got a letter from the resident at Harriet Lane, saying there was a job open here as laboratory technician, and if I'd be interested they'd love to have me back. I'm awfully glad I decided to come back. Of all the many things I've tried, this is certainly the most interesting and, so far, the most successful.

"I'm doing all the blood work and supposedly all the urinalysis for the pediatric department here at Hopkins. I have not only the wards but the out-patient dispensary as well. It certainly keeps me busy.

"The situation is getting worse all the time for, of course, we're losing more of our medical staff plus nurses and cleaning people. This last month has been particularly bad for we're right in the middle of the pneumonia season. We've got another month to go and then things ought to begin to let up a bit."

From Lisa Pugh, of Cincinnati, Ohio:

"This has been a busy summer and fall for me. I have been trying to find my best contribution to the war effort. All summer I worked at a hospital every day as a Red Cross Nurse's Aide, then decided my next best bet was the U. S. Employment Service, so I could get a war job where I was really needed; and I thought they would know better about it. I went down at eight and by eleven was as good as hired by Baldwin's, though they did their fingerprinting and gave me my temporary badge later, after they had checked up on every feature of my past life! I am now a junior draftsman in which my art training is quite a help. It's lots of fun working here."

Joanna (Jo) Neilson of New York wrote us on November 9th, as follows:

"Your letter is reassuring. It is nice to know that somewhere a good thing is going on uninterrupted.

"I am not WAACing or WAVEing yet. I've decided I can always be useful as a civilian—am about to start a U. S. O. job, Soldiers and Sailors Committee."

Mary Burton writes from Wellesley College as follows:

"You wondered if I could come down—well, I'll tell you what I am going to do and you will see why I can't. At Wellesley, under the Education Department, they have put in a new war course called Child Care. It is planned to train girls to take care of children while their mothers are doing war jobs. To be able to take this course, one must have from sixty to eighty hours of practical work. So I am going to work every day in the first grade of our public school in Glendale. The

teacher will show me what she does and I hope to learn how to handle children. Then by the time I am ready to go back to college I will have some idea of what I must learn in the course."

From Ann Lee Rose, who is attending the Ambler School of Horticulture, Ambler, Pennsylvania:

"As a three months old horticulturist I find my chosen field very interesting—everything from pruning fruit tree limbs (and almost a few of my own) to searching for botanic bits under the microscope. I had hoped we would have a longer time at Christmas while the plants were having their long winter's nap so I could come down to you for a time. However, amazingly enough, we're already getting set for spring."

Our Senior Courier, Doris Sinclair of Williamstown, Massachusetts, has just entered the Johns Hopkins School of Nursing. When Doris graduates, she plans to take our Midwifery Training School Course and be an F. N. S. district nurse-midwife.

Kay Buckley has finished her secretarial course and is now working at the Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland.

Elizabeth (Betty) Mudge of New York has a secretarial job with the Army Public Relations Section in New York and loves it.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mary Elizabeth (Mary Lib) Rogan of Cincinnati to Captain William Van Doren Shipley, Jr. of Washington, D. C. Mary Lib is the daughter of the Roger K. Rogans of Glendale, Ohio, both of whom are invaluable members of our Executive Committee, and Mr. Rogan is Chairman of our Cincinnati Committee. Mary Lib was one of our first Cincinnati couriers and it seems only yesterday that she was here with all of her youthful enthusiasm and abundant energy, helping in a thousand ways. Her warm and generous heart endeared her to the Service and her unflinching interest and loyalty mean a great deal to us.

Betty Thorn of Philadelphia to Dr. Rocke Robertson of Seattle, Washington. Betty is now in her second year of office work in the Clinical Department of the hospital where her fiancé is interning.

Cornelia Rowland to Mr. Edwin Levering, III, of Ruxton, Maryland. Mr. Levering is connected with the Rustless Iron & Steel Company of Baltimore. The wedding is to take place some time in May, just at the time when we had hoped to have Cornelia back as a senior courier. Our loss is Mr. Levering's gain.

We wish for all of these young people every happiness possible in this troubled world.

WEDDINGS

On November twenty-eighth, Marion Edwards Shouse to Lieutenant Reeve Lewis, U. S. N. R., both of Washington, D. C., at St. John's Church in Washington. The bride wore her mother's wedding veil of Rose Point lace and the lace on her wedding dress had been worn by her grandmother at her wedding. Those who attended the wedding wrote of how lovely she was and how fine Mr. Lewis looked in his Naval uniform beside her. As they both have more friends than their homes could hold, the wedding reception was at the Sulgrave Club.

The couriers of the F. N. S. were represented by Frederica Holdship and Elizabeth Campbell of Sewickley, Pennsylvania and Jean Hollins from Wendover and New York. Betty Holmes, in training at Johns Hopkins, was also at the wedding and wrote us as follows:

"The most exciting thing of all to us was this—as we took our seats in the church, a girl in a pew further up happened to turn around, see us, and nearly jump out of the pew—it was Freddy Holdship, and with her was Biz Campbell! So we promptly whipped out of our seats, raced up the aisle, and had a reunion right then and there.

"Later at the Sulgrave, Jean, Freddy, Biz and I were standing together when Mary Wilson Neel came up. Her husband took one look at this impressive array of F. N. S.'ers, then beamingly inquired, 'Well, and how is Tenacity (the Hospital mule)!' Nothing like belonging, he thought."

On November twenty-eighth, Mary Jameson of New York to Ensign Samuel Felton Posey, U. S. N. R., of Radnor, Pennsylvania, in New York. It has been some time since Mary was with us as a courier, and she has been deep in war work. We congratulate Mr. Posey and send Mary our affectionate good wishes.

On February thirteenth, Barbara Whipple to Dr. John Albert Schilling, in New York City. Bobby is the daughter of Dr.

George H. Whipple, who is on our National Medical Council, and Mrs. Whipple of Rochester, New York. She has given much of her time and talent to the Service and our readers will recall her fascinating cartoons in recent issues of the Quarterly Bulletin.

To all of these young people we send our ardent hopes that the long future will hold for them every happiness.

BABIES

Born to Captain (U. S. A.) and Mrs. John Winthrop White (Susan Page), a son, Peter Winthrop White, on November twenty-fifth, 1942, at Fort Lewis, Washington State.

Born to Lieutenant and Mrs. John Harleston Parker (Suzannah Ayer), a son, John Harleston Parker, Junior, on January fourth, 1943, in Boston, Mass.

Born to Private and Mrs. Joseph F. Knowles (Miggy Noyes), a son, Joseph F. Knowles, Junior, on January seventeenth, 1943, in Boston.

Born to Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel Neel (Mary Wilson), a son, James Adger Neel, on January nineteenth, 1943, in Washington, D. C.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack), a son, Nelson Jack Rowe, on February fifteenth, 1943, in Illinois.

Five babies and all boys! Perhaps these young men will form an auxiliary corps of Jeeps one of these days for the courier service?

JUST JOKES, CHIROGRAPHY

Defense Counsel in Forgery Case—Your Honor, this man is so ignorant he cannot sign his own name.

Judge—He is not charged with signing his own name.

“When I applied for a job the manager had the nerve to ask if my punctuation was good.”

“And what did you tell him?”

“I said I'd never been late for work in my life.”

Mabel: “Why did you break off your engagement with that good-looking Army doctor?”

Betty: “Oh, it was his terrible writing. Every time I had a letter from him I had to take it to a druggist to find out what was in it.”

—Contributed.

TIDE-BOUND

by

MARTHA CROSS
Courier from New York

The day I left Wendover on Puck to take Tommy to be a relief horse at Bowlington, it was like spring—flowers and trees budding; and as I rode along the river, men and boys were out doing some early ploughing. The Middle Fork flowed gently as if now that spring had come there was no need for hurrying.

The road was new to me but not to the horses. From the moment we crossed Hell-fer-Sartain they knew they were headed for food and rest for we were spending the night at the Possum Bend Center at Confluence. When I first saw a white house, I didn't think of it's being the center as I was looking for a low building, but then I saw the barn and knew why the horses had hurried so.

Confluence has the same warm cheeriness and homey quality of all the nursing centers. That night I went to sleep with the sound of rain beating rhythmically on the roof and the wind moaning among the trees.

The next morning I awoke to a new world. Snow lay everywhere—deep fluffy snow that was as soft as feathers. Puck and I started up the mountain towards Bowlingtown almost forgetting to watch out for Tommy, the relief horse that I was leading. I had never seen such beauty. The distant hills were brought closer and their summits softened. The woods were silent and still. There was no trace of man except for our own tracks behind us. The only sounds were the breathing of the horses, the squeak of saddle leather, and once in a while the cracking of a twig as its burden became too heavy.

Since I had not been to Bowlingtown, Foxie, the nurse, met me at the Shoal ford and showed me where to cross and in about an hour we reached her center, and I turned over Tommy to her. The river was rising so I hurriedly ate lunch and started out with Puck on the return trip to Confluence where I planned to spend another night, and go back to Wendover the next day. But when I got to Confluence the river was past fording, the

thermometer had dropped below zero, and getting home was out of the question. For three days I was tide-bound, and saw what a complex, vital place a center is; a home and a hospital combined, and I learned two tasks exciting to me, but all in a day's work to these nurses in the Kentucky mountains. I helped shell corn for the chickens and I churned. This last was the most fun, though not too successful. Also, I rode about a mile down the river road to the post office which reminded me of one near a ranch in Montana; and I felt strangely at home as I stood trying to get warm by the fat, cozy stove.

On the third day there were pieces of ice floating down the Middle Fork and by noon the thermometer said twenty degrees above, so home I started. The sun had been shining in the morning, but now the sky was gray and there was a cold, penetrating wind. The twelve-mile ride up from Confluence seemed twice as far as it had in the spring-like weather several days before when I rode down. But Puck and I finally reached Hyden. I stopped there to call Wendover and find out if I should bring anything, and then continued my trip, the last five horse-back miles to Wendover, where tea and a big log fire in the living room of the Old House welcomed me home.

JUST JOKES

A writer wonders why his baby son keeps trying to put its foot in its mouth. It may be Nature preparing the little man to make both ends meet later on in life.

—Punch, September 16, 1942.

This Robot Age

"Owner of Maternity Home forced to sell account government restrictions on gasoline permitting only one delivery a day."

Advt. in Vancouver News-Herald

—Punch, September 16, 1942.

Incomplete Story

"A 26-years-old R. A. F. pilot from Yorkshire fell from the third floor of a Y. M. C. A. building in New York on top of a sleeping man and escaped with a broken wrist."

—*News Chronicle*; Punch.



MISS JOSEPHINE KINMAN, R.N., Certified Midwife
And a Georgia Baby

RABUN COUNTY [Georgia] MATERNITY HOME

Under this heading the newspaper in Rabun printed a delightful account of the opening of a six-bed maternity home at the county seat of Clayton in the "Roy Green Residence" which had been made available for the home.

It is a cooperative project worked out by the State, the Tri-County Health Department, the Welfare Department, Community Fund and by individual donations.

Rabun County covers an area of 371 square miles and has a population of approximately 9,000 people. Much of the County is quite mountainous though W. P. A. has opened up fairly good roads to most communities. There are three doctors in the county and it is difficult for them to care for the maternity cases in the outlying sections. When these cases have abnormalities it is essential for them to get medical care.

The exciting thing for the Frontier Nursing Service about this project is that Miss Josephine Kinman is the nurse-midwife in charge of it. She was sent to us on a Federal grant from Georgia to take her training as a midwife at the Frontier Grad-

uate School of Midwifery. After that, she went back to Georgia where she has cooperated in organizing a constructive piece of work that will enable the humblest and most remote mother in Rabun County to get the services of a skilled physician under modern aseptic conditions when she desperately needs these services. The three doctors are sending private patients to the home and giving free care to charity cases. If such cases are normal, Miss Josephine Kinman delivers them when a doctor is not available. Every patient is encouraged to pay something whether in money, produce, or day labor by some male member of the family. This pleases us because we have long practiced the plan of taking our small fees in produce or day labor where money is not to be had.

Miss Kinman writes us that the idea for a place of this sort goes back nearly three years when a desperately sick expectant mother was stretchered over a mountain to the road and brought to Clayton and placed in a room in the health office for treatment by one of the local doctors. She says that she and the Ordinary began thinking then of a place where such mothers could be delivered safely. Now Miss Kinman is a nurse-midwife and she has got her maternity home and an adequate local staff to run it. Congratulations!

JUST JOKES, HURRAH!

Four leathernecks were playing bridge in a hut on a small Pacific isle. From outside came a shout: "Force of about 200 Japs landing on the beach." The four marines looked at one another. Finally one rose and said, "O. K., I'll go—I'm dummy, this hand."

A big, fine-looking young man walked into the recruiting office and said he wanted to join the Navy. An official asked him: "What are your qualifications?"

"What?" the young man asked.

"Are you a mechanic, plumber, radio operator, machinist, or just what do you want to do?"

"Do you have any place for a good **fighter**?" the fellow asked.

(P. S. He's now in the Navy.)

The lifeboat is rapidly sinking due to overloading. Three volunteers are asked to sacrifice themselves in order to relieve the condition.

A Frenchman rises and says: "Vive la France!" and jumps overboard.

An Englishman rises and says: "God save the King!" and follows the Frenchman into the watery grave.

A Nazi rises, snaps out a "Heil Hitler!" and pushes an Italian overboard.

—Contributed.

CHILD RAID VICTIMS BURIED IN ENGLAND

by

MILTON BRACKER

Wireless to The New York Times

(Abridged)

LONDON, Jan. 27—Two women sobbed in the crowded church, but only two, at the joint funeral today of thirty-nine children and five teachers killed in Lewisham school by Nazi bombing last week.

Others clung to their husbands' arms or gripped the edges of pews until their fingers whitened. They remained quiet in the hush beneath the stained-glass windows even when the vicar gently intoned: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." . . .

Soon there was not a vacant seat. The organist filled the nave with music and the crucifer and acolytes entered. Two tapers flanked the altar cross. The vicar began: "I am the resurrection, and the life." . . .

After the hymn the Bishop of Southwark spoke. He said at the outset that it was "far easier to say too much than too little," and he did his best to live up to his own admonition. When he referred to "children going happily to school and not returning" a sob broke from a mother's throat.

"They will not grow old," the Bishop said, "and we shall all grow old. And they were in their way martyrs. Their deaths are not going to be lost or wasted in this world."

There was another hymn and the closing prayer. There were more coughs than sobs. The procession went along the central aisle and turned into the street, where virtually the entire population of the community lined the sidewalks for blocks.

The route to the cemetery was right by the school in which the children had been killed and their teachers with them. Of the building there were two sections, exactly as if they had been split by a giant axe from the sky. In a top-floor room without a side wall members of civilian defense units stood at attention as the procession passed. But most parents who trudged by tried not to look at the school.

A single barrage balloon idled overhead as the procession descended a slight slope toward the graveyard. . . .

The procession turned a corner and passed an air raid shelter. It also passed a bombed home—a small place with chimneypots still intact—and a wardens' quarters. Outside this hung a wreath of yellow and purple flowers tagged: "To Dennis and Ronald deepest sympathy."

With representatives of the London County Council, members of Parliament, United States soldiers and Royal Air Force men in line, the procession entered the cemetery gates. The roadway was muddy. Others who had crowded in early bordered all the walks. The clergy waited at the communal grave until the relatives had assembled and then the vicar began the committal service.

This time the only audible sob was a man's. His wife and daughter, both in uniform, comforted him.

The Bishop gave the blessing. The mourners had a last look into the grave. It was more like a trench than a grave, and in it huddled thirty-one small white coffins and one large one. Eight other children and four teachers will be buried separately.

The clergy and officials started away. Their shoes were mud-caked. Somewhere a train whistled, and the sun was trying to break through. . . .

Back at the school workmen had resumed the task of clearance. In a pile of rubble a leaf of sheet music fluttered with the breeze; it was titled "Oranges and Lemons." There was also a crushed, blackened Bible. . . .

THE UNSHACKLING OF PRISONERS

There was a strong revulsion of feeling against the original decision to undertake reprisals, and the Government no doubt welcomed the communication from the Swiss Government as an opportunity of getting out of a mistake. The rally of public opinion which has called a halt in the descent to the abyss of barbarism and inhumanity is a good omen. The lesson of this episode needs to be laid to heart. The whole idea of counter-reprisals is wrong; it is in principle a contradiction of the ends for which the war is being waged. To reply to enemy conduct in kind is to accept their moral standards instead of our own. There is no reason whatever why we should allow them the initiative in the moral sphere. If we are fighting for a different conception of life from that of the Axis Powers, let us not copy what we detest, but seize every opportunity of showing that our standards and beliefs are different.

—The Christian News-Letter
19 Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S. W. 1

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Marjory Tait (Madge) with the Middle East Force— Sept 1, 1942.

Margaret Watson and I have managed to hitchhike to Port Said, Ismalia, and have spent two days in Cairo. What a joy to pull a lavatory chain again after our camp latrines! I believe that thrill almost eclipsed the sphinx and pyramids. And to sit in a real bath! Egypt struck me as a land of flies, mosques, mangoes, sanitary projects, and tinned fruit.

We came up here last Saturday. I am in charge of Officers' Ward and am very proud of my domain. They are very super huts! There is a Lt. Col. Jeffrey in charge of my ward, who has heard so much about you from Lady Leslie Mackenzie. He is a surgeon in Edinburgh in peace time and was a friend of Marvin's when he was a student at Edinburgh University. His father, Sir John Jeffrey, was a colleague of Sir Leslie Mackenzie's and is always interested to hear about the Frontier Nursing Service. Lt. Col. Jeffrey married a girl from Texas. First Nancy O'Driscoll's friend, and now Marvin Breckinridge's friend! I do seem to run up against connections of the Frontier Nursing Service.

As I sit writing I can see the blue Mediterranean through my tent door, whilst the stony hills rise right behind me. It is my half day and I'm going with Margaret to Sidon to see the quaint little native shops.

Give my warmest regards to everyone, please.

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From Margaret Watson with the Middle East Force— September 3, 1942.

We arrived at our own hospital some three weeks ago after a journey of some 24 hours. The first part was undertaken during the night. The one great drawback of night travel was the fact that our carriages were shared with the bug. We waged almost constant war all night on the pests, but even so suffered many bites.

We are now living in tents and thoroughly enjoy them. There are three of us in ours and one corner—if tents can be said to have corners—we have set aside as our sitting room. The view here is very pleasant—blue sea in front and hills behind. Down in the valleys grow oranges, bananas and lots of figs. The hillsides have a sort of terraced effect and corn is grown by practically everybody, as it is by my friends in the Kentucky hills.

Oct. 4, 1942. It is still very warm here and yesterday was the crowning effort. The wind was quite high and so hot it nearly baked a body—most unpleasant, especially as clouds of dust seemed to float everywhere. It wasn't as bad as the desert sand storms but quite bad enough.

No, I am miles away from Sybil (*Sybil Holmes*), much nearer to the Mickles. I still haven't been able to meet them as when we had it all fixed up to meet in Hiafa Edith had to go down with Sandfly. Now poor old Taitie (*Madge Tait*) is just recovering from a bout with it. Sandfly is a short but vicious disease very frequent in these parts. The mortality is nil but, like seasickness, awful while it lasts.

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**From Ethel Mickle (Mickle Major) with the Middle
East Force—October 12, 1942.**

It is a very long time since I wrote and much has happened since then, but letters are not easy to write these days. There is so little we can really tell you that we have not already said.

We still look forward to the Bulletin which arrives quite regularly and from which we glean most of our news. They are a long time reaching us, so what is fresh news to us is an old story with you.

We have had quite a number of American boys in the wards recently—Air Force. It has been nice to talk to them and hear "yes, ma'am" and "no, ma'am."

I had Bobbie Glazier's wedding announcement yesterday. I was so pleased to hear the news and wrote straight off to her. It reminded me of all our good times together.

I have been posted to the 12th Hospital. Edith (*her sister*) and Robbie (*Catherine Robertson*) are still at the 23rd—but we are only three miles away so can meet for off-duty.

We've had a busy, hot summer and are all feeling somewhat weary, but will recover when the cooler weather comes. Also next month we hope to get a 14-day leave, though everything is somewhat uncertain these days.

Very best wishes to you and all my friends in the Service.

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**From Edith Mickle (Mickle Minor) with the Middle
East Force—November 2, 1942.**

I had hoped to be able to give you firsthand news of Margaret Watson and Madge Tait, but after Robbie (*Catherine Robertson*), Sis and I had sallied forth on a long and adventurous journey to a half-way meeting place, we were met with disappointment—the blighters didn't turn up. Neither have we heard from them, so lawdy only knows where they are now.

Have had a very quiet night duty on the Officers' Ward until a week ago when the convoys began to roll in again. At the same time the weather broke with the most frightful storm we have yet seen. By morning the tents were down and the wards crammed with drenched Tommies looking for a home. Even the cinema had to be commandeered.

I had an American Air Force lad from Texas in my ward. One of the sweetest boys I've met. He kept us all highly amused with his abundant spirits and enthusiasm. My thoughts were nightly in Kentucky—the voice and expressions were so familiar.

I hope you will have this for Christmas and that you will all have a very happy one. How I have always loved Christmas and what wouldn't I give to feast my eyes on a laden Christmas tree with lights and lights and lights and to sit around a glowing fire and just talk of things far removed from war.

We are racking our brains for ideas as to how to decorate our wards with paper a minus quantity, but I have no doubt some most original works of art (and otherwise) will spring into being.

Give my love to all those who remain. We shall be thinking of you all as we know you will be of us.

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From Betty Lester in London—October 21, 1942.

I am doing midwifery—it is work that is needed very badly as England's birth rate is going up and the number of midwives

going down. I am not in a hospital but in a beautiful and large country house which has been taken over by the Government for mothers from London and the east coast towns, especially Norwich.

The house is in the middle of a big park and I feel much more isolated than I ever did in the Mountains. We have to walk a mile to the gates to get a bus and it only runs about three times a day to the nearest town six miles away. It's cold here too—we are not allowed to start central heating till November first—a week from today—and I just shiver all the time. However there is a war on and it won't last forever.

We have eight pupil midwives and I am responsible for their training during six months. They do not do any district work. They have lectures from doctors outside. I do the coaching and the actual delivery and postpartum teaching.

I hope Nancy won't have forgotten all about me. It will be lovely to see you all again and the new house which I suppose is no longer new. Johnny won't know me. I expect he has grown out of all recognition. I think about you and all the other folk in the Mountains all the time and I'm longing to get back. (*Nancy and Johnny are Dr. Kooser's children.*)

I've seen lots of American soldiers all over the place but never any of our own boys. I always want to ask them where they are from when I see any of them, but so far haven't been brave enough to start a conversation.

I heard from Mac the other day. She wanted me to meet her in London but I couldn't manage it. I believe she was meeting Kelly. I saw Green several times and Peggy awhile ago.

Please write to me sometimes—I'll be back after a while.

From Nora K. Kelly (Kelly) in London—October 24, 1942.

England after America is a funny place especially in war time. I can tell you it took a good bit out of me before I could settle down. I would give a good bit to be over your side even now but I am glad I came back when I did. I have never worked so hard nor felt so much that I was needed.

I take my finals for Teachers (*to teach midwifery*) next month. I'm hoping for the best though I have little time to study. I am in bed now with a succession of very bad styes

on my eye. The thing started by involving one whole side of my face and gradually localized on the eyelid—most unpleasant. I can only use one eye now. However I have started on a course of medicine that should clear the cause up.

December 31, 1942.

When your letter came it was at a hectic time. I had had my examination the day before, my staff nurse had gone off sick, I had had caesarians on the ward two days running, and I had a wire from a friend saying Mother was ill—very severe bronchitis it proved to be. Well, I passed my exam, and Mother has recovered though she is still weak.

By the way, one of our Honoraries asked me if I knew Miss Macdonald who had been with the F. N. S. She had applied for a post—midwifery district which had been bombed out and was now reopening. They wanted a worker and someone with enthusiasm. I hope she got the post!

Holly has applied for a post in Abyssinia as a Midwifery and Infant Welfare officer of some sort. I hear she has been appointed and is quite thrilled and expects to sail in June.

How are Hannah and the Children (*Dr. Kooser's family*)? All well, I hope and I suppose so grown up I would not know them. I have a nephew, Andrew, who is nine months old and doing well.

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From Ada Worcester in Sussex—December 12, 1942.

Thanksgiving Day has slipped away again. Such a "to do" as we had! There were programs about it all day long and talks about it for some days before and since. Last night I heard an American woman talk about Alabama during the Children's Hour. It is all so exciting, I hope we'll always have Thanksgiving Day from now on. Perhaps after a while we'll get turkey dinners and so forth.

Green (*May Green*) is very elusive. I've tried several times to make arrangements to meet her, but she seems to disappear into the country every few weeks to maternity cases.

Amy is due for another interview with the official from the Ministry of Labour. If she should be directed to do other work I shall be in a nice little pickle. At the moment she runs her

own home and does most of mine (all the housework and some cooking). Of course, I am anxious to continue to do my bit to help but, if I have to do my housework, I am sure it will be impossible to carry a full time job as strenuous as ward nursing. I work from 7:30 a. m. until 8 p. m. with three hours off. That's not terribly easy, but we have arranged our household affairs to fit in.

We are busy preparing for Christmas in the Hospital. We are to decorate with evergreens, trim a Christmas tree, and fill stockings. What they can produce for the stockings and tree puzzles me. I've been around the shops today. They are almost bare and things that are showing are priced extremely high. Children's toys are pathetic—rag dolls at half a guinea and rather crude wooden toys are about the only available ones. Homemade things are well to the fore.

Christmas Day is to be devoted to the patients with no off duty for the staff. That seems quite right and proper to me; but, in the back of my mind, I'm a little worried about David's (*her husband*) Christmas dinner.

I've had a whole day off today and when I return tomorrow I have to tackle a complete change over of junior staff. The last crowd were good and I loved trying to teach them. Life had become comfortable as in three months they had settled into our ways so well, and most of them could take a good deal of responsibility which of course made my own job easier.

It's probable that you heard our bells. They sounded grand to me after the long rest. When the Premier spoke two nights ago, I tried to picture you all listening too, and my mind would only see the Wendover living room.

Travel is somewhat difficult here these days compared to the easy ways of peace, but I'm sure it is more amusing. On the bus this morning I heard a housewife ask the conductor to wait while she ran indoors to turn off the gas. Everyone smiled, but the delay didn't seem to disturb anyone.

Do you remember my passion for knitting? Well, coupons and poor quality wool added to lack of time have almost cured me. When the war ends and I retire, I'm going to settle down to steady knitting for the rest of my days.

Life is grand in spite of the war. I feel just bubbling over with energy and it's a perfectly lovely feeling!

Best wishes for Christmas to all of you and my love. I was delighted to hear that Wilma had started a family.

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From Elizabeth Stevenson (Stevie) in Scotland—
November 3, 1942.

It has been such a long time since I have heard from you folks but, of course, that may not have been any fault of yours. At this time one's thoughts always turn to old friends and thoughts of writing and as I have a very special piece of news I thought it's about time I up and confessed.

I am going to be married to a Highlander on the 30th of December. My future home will be in a lovely spot and some day when the war is over I hope to have you come and visit me. In the meantime I am going to carry on with district nursing. We are all needed. I shall change from here to something more suitable within traveling distance of my future home. So much for that.

Things are pretty much as usual here—plenty of work and babies and the usual blackouts to try our tempers. Driving is no easy matter. However we have had a quiet time with no air raids and everything goes on at top speed. I have seen lots of Americans, coloured and otherwise, but haven't spoken to any of them—no opportunity plus Scotch reserve.

I have been entertaining the local rural and guild meetings with lectures on Kentucky and should be glad to hear all the latest news from you all.

How does the family grow? I expect I wouldn't know Nancy and the boy will be quite big too. What are you doing in the Medical line at present? Is there anything new I could hear of from you? I feel as though we just carry on and really sometimes get into a rut what with being busy and catching up on sleep and trying to cope with a house, shopping and cooking, washing and A. R. P. work, classes and meetings, and an occasional night at the pictures.

From Annie P. MacKinnon (Mac) in Essex—

November 3, 1942.

We are into winter again and I am afraid a very cold one at that. I am allowed a wee fire in my room and what a comfort it is!

The other day I got such a surprise when Kelly phoned me from her home asking if she could come to see me and bring a friend who had got home from Rangoon where she had been matron at the hospital where Kelly's sister was. I had them for tea and we talked a lot as you can guess. She saw some of your boys and had a chat with them.

We are all thrilled having Mrs. Roosevelt over here; and isn't she going places! She has worn out one pair of shoes and has no coupons to buy another pair.

I had a nice long letter from Mrs. Bray yesterday and she wants me to go there whenever I can, but travelling is very difficult here and unless it is necessary we stay put.

We have troubled nights here but I don't move unless it is absolutely necessary. I am looking forward to the day when I can tear down the blackout curtains and put on as many lights as I can. However, I enjoy my work here and feel my back getting stronger every day.

I wonder where you are having Thanksgiving dinner this year. I hope you have a happy day and only wish I could be with you. Give my love to everybody.

November 8, 1942.

I can't tell you how glad I was to get your letter with all the news. The F. N. S. Bulletin arrived yesterday and I read it from beginning to end before I slept. I was interested in your clinics and see you have been to Manchester as well as Hazard.

Well, we have been having good war news the last few days and it has heartened us. This morning hearing that the U. S. A. forces had arrived in North Africa and President Roosevelt's message were nearly too much for me. It thrilled me to the marrow. Tonight Mrs. Roosevelt is to speak so I see no sleep for me.

So far I haven't seen any Kentucky boys but I am on the lookout for them. It amuses me when I hear some of your boys shouting "Hello Kentucky" when I am anywhere near! Yester-

day I had a visit from one of them on his first day off. I made him stay to dinner and made a wee cup of coffee for him before he left. My heart goes out to them as they must be lonesome, but they are cheery and don't grumble. I have made dates with a few of them—"mercy me!"

I am glad I came home before the bugle call. I have had my ups and downs but would go through the same again as it means a lot to me to be here doing my part. Last evening I was standing outside watching the —*censored*—. A soldier was standing beside me, just a little bantam. He turned round and said "we are doing well, aren't we?" I laughed and just looked down at him thinking to myself "you had a nerve to join up." He told me there were eleven of them in the army and that he was the youngest. He was a trapper in Greenland when the war broke out.

Did you remember the 5th of November and have a bonfire? I thought of you and the night we sang around "Guy Faukes" outside—"the good old days and one big happy family."

I suppose Nancy has forgotten me, or do you think she really remembers? I hope Johnnie is a real boy. You said he was and as I remember him like his Pop. His picture is the image of you. "Good night and 30."

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From Doris Park (Parky) in Surrey—November 9, 1942.

The good news is coming in thick and fast, first Libya, now Algiers and North Africa. It certainly looks as if we are starting our Victories now. The excitement over here is great, so many husbands are in the East. One expectant mother, who had only two school boys and whose husband left for the East six weeks before, said: "I know we shall have a girl. This is a lucky year." Last Thursday she had her baby, a girl, then a cable that her husband had arrived safely in India, and now all these smashing victories. Isn't it just great?

I was pleased to read in Beatrice Boxall's letter in the Bulletin: "The children over here, on the whole, look better than they did when I left." I am sure she is right. My sister said before the war there were so many unnecessary kinds of foods and far too many sweets and cakes. Now foods are

plainer and more wholesome and there are more vegetables. I am sure the children do better on them and are not half the trouble they were. I was over with my sister this week-end and the family is getting so excited. Anne said: "You know, Auntie, we are lucky. Daddy is coming home in two weeks time and next month Father Christmas is coming."

Our hamlet was especially good this year. There are plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables on the market just now and everyone has canned a little of something. The war has taught people to be more resourceful like the mountaineers and, in the time of plenty, to provide for the lean months of January, February, March and April.

Father says the article in the Bulletin about General Breckinridge is most interesting as is everything else in it. I have no peace until I've sent it to him to read.

The kids here are so good and thrilled to help in any way they can. I keep them on the run fetching everything while I do the mother. In return I let them watch the baby bathed. Waiting women are hard to get so many are doing essential war work, so that we often have to do with small members of the family to do small jobs.

November 11.

I had to run quick. Three babies before morning and twins on top of that, a girl 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb and a boy 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb—but he is going to do all right. The mother is simply thrilled about them. The last two babies yesterday were Canadians. We are really one big family now, and I hope united for all time. It will be the only way to keep peace.

I was so thrilled that Wilma has a baby. I wish I had been there. I hope both are well.

A very happy Christmas to all at Wendover.

From Edith Batten (Batsy) in North Wales—

November 11, 1942.

Four days ago, we closed the house (*nurses' rest home*) to guests until January first, in order for me to have a real rest after a very strenuous summer.

I have glimpsed over a few items in the Bulletin and I love

the drawings and verses "To Our Horses." I like to think that my dear old Snip is now a Saint. He qualified for one before he went to His Horse's Heaven even to just emitting a disgusted snort when a "wiggling pest" used to hiss at him or rush between his legs. It was always "ladies first." If he accidentally deposited one of them to "mother earth" by an over-head route, he would remain stock still until she collected herself. I have known him to knock me down rather than trample on me—which was preferable—when climbing almost complete ice boulders. Yes, I had the perfect horse and I'd like him to have a halo.

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From Hazel Dufendach in Davenport, Iowa—

November 24, 1942.

We are taking an eight weeks' course in Senior Clerks' Training at the Rock Island Arsenal. The first four weeks we take a cramming of Ordnance Fiscal and Procurement, Property Accountability, Mail and Records, and Civilian Personnel. The last four weeks I will specialize in Civilian Personnel and Mail and Records which is wonderful filing training. I am working harder than I ever worked in my life and when I get back I will be a wreck physically and mentally. I have been here a little over two weeks and almost every night have studied until midnight or after and get up at six in the morning. All this training is for taking over back at Henderson in case the men there are called to the Service.

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From Mary Hollins (Holly) in London—

Thanksgiving Day, 1942.

I seem to have been going around in a dream today thinking of you all and the Thanksgivings I knew in Kentucky. You will have had a great gathering, but Wendover would scarcely hold all those absent ones who have wished they were there today.

Your letter of July 7th said the Garden House was coming along nicely. I do so wonder if it is nearly finished. It would be crazy to think it could be by this time, but things move so fast sometimes when the F. N. S. gets a notion to do a thing, that I'm just wondering if you have all been sitting in a new Garden House today and perhaps had a housewarming in it.

Well, I suppose I must give an account of myself. Last winter, December to April, I spent doing relief district "midder" in Leicestershire. I don't quite know why it had to be in the winter months! How I longed for Tommy's (*her horse*) warm neck to put my hands on instead of the bicycle handle bars! It was great all the same, specially in one place where I relieved for a week and the population increased by ten during that time!

In the middle of April I came here to the Miller General Hospital and since then the time has flown even faster than before. I came as Sister (*Head nurse*) of a male ward but since August have had a female ward, medical and surgical. The ward is designed for 24. Now, owing to the general congestion, it has another row of 12 beds down the middle, always full, and a few cots tucked away in odd spaces. This is my operation day for thyroids, always 4 every week. We have quite a famous surgeon and all the patients do marvellously well. Tomorrow is our gynie day; about half the patients are gynecological. There is a never ending stream of patients arriving, expected and unexpected. Only about half the pre-war wards are open owing to the blitz, and all surgical patients doing well are evacuated to country hospitals after about 4 or 5 days. This means we never have any more or less convalescent ones who can do something for themselves. This is what makes the time fly so!

I haven't seen Kelly for months. Week ends are the only times I have off and those are the times she goes home. In fact I think we all get much more news of each other from the Bulletin than in any other way.

I haven't heard of any of the mountain folk being over here, but if any known to you are, I wish I could know so I could find them out. It is grand to see so many of your boys everywhere one goes. They seem to mix very well. I hope they are not too homesick when they are on leave.

You will be sorry to hear we lost our youngest brother who died in May. He was a squadron leader and had been flying a Catalina for months with the Atlantic Convoys. He had been married for two years and has a baby daughter who is a delight to us all.

Nancy and John (*The Kooser children*) must be quite big.

I'll never recognize them when the great day dawns that I see you all again.

By the time this arrives it will be Christmas, so please pass on to all a Merry Christmas wish.

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From Janet Coleman in Worcestershire—

November 26, 1942.

I have spoken again about the Frontier Nursing Service. This time before the Brockleton's Mother Union.

I have been at my present post for four years next May and am very happy in my work. Our drive for diphtheria immunization has been so successful that our area (covered by two nurses) has the highest percentage of children immunized in the county of Worcestershire, about 90%. We nurses do not give the injections. It is done by one of the medical officers of health. I have applied for a scholarship in order to take my Health Visitors' Course in 1944. Worcestershire County Council will give me the grant and I must work for them for two years after gaining my certificate.

My family has had its first breakup in the loss of my dear father on August 4th. He died suddenly while at a Progressive League Conference—coronary thrombosis.

My brother is teaching navigation in the class room so is that much safer. Recently he flew back from Canada in 9½ hours—he navigated the plane. He is flight lieutenant now.

I am saving up so that one day before I'm grey haired I can fly over to America and see you all.

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From Lois Harris Kroll in Alaska—December 3, 1942.

I have been married two years and you have the name correct. It has been an interesting two years and I've learned a lot—and expect to learn more. Nursing has been dropped definitely. If it should happen that I would have to earn my living again, you would probably get a begging letter from me: "Let me come back to the hills."

I do enjoy the Bulletin very much—especially the Old Staff News. I have wondered why no news from "Scottie" Milne and Doubleday. I must confess when some nurse, unknown to me,

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I do enjoy the Bulletin very much—especially the Old Staff News. I have wondered why no news from "Scottie" Milne and Doubleday. I must confess when some nurse, unknown to me,

sends her love to Lady Ellen (*her horse*) a strange feeling possesses me—a green feeling.

Since this summer Henry (*her husband*) has been building a scow. It's impossible to get lumber and there are many spruce trees so Hank set up his own sawmill and we've been logging twice. He has sawed his own timber and done a good job too. The first year we were married he built a dock and on it we have a shack made of sheet metal where we live. This looks better inside than out and we are cozy and comfortable. When the scow is finished Hank will install two gasoline engines, then transfer our shack on to it, and Presto! We have a floating cannery. This has all been planned for some time in Hank's mind and we now hope to start in our own business by spring. We will can king crab and salmon mainly—perhaps a few razor clams and shrimp. We have all our equipment ready. Apparently there is a good market for all products but the W. P. B. takes 60%. I wish there was someone here like Mr. M. C. Begley to explain to me all the red tape and "stuff" received from Washington and other sources! Recently I have been corresponding about cans—tin cans.

I am really learning to be domestic—cakes, pies and bread I can make. Being a housewife keeps me more than busy. When there isn't work to do in the house, Hank wants me to go somewhere with him to watch or help. The mending is never done!

Right now I'm a widow. Hank went hunting—over a week ago—for a moose. If he gets one we will can it for our own use as meat is expensive here and not too plentiful. The weather has been stormy, snow and wind, ever since he left. He must be having a miserable time. I hope he comes home soon as it's lonesome without him.

Remember me to my old friends if any are around.

January 29, 1943.

Yes, Hank came home with a moose—at least about 400 lbs. of it. He butchered it where it fell and then had to pack the meat on his back to the boat on the beach, a distance of about ten miles. We have some of it iced down and the rest is just frozen. I am in the process of canning it gradually.

So old Tiger (*Dog at Brutus*) is still alive! Bogette (*her*

dog) died after I came to Alaska. I felt I could not manage with her—that she was too old to make such a rough steamer trip, and part of it was rough. I left her on a farm where there were several horses and no children. The people were friends of my parents and were very fond of Bo, but she died.

My best to one and all.

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From Josephine Green in Camp Livingston, La.—

December 6, 1942.

I've been surprised and pleased so many times at the interest of the many army nurses in the Service. Many have interrupted an introduction to say: "Oh, you're the girl who worked in Kentucky. Tell me all about it. Do they really ride horseback?" I like nothing better than to tell them all I know.

Our life here is a busy one. We are only on duty six hours a day, but the rest of our time is well taken up with basic training and supervised athletics. We think we are becoming proficient in handling a gas mask as well as in the art of military drills. As for athletics, soft ball is taking much of my time. I have been assigned captain of our team and we are out to beat the other two teams here.

Many changes have taken place since I arrived here. Building is going on all the time. They hope soon to increase the hospital capacity by five hundred beds which will bring the total up to fifteen hundred. In time this will be a permanent army hospital and training base for units going into foreign service. We are the first group to get that training here. With increased bed space they must have room for nurses. This week ground was broken for a new barracks, recreation hall and large swimming pool. All this will be nice for the ones who will follow us and especially the ones who are assigned here on "limited service."

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From Ellen Marsh (Marshie) in London—December 7, 1942.

Many thanks for the Bulletins. I am always so pleased to get them and read them from cover to cover. I do like to know what is happening to you all. I cherish some very happy memories of Kentucky.

How proud you must have felt of Mrs. Roosevelt's wonderful trip. What a reception she received in this country! I heard her give the postscript on Sunday night after the 9 p. m. news.

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From Isabella Marraine (Dougall) in Florida—

December 10, 1942.

I am the only nurse working in this county—population 12,000 (2/3 colored). I have in all 45 schools, 35 of them for colored children. I have 15 midwives to supervise and I have a meeting for them once a month. Every second and fourth Tuesday afternoons, I see prenatals, postpartums and babies. I have issued thousands of containers to the various schools and have collected them on a given date. Dr. Brink follows with the worm treatment, mainly for hookworm, though we have found tape, round, pin and threadworm. I give typhoid, diphtheria and smallpox vaccine at the schools where I have taken specimen bottles. Then I have my tuberculosis patients to visit, and I must line up my contacts for X-ray early in February.

Iona and Peter (*her children*) have a great deal of freedom and pleasure here. They are keeping well and are now all agog for Christmas.

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From Margaret Ferguson (Fergy) in Georgia—

December 23, 1942.

To the Gang, one and all, those I know and those who came after I left, from Chico (*the Hospital Superintendent's English setter*) down to the latest kitten, from the newest horse to the last calf:

Somehow I feel very close to Hyden today. I want very badly to be there now, to prowl through the stacks of things in the Christmas room looking for things to put in the socks hanging in the living room on Christmas morning—silly little things that somehow do or do not fit the person.

I want to help dish up for the kids the night before Christmas, to play "Who Laid An Egg"—or whatever they call it—and that awful stunt where everyone gets their faces blacked.

Please, may I decorate the ward? 'Member last year how we fixed up for all the kids? That lollypop tree! I stuck my

hands all over the thorns, but it was fun! Sorta wish Eddie Hoskins was there for the day—he was such a good little egg!

I guess the party for the Hyden districts is already over. I would have liked to have seen Nora Bowling's face, and Winnie Asher's, and just all of them!

I wanta be in Hyden New Year's too. I kept my funny little dress outfit—dug it out last week, hunting for the Christmas spirit I guess. Funny how that place gets under your skin. Maybe it's the mist of the Middlefork in my veins instead of blood. I keep thinking of the things there: the ridge, my garden on the wall—I so loved to scratch up there,—Mac—she taught me to make tea, remember?; “Who made this foul stuff?”

I have to take time out to tell what Corky (*her Cocker*) just did. Among the things I put about the little Christmas tree that Mom and I fixed up was a green rubber ball. Corky kept barking. I gave him water—he didn't want to go out. Finally, since I still don't understand dog Latin, he went over and nudged the ball. He wouldn't take it off the table but he really wanted it so badly!

Mom is really crazy about Corky. He stays with her during the day. Sometimes the two of them go out with me for the afternoon. It's really sweet having Mom here. We have lots of fun, doing the things we did when I was home, high school age—that was long ago.

In closing—the lovely Christmas song we hear so much lately “May your Christmas be merry and bright.” With love to all.

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From Eva Delaney Vanover in Lexington, Kentucky—

February 14, 1943.

Yes, our young man was the first baby born in Lexington on New Year's day. We had our picture taken by the paper. I've sent one to Mrs. Breckinridge. I'm not as fat as the picture looks though I weigh 116 now, the most I ever weighed in my life. I've been so busy learning how to be a mother that I hardly have time to eat properly. Of course, like all mothers, I think our baby is a doll and I very nearly love him to pieces. He was six weeks old this past Friday and he weighs 8 lbs. 7½ oz. Just as soon as the weather gets better, I'll be up with our son to see

the new Garden House. I'm so anxious to see it—I know it's ever so lovely.

My husband has to go to the army next month. He has been put in call I. I'm dreading his going, but I'll have the baby now and that will help a bit.

From the Lexington Leader—January 1, 1943.

LEXINGTON'S FIRST 1943 HOSPITAL BABY—A boy, weighing six pounds 11 ounces, arrived at St. Joseph's Hospital at 5:48 a. m. today. He is the son, and first child, of Mr. and Mrs. Earl VanOver, of 366 Sherman Avenue. He has been named Earl Delaney.

From Myrtle Onsrud (Onnie) at the Kennedy General Hospital, Memphis, Tenn.—February 21, 1943.

I'm in the army and find it a very busy life. At present I'm taking my turn in the nurses' quarters, which doesn't give me much contact with the wards. Our Hospital is filling up with troop trains full of wounded and sick soldiers. We are also getting new nurses.

I think of the F. N. S. so often. There are so many lovely things about those homes and mountains that one cannot forget.

How is that good horse Tommy? Such a horse—so full of tricks and good common sense.

NEWSY BITS

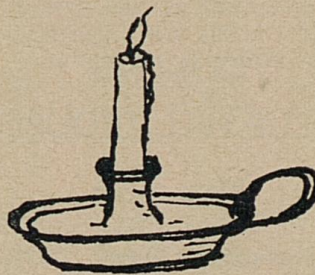
We are happy to announce the marriage of Edith Anderson (Andy) to Lieutenant George Lawrence, U. S. A., on February 7, 1943 in the Post Chapel at Fort Knox, Kentucky. This wedding was to have been at Wendover in the Christmas holidays but Lieutenant Lawrence couldn't get leave at that time. When his leave did come it was too short to allow for the Wendover wedding on which all of us had set our hearts. As all our Bulletin readers know, Andy was for two years Social Service Secretary, under the annual grant from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority of which she is a member. Until the war is over and she and Lieutenant Lawrence can set up housekeeping, she will continue to work for her graduate degree at Western Reserve

University and come back to the Frontier Nursing Service as a consultant during her brief holidays.

We have received the delightful announcement from Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Grube (Nellie Davis—Davy) of the arrival of twin babies. Guy Herbert, 5 lbs. 4 oz., and Gail Agnes, 4 lbs. 15 oz., were born on February 10th at St. Agnes Hospital in Baltimore. Their pictures, taken at forty hours of age, show them as charming babies.

Ann Martin writes from India: "We are very busy here—the work is interesting and sometimes exciting—and I'm enjoying my part thoroughly."

With the Atlantic what it is in war times, we were inexpressibly relieved to receive a cable announcing the safe arrival in England of our nurses, Minnie Meeke and Nelly Kelly.



Little Miss Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

—Mother Goose

Thank you, thank all of you, who have sent us candlesticks during the last few months. With kerosene rationed for the duration and with no electricity at any of our stations except the Hospital and its surrounding buildings, candlesticks are a necessity to us. We like to think that these candlesticks, some of which were heirlooms, are glad to be put to use again. They are ornamental, but they weren't made for ornamentation. They were made for service. Now they light up shadowy corners after long years of idleness.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

COMING
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Washington, D. C.
Mayflower Hotel

Saturday afternoon, April 17th

For information and tickets, telephone Frontier Nursing Service Benefit Chairman **Mrs. John W. Davidge, North-0429**, or Benefit Treasurer **Mrs. Guido Perera, Ordway-0328**.

COMING
BLUE HILL TROUPE

New York

Thursday, April 29th

Friday, April 30th

Saturday, May 1st

"IOLANTHE"—GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

At the Heckscher Theatre, 1 East 40th Street

The Frontier Nursing Service in collaboration with the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association is taking, as in former years, a share of the only performance this year in New York of Gilbert and Sullivan opera by the famous Blue Hill Troupe.

For theatre tickets for the 29th, the 30th or the 1st, telephone **Whitehall 4-4800**.

For dinner reservations on the 30th only at 6:45 p. m. preceding performance, telephone **Atwater 9-9007**.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

"From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends."

This verse was sent us by a British Trustee and it was sent him by a Hackney Wick Cockney. In his letter this Trustee writes as follows:

"... in the last few years I have realised that victory or defeat depends as much on the courage of women as on the courage of men. Again I can give you an example from my Hackney Wick experience which is only typical of the attitude which women are adopting in both our countries. A week ago I had a letter from one of our chaps (R. A. F. ground staff) in which he says that he is going to remuster as an air gunner because he has just had a son and realises, as his wife does, that he now has a double reason for risking his life. It is hard to imagine greater courage than for a wife to give her consent to her husband, to whom she is devoted, doing one of the most dangerous jobs in the world, and yet this kind of thing is happening all the time and these little acts of heroism are generally unknown and always unrecorded."

That Nazi propaganda has dragnets everywhere was never made clearer to us here in the Kentucky mountains than when it pitched into the Frontier Nursing Service. Miss Vanda Summers, the Superintendent of our Hospital at Hyden, has a brother who is a parson in England. He wrote her not long ago as follows:

"The other day I was idly listening to a German station, transmitting propaganda,—chiefly abuse—in English. Two women were talking and boosting Nazi social services. Suddenly one said, "Have you read Nurses on Horseback?" and then gave an alleged outline of the book. "It only serves to show," she concluded, "the dreadful state of social services in America."

Our answer to this is "Tush, my dear madam, and then Tosh," but it puts us in mind of the following verse from Lewis Carroll:

He thought he saw a garden door
That opened with a key;
He looked again and found it was
A Double-Rule-of-Three.
"And all its mystery," he said,
"Is clear as day to me!"

From Pasadena, California a friend writes as follows:

"I am working at Hospitality House which is a recreation hall, and canteen run for the Service men. We have loads of

boys from Kentucky, and you should have seen one's face light up after he had signed the register from Hyden, when I told him I knew about the Frontier Nursing Service. From then on he felt quite at home."

. . . .

This Quarterly Bulletin is the Cinderella of the Frontier Nursing Service,—always shoved into chimney corners and pushed aside when its editor is too busy as an executive to take on the job of editing. When at last an issue of the Bulletin gets in the mails, then Cinderella's pumpkin becomes a coach and the Prince fits his magic slippers on her feet. The mail the Bulletin receives is now so voluminous that it is almost impossible to answer it all and if we quoted from it, then pages of each number would be filled with nothing but quotations. Here are just four bits that have lately come in.

From a friend in Rochester, New York:

"I read the Bulletin with deep joy and appreciation and follow the Service, gaining fresh courage from the rare spirit and vitality that moves through all your great work."

From a little old lady in England to our nurse Peggy Brown:

"The other day the Bulletin arrived. It is most interesting and I loved reading it. . . . It is a wonderful work you are doing. . . . I am sure it means the saving of many a life. . . . I think 'If' and the 'Sanitary Privy' very clever. . . . Your motto also appeals to me and I do so love children."

From an English friend in India:

"The Bulletin has come.—It is literature and an event."

From a man, an old friend, in Scotland, who was a member of the Education Board until his retirement:

"I have read with avidity all the messages, the recorded messages, reaching you from your old staff and couriers all over the face of the earth. . . . I do admire the resolution with which you faced and overcame the disaster to your prized Garden House. . . . We think Admiral Nimitz a naval captain of the first rank and watch his work in the Pacific with admiration and confidence."

This same friend gives us the following lovely bit in his letter:

"My main voluntary work is still among the seamen as I think I told you in my last. You will be glad to know that we have some American sailors too and that we all like them immensely. We think their manner of unexampled pleasantness. It is a privilege to have them. We had this charming experience some months back. An American sailor came to us for a comfort, a pull-over, and while I was making it up for him we found this card inside without name or date: 'From America to Britain with love and admiration'."

We have received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Helen Hickok Cooper to Mr. Grant Forrester Begley in New Orleans on Saturday the thirtieth of January. This wedding is of great interest to us because Mr. Begley, a senior at Tulane Medical School, is the younger son of the Superintendent of Schools of Leslie County, our Committee member and friend, Mr. John D. Begley and Mrs. Begley. In December, young Mr. Grant Begley wrote the following letter to Dr. Kooser:

"This is brought on by the fact that I finally got to give that talk about the history of the Frontier Nursing Service to the History of Medicine Society. Every one seemed immensely interested and there seem to be some desirable results forthcoming. Some of the doctors there took down the mailing address of the Service and said that they always had things of one sort and another to send to places like that and they thought it would be a good idea to send some to the Service. Don't get the idea that I made a solicitous speech. Most of them had heard of the Service before and this just refreshed them. I don't know whether they will stay refreshed or not. At any rate one of them told me that he would be glad to give me a letter of introduction to all the doctors in the building where he has his offices and I would be easily able to collect a couple of cartons of sample medicines that they are always receiving. He mentioned liver extract, amytal yeast tablets and various other vitamins and it seemed like a good idea to me. It seemed that you would be glad to get all of those things that you could since the need there is more than the supply. If you will write me soon and approve the idea I will be glad to do that."

One person who will never be forgotten in the Frontier Nursing Service is Virginia Hamilton who later became Dr. Hamilton and married Mr. Boyd Bailey. She lives in Bath, Maine, where she practices medicine and has babies. Her first child was a boy. We congratulate her and Mr. Bailey on the birth of a daughter in December. Virginia wrote us as follows:

"Anne arrived last week under somewhat unconventional circumstances. The hospital was scandalized until one of the nurses hit on a formula which made it all right with the authorities: 'Dr. Hamilton delivered Mrs. Bailey's baby'."

Mrs. William Beach of New Richmond, Ohio, who was for five years our Cola in charge of the housekeeping at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus, writes that her husband works on a cattle farm for Dr. Parke G. Smith of Cincinnati. As Dr. Smith came in with Dr. John Caldwell and Dr. Charles Kiely many years ago to hold clinics on Bullsken

and has ever since been a member of our National Medical Council, it is nice to think of a connection that ties up a cattle farm in Ohio with a nursing center on Bullskin. Cola sent us a most winning picture of her baby girl Barbara Gay.

We read in a recent issue of Newsweek that the town of Ridgefield, New Jersey, has had four out of its six doctors go to war. This probably means that doctors can't be spared for ambulance duty because Ridgefield's police are now being trained in emergency obstetrics. We have long thought that first aid courses should include instruction for laymen on how to handle a maternity case when the woman delivers without benefit of doctor or nurse.

A magnificent piece of work is done by the National Nursing Council for War Service and the New York City Nursing Council in directing the attention of qualified high school and college graduates to the needs of the training schools of the great hospitals in New York and all over the United States. The Chairman of the New York City Nursing Council at 654 Madison Avenue is our Trustee, Mrs. Langdon Marvin, and the Executive Secretary is Miss Mary D. Burr. The Chairman of the Committee on Recruitment of Student Nurses of the National Nursing Council at 1790 Broadway is Miss Katharine Faville and the Director of Public Information is Miss Florence M. Seder.

For the United States as a whole, 55,000 well-qualified students are needed to enter the schools of nursing. This is one way in which a young woman can serve her country during the war and prepare for a most satisfying career in peace. Nursing is a vocation in itself and it is also an excellent preparation for marriage and motherhood. Those of us who have taken our three years' training and become registered nurses know, with no shadow of a doubt, that we were given far more than a lifetime of service can ever give back.

When I was in New York in January, I offered my services as a speaker to the New York City Nursing Council for two or three addresses during my second week to high school seniors

and college students anywhere in the greater New York area. Unfortunately, just at that time I got a pharyngitis and speaking was off for the next ten days. This meant that I didn't get out to my own school of nursing at St. Luke's Hospital in New York or to the Nursing and Health group at Teachers College, Columbia University, as I do each year. I had to cancel, too, a speech at the Bennett Junior College at Millbrook, New York, a school that has played a deep part in the affections of the Frontier Nursing Service over a period of many years.

Fortunately, before I got the pharyngitis I had already met several speaking engagements including the important Annual Meetings in Princeton, New Jersey and in New York City and an evening meeting for the Evening Guild of the Madison, New Jersey, Presbyterian Church. This Guild sends us layettes and toys and have long been friends of the Frontier Nursing Service.

The Princeton Annual Meeting came before the New York one and in spite of gasoline rationing a considerable group of women were at the Present Day Club where our Chairman and my warm personal friend, Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, presided with a charm all her own. She introduced Dr. Josephine Baker and I had the happiness of being introduced by this truly great woman.

Our New York Annual Meeting at the Cosmopolitan Club went off superbly well with an attendance of over two hundred friends. The Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, presided with distinction and her happy faculty of finding exactly the right word to say in connection with each person she introduced. The Treasurer of the New York Committee, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, made a report from the Frontier Nursing Service audit of the receipts that have come through the New York Committee and the almost negligible expenditures by the New York Committee. The Treasurer of the Bargain Box Sub-Committee of the New York Committee, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, gave a report on the total net receipts of our share of the Bargain Box returns (we are one of six charities) during the same fiscal year.

After the report had been given, Mrs. Martin introduced Major Julia C. Stimson who introduced me. It was a deep honor to have Major Stimson take time from her vast campaign for the recruitment of nurses for the Army to come to our meeting

to make this introduction. Aside from her national prominence in the nursing field, and as a person, few people are so well fitted to start off a report on the Frontier Nursing Service. In our early days, Major Stimson came in to see us and rode horseback to all of the outpost nursing stations that were built at that time. She even stayed overnight in a two-room cabin on Hog Wallow Branch which we called Buckingham Palace and which was headquarters for our Flat Creek Nursing Center before the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial was built.

On the afternoon of the same day of the Annual Meeting, Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere, invaluable and dear member of the New York Committee, held a rummage tea in my honor at her home. Everyone who came had to bring rummage to be sold at the Bargain Box for the Frontier Nursing Service. There seemed to be quite an immense attendance of people coming and going and a vast stack of rummage piling up in the hall. Altogether aside from the value of the rummage, the tea gave me an opportunity to have the most delightful bits of conversation with many old friends.

It is in meeting with old friends and in making new ones, as one does every year, that I personally get pleasure out of these engagements for the Frontier Nursing Service. Then too, more than I can express, I am inspired by the courage, endurance and capability that I find in almost everyone I meet. Among the members of our own New York Committee is our former courier Mrs. James E. Thompson (Etty Bartlett) whose husband is with the Roosevelt Hospital Unit in Africa. The day she came to tea with me we had seen in the papers where Rommel's air force had made a deadset at this medical unit and she was smiling. Another member of this Committee is Mrs. William McFee whose husband is in England at the head of the St. Luke's Hospital Unit. A third member is the wife of Dr. Carnes Weeks who is somewhere in the Pacific. Etty Bartlett Thompson has two children and Margaret Weeks has four to occupy their minds and hearts. Some of the children are growing up into the war too. Mrs. Weeks' older son had just left St. Paul's School to enlist in the Marines.

Another member of the New York Committee, Mrs. George

Brett, Jr., was driving five days each week and often at night for the Army and the Navy. Her work for the Navy included meeting boats at any hour of the day or night at any dock to which she was suddenly ordered. Several of these women were, like Mrs. Brett, in highly confidential work of which they gave no details. All of our friends were working and working hard not only for the war but for the home charities like ours, as well.

Several parties were given for me, war parties, and simple, so that I could meet friends in groups. Mr. and Mrs. Henry James had me to dinner with, among others, the George A. Crockers. Mrs. Crocker, as Miriam Blagden, was the head of Miss Anne Morgan's Motor Corps in our American Committee for Devastated France for Part I of the World War and the years of reconstruction afterwards. Mrs. Francis B. Thurber had me to lunch at the Colony Club to meet Mrs. Thomas T. Craven, the wife of Vice-Admiral Craven and the mother-in-law of our Boston Committee member, Mrs. Thomas T. Craven, Jr. Irving Brock, of the New York Times, and his wife got together another group for me; and I had tea with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hollins, parents of our resident courier Jean. At dinner with Mrs. George Lawrence, who is the sister of the Mrs. Arthur Terry who sends us the old-age glasses, and Mr. Lawrence, I met Jean's godmother, Miss Angelica Livingston. My cousin, Mrs. John C. Ten Eyck, had a lot of my kinpeople and friends to meet me. Among them were my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Sutphen. He is the Executive Vice-President of the Electric Boat Company and Elco Naval Division which makes the famous USSPT boats whose work in the Pacific was described in the book "They Were Expendable." He brought with him a famous submarine commander from the Pacific who sought to give us the impression that submarines were the last word in a housewife's dream. He said how comfy and tidy and airy they were and how beautifully safe. One gathered you could rise anywhere in the Pacific for sun-bathing and that life on a submarine formed a delightful interlude in the harassments of war. At that point someone said, "What about seeing the horse races in Tokyo?" Whereupon, the Commander grinned and held his peace.

They gave me so much of their spare time, these friends

who no longer have any spare time. Miss Margaret Gage came down to spend several days at the Club with me. Mrs. Henry Harvey Pike, Jr. lunched with me. Mrs. Julian M. Freston brought the charming new member of the New York Committee, Mrs. William E. Studdiford, to tea with me. Miss Lillian Hudson from Teachers College; Miss Bertram Ireland, whose special work is with the British Merchant Navy Clubs; Mrs. Francis Boardman from the dear Riverdale group; Mrs. Archibald Douglas; Dr. Ella Woodyard; Miss Helene Olandt, Superintendent of Nurses at St. Luke's Hospital; Miss Hazel Corbin of the Maternity Center Association; our courier Ann Blaine of Chicago who is with the Volunteer Land Corps; Mrs. Roger D. Mellick and Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin (our courier Catharine Mellick); our courier Neville Atkinson, now training as a nurse at St. Luke's, and several New York couriers; my cousin, Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland; Mrs. C. E. A. Winslow of New Haven and Ann Winslow; and our own Lucile Hodges are among the many who have no time and yet gave me time. Among the many I saw in New York was my own younger sister, Mrs. George Warren Dunn and her fifteen-year-old daughter, Pamela. Her husband, who is in the regular Army, has been sent where she can no longer be near him, and her only son has just gotten his commission and his wings.

I gave two personal parties. One was a luncheon at the Cosmopolitan Club following the christening of the little son of my young cousins the Brooke Alexanders. They have named their boy after the son I had who would be twenty-six years old if he were living. The other party was for our nurses, Minnie Meeke and Nelly Kelly, when they came up to New York to sail under circumstances of which none of us knew anything, for work in Great Britain. It was a sort of embarkation party because Major Montgomery of the British Volunteer Movements told me they were about to go. Our former nurse, Rose McNaught, who had developed the Brutus districts where Miss Meeke and Miss Kelly were so long stationed, was at the party and we were honored by the presence of Miss Florence Johnson, the head of the Red Cross Nursing Service in New York. What she and her cohorts have meant to the Frontier Nursing Service over the years couldn't be put into human language. Time and

again they have met our British nurses at the docks and seen them on their train for Kentucky. They gave these two British nurses who were returning home the most fascinating kits with loads of things in them that can no longer be bought in Great Britain and are getting increasingly difficult to buy even here.

From New York we went to Philadelphia. I say "we" advisedly because on this trip I had with me Miss Alice Ford of the Wendover staff who was a huge help to me and to the Frontier Nursing Service. My Philadelphia engagement was thrilling as Mrs. George Earle had invited me to speak to the Navy League Service of which she is Chairman. First we had lunch at the Acorn Club with Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, Mrs. Earle and our dear Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain. Then we went over to Navy League headquarters where I met and spoke to a most interesting group of women. A lot of our old friends were there including three of the couriers, Mrs. Rodman Page (Sheila Clark), Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson (Elizabeth Van Meter), and Miss Anne Lee Rose of Clayton, Missouri, who is studying at the Ambler School of Horticulture. Since it is interesting for organizations working all over the United States to know what other groups are doing, I make no apology for printing the following ten-month record of the Philadelphia Navy League Service and its seven suburban branches:

- 60,000 Service men given weekly entertainment since March at United Service Club.
- 25,000 Officers (men and women) used facilities of the club rooms at 1429 Chestnut Street—writing, recreation, dressing rooms and snack bar.
- 13,000 Luncheons at cost with free coffee served Officers (men and women) in our Canteen.
- 500,000 Free smokes distributed to men in camps.
- 1,000 Convalescent service men enjoyed week-end furloughs in country homes obtained by Navy League Service.
- 12,000 Men transported for the Army by our Transportation Corps.
- 15,000 Books—65,000 magazines—collected and distributed to ships through the Merchant Marine library.
- 35,000 Sets of fingerprints made by our volunteers for the Army and Navy, relieving men for active duty.
- 20,000 Free tickets distributed to service men for theatres, sporting events, concerts and other amusements.
- 1,500 Service men and their wives studied in our foreign language classes.

2,700 Women signed up for war jobs by our War Training Department. Training courses given in radio communications, cryptanalysis, defense photography and parachute rigging.

900 Women enrolled and serving as Nurses Assistants in Philadelphia hospitals through our Hospital Corps.

\$8,000,000 stamps and bonds sold by our War Bond Department.

Thousands of service kits, ditty bags, sweaters and mufflers distributed free to soldiers and sailors.

Collections: 15 truck loads of fur for Seaman's jackets; 110,000 pairs of discarded silk stockings for gun bags; 250 pairs of binoculars for the Navy.

ALSO—Recreation rooms equipped for men in the Air Corps and ship-builders.

VOLUNTEER SERVICES: At Recruiting Centers; the U.S.O. lounge in 30th Street Station; at the Trainee Acceptance Center; at Seamen's Church Institute.

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From Philadelphia we went to Washington where I was the guest of Justice and Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner and Alice Ford stayed with cousins. It is almost unbelievable how many people you can see and how much work you can get done and how many old friends you can meet in two days when your hostess is as efficient and as charming as our Washington Chairman. The morning of the first day I spoke to the Red Cross group working at the Sulgrave Club under the chairmanship of our friend and Trustee, Mrs. John W. Davidge. Then Mrs. Groner invited me to meet at luncheon at the Sulgrave a group from among the most interesting and most useful women in Washington as follows: Mrs. Harlan Fiske Stone, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Princess Margaret Boncompagni, Princess Julia Cantacuzene, Mrs. Emory Scott Land, Mrs. Malcolm McConihe, Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Mrs. Owen J. Roberts, Mrs. Charles H. Sherrill, Mrs. Berkeley Simmons, Mrs. Adolphus Staton, Mrs. Henry Matson Waite, Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth. After luncheon was over I was asked to talk about the Frontier Nursing Service and its role in war as in peace.

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That afternoon we had a meeting of the Washington Committee at Mrs. Groner's where arrangements were made for the annual benefit at the Mayflower. For so many years we have always had the eminent dramatic critic John Mason Brown,

now with Naval Intelligence overseas, that this benefit meeting has come to be associated with him. Now we will have a woman as charming in her field as he is in his and that is Cornelia Otis Skinner. The entertainment will again be at the Mayflower and the date is Saturday, April 17th. The tickets include refreshments afterwards and the opportunity for friends to mingle and meet. I am sure that all of you in the Washington area who read this will plan to go. What I want to urge you to do (if you haven't already done so) is to read Cornelia Otis Skinner's latest book "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" and get a foretaste of the delight in store for you.

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That night Alice and I dined at the adorable little Georgetown house of Lieutenant Reeve Lewis, U. S. N. R., and his wife, our courier Marion Shouse. The next day Marion gave her whole time to us to take me to the Children's Bureau where I lunched with those two fine nurses, Miss Naomi Deutsch and Miss Ruth Heintzelman; to the United States Public Health Service where I had appointments with two delightful people, Dr. Warren F. Draper and Miss Mary J. Dunn; and to the offices of the Emergency Manpower Commission where I talked with the pleasant man I first knew as Dr. M. E. Lapham, now in the medical corps of the Navy. Elizabeth Holmes had come down from Johns Hopkins to spend the day with me and after the business of the day was done we went to see Mary Wilson Neel and her new baby. This boy has the head of a statesman. Then we called on young Cuthbert Train, Jr. who is an older and quite magnificent specimen of babyhood. After that, Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth had a lot of friends to meet me at tea. Among them was our courier Mrs. John Pugh (Louise Myers) who is living with her little son in her father's house while her husband, Major Pugh, is a prisoner of the Japs on Formosa. The Japs' non-compliance with international rules of war is nowhere shown in a more glaring way than in the fact that they let nearly a year go by after the fall of Bataan and Corregidor before the International Red Cross could get news even of the whereabouts of their military prisoners. We went early to Mrs. Wigglesworth's house so that I could see her three lovely children. Lots of old friends came to meet me at her tea and none more welcome than Miss

Mary Beard, head of the Red Cross Nursing Service, whose hours run round the clock and who gave one of them to me.

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From Washington I went down to the Shenandoah Valley to stay with my brother's wife at "Flagstop" and see her and her sons. As one of them is a cadet at the historic V. M. I. at Lexington, Virginia and another was at St. James School in Maryland, it took some planning and traveling to see both. The Valley was deep in snow most of the time I was there but there were warm fires and warm hearts to be shared. I got away with the mail-carrier and caught a through train at Harper's Ferry for Cincinnati. There I spent what was left of the night and the next day with the Roger K. Rogans who had friends in to tea with me. It is always like a bit of home to be with them. Then, back through Lexington, Kentucky where I saw something of my own kindred. Our Trustee, Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, had the Chairman of our Blue Grass Committee, Mrs. George Hunt, and a group of the younger married women to lunch with me. "Plain living and high thinking" she called it, a war lunch. It gave us a chance to discuss various problems of the Frontier Nursing Service. The friends on the many Committees of the Frontier Nursing Service from beyond the mountains are the backbone of the Service. Their willingness to give time and thought and help make the Service possible. It was a privilege on this outside tour to have come in touch with so many of them again.

From Lexington I went back to the Frontier Nursing Service country in Walter Begley's truck that had come down for a load of cow feed and hay.

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We extend our grateful thanks to that fine English artist, Mrs. Noel Rawnsley, for the gift at our Rummage Tea in New York of a water color painting to be sold for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was bought that very afternoon. Anyone interested in seeing Mrs. Rawnsley's paintings should address her at 166 East 96th Street, New York City.



CARRYING ON

FIELD NOTES

In our Autumn Bulletin we told how our nurse Ethel Broughall (Mrs. Andrew Freund) had received word from the Navy that her husband was missing somewhere in the Pacific and we wrote of how gallantly she was standing the terrible days of strain. These days passed into weeks and months and there was no further news. We now have the joy of announcing that, on February second, she received a telegram from her husband in San Francisco! The next day, he telephoned her and she heard him. The telephone at Flat Creek where she is stationed is on the Forest Ranger Service line with local exchanges to the outside world. These exchanges cooperated in clearing the line for her and making it possible for her to hear her husband's voice. He wasn't going to be in San Francisco long enough for

her to see him there but she hopes he will get to an Eastern port later and she can meet him.

Our friends will rejoice with us that the horseshoe problem is solved. The War Production Board has taken horseshoes off the priority lists and a plant is making them, so that farmers, and incidentally the Frontier Nursing Service, can get them when needed. This lifts a heavy care from off our shoulders.

The Red Cross Committee at Hyden and the County round about was set a quota of sixty-six sweaters for the Army. We announce with pride that the total number made was eighty-seven, plus four helmets, four pairs of wristlets and two scarfs. Since a quota is set with the idea that it is the maximum a certain area can produce, one is always pleased when it is exceeded.

We said that we would announce the arrival of the first grandchild to the Frontier Nursing Service. Richard Charles was born in the Beech Fork district on January 8, 1943. His father is Graden Hoskins and his mother was Nell Bowling, daughter of Mr. Bill Bowling who carries the mail from Hyden to Asher and Mrs. Betty Bowling who for years handled the laundry for the Beech Fork nurses. Nell Bowling was a Service baby and Richard Charles is therefore the Service's first grandchild.

On Monday, September seventh, a wedding took place which is of great interest to us. Voorhees, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willy Sandlin, was married to William Lloyd Day. Sergeant Sandlin is known all over the country as one of the heroes of the First World War. He and his wife, Belvey, are on our Hyden District Committee and for seventeen years have been most loyal friends. The young couple both come of sterling stock and their marriage is a source of rejoicing to all their friends.

Our maternity charge, whether the delivery takes place

on one of our districts or in our Hospital, is a flat fee of five dollars only. This includes all prenatal care and all care of mother and child after the baby is born. We are always pleased and touched when the exceptional patient who can afford more sends an extra check as a donation to the Frontier Nursing Service. Such a check came to us in January from a young wife whose husband was an agricultural expert with training at Berea and experience in Norway. He was stationed about a year in our section but is now taking officer's training in the Navy. Mrs. Clark's letter follows:

DeFuniak Springs, Florida
January 2, 1943

Dear Dr. Kooser,

Harold Brown Clark, Jr. is a **fine** boy! His daddy and I certainly appreciate everything you did for the three of us. In fact, we appreciate it more every day that goes by. . . . It would be a wonderful thing if all doctors and nurses had your high standards and interest in work.

We wish that the enclosed check could be much larger but we feel sure even this small amount can be put to good use.

Our very best wishes to you and all the nurses.

Sincerely yours,
Signed: ANN E. CLARK.

Our nurses, Ruth Peninger and Nola Blair, trained in midwifery by the F. N. S., are now stationed at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center at Brutus. They have succeeded Minnie Meeke and Nelly Kelly who have just returned to Great Britain. Among the last communications we had before they left Brutus, was one from Nelly in which she describes the kindness of district friends to her at Christmas as follows:

"We had a squirrel as a Christmas gift (to eat), also some chocolate cherries. We had peaches, and sausage and souse, and two jars of honey, apple jelly, and one family sent the Service a dollar bill with a note 'in grateful appreciation and Merry Christmas!'"

In a communication from Minnie, she gives an interesting description of her treatment of Blinkie, the cow, when she calved in late November as follows:

"Blinkie did not go down this time. My brother wrote to me and said that cows who take milk fever have a deficiency in calcium. I got this letter a week before Blinkie produced the calf. We sent a note to Vanda asking for calcium for Blinkie. Dr. Kooser was consulted and he thought that an excellent idea and advised two tablespoons twice daily in feed. This was measured each time by myself for a week and also for four days after calving. Perhaps the calcium saved Blinkie, thanks to my brother, Vanda and Dr. Kooser."

We have been so fortunate as to have both resident couriers, Jean Hollins and Fanny McIlvain, in residence during the hard winter months.

The regular juniors for January and February were Martha Cross of New York City and Allyn Johnson of Cincinnati who attends Bennington and came during the five weeks' winter period which Bennington allows for field work. We print a story by Martha in another part of this Bulletin. Allyn's mother wrote us that Allyn "loves everything the Service does and stands for."

In addition to the two regular juniors, we had with us Ann Ellis, of Cincinnati, who came from Vassar from December eighteenth to January twelfth to help the Christmas Secretary, Pat Ferneding, and do such other odd courier jobs as were assigned to her. She was extremely competent in handling all of her duties.

We mentioned that our old courier Louise (Scoopie) Will of Rochester had come to work for five months in our statistical department. As we go to press she has returned home with her Great Dane, Diane, after doing faithful work.

Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse) has just spent a week with us and is leaving as we go to press. She came down to help out in the Social Service Department and has put in long hours of faithful travel and investigation with Clara-Louise Schieffer, our Social Service Secretary. Our thanks for the huge help she has been to us must go not only to her but to her husband who has shared her with us so soon after their marriage.

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We want to thank Mr. Jewel Galloway, Engineer with the Ford Company at Peabody, Kentucky on Red Bird River, for two large and four small revised prints of the map of the country covered by the Frontier Nursing Service given us by the Ford Company years ago and printed in last Summer's Quarterly Bulletin. Mr. Galloway wrote as follows:

"As to the charges for the above maps, they were billed separately and I am paying for them personally. It is a pleasure to do this, for all of you are so good to the family when we need you most."

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We want to call the attention of our readers among the doctors and nurses to the fact that we had a reprint made of Miss Dorothy F. Buck's article on The Frontier Graduate School

of Midwifery. To the original article we have added a photographic cover and a number of photographic illustrations of which six are entirely new. We will be glad to send it without charge to anyone who asks for it.

Hundreds of you dear friends sent us thousands of toys, clothing and other supplies for the children's Christmas. Every package, whether received by express or freight at Hazard and hauled across, or received by parcel post at Hyden or Wendover was acknowledged personally where we had the name and address. There aren't the words in which to describe our gratitude to you or your service to us.

However, as always each year, some of the packages came with no name or address. Doubtless, these were on the outside but before they reached us they had become too blurred to be legible. Some of these parcels have been identified in subsequent correspondence but we received five lovely shipments of a wide variety of useful things which we have not yet been able to acknowledge. One of these was from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. With the other four even the name of the city wasn't legible on the wrappings. Will those of you who have not had your Christmas shipment acknowledged please write and tell us that yours was one of these five parcels?



THE FURRY FOLK

The furry folk go out to feed
In the night, when the woods are still
The field mouse skurries to find her seed
Over the snowy hill.

The rabbit bounds from his bush away
The skunk steals slowly to seek his prey
And the fox slinks into the shadow gray
In the night, when the woods are still.

—Mildred W. Stillman

(Prepared for Cleveland Topics by the
Cleveland Museum of Natural History)

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Miss Rose Avery, R.N., C.M.

AT OUTPOST NURSING STATIONS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Ethel Gonzalez, R.N., C.M.; Miss Mary Patricia Simmons, R.N., C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss Catherine Uhl, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creeksville, Clay County)

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Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Miss Anne Fox, R.N., S.C.M.*

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington, Kentucky.

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



WEE STONE HOUSE

When the Hyden Hospital and Health Center was built by the Frontier Nursing Service, it had its own electric light plant and the Wee Stone House was built for the engines. It is now fitted out as a bedroom with an open fire and is sometimes used to house an infectious patient with day and night special nurses. Between times it is occupied by one of the outpost center nurses when she comes into the Hospital overnight, or one of the couriers. The Christmas Secretary stayed there through December. It is warm and well lighted and is loved by the Service as one of its early landmarks.

