

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 19

SUMMER, 1943

NUMBER 1





FRONTIER NURSE-MIDWIFE AND BABY

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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VOLUME 19

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HIFNER AND FORTUNE
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

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

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30th, 1943, with the result as disclosed on the annexed Exhibits and supporting Schedules.

Endowment and Memorial Funds were certified to us by the various Trustees therefor.

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

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

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

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) HIFNER AND FORTUNE
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky,
May Twenty-second,
Nineteen Forty-three.

ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
May 1, 1942, to April 30, 1943

PREFACE

The Frontier Nursing Service presents herewith the report of its eighteenth fiscal year. The fact that we were in our eighteenth year came home to us when a seventeen-year-old boy we had brought into the world enlisted in the Navy and went off into the Pacific on the California, and when one of our early girl babies married and became a mother. Among a people so close to the frontier and its traditions as the Kentucky mountaineer, manhood and womanhood are assumed early, as they were with almost all Americans in pioneer days. The sons and daughters of the Frontier Nursing Service, those early babies who were born with so many hazards to them and to their nurses, *our* sons and daughters are beginning to face the greatest hazard of a man's life—war—and the greatest hazard of a woman's life—childbirth.

On April twenty-first, the Office for Emergency Management of the War Manpower Commission listed the employees of the Frontier Nursing Service as "essential within the meaning of the National List and Index of Essential Activities." Those who work for the Frontier Nursing Service know that they are taking a vital part in a war which includes the activities of every man and woman and the welfare of every baby. One might almost say the activities of every baby since its growth is essential to its welfare, and its care at birth is essential to its life.

On the other hand, there have been, since 1939, members of the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service whose morale as "conscientious participators" in the war made it essential for them to join one of the military services of Great Britain or the United States. We feel that this question is one which must be decided by the individual and his conscience and, so far from seeking to retain any member of the staff who wanted to join the armed forces, we have released them and wished them Godspeed. Be-

fore this fiscal year closed, our Medical Director for the past eleven and a half years, Dr. John H. Kooser, had decided it was his duty to go into the Medical Corps of the Naval Reserve. We agreed to sign his release and see him off with a smile although our hearts were heavy. Aside from the regret at losing so able a physician and so warm a friend, there lay ahead of us the appalling difficulty of finding a successor when doctors, as a species, had become almost extinct. It was like hunting for a Dodo.

"This pleasing bird, I grieve to own, is now extinct."*

The administrative problems of the Frontier Nursing Service in war are probably no heavier than those of other large charities but many of them are of a nature peculiar to a frontier country. There was a time (now happily remedied) when we couldn't get horseshoes and horseshoes are essential to child-birth with us. Nearly all the blacksmiths have gone to war and the Service has to send the Hyden-Wendover blacksmith to most of the outpost centers every three weeks to get the nurses' horses shod. Nearly anybody can put on a shoe, but to "turn" it on the anvil and put it on right is an art and lame horses in the mountains testify painfully to the almost total disappearance of that art in war. The routine administrative work of the Service such as the bringing in and transporting of many carload lots of hay, the wrestling with and controlling of our terrible mountain slides, the upkeep of plumbing and deep-well engines and pumps in our more or less inaccessible buildings; all of these things are now terrific headaches and they never were easy. The thing that keeps us going is the overwhelming support and friendship we have received from our members all over the country, and our patients in the Kentucky mountains, and the knowledge that to meet one's obligations at home is to keep faith with the men in battle.

I FISCAL REPORT

The fiscal statements in this annual report are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit, which was duly made by Hifner and Fortune, certified public accountants; and the figures

* Oliver Herford

in the report of operations are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Our receipts this year from all sources for running expenses, new construction, retirement of debt and new endowment were \$187,572.26 (Exhibit B of the audit). Of this total, the sum of \$67,471.63 is new endowment as follows: \$65,704.12 from the residuary estate of Nelson Fant, \$1,513.51 second payment in a legacy of Marie L. Willard, \$54.00 interest from Eliza Thackara Fund transferred to endowment, and a gift of \$200.00 in Government bonds.

The total number of subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service during the year was 3,414, the largest number we have ever had. Total gifts and contributions were \$87,075.63, inclusive of \$2,676.25 from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority and chapters for Social Service. Our investment income from endowment for the year was \$11,671.18. The grant of Federal scholarships for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was \$4,800.00 and the income from the Wendover Post Office was \$818.77. The balance of the money came from a variety of sources including benefits, the income from the Bargain Box in New York, and \$6,910.89 in medical, nursing and Hospital fees.

ENDOWMENT

The total endowment funds of the Service up to date are taken from Exhibit D of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial.....	5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,075.87
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,013.51
William Nelson Fant Memorial (Note).....	65,704.12
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	200.00
Total	\$370,144.33

Note: This does not represent the entire legacy of Nelson Fant. The Frontier Nursing Service is residuary legatee and the estate has not been settled.

CASH IN BANKS

The current accounts and salaries of the Service were paid up in full at the close of the fiscal year, and the cash on hand in banks and petty cash funds was \$14,302.27.

INDEBTEDNESS

The Frontier Nursing Service owes \$10,000.00 left from a total of \$50,000.00 loaned by its Trustees during 1930-1932, to enable us to tide over that difficult period. The Service is also indebted to the older members of its staff for the sum of \$14,893.35, representing the amount, on a two-thirds basis, of unpaid salaries during the same years of adjustment and reduction. This sum is reduced annually.

REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT
(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment, and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after adjustments in values have been written down or up, at \$256,330.07, all without lien.

INVENTORY

An inventory is taken every spring of the property of the Service. Among its major holdings are the following:

Hyden

A stone Hospital one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and a frame Annex, Memorial to "Jacky" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; the Midwives' Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; water tank; two tenants' cottages; and out buildings such as garages, work shop, pig house, forge, engine house, fire hose house, and the Wee Stone House.

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Old House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"), the older Cabin, the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Log Barn; numerous smaller adjacent

buildings such as the Upper and Lower Shelf, heifer barn, horse hospital barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, engine house, fire hose houses, water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

Georgia Wright Clearing

A caretaker's cottage and barns; extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade.

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; water tank and engine house; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; pump and tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Log building and oak barn; engine house and fire hose house; deep well; tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank and fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center*
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Subsidiary Clinics

Five small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett, Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain Creek, and the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek.

* A picture of this nursing center is on the inside back cover of the Bulletin.

Livestock

Twenty-seven horses; two mules; thirteen cows; two heifers; two calves; over four hundred chickens.

Equipment

Equipment includes: three old Ford cars (two Model A's for district use); one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; two old Chevrolets; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; fifty pairs of saddle bags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishings in twenty buildings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

II

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden was occupied 5,966 days last year by 692 patients with a daily average of 16.2 patients. Of these patients, 365 were adults, including 212 obstetrical patients, 196 were children and 131 were newborn. There were 13 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of which 3 were newborn and none were obstetrical. At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital there was a total of 5,601 visits paid during the past fiscal year.

Our major surgery was handled by Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard who, throughout the years, has made the twenty-five mile trip over from Hazard to Hyden at any hour of the day or night when we called upon him and with no charge whatever to us. He charges the patients only what they can pay and makes the time-consuming trip as readily for indigent patients as for those who can meet a small fee. What the Frontier Nursing Service owes to this brilliant surgeon and devoted friend can never be put into words.

Our own Hospital charges are \$1.00 a day for adults other than obstetrical cases and payment is accepted in produce or labor if necessary, or is waived where the patient is completely indigent. However, with so many thousands of men in the armed

forces from the Kentucky mountains, and with the allotments they send home, our people are better off during the war than they have ever been since our work began. Our Hospital makes no charge whatever for children and all maternity cases are charged a flat fee of \$5.00 with no extras. Not infrequently during the past years the patients have made gifts of food to the Hospital or free work to show their appreciation of the care they have received.

In spite of the terrific pressure on doctors everywhere during the war, we have again had as a gift the fine services of Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville for his regular annual tonsillectomy clinic, and of Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington for his special gynecological-surgical clinic. Many patients owe their relief from permanent disabilities to these two brilliant men.

DISTRICTS

In the 12 districts carried by the Frontier Nursing Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and 6 outpost stations, we attended 8,455 people in 1,752 families. Of these 4,798 were children, including 2,171 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 18,749 visits and received 23,185 visits at the nursing centers and at their subsidiary clinics. Included in this figure are the 5,601 visits received at the Hyden clinics. In addition to this, we held 140 special field clinics, with an attendance of 4,278 people. Bedside nursing care was given to 1,925 sick people on the districts, of whom 16 died.

At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 4,688 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox et cetera, and sent 1,204 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district nursing only and does not include the midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service admitted 346 new antepartum patients to its regular midwifery service and closed out 355

mothers after postpartum care. The Service delivered 337 patients.

Of the 337 women delivered, 262 were delivered in their own homes—199 by graduate nurse-midwives, 63 by graduate-nurse student midwives. The remaining 75 were delivered in the Hyden Hospital—7 by graduate nurse-midwives, 61 by the student midwives, and 7 by doctors. In all cases delivered by the student midwives, the students were under the direct supervision of nurse-midwives. Of the 7 cases delivered by doctors, 3 were Caesarean sections (2 performed by Dr. R. L. Collins and 1 by Dr. Francis Massie), 2 were forceps deliveries by our Medical Director and 2 were breech deliveries by him.

Of the 337 women delivered, 1 miscarried. Two of the women were delivered of twins. There were 325 babies born at full term, 13 prematurely, and 5 babies were stillborn. There were no maternal deaths.

Emergency Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service was called in for 22 emergency deliveries by patients who had not been seen during their pregnancy and had received no prenatal care. Of these 22 women, 9 were brought to the Hyden Hospital and 13 were attended in their homes. Sixteen of the women in this emergency group called in the nurse-midwife because of miscarriages. Of the babies born to the remaining 6 women, 4 were born alive at full term, and 2 were stillborn, premature babies. The student midwives delivered 7 of these emergency cases under the supervision of their instructors. Two of the miscarriages were handled by the Medical Director and for 1 of the other women he had to use forceps. The remaining 12 were delivered by the graduate nurse-midwives.

A point of interest, although it cannot be unduly stressed, in comparing the registered maternity cases and the emergency cases is the fact that in the group of 337 patients registered before delivery there was only one miscarriage; in the group of 22 emergency deliveries by patients who had had no prenatal care, there were 16 miscarriages. In other words, among the women with prenatal care there is a miscarriage rate of .3%, and among the women without prenatal care there is a miscarriage rate of

nearly 73%. Good as it is to have this indication of the value of prenatal care, we cannot stress it for two reasons. First, the sampling is statistically too small to be of much use, even though similar samplings in our previous Annual Reports and in hundreds of other scientific studies have shown similar trends. Second, undoubtedly some of the 16 women who did miscarry in the emergency group of 22 women would have miscarried even with prenatal care if they had registered with us as early as we try to get our patients to register.

In addition to the emergency deliveries, the Frontier Nursing Service was called in to 9 mothers after they had been delivered and because things were going badly. Among these 9 patients there was one maternal death, that of a woman delivered by an old midwife on the edge of one of our districts. The family called us in on the sixth day after delivery when the patient was dying from eclampsia. The district nurse-midwife stayed in the home as a special for this patient during the fifteen hours she lived.

Outside-Area Cases

The Frontier Nursing Service delivered 48 mothers who came from outside its territory. Of these, 47 were delivered in the Hyden Hospital and 1 in a home in one of our districts where the woman was visiting. These women were delivered of 45 full term live babies, 2 full term stillborn babies, and 1 premature stillborn baby. The student midwives delivered 44 of these mothers; the Medical Director 2 (both requiring the help of forceps). The other 2 women were delivered by the graduate nurse-midwives. There were no maternal deaths.

THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The report for the midwifery training school for the past fiscal year covers the completion of the six months course for the fifth class of graduate students and all but the last three days of the course for the sixth class. All of the students passed successfully the final examinations given by Dr. Chenoweth from the Board of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky and were authorized to use the letters C. M. (Certified Midwife) in addition to their R. N. (Registered Nurse). The four students selected by the Frontier Nursing Service in the fifth and sixth

classes were Miss Marian Cadwallader, Miss Minnie Geyer, Miss Gladys Moberg and Miss Grace Reeder; and the four Government-sponsored students were Miss Ruth Herron of New Mexico, Miss Aileen Murphy of Alabama, and Miss Ruth Davis and Miss Gene Stout, both of Georgia. These four returned to their own States after graduation to carry on for the duration. The instruction given these graduate nurses in midwifery is of a high order and an illustrated booklet on the Graduate School will be sent any interested reader upon request.

It is hard to convey the human side of all these figures we have given, hard to express the value in terms of the mothers and babies they are to us. Our low maternal mortality rate is not accidental. It could not be achieved by accident. Let us take just one of these case figures of mothers who didn't die, that of a woman on the Hyden district who had a terrible haemorrhage following childbirth. In her own home and under the most primitive conditions she had an intra-uterine pack, plasma from our Hospital blood bank and blood transfusions. She had special graduate nurses day and night for four days. That is why she lived and now sends a thank-offering of five dollars with the following letter:

"David is one year old today and we just couldn't let the day go by without telling you how much we enjoy having him, and we are so grateful for the attention you gave us. Sam said tell you he never ceases to be thankful for the kindness of you nurses and Dr. Kooser."

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

The Social Service Department cared for 25 dependent children during the past year as follows: 7 at Mission Schools, 1 at Berea, 6 at the Blind School in Louisville, 4 at the Deaf School in Danville, 7 placed in private homes.

Intensive care with relief was given to 5 families where there was no regular breadwinner. The heads of 2 of these families are tuberculous widows. Through the generosity of a Chicago Trustee, we gave garden seed, seed potatoes and potato grower, sweet potato slips and so forth to 12 families where the head of the house was a widow or a bedridden man and where there was no son old enough to be in the armed forces and send home allotments.

The Social Service had the care and placing of 2 court cases for the Federal Government.

Through the courtesy of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, 84 passes were issued to the Social Service for patients and attendants sent outside the mountains (and brought back) for medical care or diagnosis or hospitalization. The Children's Hospitals of Louisville and Cincinnati and the physicians in both those cities and in Lexington gave our patients free care and every courteous consideration.

Through Social Service, hundreds of books were distributed to the loan libraries of the Frontier Nursing Service nursing centers and to mountain schools.

Through Social Service, quantities of clothing were distributed, especially to children, and milk and other protective foods arranged for special types of cases of nutrition.

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 62 overnight guests a total of 270 days and 170 guests for a total of 421 meals only. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends. No exact record has been kept of the guests at the Hyden Hospital and six outpost centers.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Twenty-one couriers and other volunteer workers worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1,158 days. They lived at Wendover, Hyden and the outpost centers.

CHRISTMAS

Through the generosity of the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service from all over the United States, the Service was able, during the past year, to give toys, fruit and candy, and clothing to those who needed it, to more than 5,000 children at Christmas, as in prewar years. The Christmas parties went forward as usual all over our area with Santa Claus and Christmas carols.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR TOTALS

It will be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole eighteen-year period of our work.

Patients registered from the beginning.....	24,530
Babies and toddlers.....	10,252
School children.....	5,373
Total children.....	15,625
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	5,273
Inoculations—Total	123,029
Typhoid	86,653
T.A.T. or Toxoid.....	21,856
Other	14,520
Nursing visits paid in homes.....	327,724
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' regular clinics.....	310,729
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' special clinics*.....	89,920 plus
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital**.....	6,163
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital**.....	61,495

III

BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1943-1944

The budget for the current fiscal year is again set at \$104,000.00. This is the same budget as last year. We actually spent last year, in running the Frontier Nursing Service, \$105,717.73 but our receipts were larger than our expenditures. We think that the difference in the budget set and actual expenditures is accounted for by the added costs of Hospital supplies, carload lots of hay and food. There is another uncertainty, aside from the rise in the cost of necessities, attached to fixing a budget and that is the estimate we label "Repairs, Upkeep and Replacements." Our long experience in operating in so rough a country as this does not enable us to predict accurately each year just how many slides we will have, how many broken retaining walls, how many cataracts of sand at the bottom of the two-hundred-foot Hospital driven well, how many repairs to deep-well engines and pumps. Last winter, for example, the pipes connecting the Hospital water system from top to bottom were torn apart underground by sliding ground at eight different points on several different occasions. We don't know how often that will happen this coming year or what other things will happen of a like nature at some of our widely scattered properties. The \$2,500.00 we allocate for repairs, upkeep and replacements will only cover the bare elements of maintenance.

* These include clinics held by visiting physicians in gynecology; neurology; eye, ear, nose and throat; trachoma; orthopedics; pediatrics; helminthology (worms, including hook worm); and pellagra.

** For 14 years and 6 months. The F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

We wish again to bring out the fact that, out of our budget, \$59,000.00 is allocated to the salaries of our field workers, and yet no one in the Frontier Nursing Service except the Medical Director receives over \$125.00 a month, and new workers less. Out of this, each pays her own maintenance and her own taxes. These salaries are too low and we know it and want to do something about it. The point we emphasize here is that our field work is so vast that even these low salaries total \$59,000.00 annually.

We give here an analysis of our budget, accepted by the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service at their nineteenth annual meeting at the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington on May 29, 1943.

Field Salaries.....	\$ 59,000.00
Field Expenses (General)	
1. (Bulletin, stationery, stamps, printing and appeals, auditing, advertising, telephone and telegraph, office supplies, etc.).....	8,000.00
2. (Dispensary and Hospital supplies, freight and hauling, car expenses and gasoline, laundry, fuel, etc.).....	17,000.00
Feed, Care and Purchase of Horses.....	6,000.00
Social Service Department.....	3,000.00
Repayment of Borrowed Money.....	1,000.00
Insurance (Fire, employer's liability, car insurance on three cars and a station wagon).....	1,700.00
Repairs, Upkeep and Replacements.....	2,500.00
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (scholarships)	3,200.00
Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses (Invitations, stamps, petty cash sent outside city committees for annual meetings and benefits, etc.)	1,000.00
Contingencies	1,600.00
TOTAL	\$104,000.00

CONCLUSION

Since those who read this report of a year's work are the friends and supporters of the Frontier Nursing Service, they will forgive its length and recognize that our only wish in submitting it is to tell them what we have done with their money. We recognize that the work of the Frontier Nursing Service is the creation of many minds and hearts and represents perhaps as generous a testimony to selfless interest as is to be found in all the

annals of philanthropy. We who are responsible for conducting the work and handling the funds of the Frontier Nursing Service have a sense of obligation so keen, and an appreciation so humble of the charge entrusted to us, that we have done our best to present an honest and factual report. We have tried also to make it as clear as we can. It only remains for us to thank you, who have made it possible, each and every one.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman
 C. N. MANNING, Treasurer
 MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director



RIDING IN TO THE DEDICATION
 of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE HOSPITAL AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY IN 1928
 (left to right)

Dr. William J. Hutchins
 The late Dr. J. A. Stucky
 The late Dr. Arthur T. McCormack
 Mrs. McCormack

See In Memoriam

READY OR NOT, I WAS BOUND TO COME

by

ETHEL BROUGHALL, R. N.
(Certified Midwife)

No midwifery cases due for three weeks!!! With complete optimism, I settled comfortably with a magazine. Scanning the pages, I came upon an advertisement, showing a smiling baby creeping towards a can of baby powder and the caption read "Ready or not, here I come." I was to remember that advertisement before morning. Before I had time to turn to the next page I heard a voice at the gate and in a few minutes had mounted Pinafore and was on my way to the head of Rocky Fork on a delivery call! A midwife cannot safely be too optimistic.

Easter, sixteen years old, was expecting her first baby. For the previous three weeks, the baby had been in breech position and all attempts to turn it had been unsuccessful. It is much more dangerous to the mother and baby when this position occurs in the first pregnancy and cannot be rectified and we try to have these patients in our hospital before they go into labor. We had planned for Easter to go in to the Hospital two weeks before her due date, but she hadn't gone yet because she was the patient who wasn't due for three weeks! But, "the best laid plans of mice and men"—and now Easter was in labor.

Pinafore and I made the seven-mile trip without mishap and arrived at Easter's home at 9:30 p. m., to find a very unhappy Easter in active labor. As soon as my examination determined the breech persisted and that, barring unforeseen delays, we had plenty of time, we prepared for the trip to the Hospital. The first four miles from the house is a narrow horse trail. A stretcher was hurriedly but well constructed, of saplings, rope and quilts. We sent for neighbor men to bear it and a messenger was sent to awaken the driver of the nearest truck at the end of the trail.

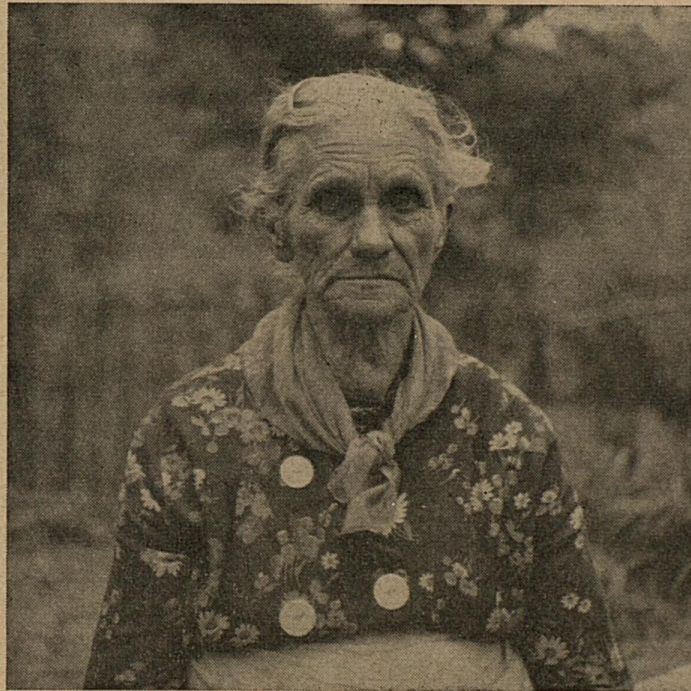
There are things more trying than food and gasoline rationing, and one is a shortage of men, when they are needed to stretch a patient down a rough mountain trail. We usually muster eight men. One group of four relieves the other group as they tire, and travel is much easier and faster. Our armed

forces have taken the youngest and the strongest of our mountain men, including Easter's husband, who is at an Army Camp in California. Those who are left are the older men, fathers of large families, and at 11:30 at night, exhausted after a strenuous day in the fields, but ever willing to help. It was to these men we turned for aid and then could find only three on Rocky Fork. So, at 11:30, with America, Easter's mother-in-law, pinch-hitting for the unavailable fourth man, a neighbor, Rose Hoskins, lighting the way with a carbide lamp, and (because my saddlebags were necessary) Pinafore and I bringing up the rear, we began the first lap of the journey.

After what seemed endless miles of stumbling over rocks, wading creek beds, resting for short periods, and reassuring Easter, who was in ever-increasing pain, both from labor and the unavoidable discomfort of a stretcher trip, we reached the truck. There I found the truck too small to accommodate either the stretcher or a bed, so we made our patient as comfortable as possible on quilts on the floor of the truck. Rose and America went along to help if necessary, and with a spare tire chained to the back of the truck, there was little room left for stretching already tired legs. The two women took turns in what space was available and, for the remaining fifty miles, I knelt on the floor beside the patient.

As the hours wore on, Easter's pains became more severe and I began to feel that we might not reach our Hospital in time after all. Remembering the caption on the advertisement, "Ready or not," I decided that I would be ready. As efficiently as anyone can, on the bed of a half-ton pick-up truck, already overcrowded, I "set up" for delivery. America held down the covering over the set-up, protecting it from the wind which accompanies a fast-moving, uncovered vehicle, while I watched the patient's progress, by moonlight. My flashlight had failed me at the eleventh hour! We traveled for another hour, but at 2:30 a. m., just one and a half miles from the Hospital door, I realized the little tike had refused to wait and was "ready to come." Rose rapped on the window of the truck cab to signal the driver to stop. At 2:40 a. m., on the bed of that truck, the bright moonlight our illumination, I delivered, "bottoms up," a 6½ pound girl, with none of the dreaded complications occurring. I sup-

pose I had that advertisement firmly painted in my mind, for I expected momentarily to hear "Ready or not, I was bound to come."



100-YEAR-OLD KENTUCKY MIDWIFE
She has brought 939 babies into the world.

In Memoriam

Happy are the gentle: for the earth will be their heritage.

—The New Testament in Basic English,
Matthew IV:5.

This translation of the beatitude conforms more nearly to the Greek than that of the King James Bible and conveys a meaning so much more profound that a sense of wonder is restored, where it had been lost through familiarity. It is not the meek who will inherit the earth but the gentle—the gentleman and the gentlewoman. Ruffians from time immemorial have stormed across this planet but who among us really doubts that in a golden age to come, the earth will be the heritage of gentlemen? Of each one of the six friends of the Frontier Nursing Service who died this summer, it can be said:

Within the gentle heart Love shelters him
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart, in nature's scheme.
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.

That aught the name of gentleness should have,
Even in a king's estate,
Except the heart there be a gentle man's.
The star-beam lights the wave,—
Heaven holds the star and the star's radiance.

Ode Of The Gentle Heart,
Guido Guinicelli, Thirteenth Century.
Translated by D. G. Rosetti.

EDSEL FORD, Grosse Pointe, Michigan, late May, 1943

Some years ago, I was speaking at night to a group of friends in Detroit when a telegram reached the house that my father was dying. One of the friends who brought the message to me was Edsel Ford and he and his wife took me back to the Merrill-Palmer School, whose guest I was, and made arrangements for me to get the next train to Kentucky. His consideration, his courtesy, have never left my recollection and never will. In other publications, the usefulness of Mr. Ford's life and its worth to his country have been given. To us in the Frontier Nursing Service, the remembrance is that of the courteous gen-

tleman, the unfailing friend, and it is of his nearest and dearest ones that we are thinking, and of their unutterable grief.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O Thither!
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest Herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

CARY BRECKINRIDGE GAMBLE, M. D., Baltimore, Maryland,
early June, 1943

Within a few weeks after I had seen him in Baltimore, this dear kinsman died in his eighty-third year. No member of our National Medical Council took a keener interest in the Frontier Nursing Service than did Dr. Gamble, but he was keen up to the very end in all his manifold services to life. In the First World War, he served as a major in France with the University of Maryland Hospital Unit. It hurt him that he could not serve overseas in this one, but how royally he served at home! No call of day or night remained unanswered. His truly heroic spirit poured the vitality almost of youth into his mind and supported and drove his tired body, up to the very end. We mourn with those dearest to him. As for him, he could have said in his old age, as Victor Hugo said,

I feel in myself the future life. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens with the dawn.

WILLIAM PRESTON, Lexington, Kentucky, early July, 1943

In the swift passing of this other dear kinsman of mine, so much joyous, eager life has gone out from our world that it is as though a cloud had passed across the sky and broken the

light from the sun. There are people who express a certain radiance in their smile and their every greeting. William Preston was such a person and, in losing this member of our Blue Grass Committee, we have lost a measure of the warm sunniness with which this Committee was endowed at its inception. The qualities which endear people to us are those of the heart. To a character of high integrity, an able mind, and a tradition of responsibility as an obligation of birth and breeding, William Preston united a loving heart. His closest ones, even in the freshness of their grief, cannot but feel how ready he was to make that swift crossing over the river of death.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

ARTHUR THOMAS McCORMACK, M. D., Louisville, Kentucky,
early August, 1943

The achievements of this great Health Commissioner in his distinguished career have been covered fully by the press and many things have been written of his father, Dr. Joseph Nathaniel McCormack, who was the creator of the State Board of Health of Kentucky and whom his son succeeded. When Dr. McCormack, in his will, wrote, "I give the Department of Health back to the Commonwealth of Kentucky," he was indeed relinquishing a stewardship held up until then only by his father and himself and returned to the Commonwealth enhanced a thousandfold. Although Dr. McCormack was a great man, it is as a great friend that we shall always remember him. What the Frontier Nursing Service owed in its early days to his understanding guidance can never be put into words. Not long before his death, I lunched with him in Louisville to get his help in the medical crisis that had come upon us and he gave me two hours of his time and every facility at his command. He himself lived in the spirit of these words of his, "Who renders the service is not important. It is the service itself that really counts." With him, to live was to serve but in the vaster reaches of his mind there was scope for an ever-widening field of service in which I am sure he is active now. Those who were most dear to him and

closest to him can realize the meaning felt by the unknown author of these lines:

Lord, I believe!
Man is no little thing,
That, like a bird in Spring
Comes fluttering to the Light of Life,
And out into the darkness of long death.
The Breath of God is in him,
And his agelong strife
With evil has a meaning and an end.

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SHERMAN COOK, Beech Fork, Kentucky, early August, 1943

On a mountaintop above Beech Fork in the presence of his widow and children and his neighbors and friends, we buried the body of one of the best of men. Sherman Cook had been the Chairman of our Beech Fork Committee through all the many years since we established the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial nursing center in that remote and lovely part of the Kentucky mountains. Once in the early days, before we had gotten typhoid fever under control, and there was a veritable epidemic, we set out to chlorinate all of the wells and springs. The sick we were nursing, the others we were inoculating, sanitary measures we had devised, but we wanted to control the epidemic at its source if we could. Sherman Cook at once called all the men together to go in advance of the nurses and clean out the wells and the springs before chlorination. It was characteristic of this man to have a high sense of public duty, but in all his relations in life he rang true. He was a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, a good friend and a good Christian. Among the last words said by Sir Walter Scott, as he lay dying, to his son-in-law Lockhart were these:

Be a good man, my dear. Nothing else matters when you
come to lie like this.

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MRS. WILLIAM LEE LYONS, Louisville, Kentucky, late August, 1943

This gentlewoman of the old tradition is now "a part of all the loveliness which once she made more lovely." There was, in everything she did, a touch of graciousness. In all her eighty-two years of life in this world, she fulfilled every obligation to which she was born. In her family life, in her churchmanship,

in her public services, in her charities, she never failed to do the right thing and the kindly thing. She was one of the oldest friends of the Frontier Nursing Service and we owe much to little words of special kindness in her letters as well as to her generous consideration. Hard as it is for her dear ones to see her go, there is something complete in the close of such a life.

The earth is decked wi' flow'rs,
Mony tinted, fresh an' gay,
An' the birdies warble blythely,
For my Faether made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's
Will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singin'
In my ain countree.



The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

—Jean Ingelow's Songs of Seven

**IMOGENE STEWART WITH HER PET LAMB "MIDGET"
AT THE CAROLINE BUTLER ATWOOD NURSING CENTER
ON FLAT CREEK**

Knowledge

*Today, I rode for miles and miles
Through hamlets, creeks and virgin wilds.
Today, I dreamt a world forgot
By man and beast and even God.*

* * *

Today, I saw the earth content
With sun-kissed mist and peppermint:
Gay with birds of garish feather;
Sweet with sounds of saddle leather.

Content with skies of sapphire blue,
Enhanced by clouds of pastel hue.
Content with fertile fields of corn
Harrowed by hands which life has worn.

Today, I saw the earth serene
In thoughts of cabins shining clean;
Blackberries growing thickets deep;
Some hillsides boasting baaing sheep.

Serene with calm and leafage green,
With birth and life and death all seen.
Serene with shimm'ring tranquil streams,
And peace and love and untold dreams.

* * *

*Today, I rode for miles and miles
Through hamlets, creeks and virgin wilds.
Today, I saw a world begot
By man and beast inspired by God.*

M. A. E. K., 7-20-43.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

Carmen Mumford, one of our earliest couriers and the only one who is a fully trained social service worker, is now overseas with the Red Cross. Her first letter (V...-Mail) is dated July 17th:

"I've come halfway around the world and am at present in Iran (Persia to you!), having covered parts of Africa, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Iraq. It was really quite a trip, though much of it was most pleasant since I was on a (*censored*) ship and we had full use of lights at night, kept our port holes open, etc. Everybody, meaning Japs and Germans, knew where we were going, the only exception being us passengers who were kept in the dark for some unexplainable reason."

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There is never a day now when planes are not flying over Wendover; and they always remind us of "Pebble" Stone, our courier-aviator, who has her wings and is ferrying military planes from factories to fields. The last letter we had from Pebble was written on July 1st from Morris Field, North Carolina:

"I might just as well be 'tide-bound!' In other words, we are stuck here at Charlotte due to weather and Lord knows how long it will be. I am on my second trip right now, this one to Texas. I have been flying all around the F. N. S. section, this time to the east and last time we refuelled in Louisville. When we spent the night in Dayton I tried to talk to Wendover but I couldn't hear a word so gave it up as a bad job. If by any chance I should come near you, I will gun and cut the motor and 'buzz' you as much as I can, but Wendover is in poor 'buzzing' country.

"We live in barracks, but thank God they are single rooms—for the present anyway. We eat at the officers' mess and can go to their club. When on duty we sit in our alert room up on the edge of the field. One never seems to catch up with one's sleep after returning from trips. The last one we could not get on a 5:17 p. m. bus, so had to wait until 11:30 and then sat up all night. On arrival in St. Louis we could not get a room in a hotel, so I promptly went to sleep in the lounge. There was no plane out until 2:20 and it was an hour late leaving. We have priority on the airlines but not on the buses and trains, so getting from the point of delivery (and I don't mean babies) to the airlines is a struggle with parachute, navigation brief case and bag with clothes!"

We quote from a New York newspaper:

"Helen Stone, the intrepid and versatile daughter of Mrs. Herman F. Stone of Lawrence, L. I., is the newest Social Registerite from Long Island's South Shore to be recruited into Uncle Sam's forces, and the first to have the distinction of serving as a WAAF. Helen received her wings several weeks ago, upon completion of training started last December as a member of the famous Jacqueline Cochran's group at Houston, Texas.



OUR AVIATOR

"Training at the Municipal Airport at Houston, Helen got a taste of living in tourist cabins near the field—but 'roughing it' was not new to this socialite miss, for she did her bit for more than eight summers as a courier for the Frontier Nursing Service in the mountains of Kentucky. Now eligible to ferry bombers on this side of the Atlantic, Helen leaves today to report for duty at Wilmington, Delaware."

We have heard that Emma Coulter, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, graduated at the Flying Command's School for Women Pilots at Sweetwater, Texas, recently, in the nation's third class of Army-trained feminine flyers. She flew her own Taylorcraft to Houston to investigate the program and remained as a trainee. This makes our second aviator.

Our couriers are doing their bit to fill in the ranks of nurses and technicians on the home front. Doris Sinclair, of Williams-

town, Massachusetts, has finished her preliminary term as a student nurse at The Johns Hopkins Hospital and is now doing full-time work on the wards—and we hear she is doing it extremely well.

From Louise Will ("Scoopie"), of Rochester, New York:

"At the moment and I guess for some time to come I am again a working gal—a lab technician at the big hospital here. How I arrived at it I'll never know. It is really rather fun as I am in contact with such a variety of persons all the time. It is not one of those jobs where one is in a chair all day long. As you have probably gathered I turned down the opportunity of a possible overseas Red Cross position."

From Elizabeth Cuddy ("Bubbles"), of Blue Hill, Maine:

"I can hardly wait to tell you. I have bought a horse! My dream has come true. It's rather a pathetic story. I saw this two-year-old colt at the race track which is near us. He was very sad looking. He had lice so consequently was a bag of bones and besides that they never fed him any grain because they weren't interested in him as he was not racing material. I guess it was much like the case of Trueby (*her dog*)—feeling sorry again for creatures. This colt had never been groomed or even had his feet picked up till I took over. It's been most exciting and most gratifying to me, for he is a darling. He's pitch black, and has a swell disposition. They are letting me keep him at the barn here at the hospital and someone is letting me use his pasture. I am taking complete care of him myself, and my! but he has responded to all this attention. It's much like Hyden—combining hospital and horse. I get up about 5:15, feed him and put him to pasture to clean the stall. During my few hours off in the day I am breaking him in. Breaking him has been easy. He is very clever. As you can imagine all the hospital occupants are all agog and it is quite the topic of conversation. You can't imagine how happy I am over it. I call him 'Black Magic'—'Magic' for short.

"Since I last wrote several more nurses have left so that now I'm doing just what a nurse does. I can't get over how awfully lucky I am to be able to do it. Sometimes I get rather upset to think of just being on the home front but then I'm not trained for anything better really."

From Mrs. Edward E. Haverstick, Jr. (Doris Briggs) of Rehoboth, Massachusetts:

"The reports of our nurses and ex-couriers are so marvelous that my efforts to contribute to the war seem very feeble. Last Fall I replaced the stable boy at the Hunt Club and exercised horses all morning. Then changed quickly to Nurse's Aide uniform and hopped a bus for the hospital. For three months after Christmas I left this routine to play chief cook, nurse,

and handyman for my brother, his wife and two children in New York. They were in the awkward situation of being unable to get help and at the same time enlarging the family by a sweet baby girl. Now I'm back at the stable and hospital going flat out and loving it."

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From Nancy Blaine, of Hubbard Woods, Illinois, now working in Washington, D. C.:

"As you will note by the address I've made the fatal plunge and am now working for the Department of Agriculture in Washington. I've been down here over two months now, and am liking it quite well."

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Some of the couriers are also helping to win the war by working on the land and getting in vitally needed food crops. Mrs. Graham T. Webster (Mardie Bole) of Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

"I am busy working on a farm 25 miles east of Cleveland, and am having the time of my life driving a tractor, and doing all I can to help get in the badly needed crops. I often wonder how the poor farmers can ever produce all they have to, what with the scarcity of help, and farm machinery. I read the Bulletin from cover to cover and as always it is a great joy to catch up on all the F. N. S. news."

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From Nancy Cadwalader, of Joppa, Maryland:

"At present I'm up to my ears in work. I left Johns Hopkins at the end of March and since have been working here at home on the farm. We have only one man—and myself—which means we're on the run. And besides the farm work, the stables, the garden there is everlasting K. P., as we are servantless to boot. I really love being outside all day and working in the fields though the amount of things to be done is appalling and the number that must be neglected, discouraging. And I am very green I find—for having lived on a farm all my life I seem to have absorbed little knowledge about it and have much to learn about soils and crops and animals. I'm sure I could profit a great deal by a trip to Wendover!"

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From Ellen Bruce, of Eccleston, Maryland:

"I am haying, plowing, and picking and selling raspberries, and love it all. I have canned 30 jars of beans and am sure I will not be able to face them next winter, but I think it is quite a necessary thing to do."

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Many of our married couriers are busy keeping homes together for their families.

From Mrs. Armand E. Girard (Bobbie Glazier) of Hartford, Connecticut, July 25th, 1943:

"I've been home one week, from a grand three weeks' vacation, which I spent with Marion and Alan Ross (*Marion was for many years Chief Statistician at Wendover — Alan is her brother*). I went from here to Toronto, then to Brockville, where we met Alan, and went out to a cabin which they rented for two weeks. The cabin was situated right on the river bank of the St. Lawrence. We did have one grand, lazy time together. Marion and I returned to Toronto, and Alan to Sarel, where he is working in a defense factory.

"Marion is still with The Associated Medical Services. She is still the same grand Marion we all knew in Kentucky. You can rest assured we thought of you all, talked about you, and are looking forward to a grand reunion, when this war is over, and our dear friends return from overseas. The eleventh of July I spent my first wedding anniversary alone, while Armand is in New Georgia Islands fighting—I can't help but wonder sometimes if this will ever end, but there are two words which one must have, and they are: 'Have faith.'"

August 15th, 1943.

"I promise you that within two years I will be down to see you dear ones, either alone or with my husband, whom I'd love you to meet. He was right in the battle of Munda, on New Georgia Islands, but thank God, a letter this week from him told me that he came through all right."

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From Mrs. James N. Rawleigh, Jr. (Florence Booker) of Louisville:

"Last October when Jimmy went overseas I came down to be with Mother and got a job making military maps with the Army Mapping Service. It was so interesting and took all my time, and the months passed by much faster than I expected.

"Jimmy landed in Casablanca in November with the first troops and was sent to the Tunisian Front almost immediately to fight with the British First Army. He fought there until March and was then sent down to join the Americans, but before he got in on the final offensive he landed in a hospital with dysentery, which later developed into colitis. It was a great relief to me to have him safely in a hospital instead of on the front lines, but of course he hated to miss the finish.

"Then last week the most wonderful thing happened. He suddenly telephoned from New York that he had been sent home for more treatment. You can imagine my excitement! He is on his way to a hospital in Indianapolis now and I plan to join him there tomorrow. I can't get over how lucky I am to have him back so soon, even if it took an African bug to get him here! To add to all this excitement my brother landed yesterday from Iceland, where he has been for the past two years. That was a complete surprise too. It's all almost too good to be true."

From Mrs. Carl F. Shelton (Betsey Schadt) of Grosse Pointe, Michigan:

"After Philadelphia, where Shel took a course in Thoracic Surgery, I came back here to Detroit and settled down for what I thought would be reasonable peace and quiet. The minute you do that with the Army you're in for trouble. The next thing I knew, Shel had his marching orders and is now somewhere in the Pacific. And I mean just that—actually afloat on the high seas and on his way to God knows where. I promise to write again when there's any news, and much love to you all."

From Mrs. Lewis Rodman Page, Jr. (Sheila Clark) of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania:

"I am leaving next week to spend two months with Roddy in Portland, Oregon. There has been a delay in the completion of his ship and as he is not sure where he is sailing to he wants me to come out. I hate leaving Mummy but if I don't go heaven only knows when I will see him again. I am taking Pam and the nurse too! I don't relish the idea of a four-day trip with a three-months' old 'least-un' but the doctor says it is all right and as Roddy has only seen her once I do so want him to become acquainted with his little daughter."

From Mrs. Louis Charles Vaczek, Jr. (Kay Pfeiffer) Montreal, Canada:

"Life for the last few months has consisted of getting on and off trains. Since March Louis has been stationed in five places and I'm still hanging on to his coat-tails. At the moment he has settled down in Victoriaville, Quebec, for two months of initial training—so we have a slight breathing spell. For a while we were back in Montreal and I looked for a job. The day I got one at the McGill Neurological Institute Louis was transferred again so since then I have just followed him around. We've certainly seen a good bit of Canada and one gets a close-up of life in the services all right. At present I'm living with a French-Canadian family and spend my time struggling to understand the conversation or to utter a syllable myself. My French teacher in high school would surely be disappointed if he could hear my jargon. Having never really known a thing about Canada, in any respect, this past year has taught me lots of things about knowing another country. It's fun but I get awfully muddled in politics, etc."

From Mrs. Tyson Gilpin (Catherine Mellick) of Navesink, New Jersey:

"It was wonderful to have Mrs. Breckinridge in New York twice this winter, but those flying visits are always much too hasty. I couldn't have been more pleased to see Wini and Alice, but it always makes me more homesick than ever for the mountains."

"Tyson is still here at Fort Hancock—getting more and more restless every minute and disgusted with his 'passive regiment' as he calls it. He hopes to move to a more active place shortly, and now that we have a Victory garden, growing hopefully, and baby chicks just hatched, and are so beautifully situated three miles from the seashore, I'm sure we will move before long. I can never complain now, whatever happens. We've been so lucky and had such fun for eight months, I'm honestly prepared for whatever comes next. Just the same, my fingers are crossed, hoping that this will last a little longer. Eight months in the same spot is a record these days, but they've been such happy ones at least they'll always be something to remember.

"My brother is in Oran and his letters are getting through beautifully. He seems quite happy and says living conditions are far better than they were in England. I dread what's coming next for Europe and all of us; but guess it's the only way to get it over. The news is so much more encouraging and yet I feel we still have so far to go. Well, I guess it can't go on forever and some day we'll be back to normal. Just imagine when it's all over!"

From Mrs. Hugh Nevin (Ellie George) of Sewickley, Pennsylvania:

"I was in Hampton, Virginia, two months this winter having the delightful experience these days of living with my husband. But it was all too brief because he got overseas orders and I am now in that suspensory state of not knowing where he is going. But I can forgive the Army for that as long as Hitler and Hirohito don't know either. So here I am home for the duration. It is a good place to be as long as things are as they are, but I'll certainly be pleased to have Hughie back and start a home of my own."

From Mrs. Richard Eberhart (Betty Butcher) of Cambridge, Massachusetts:

"Dick is teaching at, Virginia and we have a cute apartment—have a roomer, a doctor, who is very nice, so we're a jolly family. Our house is right near the beach and we go swimming every day. So you see we're really pretty well fixed, considering."

From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson) of Houston, Texas:

"My husband applied for a commission in the Navy several months ago as a chaplain but was rejected on the physical—so he has accepted a position as a Y. M. C. A.-U. S. O. Director in Paris, Tennessee, which is near Camp Tyson. He was in New York most of May at a training school. Until he can find a house for us, I am staying with my mother in Houston. We are afraid that house hunting in a small army town, when we have

three boys, may be discouraging; but we hope to find a kind-hearted landlord, or at least a tolerant one. The boys are thriving in the Texas summer and are brown as berries. I'm sure I'll never get their feet in shoes again."

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From Mrs. William S. Kemp, Jr. (Roey Crocker) of Fitchburg, Massachusetts:

"I find myself going around in circles ever so often, as it's impossible to get help and I'm caretaker for house, two dogs, two kids and a husband who, thank heavens, is still with me."

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Still other couriers have taken jobs in defense factories and offices. From Louise Taylor ("Weezie") of New York City, we hear:

"My career, since you kindly asked, is at Gibbs and Cox, Naval Architects who design seventy percent of the combat vessels for our Navy. It couldn't be a nicer firm and I am delighted to be drafting, even though I am in the kindergarten there. Our office building is in a grand location in 21 West Street, right on the end of Manhattan Island. We are on the edge of the water and have a fine view of the Hudson River and Statue of Liberty."

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From Mrs. John Pugh ("Weezie" Myers) of Washington, D. C.:

"Since last Fall I have been holding down a job as drafts-woman in a war plant so was not able to go down this Spring, and I've missed the place terribly. However I am working hard and having a terrifically good time at it though I don't see how I can get to Kentucky again until after the war." (*Major Pugh is a prisoner in Japan.*)

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From Marian Lee, of Stonington, Connecticut:

"I am working in the office of a razor factory here in Mystic—more than two months now. It really is fun for a change, more or less routine but a nice bunch of girls here. Everything is thriving on the farm, especially the weeds. We are getting almost everything out of the garden now we planted."

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From Fredericka Holdship ("Freddie") of Sewickley, Pennsylvania:

"As a special concession the Navy gave two other girls and myself permission to go on one of the landing boats that Dravo is building—after we toiled and labored getting the various materials for the boats, we thought the least the Navy could do was let us see what they looked like. We saw everything from stem to stern including the engine room. I was

amazed how much space there was on them. They are really perfectly designed, not a square inch of waste space.

"Biz (*Elizabeth Campbell*) is now Acting Sergeant in the Supply Room at Oglethorpe. I know a WAC officer who saw her there, and she said Biz was doing very well—she's been asked a couple of times to take Officers' Training, but so far has turned it down. Can't say I blame her—can you imagine anything worse than having to give orders to a bevy of females. Ellie's husband is now somewhere in England—she is taking it all wonderfully well and spends most of her time in the hospital here."

From Linda Hardon, of New Canaan, Connecticut:

"I am now working in a defense plant and loving every minute of it. The company I am with makes X-ray tubes and if you have X-ray equipment at the Hospital, we probably made it. It sure is nice to feel that I am doing something worth while for this war effort. I thought the work would be dull, but it isn't. If you put your mind to it, they teach you lots of things and it is swell on the whole. I am also riding every day, so my life is pretty good."

From Prudence Holmes, of Manhattan Beach, California:

"Your kindness in forwarding many copies of the Bulletin has given me a most interesting and enjoyable evening with the F. N. S. in Kentucky and across the world. To leave for a moment the spiritual chaos which is an industrial worker's life, and to enter into the circle of integrity of the F. N. S. experience is a strangely moving thing which in admiration and gratitude I would like to share with you.

"Ever more humble and more anxious students of human relationships in these terrible years of war, we cannot help but ask: is it the profoundly religious penetration of your scientific experiment in the Kentucky hills which gives the work such harmony of purpose? or is it the elementary justice of your cause which places it beyond controversial conflicts? It is not to question that I ask, but to admire and wonder at the story that is told, through your Bulletin, to the scientist, the poet, and the men of good will."

ENGAGEMENTS

Louise Will, of Rochester, New York, to James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr. "Scoopie" not only served twice as a courier, but also for six months last year filled the post of Assistant Statistician at Wendover. In both departments her work was of the highest caliber, and we wish her and the lucky Mr. Woodruff a great deal of happiness.

On June fourth, Elizabeth Thorn to Dr. Alexander Rocke Robertson, III, both of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

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WEDDINGS

On June fifth, Cornelia Rowland to Edwin W. Levering, III, both of Baltimore. Ellen Bruce, with whom Cornelia served her term as junior courier, was one of the bridesmaids.

On June twenty-sixth, Virginia Morss of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Samuel A. Galpin, of New Haven, Connecticut.

We send our love and every good wish for the happiness of these young people.

.
BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Stone ("Dickie" Chase) at New Castle, Delaware on May 11th, one 9 pound 10½ ounce son, Charles L. Stone, Jr. "Dickie" writes on the announcement card:

"Of course we feel that we really let the Service down by not having a girl but perhaps he will be a doctor and come to the Mountains for some good tonsil clinics or 'worm' clinics!

"I hope you notice his weight—unfashionably heavy for a *city* baby but quite equal to the husky mountain babies."

JUST JOKES, CHILDREN

"Are your father and mother in?"

"They was in, but they is out."

"They was in. They is out. Where's your grammar?"

"She's upstairs."

.

Barber: "Well, son, how would you like your hair cut?"

Small Boy: "Just like Dad's, and be sure to leave that little round hole on the top where his head comes through."

.

Little Albert came home from school with a new book under his arm. "It's a prize, Mother," he said.

"A prize? What for, dear?"

"For natural history. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich had, and I said three."

"But an ostrich has two legs."

"I know that now, Mother, but the rest of the class said four; so I was nearest."

.

High school boy's answer to a physiology exam question—"The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down your back that keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck."

GOD'S RENT

by

DORIS REID, R. N.

Student Midwife of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Wednesday, June twenty third was clinic day at Bull Creek five miles away, so Miss Mitchell and I fed the horses at five a. m., then ate our breakfast, packed our lunch, and groomed, saddled and watered our horses. Miss Mitchell took Billy and I took Pal; then off we went over the hills. It's a beautiful trip with scenery only God could make.

We arrived at the Bull Creek Clinic. This two-room house was built by the local people way back in 1929 for our clinic use when Betty Lester was nurse-midwife on this district. It is plain but adequate. We kept busy handling patients, checking supplies and doing many odd jobs.

We then had lunch and after that we made a prenatal visit on upper Bull Creek. We found our mother, who is very near term, cooperating nicely. She felt fine and had everything ready for the delivery.

Then we went down lower Bull Creek one and one-half miles to make another prenatal visit. Such a hot ride and no shade! Was my face sunburned! We found this mother in bed beginning labor and already planning to send for us. We unsaddled our horses, hitched them in the shade and prepared to be the reception committee for Mr. Stork.

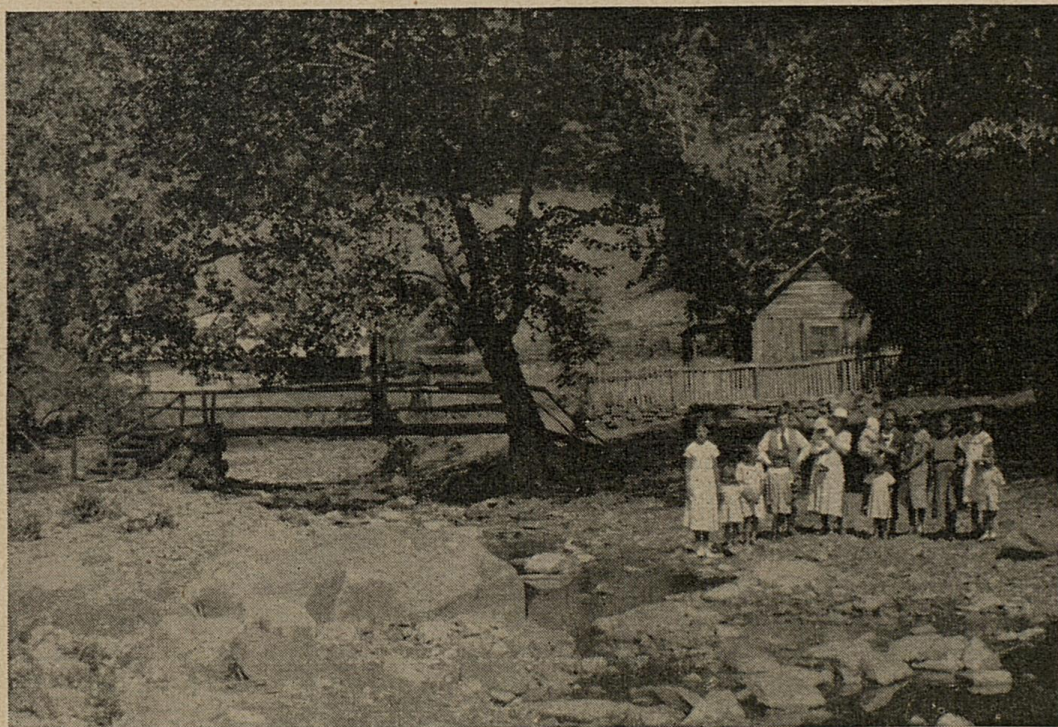
This was a poor home, poorly furnished and with flies by the thousands. I had seen only one delivery in a country home previous to this and in comparison to this house the other was a mansion. But we managed to improvise sufficiently to carry on. We sent a man back to the Hospital for our delivery bags. Many things we carry in our delivery bags which we do not carry in our general nursing bags.

Everything went beautifully though very slowly due to the fact that our baby had his directions confused and tried to come down the wrong way. But later he changed his mind and came down the right way in fine shape. All went well except that our

mother was very tired, but proud of her new "least one." The baby was born at 4:42 a. m. so we had been fifteen hours on this case. After we had given a bath to mother and baby, and made sure the general condition of both was satisfactory, we started for home.

On our way back we made three sick calls and gave post-partum care to another mother and baby two days old. Then we really were homeward bound, tired but glad to know all was well. Billy and Pal too were tired but happy.

We arrived at the Midwives Quarters at 10:30 a. m. eager for a glass of water, a bath, food and a bed. The only worthwhile compensation for such hard, long hours is knowing you have been of service to someone in a time of need. That is the rent we pay to God for the privilege of living on earth.



BULL CREEK CLINIC

EXPERIENCES OF A STUDENT MIDWIFE AT CONFLUENCE

by

GRACE REEDER, R. N.

(Illustrated with rhymes on center pages by Rose Evans, R. N., S. C. M.)

It was a lovely early spring day with the promise of flowers soon, and while we do expect cold days, it seemed that I would be fairly secure in taking a summer uniform with a heavy sweater and a cover-all rain coat for protection against wind and rain, plus other necessary articles for a stay at the Confluence nursing center twelve miles down the Middle Fork River below Hyden.

So with my beloved but wilful horse Llan, I set off in a grand mood for a visit with the Confluence nurses, some work with the prenatals and postpartums, and the hope that I would "catch" a baby before returning to Hyden. I had been over the first six miles of the road down river and had received adequate instructions for the rest of the trip, so I would, perhaps, lose my affinity for getting lost.

Llan went beautifully with no poking along or champing at the bit, to which he is addicted. I had such a nice ride with the warm sun on my back and Llan very willingly stopped for me to pick the first spring flowers, of which I did not know the name, watched me while I carefully wrapped them in a leaf, and then very promptly he reached out and ate them at one gulp. I mounted and rode again, arriving at Confluence in good time. I was greeted with a cheery "Hello there" from Peggy Brown, who was out feeding the chicks; and we were soon joined by Cherry (Rose Evans) and Ellen Bruce, the courier, who took my horse. Cherry took my bags, and Peggy said, "Into the house with you."

After a good dinner and a friendly chit-chat, to bed for me as it had started to rain, and I believe there is nothing which puts me to sleep sooner than tired muscles and the sound of rain drops.

Three thirty A. M. came with Cherry and a candle saying, "There is a delivery call, Grace." Peggy and Ellen got up to see us off and away we went into the night, "Black as a pit from pole

to pole," our flash lights doing only fair duty directly where they were pointed. Down the road, over a fence, up the side of the creek until we could cross over by wading, up a hill at an even pace, I vowing to myself not to let Cherry know I was getting short of breath. Finally a pause! I was glad to stop, taking long even breaths, letting them out slowly to make the most of the opportunity; on again, still up and up. Another pause. Thank goodness! I opened my raincoat, loosened my jacket and sweater, for climbing is hot work. After a few good long breaths I felt better, but we still went up. This time I was sure my heart would burst as I could feel it pounding fast and furious long before we stopped. Again I was using all my self-control in breathing long and deeply when Cherry caught me unawares. "Aren't you breathing hard even after that climb?" I had to gulp before I could speak, so my secret was out. After a little longer rest on we climbed, now hanging on to any tree or bush to help progress while the husband went up with the greatest of ease and certainly with true mountain agility.

Then the top of the mountain, but instead of a nice level surface, I found one step of even ground and then down we went at a dog trot, for you could do nothing less. I honestly think I really only twisted my heels and slid, putting my hands out to reach a tree which loomed beside the way directly in my path to guide me down that hill. I can't remember ever following a definite path. I only knew that Cherry was in front of me, and keeping her in sight and watching the trees was as much as I could do.

After safely reaching the level ground, we came to that part of the Middle Fork River where the husband had moored his boat. In we climbed, and I who had always been sea-sick up the Ohio River on the "Island Queen" on a quiet day was about to cross a river in "flood tide" in a flat-bottomed boat! "I thanked my God for an unconquerable Soul." However, the crossing was done quickly and easily, so I had no time to be afraid. Up the river bank we climbed to the house. After a brief rest, we made full preparation for the baby who took his time, making the entire family wait anxiously for the arrival.

I sat on the foot of the bed, gowned and hands sterile. The mother twisted with a pain and then the entire bed let go, and

the mattress and springs were on the floor with the frame work supporting my feet, which flew up while I carefully held my hands out so that I would not contaminate them. Cherry made sure the mother was not hurt, then helped me to my feet by my shoulders. I now adjusted to a new position of kneeling on the floor, leaning over the bed frame, to be ready to deliver the baby on a mattress. Apparently this was what he was waiting for—soon out he came to be wrapped and handed to his grandmother who had so anxiously awaited him.

Mother and baby were both perfectly normal. After they were bathed and dressed Cherry and I prepared to leave. When I was put across the river in daylight, I was more afraid than I had been during the night. Then began the long trip home, which had taken us only one hour in the night but now took much longer because of a reasonable pace and longer rest periods. I fully appreciated why my poor heart beat fast, for that was by far the steepest and longest hill I have ever climbed.

In due time we arrived back at the center and reported to Peggy and Ellen. Since the water was too high and swift to take the horses out in any direction, we rested and slept after we had eaten lunch, a most welcome sight.

That evening Peggy brought in one of her pet gamecocks, Bismark, who had somehow injured his foot which was swollen and very tender to touch. With all care and beautiful technique, we bathed it in hot solutions, did an incision and drainage. Bismark behaved like a noble gentleman, chirping softly as I petted him, apparently knowing we were doing everything we could with as little pain as possible. And so to bed.

The river was down somewhat on Thursday, but not enough for Ellen and me. As we weren't able to get back to Hyden, I went out with Cherry in the morning and was able to see three prenatals and two postpartums. In the afternoon I went with Peggy to see one prenatal and two postpartums. All of this made my stay at Confluence very profitable to me as a student-midwife, and gave me an enjoyable time as well. I was to leave for Hyden with Ellen the following morning, but, alas, the river had something to say about that, for it rained and rained and the old man of the river came up very high, making us tide-bound again.

However, Cherry, Ellen, and I felt we must get down to see our new baby and mother. Since we couldn't ride, we walked a longer way but not so steep, crossed the river on a swinging bridge, then went along a road until it dipped into the river; then along creeks until we could wade across them, over low hills (some not so low) to another part of a road, and finally, to our little house of the new baby. Both mother and child were fine. After a bath and instructions for both until we could come again, we started home.

Back at the center, I had a nice hot bath and an attempted trade with the old "diel" himself for a new pair of feet, because mine were full of blisters. However, we couldn't make a trade because of all this trouble with shoe rationing. So kept my own, blisters and all, which I propped in front of the fireplace, soon felt fine again, and was glad I hadn't traded. Peggy, Ellen and I again treated Bismark for his foot ailments, with which I could now sympathize.

To bed, after a lengthy discussion on midwifery. But not for long, for at 12:30 a. m. came a man from "Hell-fer-Sartin" whose wife was scheduled to go to our Hospital for delivery, to tell us her "misery" was on her and that they couldn't get to the Hospital. Since he had left home at 10 p. m. we all, Peggy, Ellen, and I dashed into our clothes and out to the barn where Cherry had the horses saddled for us. We were off in a flash. It was the most beautiful moonlight night, and the horses seemed to know that we were in a dreadful hurry. We went more quickly than the man had come since Peggy knew a short cut through the hills; and up and down we went for seven miles arriving at 2 a. m. to find the baby born. Never in all my life have I felt so inadequate, for while one hears of babies arriving before the doctor or nurse, it is more than a little different when it happens to you. Peggy came to my rescue. The mother and baby were soon made clean, comfortable and happy.

Getting ready to go, we found it had turned colder with a sharp wind which made us pull our rain coats closer, and the horses were prancing. Llan, still on his good behavior, was wonderful until it came time to dismount to walk up a steep place, at which point he decided I was walking much too slowly and so promptly pushed me out of the way with his head, not only once,

but several times, until I could have swatted him. However, I held my temper until he took a bite from the seat of my trousers and lifted them to the side and let them fall. Of course, I went with the trousers, and he was most careful to take only the pants with his bites. At that time we had passed the steepest part of the hill, so said I, "All right, I'll ride you;" and I did, to his satisfaction and, I assure you, to mine.

At the center we were all having cocoa in front of the fireplace at 5:30 a. m. when Cherry woke up and could stand it no longer—she joined us for a hot drink and the report of our night's ride.

Ellen and I went up to bed immediately for a short nap, because I was anxious to get to Hyden for Monday clinic. Imagine our surprise when Cherry and Peggy awakened us at 11 a. m., telling us breakfast would be ready for us, and if we insisted on going to Hyden, we would soon have to be on our way for it was snowing! We both flew out of bed, breakfasted, and I did my records while Ellen saddled the horses.

It was with deep regret that I said goodbye to both Peggy and Cherry, for I very thoroughly enjoyed my five days with them and am looking forward to my next trip to the "Confluence nurses;" but I do hope they don't have so much "river water."

EXPERIENCES AT CONFLUENCE

A COURIER'S POSTSCRIPT

by

ELLEN BRUCE

When I was down in Kentucky a year ago last May, there was a jinx which concerned Confluence and me. It finally got to be quite a joke as I rode down there once a week and often twice. Whenever Jean looked at me a certain way, I knew I was headed for Confluence.

This past March, when I had been back at Wendover just about a week, I went on Lower Rounds through a middle-sized tide, getting home on a Saturday night. Monday morning, Jean came up to me grinning so I said, "It's Confluence?" "Yes," she said, and I was off. Both Kelpie and Fussie Fanny had been cut

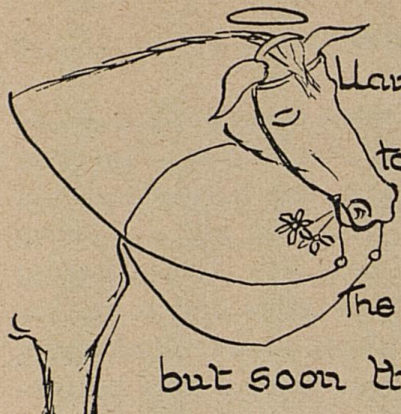
too short by the local blacksmith and were completely lame so I took two fresh horses along for Cherry and Peggy. The river was too high to ford at Dry Hill so, with my dog Suivez in one of my saddlebags, I went up Bull Creek over the hill and down Mills Branch and Hell-fer-Sartin. The next day, Grace Reeder came to Confluence for some midwifery practice and it started to rain, which it kept on doing for one whole week. That night, Cherry and Grace had a maternity call and climbed up a perpendicular hill and walked three and a half miles in an hour and a half.

The next day, it only took one look at the sky and river to know we were to stay for at least two more days, so we all settled down to a house party. The minute I opened my eyes every morning, I asked Grace, whose bed was by the window, "What's the weather and how's the river?" (always being able easily to guess the answer). Always the answer was, "The river's above the notch on my tree and it's practically raining." The rest of the day I spent mostly looking at the river rising or falling, talking about the weather or horses, getting ferried across Wilder Creek to walk to the store. Every evening Peggy soaked her pet rooster Bismark's toe in epsom salts water and then put a glove on it, much to the dog's fascination.

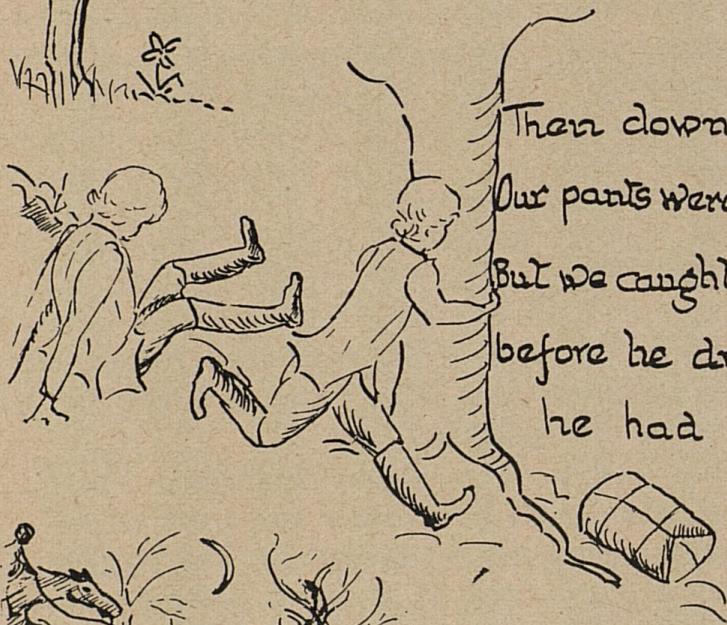
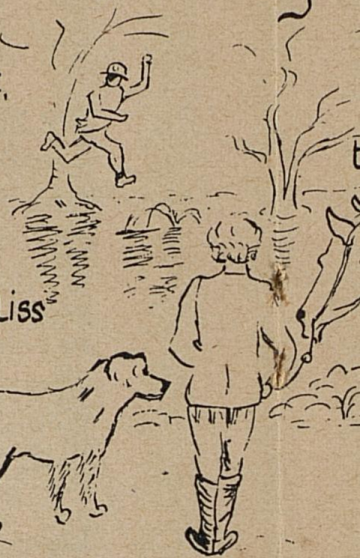
The climax to our week's visit was quite strenuous. Cherry, Grace and I walked three miles down river and back to see a postpartum. Cherry wore sweaters so, as I was the biggest, I had to carry her across every creek on my back, using Grace as a cane. We teetered across because no sooner was Cherry on my back than we started to laugh. That night, about a half hour after we had gone to bed, Peggy had an O. O. D. call. We did seven miles in an hour and a half with Sam Osborn's mule showing us his dust. It was a B. B. A.*, so we weren't there long. We froze on the way home, had some cocoa and went to bed from 6 to 11 a. m. When we woke up, Grace said it was snowing, which was a blow, but we started home by Hell-fer-Sartin and over the hills as the river was still high. When we arrived at the midwifery cottage, our clothes were frozen stiff and so were we. I went on to Wendover and was glad to be home, but hated to end our wonderful house party.

* Baby born before arrival of nurse.

Experiences of a S
at Conflu



Llan, and I to Confluence went,
to gain some knowledge
we were sent,
The day was fine, and Llan was bliss
but soon the rain began to hiss.



Then down we came the other side,
Our pants were tough as were our hides
But we caught up with Mr Stork
before he dropped what
he had brought.

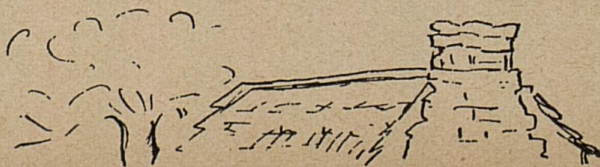


Then in the curin all
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The bed collapsed, 'twas
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At 10 PM, on a Moonlight night,
another baby "Hit was a sight,"
We rode the hills at an awful pace,
but Mr Stork, he won that race.



"Oh Grace," he
out of way



of a Student Midwife Confluence.

The following morn at 3 am,
the Stork was at his work again.

The river rising fast in tide,
caused us to walk
instead of ride.

So off we
went with Father Bill,
to try and scale that
awful hill.

and up, and up, and up we went,
until our very breath was spent.

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cur in all serene

for the final scene,

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Back to the center

with glee we came,

our feet so tired that we were lame,

The blisters rose and were very sore.

The horses gazed with wondering awe.

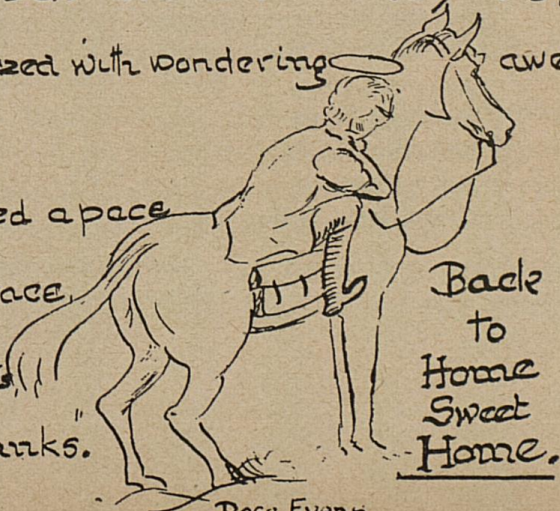


The homeward trip we walked a pace

This upset Lan, he wanted to race,

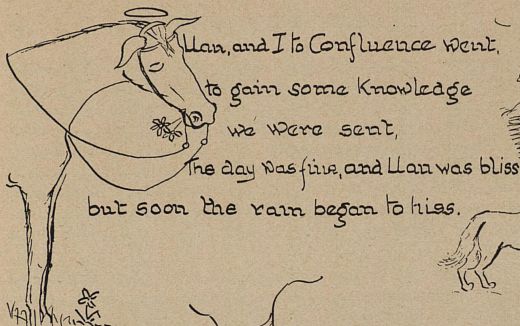
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of my way and one of your pranks."



Back
to
Home
Sweet
Home.

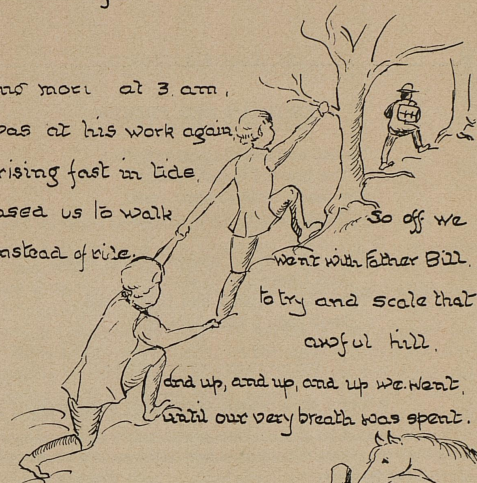
Experiences of a Student Midwife at Confluence.



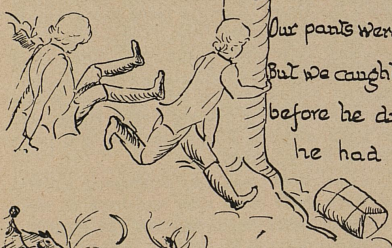
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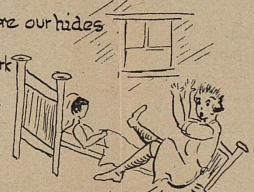
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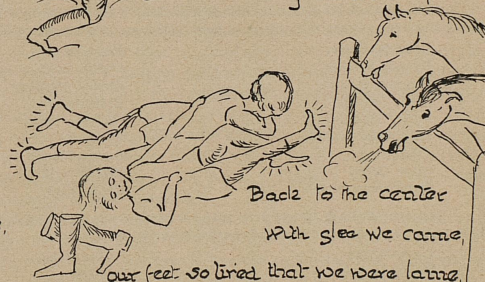
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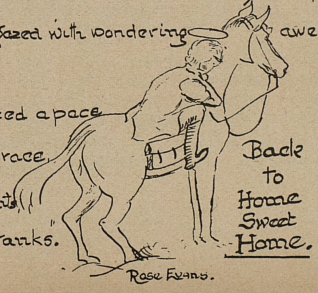


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This upset Llan, he wanted to race,
"Oh Grace, he said, by the seat of your pants,
out of my way and one of your pranks."



Back
to
Home
Sweet
Home.



Rose Ferns.

FROM AN OLD PRIMER

I must not throw upon the floor
The bread I cannot eat;
For many little hungry ones
Would find it quite a treat.

For wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say:
"Oh, how I wish I had that bread
That once I threw away."

WHAT'S IN A NAME—YOU'D BE SURPRISED

These are names found on certificates filed with the Georgia Department of Public Health and many of them stir memories of pre-ration days.

Georgia Bacon	Tea Gowan
Florida Sweets	Butter Still
Virginia Ham	Choice Herring
Little Lemon	Etta Apple
Fancy Herring	Glorious Ham
Coca Cola Gamble	Fresh Pie
Baggett	Sugar Blanks
Olive Green	Fed Wright
Strawberry Smith	China Rice

The ever-present struggle to make income stretch over rising prices is reflected in these names also recorded on birth certificates:

Lona Dollar	Dollar Sapp
Precious Sales	Iva Dime
Early Cash	Cash Money
Payed Cash	Ray Pay Me

And the tenderer emotions of love and affection are epitomized in the names of these young citizens:

Juicy M. Love	Precious Person
Precious Hart	Love Kindle
Love Bonds	Will Spoon
Scily Spooner	Sweetie Hill
Grant Free Love	Could Love Joy

Georgia Department of Public Health
—*Georgia Health*, August, 1943

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Sybil Johnson in Southern Rhodesia—March 11, 1943.

I have just received two Quarterly Bulletins, the summer number last week and the autumn one today, so I have been once more in the mountains. The Frontier Nursing Service has certainly a marvellous record.

There is a definite shortage of nurses in this part of the world. There is a big programme on the agenda to tackle tuberculosis among the Europeans and non-Europeans, but it can not be got going until there are more nurses. I read in a South African paper this week that the supply of nurses was nothing like adequate to the demand, and that civil hospitals were suffering. The doctors have huge areas and a colossal number of patients—in some cases there is only one doctor for 40,000 people. Here in Southern Rhodesia we have been unlucky with our doctors. Our one and only radiologist died on active service and the Doctor who was coming out to help him was lost at sea. Two others have died during the war and, of course, many are in the Forces. Each aerodrome has to have two doctors and the military camps at least one. We have, I think, 8 or 9 aerodromes and at least 5 military camps.

The population before the war was 56,000 Europeans and that has nearly doubled with the camps. A great number of married women are serving as nurses and, I believe, the number of girls coming forward to be probationers is deficient.

A new hospital has just been opened in Bulawayo, much larger than the old one which had only 100 beds. This one should have been opened two years ago, but most of the equipment was sunk and it was difficult to replace.

We have, at last, had some rain in this part of the world, and some of the rivers are not pleasant to cross and the roads are in a horrid state. My horse is away on a farm. I can't ride for pleasure in the wet, and his stable is falling down too. I must wait for fine weather to build another. As he was getting too obstreperous on the green grass, I had to send him away where

he would have more space for his energies and get more exercise.
Please remember me to all I still know.

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From Mary Hollins (Holly) in England—April 18, 1943.

We have had two little "blitzes" around here this year causing casualties; a daylight one when we saw the Jerrys skimming the roofs and a night one when most of the noise was the very heartening one of London's grand barrage.

I shall be here only another two weeks, then I am going out with a Red Cross unit to Abyssinia—any time from the middle of May. I'm quite thrilled about it except the idea of the journey, three months around the Cape! I shall be working mostly in the hospital, the only one except for one of our military hospitals in Addis Ababa. It is quite a small unit, four nurses and one doctor. I expect to be there two years anyway. Will the war be over by that time? I wish we knew! My one hope still is to see the Kentucky mountains again one day and all my friends in and outside the mountains.

My brother Henry is a commando and enjoys the tough life; Bill is a sailor and loves his sloop—there's no other ship like her! My mother is very well really and lives in the north of England with my sister-in-law and her two little ones.

Most of the news of old F. N. S. people comes from the Bulletins which we all eagerly await.

Please remember me to everyone.

.

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

February 3, 1943.

I am on night duty at present and am enjoying the peace and quiet tremendously after being in charge of a hectic officers ward on day duty. Margaret Watson is on nights too. We do a month and then have five nights off, so we are hoping to go to Damascus and The Cedars of Lebanon.

This is really a lovely country. The upper mountain peaks are snow-covered at the moment whilst the lower slopes are green and covered with red and yellow poppies. Oranges are still ripening in the groves, but the nights are bitterly cold.

The natives around here are so smiling and friendly—so dif-

ferent from the Egyptians. The men wear trousers with a jodhpur leg and with full baggy seats. The legend is that at His second coming, Christ will be born of man—so they aren't going to be caught napping! The women wear ordinary cotton frocks, wooden backless sandals, and a white head dress. Moslem women are veiled—black veils. Camel trains traverse the roads and are a common sight. There are plenty of good horses about—the Arab pony type.

We are in a pretty isolated spot, miles from civilization and entertainment—but we don't do so badly with our own garrison concerts, parties, dances, etc. A regiment of Free French Cavalry gave a Gymkhana not long ago with a display of trick riding, etc. It was quite a treat. I'd a musical feast a couple of weeks ago, too. The Palestine Symphony Orchestra was up here and an officer from a nearby unit managed to get a couple of tickets and took me along. It was grand! I loved it!

We had a batch of American Officers at one of our dances the other week. They were a roaring success and have been back several times since. My wee "Yankee Doodle", the U. S. A. air officer who crashed and broke both his legs has left me and been flown home, I think. Anyway, I gave him the Service address and asked him to write Mrs. Breckinridge. The last news I had of him was that he was in Cairo waiting for a plane.

I am very well and enjoying everything—work, play, sleep, and food. I look up the French words occasionally and the Arabic. Today I admitted 2 Greeks—but I'm darned if I'm going to start Greek!

Margaret Watson hasn't been at all well recently. She's had a boil on each ear. They've nearly driven the poor lass crazy at times.

Give Cameron (*her horse*) an apple from me next time he's your way—the sweet thing! Remember me to everyone I know.

March 31, 1943.

Your letter of September reached me two days ago! I think it must have walked every inch of the way here!

Margaret Watson and I are due for leave on April 20th and I hope to go down to Egypt and Palestine—the latter we'll manage o. k. but the Powers-That-Be are sticky about giving passes

for the land of Pharoah. They babble of rations and congestion.

I, at last, have had word of Jackson. She is in North Africa somewhere, so I've written to contact her.

My Christmas F. N. S. Bulletin came a few days ago. The new Garden House looks a beauty, doesn't it?

A month ago Watson (*Margaret Watson*) and I came off night duty and had five nights off. We went down to Tel Aviv and met the Micks (*Ethel and Edith Mickle*). What a pow-wow we had! Robbie (*Catherine Robertson*) was in Egypt on leave so we didn't see her.

Since I came back on day duty I've been on a Greek ward of 72 beds. What a language!

The North African war news is grand isn't it? I am so thankful the end of that campaign is almost in sight. We are all wondering where the next front will be. I hope I'm on it, or in it, wherever it is.

We are having a garrison dance tonight—our main form of recreation. As we are 36 miles from a village or town of any size and transport is extremely difficult, we have to make our own fun in the compounds and we manage to do this pretty well. I adore dancing.

April 27, 1943 (by V mail)
N. Y. June 11.

Watson and I were flown here a couple of weeks ago, and I think we are both going to like it very much. Jacko is in North Africa. I had a letter from her last week. Bennallack is near Cairo, I think. Remember me to everyone, please give Cameron an apple from me.

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From Betty Lester in London—May 13, 1943.

The news this morning was good—resistance in North Africa ceased last night. This brings one phase of the war to an end and now we wait for the next phase to begin.

I am on a week's vacation staying on a farm in Kent and having marvellous weather. It's quiet and I am thoroughly enjoying the rest and peace. All hospitals are short of staff and I was beginning to feel the strain.

I told you Nellie Kelly came to the hospital when I was in London. She is leaving soon as she prefers district work. I have seen very little of her since the first few days when I simply overwhelmed her with questions about the mountains.

I don't blame Nellie for preferring the district, but I am sticking to the hospital because I am on the temporary staff and it ought to be fairly easy to get out. I want to get back to the Kentucky mountains just as soon as I can after the war is over—that is where my life's work is.

June 6, 1943.

I've just heard from the Consulate that my re-entry permit has once more arrived back safely. Wouldn't it be lovely if it were possible for me to be back with you before it needs renewing again!

We have air-raids quite often but nothing like those of 1940-41. About two weeks ago I was wakened by gunfire and all at once heard the swish of a bomb which dropped not very far away. That does not happen very many times though, thank goodness.

Planes are going over continually this afternoon—too high to be seen, but very clearly heard. We shall hear that there has been another sweep across the Channel in the 9 p. m. news and in the morning papers.

Nice things have been happening to me lately. For some time Alison Bray and I have written to each other at long intervals and a few weeks back she wrote saying she had been posted to London and is living only ten minutes walk away from this hospital. We were both very thrilled and have had dinner together. We talked and talked for over two hours and Alison reminded me of incidents I had forgotten. I was relieving Sybil Holmes at Wendover and Alison came out with me several times. It was such fun remembering and we hope to be there together again some day.

Then last Wednesday my sister and Peggy Tinline met me after duty and again there was lots of talking and reminiscing.

Another nice thing concerns an American Red Cross layette. I've heard that lots and lots of them have been sent to us but at last one of my own babies possesses one. This mother had a

very bad time at her delivery—in fact she nearly died and so did her premature baby. She had to be transferred to the general side from Maternity and I went over to see her one day. Nearly the first thing she said to me was: “Oh Sister, I’ve got something to show you.” Out of her locker she produced an American layette. I recognized it at once and she was so pleased to show me all the little things—dresses, shirts, diapers, socks, blanket, etc.—in fact everything I used to carry on the “Old Grey Mare” through the mountains. I looked for the label and it came from Boston, Mass. Isn’t it wonderful to realize that a baby I delivered in a London hospital is wearing clothes made by the same people as those that babies I delivered in Kentucky 4,000 miles away have worn? It brings us awfully close together, doesn’t it! Then there’s something else I like to think about. We read in the papers about American and British soldiers living and working and fighting together. Well, in the F. N. S. for years and years British and American nurses have lived and worked and played together and friends of the Service have helped to make life pleasant for us. That co-operation is an old story to me. I suppose I got to take it more or less for granted that we were all friends together.

There are crowds and crowds of U. S. troops in London and I often hear a Southern accent but I’ve not yet contacted any of our own boys.

My young nephew is 18 this month and has been accepted for the R. A. F. He goes for a special course at a university for six months and then goes straight on for training as a pilot. He is frightfully keen!

We had strawberries yesterday when I got home and I thought about the good old strawberry shortcakes we used to have. Edith Woods always made one for me every year and I used to go over to Thousandsticks to dinner. Good old Edith! I hope it won’t be long before I see her again and everybody else I know. I still belong and I’m coming back just as soon as I can.

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From Della Int-Hout (Inty) in Illinois—May 28, 1943.

Do you remember the chicadee flying ahead of you with their call, Chucj-a-dee-dee-dee, all the way up Turkey Branch? I always think of Turkey Branch when I see a chicadee.

I have accepted a camp job for this summer, children between six and ten years old. It is at Green Lake, Wisconsin, "The House of the Three Bears", just four miles north of Chicago.

I am still helping the Red Cross, but I should like to spend some time in the Birth Room at Chicago Lying-In. No matter what I try, I love midwifery best. But I shall have to get stronger first; I still have headaches.

This is our first warm day. A little wren is building a nest in one of my Kentucky gourds.

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From Ada Worcester in Sussex—May 30, 1943.

We reached home, after a lovely holiday, to find the Bulletin had arrived. I was thrilled to be home again and longing to explore every corner and see the animals, but I wanted to read the Bulletin and I just didn't know where to start; so I dashed around everywhere, skimmed through the F. N. S. news, and started to write to you. Nothing was done very thoroughly, but I did enjoy myself.

One week later: I am a little more settled but still feel like a giant refreshed. On Tuesday I return to the Hospital. I'm not quite so sure about that but I always love it when I'm there so I expect it will be O. K. The local paper is full of the need for a local maternity home and I gather from the hospital report that they are trying to move in the matter. I do hope so as I'd prefer midwifery at any time.

Green is now going to take a housekeeping course at University College, I believe, starting in July. I haven't seen her again as she is in the midlands just now, but perhaps I'll have another opportunity when she comes back to London.

"Our war" seems to be getting along more satisfactorily. No doubt bigger things will have come along by the time this reaches you.

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From Elizabeth Knight Jones in Texas—June 6, 1943.

We moved out here from Tennessee in January and like the place quite well. We are living in a new manse which is very attractive. We are in the Panhandle or plains of Texas and are

about 17 miles south of Amarillo which is a beautiful city. West Texas State College is located here and there are 400 aircrew students there now.

Our vacation Bible School begins in the morning and will run for two weeks. Bob will be plenty busy during that time. I am teaching each Sunday a class of married couples.

Bobby was promoted to the sixth grade this spring and Billy to the fourth. Just last Monday Betty celebrated her fifth birthday. She is quite proud that she is big enough to go to Bible School. Hugh will go also; he is 3½ now. The four of them are a handful or rather, two handfuls.

I shall be eagerly waiting for the Spring Bulletin and hoping it arrives before I have to make my talk to the women about the Service, in July.

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**From Myrtle Onsrud (Onnie) at an Army General Hospital
in California—June 11, 1943.**

It's evening and quiet and looking out on the trees from my window makes me think of Wendover. There are many trees near our bungalow but one has been cut down. Too bad Mrs. Breckinridge wasn't here; she would have saved it!

Who has my good horse Tommy? I still claim him as my horse even though I have no right to. I learned a great deal about animals in the F. N. S. and it comes in useful in the Army Nurse Corps too as we have adopted a dog left by its owner, two chickens, and a cat with six kittens. They are all doing nicely.

We are busy running a new hospital. New wards are being opened and more and more patients admitted.

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From Beatrice Boxall (Boxie) in London—

Posted the middle of June.

I'm now allowed to help deal with the air raids. I'm on a stirrup pump team which means I get gloriously dirty and paddle about in the water and lie on my tummy with the hose jet and hide behind walls—very special ones which one has to learn to pick out. Boy, it's fun in a way. Oh yes, pumping the jolly old pump is enough exercise for a month. Things have been very quiet for us really. You know, it's just like the F. N. S. in

a way. Instead of Gordon coming up to waken me, the dear little siren lets out its morbid moan and then the moan turns into something terrific telling you to put on your boots and get down to the post. I was always good at dressing in no time. Once a week, in turn, we stay up either until 12 midnight or 12-3, or 3-6 a. m.

Mother and I have been frightfully busy preparing for our new little flat. We move this Monday. I'll have to lay the lino and fix up the electric fittings. I don't know the first thing about it, of course, but we'll manage. After Kentucky septic tanks, leaking stables (barns to you) and heating systems, I'm sure I qualify to do almost anything. In fact, I'm looking forward to it.

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From Josephine Green (Jo) in Camp Maxey, Texas—
June 16, 1943.

More and more I meet boys on the wards who are from Kentucky. I am always glad that I have been there because most of them are a little homesick and want to talk about their state. I feel that I can help a little if I understand and appreciate the grand things about their home. I had a patient yesterday, nineteen years old—from near Richmond. He was so homesick! He had been here only two weeks and before his trip here, he told me, he had never been away from home, seen a trolley or ridden on a train—on top of that he had acute appendicitis!

For the duration and six months, I will look out for the Kentucky boys.

I know I was with you folks for only a short time but I feel a personal interest in all that is done at the Hospital. I still hope the day will come when I can return and pick up where I left off.

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From Louise Mowbray (Charlie) in Massachusetts—
June 19, 1943.

I am giving anaesthetics to obstetrical patients at the Wesson Maternity hospital where I was for so many years previously. The Hospital has a very active service averaging about 175-200 births per month. As practically all patients are under deep sedation during labor and are delivered under anaesthesia, I am kept busy and am enjoying the work. While not exactly mid-

wifery it presents a rather particular problem of urban hospital obstetrics which is intensely interesting.

Thank you so much for having the Bulletins forwarded. I do appreciate it for, as you know, I am as always keenly interested in the joys, trials and fortunes of the F. N. S.

With my best regards to all.

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**From Edith Mickle (Mickle Minor) with the Middle East
Forcès—June 24, 1943.**

I had a letter from Wallie yesterday. She is to register again now everyone is needed.

Meantime we here are left high and dry: very high, not always so dry. We grow daily more restive and have done everything in our power to get somewhere where there is more activity. Robbie and I hope to go on an intensive two week gas course shortly. It will be grand to be away from the hospital for a couple of weeks.

Margaret Watson and Madge Tait are now in Cyprus so we shall not be seeing them for a while.

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From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—April 18, 1943.

I have commenced work on a Queen's Nurse (district) 26 miles from my home. I hope to get a long week-end every month so I will be able to see my people. They are delighted that I am so near home.

I do general work, midwifery, and child welfare. I ride a bicycle. There's a rumor about a car for the nurses but I told them I prefer a horse. The other nurse is more keen on a car!

You'll be interested to hear that I gave a lecture at the Royal Maternity Hospital, Belfast, on Rural Nursing in the Kentucky Mountains. I stressed the importance of prenatal care and several lantern slides were displayed on the screen, particularly the ones I had with saddlebags and horse ready to start my rounds. The students were all general trained nurses and were completing their last six months of midwifery training. The course now is 12 months. Several Sisters (*head nurses*) were also present and Miss Sparks, the matron (*Superintendent of nurses*) attended. One of the sisters enquired if I had many

forceps deliveries. I said that I had been there five years and never saw a forcep delivery. Perhaps one day you may have applications from nurses trained in the Royal Maternity Hospital, Belfast. If you do Minnie Meeke will feel that her lecture was not in vain.

I was indeed very sad leaving my Kentucky Home and when the song was rendered on the boat I had to wipe away the tears and at that minute I was playing bridge. I hope I did not trump my partner's ace! I'm anxiously awaiting for Kentucky news so I hope someone will write. Have you seen or heard anything of Heather (*her horse*)? I hope she is behaving. I often think about my Brutus farm yard and all the kind folks at Wendover. Perhaps we shall meet again.

My best wishes to the Frontier Nursing Service and love to everyone.

July 1, 1943.

My colleague had a nasty cycling accident and was off duty for three weeks. I managed both districts while she was away. The Committee are going to give me a week off for doing double duty. I'm looking forward to going home. Just fancy, only one hour by train—then home!

There is little I can say regarding war news. We are all hoping it will soon be over. We managed to get oranges from South Africa last week so that's a step in the right direction.

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From Annie P. MacKinnon (Mac) in Essex—

July 4, 1943.

If you had all the letters I mean to write you couldn't cope with them. Time simply flies here and oh, so much to do in the day!

I had a wonderful four days with Mrs. Bray and as you can imagine, you were the chief topic. Allison came to see me and spent the night. She is the same sweet Allison and very handsome in her uniform. It gave me pleasure looking at her and I thought several times "If Mrs. Breckinridge could only see you." Her mother must be so proud of her—I am myself!

Peacock came to dinner one night and she is the same old Peacock. She has a big job and loves it. Of course anything not

of the usual suits her. She came on a bicycle and really she was the funniest thing going away—no light and one pedal not working! We listened breathless as she was going down the drive but nothing happened. How we laughed over her and you know Mrs. Bray was quite concerned, not knowing Peacock as we do. I wish you had a few days with Mrs. Bray in her lovely home and friendly atmosphere. It did me good in many ways as you can understand.

I met Kelly about two weeks ago, and she is well. This week I am meeting Wallie and also Green, as we have a wee F. N. S. all of our own.

Last Wednesday the matron entertained some of the medical and nursing staff of the American hospital and I was simply thrilled. I didn't know any of them but they knew of the F. N. S. and that was enough for me. The Matron, a Miss Butler, is charming and everyone fell in love with her. They are all from New York and looked very smart indeed. The other day I went to the American Club for soldiers. I met Miss Heller from Ohio who is in charge there and a very capable person. Next week I am going to the Officers' Club to see a Mrs. John who is in charge there, so you see I am having a round trip.

I hope things are going well with you and that there is no trouble with wells or tanks. Please give my love to everyone I knew.

July 16, 1943.

Your letter was a sight for sore eyes and I meant to answer it right away but as usual my mind was on higher things!!

I was up in London for the week end and met Wallie. We sat and talked for hours over the "good old days" and "one big happy family." Holly leaves for Abyssinia this week-end to do some reconstruction work with the Child Welfare Association. I have just sent her a wire to wish her "God speed".

Some little time ago I had a phone message one evening from a boy from Wooton, a Lieutenant Caudill, who had been living on Long Island for some years. I hope he will come and see me unless he has been moved somewhere else. They just come and go, but it is grand to see them and talk of Old Kentucky.

**From Betty Holmes in Johns Hopkins Training School—
July 29, 1943.**

Dr. Eastman, Head of the Obstetrical Department, here, is very interested in the Frontier Nursing Service. He talks about it in his classes for the nurses and medical students and always puts the Bulletin in the Woman's Clinic library.

I am having my two months of public health work now and, needless to say, I love it. The group on public health act as air raid wardens and the other night we had a blackout. While we were waiting for the next signal at the Command Post, one of the doctors there asked me how I liked public health and, in the course of the conversation, mentioned that he thought the Frontier Nursing Service was fascinating. The poor man nearly had his ears talked off by me from then on. I think of the Service so often as I go around myself now making prenatal and post-partum visits—but country dirt is so much cleaner than city dirt and country smells are so much nicer than city smells!

From Nora K. Kelly in Essex—May 11, 1943.

It seems ages since I wrote you but the weeks fly by so fast that it seems almost impossible to believe that before long we shall be starting our fourth year of war.

I expect you are really working harder than ever. I do hope things are going well with you. I think of you and the people so much! As for the dear old hills and the pastures which we tried to grow, I get positively an ache to see it all again. What happy, happy days they were, riding round, doing a job of work satisfying to ourselves, and with all the peace and beauty of nature thrown in.

I can't tell you how much the Bulletin means these days. I do so enjoy it and so do many of my friends.

I saw Holly (*Mary Hollins*) not long ago. She is expecting to go to Abyssinia shortly. All of her kit is ready and she is most excited. I think the F. N. S. experience will help her tremendously. She is still full of Confluence mountains and so forth.

I am still in The Mothers' Hospital, but have a new appointment which I expect to take up soon. I am to take over, organ-

ize and run, an obstetrical unit which is operating at South London Hospital for Women. It will be a training school for Part II midwifery pupils and the Hospital and district will have to produce a minimum of 300 cases per year to be recognized as a training school. I go soon to work up the district as a beginning. It should be interesting, especially as I am in charge of the teaching. Fortunately I know the chief doctors as they are "Honorary" here, and it is due to them that I am being appointed.

We hear from Violet (*her sister who is in Burma*) that she is somewhere on active service, that she lives in a grass hut, and that she is in charge of a hospital in tents, also that she is very happy. Of course, no news at all from Holland (*where her other sister is*).

August 8, 1943.

I have spoken twice about the Frontier Nursing Service at the College of Nursing; once it was given to me as a subject for my exam preparation and the second time I was asked to speak on "Midwifery in America" to the midwifery teachers. After that I was asked to speak on "The Midwife in the Future Public Health Service." I gave them the combined work of a Frontier Nursing Service nurse-midwife as an ideal so that the midwife could have better hours and more regular off duty. Out of that talk, judge my surprise to have a letter from Doubleday who is still doing public health work. It was nice to see her again.

I go to South London Hospital for Women on September 23rd though, owing to the difficulty of getting equipment, we do not expect to open the ward until January. Before that I shall get the clinics started, organize, and start opening up a district. The Hospital is to have 25 beds and with the district must produce a minimum of 500 cases a year. I think it should be very interesting and I feel I am fortunate in getting the appointment.

I went out to Black Notley yesterday to visit Mac. She is busy and fit—had just carved for 140 men. I couldn't help thinking of the Saturday evening suppers at Hyden. Those were great times! We had a long talk about everything and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

There are lots of American troops everywhere. They seem to be very popular and I hope they are feeling at home. It must

have been difficult for them at first, everything closes down so early, no buses after about 9 o'clock and even in London none after 10 p. m.—then all the rationing. I often wonder if any of the Kentucky boys are about but we never hear or see anything of them.

With love and best wishes to all whom I know.

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From Clara Dale Echols in Georgia—August 1, 1943.

My father is much better than he has been for some time. In June he took a little country church here, one to which he was pastor around 1900. He is happy to have a congregation to minister to and the people already know him and love him.

There is news of me, too, though I wish I might show it instead of telling it! Fourth finger, left hand—and it is the beautifullest ring! Remember my young friend in the Army last summer? That was Pat—and it's Pat! Officially he's Corporal George Parker Winship, Jr., Army of the United States and he's from Charles River, Mass.

August 9, 1943.

Pat has been shipped to San Francisco just as Washington begins to loom ahead for me. It's a very important job he is assigned to and I'm happy he can get on with it now, even when it means the far West. I'm going to concentrate on his being sent back East for OCS in six months or so!

My WAVES came through last week and I was sworn in before we came down here. So now I'm awaiting orders to report for training to Smith, probably the last of this month or the last of September, with the odds favoring August.

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From Ethel Broughall in Oklahoma—Summer, 1943.

There is an internment camp here for German prisoners of war—3000 of them now. We are going to a musical concert at the camp on Saturday night. Among the prisoners are some talented musicians—men from Budapest and Vienna, anti-Nazi but forced into the German army and so captured by the Americans. One is a very fine violinist who was an instructor at the Academy of Music in Vienna; the other, a pianist from a musical

conservatory in Budapest. They have a concert every Saturday evening and the naval officers from the Ammunition Depot are the guests of the army officers at the internment camp. Beginning next week the German prisoners are going to be allowed to work, at 80 cents per day under strict military guard, on a sewer line which was damaged by a recent storm, and out on farms which are badly in need of labor. Forty cents of the eighty goes to their credit at the commissary and they may buy food delicacies there. The other forty cents is to be withheld and paid to them when they are released at the end of the war. While working they are allowed to speak to no one but the military guard.

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ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Graduates, Spring 1942

From Rosa Clark giving a direct midwifery service under the State Board of Health, South Carolina—June 27, 1943.

July is a full month—about six deliveries due and most of them in the first two weeks. I have already had three of July's this month. My first premature came while the Board was here and they were so interested in hearing about it. So far I have had 22 deliveries (seven in the last month) besides those I attended with the doctor and midwives before I started taking cases. I don't know exactly how many Jo (*Aase Johanesen*) has had. She is still with Miss Blackburn in Institutes.

We do charge a fee of \$1.00 to help cover cost of supplies and we make it understood that it is not a delivery fee. So far I am keeping the money to equip a clinic. Dr. Sheriff said she didn't care about my turning in any of the money during the first year. We also charge for the iron and calcium we give the patients.

I wish you could get Dr. Kooser to arrange a series of lectures on the new things for about a week as a refresher for those of us who have been in the field for a while.

From Josephine Kinmanin, in charge of the Rabun County Maternity Home under the State Board of Health, Georgia August 8, 1943.

We're still very busy—72 deliveries to date but it's not that which keeps us the busiest lately. For over two months we've had two or three extra babies as either feeding problems or pre-matures which we kept long after the mothers went home. One of them which weighed 3 lbs. 2 ozs. at birth, stayed six weeks and weighed 5 lbs. 8 ozs. when he left. I then made follow up visits at his home.

The Foundation did help us by buying the building for the Maternity Home and will match any amount up to \$5000 which the county raises. Nearly \$2000 has been raised and we have till January 1945 to do it. The problem now is getting priorities on a heating system and building material with which to remodel the building. It will be late fall before the new quarters can be occupied, I imagine.

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Graduates, Fall 1942

From Aileen Murphy, general supervisor with the State Board of Health, Alabama—June 12, 1943.

Here I am—right in Cullman where I feel that I belong. I have a very good job and am well satisfied. Like all other jobs, we never know in Public Health what may happen.

From Ruth Heron, including midwifery and public health work under the State Board of Health, New Mexico—July 26, 1943.

Soon after returning I made out a midwifery routine and Dr. Adler, Director of Maternity and Infancy of the State Board of Health, went over it with me and made several changes, sometimes adding something, other times cutting something out. He then took his corrected copy and presented it to the State Board of Health. He wrote me that they approved the Routine and did not send any changes. I am sending you a copy of it.

So far I have only had three deliveries in the community, but for a little more experience I took part of my vacation this year at Embrido Presbyterian Hospital, mission hospital for

Spanish people, and Dr. Bowen let me deliver three babies under her supervision. It was a help to have three babies right together and she gave me some good suggestions. I imagine that when my reputation gets established I will have more deliveries. I have my delivery things sterilized and in a pack ready to use, and carry everything in a medium sized suitcase, except the blood pressure outfit and urinalysis set. I have a prenatal bag so just take it along.

Since April we have a State clinic for prenatals and well babies once a month. The State pays Dr. Voorhies' expenses for conducting the clinic. Since it is so isolated they allow her to see medical patients also. She makes a small charge for medical patients.

The county west of us has no county nurse now so I have been doing some immunization work to help them out, going 23 and 28 miles to give shots; also helped them with clinics when Dr. Adler was up. I have a Home Nursing class at Regina, 13 miles away every Wednesday night.

Graduates, Spring 1943

From Ruth Davis doing public health work with the State Department of Health, Georgia—June 6, 1943.

I have three weekly prenatal clinics and a doctor at each. Saturday a patient who was registered with a private doctor came in to our clinic. I examined her urine and found four plus albumin. Her blood pressure was 190/130 and she had pitting oedema to her knees. She is 19 years old and this is the third baby. I told our Health Commissioner and he called up the doctor and they decided to induce labor.

My best regards to all at Wendover including the horses, dogs, and even Mrs. Breckinridge's smallest chicken.

From Gene Stout doing public health work with the State Department of Health, Georgia—June 16, 1943.

I don't know when anything has meant as much to me as that midwifery course. My work is mostly clinic work. I hold all prenatal clinics—six of them in all—most of them without a doctor. In addition I follow up all complicated or toxic cases and answer day calls for midwives' cases—granny cases.

I live out in the country about 15 miles from Thomasville and commute each day. I live with Dr. and Mrs. Sanchez. He has a private hospital and I spend quite a bit of my spare time down there. He does a lot of lab work and I've become interested in that.

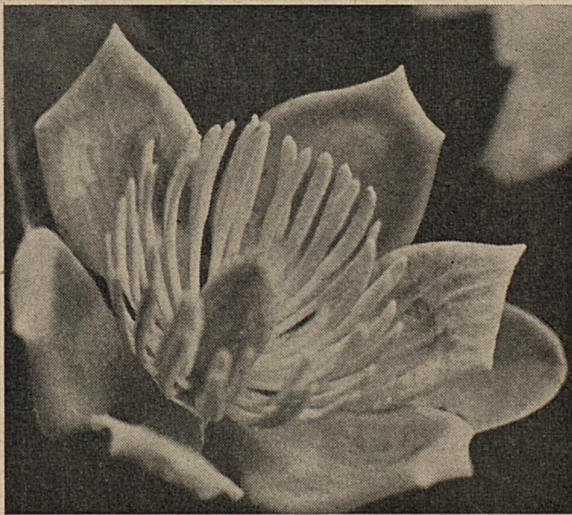
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NEWSY BITS

We are delighted to learn that Ruth Waterbury is sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to allow her to take a new position. She is secretary to the manager of the State Tower Building in Syracuse.

Hazel Dufendach has been promoted and is now in charge of personnel at Henderson. She writes that the plant there has received the Army-Navy "E" award.

Ethel Broughall has accepted a position with the Oklahoma State Board of Health. She has just completed a week at a crippled children's hospital in Oklahoma City learning the Kenny method of packing for infantile paralysis.

Ruth Frazer Childs gave us the great pleasure of a few days' visit during June. Many of us knew Ruth when she helped us out at the Hyden Hospital for six weeks during the summer of 1938. She is now living in Middlesex, N. Y., with her husband and young daughter.



BLOOM
OF THE
TULIP OR POPLAR TREE

AN AIRMAN'S PRAYER

Almighty and All-present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to Thee;
I do not ask in battle hour
For any shield to cover me.
The vast, unalterable way
From which the stars do not depart
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.
I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory here;
The enemy I hate, I know
To Thee is also dear.
But this I pray—Be at my side
When death is drawing through the sky!
Almighty God, who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.

—Sergt. Hugh Brodie,
Royal Australian Air Force
(Missing in Action)

—Lexington, Ky. *Herald*, May 13, 1943

Under the leadership of Mrs. Doris Fox, R. N., the Nazareth School of Nursing of the SS. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital of Louisville, Kentucky, as a project, exhibited thirteen dolls in the nurses' uniforms of the Army, Navy, Air Evacuation, Red Cross, Alaskan Indian Nursing Service, and others, inclusive of the Frontier Nursing Service summer uniform.



PROJECT IN UNIFORM

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

*"Once in awhile he can finish in style for the rest
of the earth to view."*

Major General W. P. Upshur of the U. S. Marine Corps quoted this line from Kipling's "Soldier and Sailor Too" in a letter to Major General Breckinridge's widow and he added, "Who but Breck could finish in style as he did?" Now has come the news of the crash of a Navy plane in the Alaskan area and that General Upshur, Commander of the Marine Corps Department of the Pacific, has "finished in style" in the crash of that plane.

Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, one of our well-beloved Trustees, christened the destroyer escort U. S. S. Atherton named in honor of her son, Lt. John McDougal Atherton, who lost his life when the destroyer Meredith went down in an engagement with the Japanese in the Solomon Islands. He was Mrs. Atherton's only son and she is a widow.

The death of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe in North Bay, Ontario, not only robs the world of that rara avis, the complete country doctor, but removes to another field of work one of the most charming of men. We had the pleasure of meeting him once at the American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology in Cleveland and asked him would he come down if the Frontier Nursing Service ever had quintuplets. His reply was in substance, "By the first plane."

How many people have read Schiller's *Bride of Messina* (*Braut von Messina*), I wonder? I read it, and indeed all of Schiller's dramas (which are almost as thrilling to youth as the novels of Walter Scott) when I was about seventeen years old and at the time was deeply moved by it. Naturally, anything associated in one's mind with Messina will be recollected now, but I have no wish to re-read the drama for two reasons. First, my German is too rusty and, second, the theme which seemed

moving to me at seventeen, strikes me as incredibly foolish at sixty.

A certain nobleman's lady at Messina had it prophesied to her that she would have two sons and a daughter and that the brothers would fall in love with their sister and kill each other in her behalf. To render the prophesy impossible to fulfill, the lady did the one and only thing that could make it come to pass. She put the infant daughter in a remote castle in the mountains of Sicily and let the boys grow up ignorant of the fact that they had a sister. Each in turn while hunting, scaled the walls of the castle, saw the maiden, fell in love with her and vowed that she alone should be his bride. Then they fought over her and both of them died. In my recollection of the drama, the nobleman's lady never got it through her silly head that if she had brought the children up in the same nursery, she would have spared herself much grief.

Our old friend, Mr. James Grigor in Great Britain, writes as follows:

"After I have read the Bulletin it goes to the headquarters of the Wembley District Nursing Association where there are fourteen general-trained nurses who have also been trained in midwifery. I am told it is welcome there."

Mr. Grigor says of last Spring's Bulletin, "What a glorious number."

As the Bulletin's editor, I do like to get letters about it and particularly when a special article is singled out for discriminating praise. Miss Miriam Gaines of Louisville wrote that Rose Avery's article in the Spring Bulletin, "A Year Seen From Horseback," was a delight and that "the little paragraphs of exquisite nature appreciation are inspiring." She added that she was sending her copy to one of the Navy nurses now stationed with the Marine Corps at Quantico, Virginia.

Miss Helen C. White, the President of the American Association of University Women, wrote lately that the Bulletin was "a heartening magazine," and a friend in New York wrote, "Your Bulletin is my best tonic."

A novel form of service the Bulletin seems to render some

of its readers is expressed by the following bit in a letter from Miss Telling in Connecticut:

"It has amused me to find that I keep some track of friends through the Bulletin that I read faithfully and with great enthusiasm. I feel that I know some of the nurses from their letters; but also I have had first news of Naomi Donnelley's illness (*Chicago*), some time ago, of Mary Simms' visit (*from Lexington*) to you, and of others. Since I have lived here on a little farm that I have to run myself, I write few letters, and sometimes feel cut off from my old friends."

Another point of view is given in a letter from a man in Ft. Smith, Arkansas (an old friend), who wrote that a friend of his had been stationed at Ft. Knox for awhile and asked if a lady in Louisville was a member of the Frontier Nursing Service. Our Ft. Smith subscriber replied that he had never seen her name mentioned in the Bulletin so he didn't think she belonged to "our" set!

On August tenth, the New York World-Telegram had an article about *our* John Mason Brown, now serving as a Lieutenant with the U. S. Navy, and how his broadcasts from one of the warships in the Mediterranean kept the Navy tuned in on the invasion of Sicily.

The papers and magazines lately have had a lot in them about the nurse-midwife in general and the Frontier Nursing Service in particular. "Bubbles" Cuddy, our courier at Blue Hill Falls, Maine, sent us a copy of what is obviously a Canadian publication called *The Magazine Digest*, which has a good write-up about the Queen's Nurses of England, the Plunkett Nurses of New Zealand, the Hebridean Nurses of the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service, and the Frontier Nursing Service, and this publication brings out the point that all of these nurses are trained as midwives and that nurses like them are needed in Canadian outposts. As a matter of fact, British overseas nurses do work in Canada, on the Peace River, in Newfoundland, in Labrador, but the Canadians themselves have no schools as yet for giving graduate training in midwifery to nurses.

The Woman's Home Companion had an excellent article in

its August issue by Marjorie Miller entitled "Babies Aren't Rationed" in which the work of the Maternity Center Association in training and distributing nurse-midwives is well covered as well as the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, in commenting on this article, included a picture of the Frontier Nursing Service Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River in Clay County with two nurses in uniform and three dogs.

Our clipping bureau has sent us an editorial from the Columbus, Ohio *Star* on the same subject which could be summarized in the words of Marjorie Miller in the *Woman's Home Companion*, "Yes! The midwife is dead. Long live the nurse-midwife!"

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That valuable member of the National Nursing Council, Miss Emilie G. Sargent, R. N., Executive Director of the Visiting Nurse Association of Detroit, has sent us an article from the *Detroit Free Press* in which our former nurse-midwife, Frances Fell, is interviewed on the use of the nurse-midwife in the Frontier Nursing Service and in New Mexico where Miss Fell has been for some years. Miss Fell is now taking a graduate course in public health at Wayne University in Detroit.

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Dr. and Mrs. Isadore Dyer will both be remembered affectionately in the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. Dyer relieved for one of Dr. Kooser's vacations in December, 1939. Afterwards he took an executive public health and obstetrical post in Oklahoma. He explains how a qualified obstetrician happens to be in the Army by the fact that he had been in the army reserves for nine years. Dr. Dyer is now a Flight Surgeon at Fort Snelling, Minnesota and, luckily, Mrs. Dyer and baby Susan are with him. He says, "to date I have trained three medical detachments for overseas. Each time I expect to go over with them I am taken and put into some other outfit." For the benefit of the old staff, now scattered all over the world, we quote another bit of Dr. Dyer's letter:

"We both enjoy the Bulletin, from cover to cover. It always holds interest for us in that there is such news from all of the people whom we knew there and loved. I read with interest the

progress made with the Midwifery School. . . . I feel pride in having had a small part in helping."

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In *Time* of June 7th, there is an excellent illustrated article on the WAFS in which the Frontier Nursing Service takes a profound interest because our Helen Stone ("Pebble") got her wings in the Women's Army Ferrying Service and is now a full-fledged pilot of the Army Air Transport Command. We have heard that another courier, Emma Coulter, has lately received her wings too but we haven't as yet received details from her.

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A copy of an evening paper published in England has drifted across the ocean to us, in which the arrival back home from the Frontier Nursing Service of Elsie Nora Kelly and Minnie Meeke is depicted in that lurid way that we are too prone to associate with certain American papers only. This type of sheet, wherever it is printed, has the nurses riding "gun on saddle" and of course the Kentucky mountains are among the few spots on this planet where a woman is safe alone at night, without a gun.

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We received the interesting Annual Report of the National Information Bureau at 205 East Forty-second Street, New York 17, N. Y., a non-profit organization to which anyone may subscribe and, as a member, receive a candid report on any national or international philanthropy. This Bureau was set up in the last war by a group of people who wanted their gifts for war charities to go only to such charities as met decent fiscal standards for fiduciary institutions raising and expending charitable donations. To cite only one illustration of how much the generosity of the public was abused, the Army and Navy Bazaar of 1917 raised \$71,645, of which \$71,000 was allocated by its "leaders" to expenses and \$645 to charity. Those who supported the National Information Bureau kept it going during the years of peace so that they might receive confidential information about any charity purporting to be of national value. The Bureau has expanded in World War II to be able to give a fair rating on war relief charities as well as on purely American charities. It renders a wide variety of services and we suggest that donors both to national and international charities write directly to this Bu-

reau for its printed information and decide whether they think the private reports of this Bureau are not worth the membership fee.

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The College of Midwives in London of which several of us in the Frontier Nursing Service are members, has sent its Annual Report. We read with interest that 136 midwives took the resident summer course at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Aside from technical lectures, the questions dealt with included ration cards for babies, transport for midwives and "the alteration in the Coat Concession."

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Dr. P. E. Blackerby has been elected Commissioner of the Board of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky to succeed the late Dr. Arthur T. McCormack. Dr. Blackerby, who has been Dr. McCormack's assistant for years, is not only the logical choice as his successor but the very best choice that could have been made. He is an extremely able and highly qualified public health officer and one of the very nicest men in the world.

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We are deeply distressed to learn that the huge old barn near Downingtown, Pennsylvania at Smoky Ridge Farm, home of our Trustee, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, and our Alternate Resident Courier, Fanny McIlvain, burned to the ground in August. Thank God the horses (Mrs. McIlvain's and Fanny's favorite hunters) were all saved and most of the tack. The fire seems to have started from spontaneous combustion in the loft. It is appalling for the McIlvains to be left without a barn near the onset of winter. They don't know yet what they can get in the way of materials to rebuild.

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Mr. Manning's personal secretary, Minnie Grove, who was for so many years with us at Wendover, has been particularly kind in answering our appeals for help in computing the new system of income tax. In a recent letter, she concludes as follows:

"Now, as I heard a radio announcer say the other day, 'Lady, this is just as complicated as it sounds.'"

FIELD NOTES

On Thursday, August 19th, Dr. John H. Kooser left the Frontier Nursing Service for the Medical Corps of the U. S. N. R. and the Naval Air Training Station at Corpus Christi, Texas. Thus is broken an association of nearly twelve years with the Frontier Nursing Service; and to the nurses, couriers and administrative staff which we have been contributing to the war since late 1939, we now add our Medical Director. Since the employees of the Frontier Nursing Service are now "frozen" because we are certified as essential, we do give them when we let them go. We have not refused, and we shall not refuse, a single one. It is our place in the war to carry on with these breaks and readjustments and do the best we can from day to day. Why should it be easy for us? Those who do a piece of pioneer work have never expected to find it easy. The war just makes it so much the harder in another kind of way.

Several send-offs were arranged for Dr. Kooser before he left which proved to him (although he needed no proof) the affectionate hold he had, not only on some thousands of patients, but on his associates. First, we had a dinner meeting of the Hyden District Committee in which Dr. Kooser's going was discussed and the problem raised as to what we could do about a successor. Next, the staff arranged a party for him and, since they did not know what he wanted as a gift, they presented him with a purse collected among themselves that would buy the best type of waterproof wrist watch or any other special thing. Then the Hyden District Committee arranged a farewell party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Begley and presented him with another purse of the same generous size. He put on his uniform before leaving and let us take pictures of him in it, and now he is Lieutenant Commander John H. Kooser of the U. S. N. R. M. C.

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The effort to locate another Medical Director for the Frontier Nursing Service has involved correspondence on my part almost a foot high with people all over the United States, and including those members of our Medical Council connected with medical schools or obstetrics, and also with Government and

Kentucky departments and the American Medical Association. Many people have been extremely kind in trying to help us and one head of a great medical school wrote us, "I would send you someone on my staff, but I have no staff except a few elderly men." Another wrote, "Even the refugees are now scarce." We had an application from a Jap, a Nisei, poor thing. We began to think we should have to take a very old person and let him go out escorted by couriers and then go to bed attended by nurses, on alternate days.

While Dr. Kooser was away the better part of a week establishing Mrs. Kooser and the children at their home in Pennsylvania, we relayed surgical and terribly sick medical cases to the Hazard Hospital where they were so kind as to take them in spite of the fact that this hospital is overcrowded with the miners and their families for whom it exists. Of course our own Dr. R. L. Collins from Hazard stood by to meet any emergencies. We could manage for a few days but we knew so well how impossible it would be to manage longer than that. After all, a hospital and an area of a thousand square miles with some ten thousand people in it cannot remain with no medical care whatever, unless we abandon all effort to protect the civilian population during the war. One doctor to ten thousand people doesn't seem excessive even in war.

It has been our experience that when you do everything you can to meet a situation, God doesn't let you down. I have found that He often waits until you have done everything you can. It doesn't work quite like the story of the gardener who, in answer to a religious platitude by the vicar who had been admiring his garden, said, "Ah, but you should have seen what it was like when God had it to himself." It is more like the saying attributed to Antonio Stradivarius, "God couldn't make Antonio's violins without Antonio." He seems to work through us and we are such poor tools that He cannot always get on with His work until we have learned to be guided by His hand.

After so long a time, we at last got in touch with a good physician and have chosen for our new Medical Director Dr. James Malcolm Fraser, a man thirty years old with a wife and one baby. For the benefit particularly of the old staff who, in the course of weeks and months, will read this Bulletin in many

far-flung corners of the world, we will say further that Dr. Fraser is an American of Scotch descent, born in Washington, D. C. and a graduate of the George Washington University Medical School. He has had a postgraduate course in obstetrics and an internship in obstetrics as well as his general rotating internship. He has had one year's general experience as *locum tenens* in private practice and a year in a large Indian hospital which included obstetrics. We welcomed him and his wife and baby Bonnie on Saturday, August 21st as shipwrecked mariners welcome a sail. They stayed at Wendover for two weeks and one day although it meant that Dr. Fraser had to be relayed to the Hospital at Hyden at night occasionally as well as spend each day there. He has received the kindest gestures of welcome from the members of our Hyden District Committee and the Red Bird District Committee and Dr. R. L. Collins in Hazard. Dr. Collins had Dr. Fraser and me over to lunch at the Lion's Club where he arranged a special table of the Hazard doctors (so few now that they can easily group around a small table). We then went with Dr. Collins to the Public Health Department where that excellent Perry County Health Officer, Dr. Lewis Coleman, showed Dr. Fraser over the plant. Then we went to the Hazard Hospital where Dr. Collins escorted us around.

Now Dr. and Mrs. Fraser and Bonnie are established at Joy House in our Hospital grounds at Hyden.

Since the furnishings at Joy House were Mrs. Kooser's own, she naturally had to take them back to her home in Pennsylvania, except for a few pieces in Dr. Kooser's study which he left for our use, and the electric stove which is loaned us temporarily. Dr. and Mrs. Fraser had their own china, kitchen utensils and silver and some linen, but no other furnishings. We could not put them at Joy House until it had some beds and tables and chairs and lamps and chests of drawers, a rug or two—until, in fact, it had those basic things without which people sleep and eat on floors. We couldn't let this happen to our new doctor and his family, so Agnes Lewis went down to Lexington and spent the better part of a week struggling to obtain the unobtainable. She was the guest of that beloved Trustee, Mrs. W. C. Goodloe, who used up all her gasoline rationing in taking her about and gave

every ounce of her strength and every minute of her time. By dint of picking up secondhand things at country places and in secondhand shops and getting new things at a discount from the Wheeler Furniture Company, which also gave us some pieces free and had their shipping clerk receive and check the things bought at other places and help load the truck that came for everything, Mrs. Goodloe and Aggie succeeded in getting an adequate supply of necessities from six different commercial places and four private individuals. Those invaluable friends of ours, the Combs Lumber Company, pitched in and helped too. They had one of their men go with our mountain truck to help load and one of the third generation of the family, Mr. Albert Combs, took Miss Lewis in his car ahead of the truck when the loading time came. The most difficult of all things to get was a refrigerator. Hyden has electricity but we had not succeeded in getting a priority for a refrigerator for the Medical Director's house. Mrs. Goodloe and Agnes scanned the papers every morning and when a secondhand refrigerator was located, dashed out in pursuit. It is too long a story to tell why none of several could be had and at long last we located one up here in the mountains that is six years old but in usable condition.

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Now we want to report on DIAPERS. Although we have continued to receive from the groups of friends who sew for us a sufficient supply of little garments for our babies, there have come to us in the past few months less and less diapers. We found that we would have to buy some dozens of dozens to tide us over the summer months. When we set out to buy them, we discovered that mail order houses either refused to ship us any, or not more than two dozen, and (once only) twelve dozen upon our written statement that they weren't all intended for the same baby! At this point we touched despair. The shops continue to have much more clothing than men and women need and why should the babies, of all people, be put upon? As we had occasion to write our friends hither and yon, we asked if they would not be so kind as to step into a shop and send us each one dozen diapers. Our friends have responded nobly but were themselves shocked to find that diaper-shopping wasn't easy. A friend in Salem, North Carolina sent us three dozen

which was all she could get there. A friend in Detroit got two dozen after looking at several shops, and when she gave our address was told by the shop girl that the diapers could not be shipped out of the State of Michigan! She carried them away and sent them to us herself and, at the same time, a clipping from a Detroit paper which said there was now a black market in diapers! A friend in California wrote that, after a hunt, she managed to secure two lots of two dozen each and then found twenty-six yards of birdseye at a small store where the proprietor said that only five yards were allowed to a customer. When our friend showed him the Bulletin, he said, "Take the piece. It's all I have but I want them to have it."

On July 7th, Representative Frances Bolton of Ohio rose on the floor of the House and asked for one minute's time to present the question of diapers, which she wrote us privately was really tough. This caused a flurry of amusement in the press, especially as a superlatively silly member of Congress rose and said that prior to the present generation "millions of babies had been born without these conveniences." We wonder if he didn't really know about swaddling clothes which take a great deal more yardage than diapers. An explanation for the shortage seems to be that looms which have made birdseye had been turned into making burlap, a war necessity. The problem will be solved in time as we are now getting burlap from India again and the looms have been turned back to making birdseye and expect to make nearly eight million dozens of diapers during the coming year. Meanwhile, we haven't enough in the Frontier Nursing Service to guarantee a dozen to each baby, which is the number in each of our layettes. Will some of you who read this please send by parcel post to the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden, Kentucky a dozen diapers, if you can find them? Some of you might also send us old linen which we can use as diapers.

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One night in May shortly before the telephone exchange closed down, a telegram came to Wendover for Garrison Lewis on Hurricane Creek that his boy, Homer, had been seriously wounded in Africa. Our couriers, Fanny McIlvain and Katharine Clarke, got on their horses and rode up Hurricane Creek to take

this sad news to the father and mother of the boy. This is one time when there is a happy ending. Homer did not die.

We get the most fascinating stories of exploits of our various boys in the services. As an example, I will give one going the rounds about a step-son of our jailer, Floyd Cook, in the Pacific. It seems he had thirty-four bullets left when twenty-seven Japs came. He killed twenty-four with bullets and wounded three and then had seven bullets left. He has sent home "three pounds" of medals.

Another of our boys is back from being wounded by "shrapernickel" at Kassarine Pass. He told us that he got it from a bomb. Thus the war is brought home to us, quite literally, day by day.

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All who knew her during her years of work in Home Economics at the Hyden High School loved Leota Sullenger. There aren't any words in which to express how much we hated to give her up to the WAVES. She has finished her basic training as one of three thousand WAVES in training. She writes, "When I think of being a part of this *man's* Navy, I am so happy I haven't words to express my feeling." She tells us that her classes included "ships and aircraft, naval personnel and naval organization." Before she left Hyden, Miss Sullenger presented our Hospital with some supplies she had on hand as follows; namely, ten cans of tomatoes, seventeen cans of grapefruit juice, some dried soup beans, and some dried egg powder.

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As our Report in this issue of the Bulletin shows, our Hospital, in its fourteen years and six months of existence, has received and cared for 6,163 patients with 61,495 days of occupation. Shortly before Dr. Kooser left, he sent me over a note to say that the Hospital had readmitted patient No. 19 who was first admitted on February 19, 1929.

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Our Louise Mowbray ("Charlie") who is now in Massachusetts has made us a present of the car she left here, which we call "Charlie" and for which we have a personal affection.

We are delighted to announce that we have Grayce Morgan back with us in the Frontier Nursing Service. She is again living across the river at her old home with her mother and coming to work every day as Assistant to the Statistician and the Book-keeper. She has had the most fascinating experience on the West Coast with one of the great aircraft factories at Burbank, California. Of course she could not have returned to her home, where she felt she was needed, without their permission. In giving it, they have sent the following recommendation:

"The resignation of Miss Morgan, just received, is of course accepted without prejudice, since conditions warrant the action being approved. However, the loss of this young woman is cause for concern, especially in these days, as her work in the Air Service Command Section of this office has been outstanding.

"Miss Morgan came to this office in February of this year and has proven herself to be a thoroughly competent and loyal employee. She is an excellent typist and has very efficiently coordinated the various phases of her work.

"Miss Morgan leaves this office with our highest recommendation and our sincerest regrets."

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As all know, the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service is maintained by that wonderful National Sorority, the Alpha Omicron Pi. However, we are so fortunate as to get special gifts from other friends, as well as from individual chapters of the Alpha Omicron Pi to meet special needs. A dear Trustee in Chicago gave the money to supply everything needed for gardens for twelve families where the head of the house was a widow or a bedridden father and where there was no son of army age to send home allotments. Among these twelve families were forty-two children. Thanks to this generous Chicago Trustee, these people not only got all the seeds they needed but, as needed, Irish seed potatoes and potato grower, sweet potato slips, onion sets and cabbage plants. Nothing could show better how much the allotments that generous soldiers are sending home help our region than the fact that only twelve families needed this special assistance this year.

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Before Ethel Broughall left for Oklahoma, she had Mr. Caleb Bledsoe come over to Flat Creek and carried out a rabies inoculation clinic for dogs at the Nursing Center. She asked the people round about who were willing to pay for the vaccine for

their dogs, to sign up with her. At the first clinic, forty-two dogs were inoculated and 15 had to be turned away. Everybody complied with Miss Broughall's request to bring the dog on a lead and tie it and everybody paid for his vaccine. A second clinic had to be held to inoculate the left-over dogs and, during the week, Miss Broughall inoculated twelve or fifteen more.

Down at The Clearing the Frontier Nursing Service has a potato patch of less than an acre in extent. We decided to raise soy bean hay for our heifers in this patch in addition to the potatoes. As we keep a careful accounting of everything we do and have just gathered in the hay, it may interest our readers to read the following statement:

SOY BEAN HAY

VALUE OF HAY (7 wagon loads @ \$7.50).....		\$52.50
COST:		
J. P. Hornsby (2½ bu. soy bean seed @ \$2.75).....	\$6.88	
Ira Adams and Reuben Adams—30 hrs. @ 20c cutting hay....	6.00	
Reuben Adams—5 hrs. @ 20c turning hay....	1.00	
Reuben Adams—11 hrs. @ 20c loading and moving hay.....	2.20	
Davey Adams—10 hrs. @ 20c loading and moving hay.....	2.00	
Kermit Morgan—use of team to haul hay.....	3.00	21.08
Profit		\$31.42

We will never have to consult our cattle cards to remember the date of Madcap's heifer calf. We named her Pantelleria and, as she has white hind legs, we call her "Pantie." Elmendorf Frontiersman was "Pantie's" father and her mother, Madcap, is the daughter of Petunia who is the daughter of October. Good lineage, that.

The cover for this issue of the Bulletin is from a photograph made by our former Social Service Secretary, Edith Anderson, our "Andy." She is spending the summer near her husband at a large army camp in Tennessee.

We feel deep sympathy with the postmaster of a small town in Ohio who wrote across a piece of mail that reached us be-

latedly, "Lost 8-18 when mail bag bursted. Found 8-23. Re-mailed 8-24."

Our junior couriers this summer were, first, Marjorie Perry and Phyllis Mather of Boston and, next, Peggy Black of Boston and Augusta Jones of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. Marjorie Perry stayed on after her regular term as courier to relieve at the Jessie Preston Draper Center at Beech Fork for the barn man's two weeks' vacation. Unlike the barn man, who comes every day to clean the barns, Marjorie stayed at the Center and not only cleaned the barns of manure daily but did a lot of other work besides.

Elsie Rockefeller of Greenwich, Connecticut, who had been a spring junior courier, stayed on after her courier term to help as a Nurse's Aide on the Brutus district at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center. She is the first courier who has ever done this and she did it extremely well.

For the Social Service Secretary, Clara-Louise Schiefer's vacation, our own Marion Shouse (Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr.) came down to give a whole month of her time and carry this huge job with the same spirit in which she has carried it before. We are particularly grateful to her husband, a naval man, for allowing this because the last time she came down, she returned to him with the flu. He told us this time that unless we returned her intact, he would refuse to take her back! Well, she broke her finger and had to go back with it in a splint. He welcomed her notwithstanding.

We have been so fortunate as to have some volunteer workers this summer who have helped out in the administrative offices and were extremely nice persons to have around. They were Irene Klein of Lincoln, Nebraska, Margaret Osborne (Vassar) of Upper Montclair, New Jersey and Katherine Ford of Georgetown, Kentucky.

Our own Elizabeth Holmes (Betty) who is entering her third year at The Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses is spending her holiday with us. She insists on giving a good many hours of her time to helping us, but just to have her with us is pleasure enough.

Two new regular members of the Wendover staff are most

welcome additions—Lucille Knechtly of Cincinnati and Sally McMillan of Paris, Kentucky. Mary LeFevre is a welcome addition to the Hospital nursing staff.

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Our dear Bookkeeper, Audrey Collins, has gotten married to a soldier, Clyde H. Flannery, and returned to us for the duration except for furloughs. She is the third person in our administrative group who is tied up with the Army. Our Statistician Mrs. Byrne ("Jerry" White) has come back to us while her husband is in the Army and Meta Klosterman has a fiancé who is a soldier too. We work this situation out very well by giving holidays (at the drop of a hat) to these three girls whenever their men get furloughs. In that way the furlough has meaning for the soldier and the holiday is taken at the right time for the girls. So far, all three are fortunate in that these men have not yet been sent overseas.

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We began thinking last winter that one way in which we could adapt our work better to the shifting and frequent shortages of the war was by simplifying it wherever possible. We appealed to Ella Woodyard, Ph. D., that dear and eminent Trustee, at Teachers' College, Columbia, to come down and help us do that with our central record system. She gave us an entire month of her time and went over the record system in toto. She has devised a simplified form which will cut hours off the nurses' and statisticians' time and yet give us the basic information we must have. There are no words in which to express our gratitude for this marvelous service.

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We have had some delightful guests during the summer. Among them was Miss Marjorie Grant, State Nutritionist, who has now gone into the WAVES and whose visits have always been such a pleasure as well as service to us. With her came Miss Alexandra Mathison of the Visiting Nurse Association of Louisville, Kentucky and Dr. Ruby Helen Paine of Berea.

Other delightful guests were Mrs. Elizabeth Fulcher and Miss Elsie Crosby, two of the chief nurses of Georgia, for whom we have trained several nurses in midwifery.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Dimock of the University of Kentucky, Mrs. Edna Stafford Gould of the University of Indiana, Mr. Richard S. Manley of Cincinnati, Mrs. Nina H. Robinson of Louisville and Miss Elizabeth Blanc of Denver, Colorado were other most welcome guests.

At the very beginning of the summer, we were happy in the visit of Mr. Carlile Bolton-Smith, one of the members of our Washington Committee.

One Trustee who has come to see us this season is our beloved Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit who has not failed in years to come back up into the mountains with us after the Annual Meeting of Trustees. The joy it means to have Mrs. Joy! We can only hope that another year Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. McMath will be back with her again.

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A terribly sad thing happened in our part of the world when an Army bomber crashed in August in the roughest part of the mountain behind Possum Bend. The big ship was caught in a driving thunderstorm and the wreckage was first sighted by a hunter. Every one of the eight airmen was killed instantly.

SPECIAL TO BETTY LESTER IN LONDON:

After "Samanthy" went up in smoke, her engine was rescued and now runs the mill on Rockhouse which grinds our corn.

JUST JOKES, THE AUTOMOBILE

Bishop: The automobile has made us a very profane nation. Everyone I bump into with my new car swears terribly.

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"I'm so sorry," said the hatless woman mixed up in an accident. "It was all my fault."

"Not at all, madam," replied the driver of the truck with a gallant gesture. "I was to blame myself."

"But I insist the fault was mine. I was on your side of the street."

"That may be true," he said, "but my dear madam, I am responsible for the collision. I saw you coming blocks away and had ample opportunity to start down a side street."

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* 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.

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.

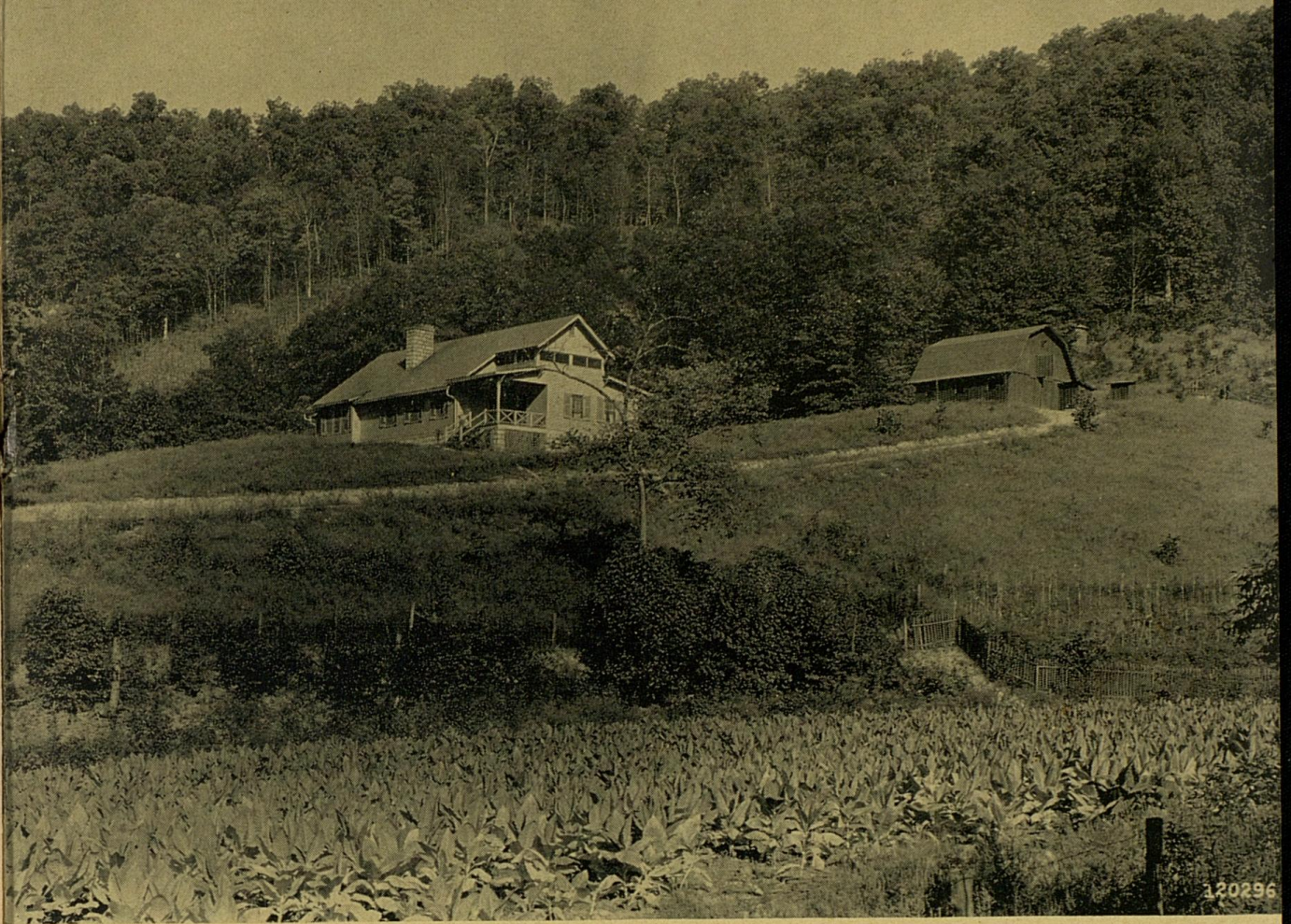
Its motto:

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

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



BELLE BARRETT HUGHITT MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER
On Bullskin Creek near Brutus Post Office, Clay County, Kentucky
Constructed and Dedicated in 1930

This picture shows one of our outpost nursing centers which was a gift of Mrs. Charles S. Frost, Mrs. Alfred H. Granger and Mr. Marvin Hughitt of Chicago, in memory of their mother. This center is eighteen horseback miles from our Hospital at Hyden and also sixty miles by automobile if one goes "around Robin Hood's Barn." Its telephone connection is by a private wire put up for us by local citizens, connecting through two exchanges with Hyden,—when it connects.

The house has a clinic and waiting room and accommodations for patients overnight when they cannot be moved to the Hospital. It has comfortable quarters for the nurses. A well-selected loan library, a memorial to Miss Florence Williams of Glendale, Ohio, is accommodated in special bookcases in the clinic waiting room. The solid oak barn (in the background) has quarters for two horses and a cow, with stalls for visiting horses, and a great hay loft.

The two nurse-midwives at this center give midwifery, bedside nursing, infant care and public health teaching to over a thousand people in the area within a five-mile radius, which covers nearly eighty square miles of rugged mountain country in Clay, Leslie and Owsley Counties.

