

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE *Incorporated.*

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"St BRIDE of the Isles"

Bernard Stutch R.B.S.A.



**THE HENDERSON (a Transport Used by Marines) DOCKING AT QUANTICO IN 1932
LIEUT. GEN. JAMES C. BRECKINRIDGE (then a brigadier general) AND HIS SONS
In Memoriam**

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Soldier, Young Soldier . . .

*Soldier, young soldier, when fighting is past
What is your pleasure, young soldier, at last?*

I'd like me a farm with a great span of sky,
And lights in the winders when evenin' is nigh.
And faith for my children and sun on my corn,
And joy for my woman from morn unto morn.

I'd like me to feel when the job has been done
We'll all have a hand in the peace we have won;
That all of us strong by the pattern of war
May build for the future as never before.

I'd like me to know that all over the world
A just flag of freedom was flyin' unfurled;
That none of the nightmare was really in vain,
That none of the nightmare need happen again.

J. G.—*Punch*, December 31, 1941

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In Memoriam

Lieutenant General James Carson Breckinridge, U.S.M.C.



MARINE CORPS RECORD

General Breckinridge was born September 13, 1877, in Memphis, Tenn., and was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps (for the war with Spain) July 11, 1898 and was honorably discharged March 1, 1899. He was appointed a First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps April 17, 1899; was promoted to Captain, July 23, 1901; Major, June 12, 1916; Lt. Colonel, August 29, 1916; Colonel, July 1, 1918; Brigadier General on October 31, 1931 and Major General, February 1, 1935. On October 1, 1941, he was transferred to the retired list and commissioned a Lieutenant General by reason of having been decorated for individual bravery in combat.

During the latter part of 1899 and the early part of 1900 he served at Cavite, Philippine Islands. From September 1902 to October 1903 he commanded a Marine Detachment at sea, and again from November 10, 1905 to July 15, 1907, and from January 1908 to November 1, 1909. He served ashore in Panama and Nicaragua from December 1, 1909 to January 1911, and from March to June of the latter year was on temporary expeditionary duty in Cuba. In command of the Marine Detachment USS UTAH, he participated in the capture of Vera Cruz in April 1914, and was commended by the Department for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle at that place.

From April 1916 to August 1917 he served as Assistant Naval Attache at Petrograd, Russia and from August 1917 to September 1918, as Naval Attache at Christiana, Norway, and Copenhagen, Denmark and at Stockholm. He was awarded the Navy Cross "for distinguished service in the line of his pro-

fession as Naval Attache to the American Legations at Christiana and Stockholm, and for a time also at Copenhagen. At all of these posts of duty, the service of information established and conducted was of great value to the United States and Allied Powers."

From February 1919 to October 1920 he commanded the 15th Regiment, 2nd Brigade of Marines, in the Dominican Republic, and from October 4, 1920 to May 5, 1921, was in command of the Guardia Nacional Dominicana. In 1922 and 1923 he completed the course at the Army War College. From August 1923 to September 1925 he was in command of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

From October 4, 1925 to November 8, 1927, General Breckinridge was attached to the USS SEATTLE as Fleet Marine Officer and Aide on the Staff of the Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet.

From December 1, 1927 to December 25, 1929, he was on duty at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., where he served as Chief of Staff and Commanding the First Regiment until July 1928 when he was placed in command of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, which duty he performed until his detachment from Quantico.

From January 28, 1930 until March 13, 1932, General Breckinridge commanded the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China, at which latter date he was detached and ordered to the United States. Upon arrival in the United States he was ordered to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. and assigned as Commandant, Marine Corps Schools at that post, which duty he performed until January 6, 1935, when he was ordered to San Francisco, California, to assume command of the Department of the Pacific. On June 24, 1937, he returned to Quantico, Va., to assume command of the post, until September, 1939.

From Quantico he went to Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., where he was Commanding General until his retirement effective October 1, 1941, having attained the statutory retiring age of 64 years.

In addition to the Navy Cross, General Breckinridge held the following decorations:

Spanish Campaign Medal	Victory Medal
Philippines Campaign Medal	Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal
Cuban Pacification Medal	Military Medal of Merit of the
Mexican Campaign Medal	Dominican Republic

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

"Memory and its love cannot ever die, thank God. Not only do they never die, they retain the strength and freshness of eternal youth. Again,—thank God!"

—J. C. B. in one of his last letters.

It is hard to make an appraisal of the worth of this Frontier Nursing Service trustee since it must be done by a sister whose memories from nursery days are of a friendship so complete that it is unmarred by the break of even an hour.

An appraisal of what he meant to his friends and associates is easily given in their own words. Among the hundreds of telegrams and letters, a few phrases can be chosen almost at random. One of our Admirals wrote, "He always did the right thing, because he did not know of any other way to do things." A retired Commandant of the Marine Corps wrote, "I loved Breck as a brother and through my long and intimate association with him I knew him as a true friend, a most efficient officer, an honorable, kind, generous and high-minded man." The present Commandant of the Corps wrote, "His devotion to duty, his brilliant leadership and sterling character won for him a host of friends and admirers who deeply mourn his death." Another fellow-general of Marines wrote, "The General has left a record of outstanding service that has materially added to the luster of the Service to which he was so devoted, and which has such high regard for him." A Federal Judge who was his closest friend in civil life, from boyhood, wrote, "No better man ever lived. I have never known a greater soul. I shall cherish his memory always." Again and again in telegrams and letters to his wife from the Corps occur these two phrases: "He was what we mean when we say an officer and a gentleman"; "He lived our motto, *Semper Fidelis*." The Marine Corps' own newspaper, *The Quantico Sentry*, wrote thus of him:

... "General Breckinridge proved himself worthy of the confidence placed in him. Well-disciplined and efficient, he had understanding and appreciation of all problems and asked no more of the members of his command than he himself exemplified."

His personal life was a singularly fortunate one. In our childhood circle he was not only the eldest but the first in the

affections of the rest. Hanging over my desk is a row of framed pictures of us three older ones as children and with us his Collie dog, Shep, who was just another one of the children. In our long treks back and forth between Washington and the Deep South (Arkansas and Mississippi) Shep went with us. He went with us to Russia and died and was buried there. I mention Shep because his master cannot be appraised without a knowledge of his love of dogs.

In his father and mother, in their understanding of him and the freedom they gave him he was again fortunate. From his childhood until her death, he and his mother were rare friends. In his marriage on December 27, 1922, to Dorothy Thomson he gained a companion with as fine a loyalty, devotion and courage as his own. The completion of his personal life came with his sons, James and John. "Jimjohn" he called them in his letters when they were little because they were inseparable in his heart. "I would not take anything whatever," he wrote in 1940, "for being their friend. . . ." His pride and delight in them, and theirs in him, were without bounds and the three of them did indeed compose a sort of inner circle of friendship that crowned a life in which friendship always held so large a place. In a letter of January 6, 1931 to me from Peking he enclosed the following verses:

Will you sit before the fire, my bairns,
And gaze at the gleaming coals?
With eyes the size of your great surprise,
Which the wonder-wonder holds?

Will you sit here by the fire, my dears,
And dream through your lovely dream?
Yes, gaze in the blaze that has no haze,
Where dreams are real as they seem.

So long as God lets the children dream
That sit by the loving fire,
The faith of youth will preserve the truth
Of the human heart's desire.

O, dreams come true for you, and for you,
As you look with gaze steadfast;
O, eyes of blue, or a hazel hue,
May your dreams come true at last.

Other letters of his from China struck a different note. His ardent belief in readiness for war as the way to prevent war and in offence as the only way in which to conduct it are both brought out by the following description of a period in Peking:

"For 125 days I never had my clothes off at night but lay on my sofa at my unlocked door. Anybody could step in and reach me at once and a telephone was at my head and a car kept always warm. I had the barbed wire entanglements removed. People said, 'Why do that? Those wires will keep an enemy out.' I replied: 'They will not but they will keep me in and I am not going to stay in if trouble comes. I am going out and shoot the life out of any enemy before he can get here; so we will fight in his yard and not in mine.'"

This brings me to an attempt at an appraisal of his public career, although I well know this cannot be done by a civilian. Of his forty-three years in the Marine Corps, eight years and three months were spent on foreign duty and ten years and one month were spent at sea. He himself felt that his best work was done as Commandant of the Marine Corps Schools. He so organized the work of the Schools that the Marines were ready to fight this war when it came in terms of modern strategy and tactics and not in terms of outmoded strategy and tactics. He had a high belief, and taught in the Schools, that military training should include statecraft so that if military ends could be achieved without bloodshed it was better so. That he did his own work that way when he could is shown by his having been given the Military Medal of Merit of the Dominican Republic after he had commanded a regiment sent to Santo Domingo to quell disorder. In speaking of the duty of any officer, he often said, "Loyalty begins at the top and works down." As to the permanence of his influence upon the Marine Corps Schools, he was a major force in training the young officers of the Corps who now represent the high tradition of the Marines all over the world. It is as though Wake Island were his epitaph.

For a man the greater part of whose life was spent roving, he had a singular love of home. We had no home in our childhood but the rented houses where we lived, in fact wherever our mother was, gathered the associations of home together for us. Once while he and I were at our schools in Switzerland, we went up to Dresden together to meet our people there for

the Christmas holidays and arrived before our father got in from St. Petersburg. Our mother and little sister went to one station to meet us while we got off at another and so got first to the hotel where the family had put up. When we went into our private hotel sitting room there on a table were my mother's work-box and her Bible. Family photographs and flowers and books were all about the room. Our baby brother's Baltic province nurse tiptoed in to greet us and took us to see him sleeping in a hotel crib. It was then that this older brother turned to me with a smile and said, "We are home."

This ardent love of a home attached itself in later years to an island in the Muskoka Lakes of Canada which we bought at the turn of the century and called The Brackens because our name comes from the brackens and these ferns were on the island. Whenever he was in North America he spent his leave there and he wrote often that he could reach the island in imagination and affection whether in the snows of Russia or Norway or the steaming heat of the Caribbean. He and his wife Dorothy had a knack of making a home out of any transient stopping place. He loved to work with his hands and a hobby of his was the repair of old furniture, like his grandfather's desk and the frames of our old pictures. He rigged up workshops at his quarters and as he worked, his mind relaxed. At such times and often in the circles of his family and friends, he shed abroad a sort of contagious humor that made us all feel as amusing as we found him. He and Dorothy were both lovers of gardening and at Quantico, Peking, Parris Island, wherever they were stationed, they created a garden at their quarters. He said he liked to think that others who came after them would find flowers and shrubs and sometimes even a pool. When he retired he bought a home at the gates of Dorothy's family place "Hawthorne" in the Shenandoah Valley, and he called it "Flag-stop."

A Marine does not need to be appraised as a soldier. When he was a young officer in the Corps, General Elliott said of him, and it came through a friend, "Damn it! If I ordered Breckridge to go to hell, he would be on his way before breakfast in the morning." He worked and fought through many hells but never without compassion for the underdogs he found in

these hells and indignation towards the primal wrongs that kept whole areas of human beings in destitution and revolt. The Santo Domingo Indian half-breed, the Nicaraguan and Mexican peon, the Chinese peasant, the Russian mujik, the American seaman on the overcrowded and unsafe merchant ship,—such people had a friend in him.

He had a chivalry about women and especially those who were facing motherhood. As a young officer he wrote his mother of helping to evacuate Americans stranded in a place of much shooting. One young woman came up to him with agonized eyes and said that she was about to become a mother. He told her the Marines would take care of her and that she would be quite safe on her country's great ship. This special chivalry towards motherhood found an expression dear to him in the Frontier Nursing Service whose work he visited several times and of which he wrote often—"I think about you all the time, and your work, and your nurses. My respect and admiration for the Frontier Nursing Service are without bounds, and you have always known that."

He had an especial tenderness for children. After the fall of France he took Elizabeth, the young daughter of Colonel Worsley, to stay in his home for the duration and he went all the way from Parris Island, South Carolina up to Montreal to meet her and take her back to his home. In a letter from Parris Island of May 18, 1940, he wrote as follows:

"I have been to the pool for little children, listening to their laughter and watching the splashing. Great sport for these little children—but there are some millions in other parts who are not laughing. They would be, and should be,—but something happened to still laughter. I joke and play with the little folks because I want them to be happy; but always I think: Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

Perhaps the final way to appraise what lies at the heart of a man is to let him do it in his own words. Because we were constantly apart I have hundreds of letters from him. Woven into them are the fugitive verses he wrote frequently but of which only his intimates knew. Their subject most often is the sea for which he had a passionate devotion and of all the seas he knew, the one he loved best was the Caribbean. In November, 1925, he wrote from the USS Seattle:

"This is the regular steamer lane. They all pass through the Crooked Islands and the Windward Passages, going and coming. . . . It is the bottle-neck for the Caribbean Sea. I have seen as many as 30 vessels in a day and often 5 or 6 at the same time. They come from the world, converge in the Straits and depart into the world again. . . . It is all romance. . . . I can hear the ships greet each other as they pass something like this:

I saw you last in Singapore, in nineteen hundred and eight;
While you, my friend, passed last month in the mouth of the
Golden Gate.

You steer your course by compass, and never take sight of
a star;

I told you that last voyage, when you ran on the Hong Kong
bar.

Unless you check your latitude you never know where you are.

Good morning old friend from London and bonjour Mam'selle
from France!

Do you always travel together, as round the world you dance?
Now I am bound for the Northlands, while you are bound for
the South.

You push the foam from behind you, I carry it in my mouth.
But no matter the heading, or the foam to weather or lee;
When you run into foul weather carry your head to the sea.
Now *you* have the right of way Sir, but *you* must make way
for me!

"Such nonsense," he added, "and it amuses me."

His last command was at Parris Island where he worked without respite to train and ship all over the world the thousands of men who came to Parris Island as civilians and left as Marines. With burning loyalty he did his part to get ready for the war he knew would soon come. He took no leave those last two years and his strength was depleted appallingly, first by the hurricane and then by a severe attack of influenza with threatened pneumonia. He drove himself as he would have driven no other man.

Up until this period of his life it had seemed incredible to him that he could grow old. In 1939 he attended a service at Arlington Chapel and sat back of some old friends among the retired officers. In a letter to me he recalled the places in which he had known them in distant parts of the world. He wrote: "Hair had turned gray, shoulders were bowed. The appearance of vivid life had departed from them." He said he had never before been aware of a change in them, and then he wondered

if such a change was coming to him. Characteristically, he put this feeling in verse:

Confident youth, in the strength of his day
Strong in his laughter and careless and gay,
With muscles expanding, buoyant and free:
A picture of you, a likeness of me.

.
Hair that was raven is now turned to gray.
Time, kindly master, admits no delay.
The will is there; muscles fail to respond:
Something was left in the back of beyond.

When he left Parris Island for "Flagstop" he wrote briefly: "My last orders." On March second, came quietly the swift death he had so often faced in action. He had telegraphed on December eighth to offer his services again anywhere in any capacity. How much he longed, and plotted, to fight again only the heart of another Marine could fully understand. He wrote a beloved cousin:

"There is a war and for the first time in over forty years I am not in it. The Marines are on the move again. They go to the far corners of earth . . . but I stay home."

He wrote to me:

". . . Marines were captured and made prisoners. . . . I wish I knew where my friends are and how they are. And I wish I could be with them or going to relieve them. It has been more than forty years since the expeditions went out without me. I am the very last of my group. . . . Volunteers for the war with Spain. Once we just tailed along; then we dominated all expeditions; then we became fewer and fewer; then even I, the last one, passed out of the active picture and there are none of the Spanish War veterans left."

As to what he thought of death, that is best expressed in a letter he wrote up in Canada some years ago to Captain Wesley (Nipper) Hill of the Muskoka Lakes Line after his son had lost his life in an airplane crash when he might have saved his life by a landing that would have endangered women and children. Captain Hill gave this letter to a Bracebridge, Ontario paper which printed it:

"Dear Captain Hill: All of your friends on The Little Brackens are shocked at the tragedy that has happened in your life. You have been so friendly and considerate to us for so many years; you have been so associated with our happy visits to Muskoka, that our feelings for you are deep and affectionate. I have read and heard the circumstances of the accident, and I feel that your boy behaved with the same courage and gallantry as those who respond to the heroic call of the sea who, in times of danger to themselves, think of 'women and children first.' Your boy was true to the traditions of his race. He acted to save others instead of himself. You are justly entitled to pride in having such a son. May God strengthen your belief in this: what is called 'death' is really the beginning of 'life' itself."

We shall leave him as he crosses the threshold of that death which is really the beginning of life itself. Because of the war, only a few Marines from Washington and Quantico could get to "Flagstop" for his funeral services. The messages and flowers that poured in from those who could not come made his family feel the warmth of the love and friendship of the Corps. Quantico sent a flag to cover his casket and Parris Island sent a message saying, "Parris Island grieves with you over the loss of a great Marine." His body was brought to Kentucky to be buried with the generations of his people in the old Lexington cemetery. His kinsmen and family friends and two Marines, one to represent the General Commandant of the Marine Corps, received it. After the committal service, after Taps, the flag was lifted from his casket by the younger Marine and given to his wife for his sons. Then his wife laid on the casket the scarlet and gold roses from the United States Marine Corps, to be buried with the body in which he had served the Corps for forty-three years.

Some of the verses he wrote in 1940 and called "Prayer of the Trail" could have been written of him:

God bless the heart of valiant men,
The courage He has given.
God bless the strength to do or die
With spirit taut and riven.

God bless His strength possessed by man
To run his swift expiring span. . . .

They have sought and found the Holy Grail:
The peace that lies on the hard-fought trail.



MAY 19, 1926

**Admiral Nimitz (then a commander in the Navy)
and General Breckinridge (then a colonel of Marines)**

On the reverse side of this snap shot Breckinridge wrote as follows: "Commander Nimitz, my walking companion, and I starting to tramp over the hills of Catalina Island, off San Pedro, California. We walked nearly six hours, covered about fifteen miles, and I lost six (6) pounds,—all water sweated out of the system. It was a hot and rough tramp, and did us lots of good."

In a letter dated February 19, 1942, he wrote as follows: "My heart is with my old companion, Admiral Nimitz, on the broad and once happy Pacific. We were on the Seattle together, on Admiral Robison's staff; and we were walking companions. We would do some 15 miles between lunch and dinner practically every day the ship was at anchor: from Canada on the Pacific side to Canada on the Atlantic, and in all the lands that lie in between. Nimitz is the finest type of Texan,—strong in the body, head, and heart. My own not inconsiderable knowledge of strategy, and familiarity with Pacific geography, fills me with questions that should not be put into words; and these are followed by solutions of my own, and deductions that are inevitable, and doubtless largely correct. But this much is true and certain, and should be voiced on all suitable occasions: whatever Nimitz is doing is the right thing to do, whether people see it, or understand it, or agree with it, or not. His professional ability, mental and moral courage, and determined character, justify every and all confidence. When two men wander off together, and hike long distances because they like to, and because they like each other, and do it on every occasion for months during cruises, they talk about everything under the sun including 'shop,' and they learn to know each other from the top down. He is the ideal and very best officer I know to command the Pacific fleet at this time, or at any other time. What he does is right, and everybody should know that and give him complete confidence. Explain that to anybody you may care to. Even if he should lose something he would still have done all that could be done: but he is not going to lose anything in the long run: maybe some ships and men; maybe a battle,—but not the ultimate object and conclusion.

"Much the same thing can be said about Admiral King, on the Atlantic. I have known King much longer than Nimitz, and known him well, although not as intimately as Nimitz. He is a born fighter, and very bright and quick, and has plenty of 'guts.' These two men are both 'Bad News' to anybody who tries conclusions with them."

A CARGO OF INNOCENCE

By LAURENCE KIRK

The crack new British destroyer *Tremendous* was idling on patrol duty off the north coast of Spain in the summer of 1937 when a wireless message was brought to the Commander:

"Stand by to escort French trawler *Argonne* with cargo of Spanish refugees." Forty-eight hours later came another: "French trawler delayed. Stand by to receive forty-two refugees at dawn."

Long before dawn the *Tremendous* was at the appointed place with all her guns ready for action in case of an attempt at interference. Presently two fishing boats came creeping silently out of the mist and in a few moments were alongside. A messenger ran up to the bridge.

"Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Copy of the list of refugees."

The Commander's eyes opened wide as he began to read:

1. Jose Ramon Esquerra. Aged 7 months. Orphan. 2. Maria Dolores Carrion. Aged 1 year 2 months. Orphan. 3. Manolo Juan Usca villa. Aged 11 months. Orphan.

The Commander looked up and saw baby after baby being handed on board, checked by the boatswain, and delivered with the utmost solemnity into the arms of one of the Able Seamen who were drawn up in line. The young Lieutenant in charge cast an agonized glance up at the bridge from time to time, as though he were expecting some thunderbolt to fall. But the Commander was speechless. Twenty-two babies he counted, and after that a sorry procession of ten women, and all except three had babies in their arms, too.

If a herd of locusts had descended on his ship and started to eat the brasswork the Commander couldn't have been more bewildered. As he watched, one of the elder children broke away from his temporary nurse, tripped on the deck and instantly set up a full-throated Latin yowl. This was the signal for most of the other children to begin. From end to end the ship became one lusty lament.

Summoning the Chief Petty Officer, the Commander demanded: "What's going on Huggins? Who's to look after these children?" "Looks to me as though we was, sir."

"H'm. You've checked the list? Are they all present and correct?" "Well, yes and no, sir."

"How do you mean—'yes and no'?" "Well, sir, three of the children ain't exactly born yet, sir."

"But my God, Huggins, we can't have children born on this ship!" "No, sir; but if that dratted French trawler don't soon arrive, sir, it's my opinion you will 'ave, sir."

The Commander passed a hand dizzily over his forehead. Huggins still stood at attention. "Any more orders this morning, sir?" "No, no," the Commander said wearily, "that will be enough."

All that morning the ether vibrated with agonized messages from the *Tremendous*:

"Have taken on board ten women and thirty-two babies. What am I to do with them?"

The flagship, at a safe, comfortable distance, gave the unfeeling answer: "Await French trawler and feed them. Presume you have adequate stores condensed milk. Rum ration not recommended."

The *Tremendous* answered with a more urgent appeal:—"Refugees include three women liable give birth any moment. Please advise."

To this the reply was a little more helpful: "Adequate nursing staff on French trawler. Should arrive within forty-eight hours. Postpone delivery if possible."

The Commander realised that no help was forthcoming from the flagship. The bridge and his own quarters seemed to be the only part of the ship not flooded with squalling infants. He was reluctant to leave his stronghold, but he forced himself to make an unofficial inspection. Various strange sights met his eyes: Able Seaman MacIlroy trying to salute with a baby tucked under each arm; a woman with no expression whatsoever, mechanically hunting for lice in the rags of the child at her breast; a girl aged three firmly clutching her brother, aged two, and trying to pretend that she wasn't frightened at this strange iron world; and finally, Able Seaman Farrier doing his best to

comfort a misery-soaked woman. "'Ere!" he was saying rather loudly, "supposing I got you a nice cup of tea. That'll make you feel better in no time."

The woman just gazed at him uncomprehendingly, and the Commander stepped over a crawling infant and walked on.

All the women seemed to have that same glazed, hopeless look, and the children's large brown eyes were far too big for their pinched faces. The Commander passed on, saying nothing, quite unbending; but when he went back to the bridge he burst out passionately to the seaman on duty: "God, how I hate all people who start fighting!"

The seaman said, "Yes, sir," in the same tone in which he replied to everything else the Commander said.

The Commander sent for the Chief Petty Officer again.

"What about quarters for these women, Huggins?" "They'll 'ave the men's quarters, sir. The men will sleep on deck."

"And the—er—the other three?" "The officers 'ave turned out for them, sir."

"Good. And these children; they're filthy dirty, Huggins. They must be washed and looked after." "Yes, sir."

"Order a parade of all the married men at once." "Very good, sir."

Within a short time the Commander was inspecting the married men drawn up in line, while Huggins allotted two babies and a tin bath-tub to each and gave instructions.

During the next twenty-four hours the children were subjected to a strange mixture of Navy and nursery discipline. The great moment of the day was the bath parade at six o'clock when all the tubs were placed in a row on deck. A whistle blew and the married men marched up with a baby under each arm. Another whistle and the babies were undressed. Yet another whistle and the washing began. This was the signal for an outbreak of community yelling; but that was soon stilled, and the Commander, watching from the bridge, was gratified to see that some of the children were actually laughing.

A play-pen was built just aft the torpedo tubes amidships, and the married men took their watches there instead of in their usual stations. The children's filthy rags were gradually discarded, and many of them fitted out in strange bits of old

Navy uniforms. The Commander noticed one round-eyed child in a curious garment which appeared to be made of the pyjamas which he himself intended to wear next week; but he said nothing.

There were other more serious matters to attend to. All that night there was a series of messages to the Commander from the ship's carpenter, who was placed in routine charge of the delivery room by virtue of being married to a midwife, and from the Commander to the flagship. The news from the latter was reassuring, and the news from below was still unalarming. As the blue-eyed Lieutenant unfortunately expressed it: "All three women holding their own, sir."

But at dawn a messenger appeared. "Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Perez given birth to a boy. Mother and child both doing well."

The Commander leaned against the deckhouse in relief. But almost immediately there was a message from the wireless room: "French trawler gone aground. Regret no further assistance possible. If very urgent proceed Bordeaux disembark pregnant women. Otherwise proceed direct Portland with all refugees. Good luck."

The ship was ringing with orders for full speed to Bordeaux when yet another messenger appeared. "Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Cheverra given birth to a girl. Mother and child both doing well."

The ease and simplicity with which it happened was nearly the Commander's undoing. He was beginning to think that a lot of unnecessary fuss was made about this business of bearing children. It seemed to him that His Majesty's Navy handled this affair, like most others, much better. Besides, he had never been a man to leave any job half done, and he was now so overconfident that he imagined that his ship and his men were capable of dealing with any emergency. So, after a hurried consultation with Chief Petty Officer Huggins the orders were changed, and the *Tremendous* sailed direct for Portland.

For the first day everything went well. The sun was shining and the children had taken with delight to the play-pen and the bathing parade. Even some of the adults were beginning to show some willingness to live. Then at eight bells on the second

day the labour of the third woman began. This was a very different affair from the other two.

For sixteen hours it went on. The whole ship's company knew that if only they had gone to Bordeaux it would have been all right. It was actually as if the ship's honour were involved; and the whole 125 officers and men, except when they were actually on duty, paced up and down the deck with hands behind their backs, like one agitated husband.

For a long time distressing messages came from the make-shift obstetrical ward. But at last, after a sleepless night, a messenger came rushing to the bridge. "It's all right, sir, it's all right!" he cried. Then he remembered himself. "Beg pardon, sir. Mr. Canning's compliments, sir. Escarmota given birth to a boy. Mother and child both doing well."

The Commander had full control of himself again. He never flicked an eyelid. "My compliments to Mr. Canning," he replied, "and ask him to issue a special rum ration to the whole ship's company."

The entry into Weymouth Harbour was a triumph. Half the Home Fleet was concentrated there, and the story had already gone round: bugles sounded and signals of congratulations were run up as the *Tremendous* passed. The Commander was satisfied with his week's work; he had been given a job to do and he had done it without assistance and without loss, and as he passed the Admiral's flagship he had his whole ragged cargo of children standing at the salute in front of the ship's company.

Later, the Admiral, egged on by his wife, it is true, wrote quite seriously to the Admiralty, suggesting that the names Perez, Cheverra and Escarmota should be permanently included in the *Tremendous's* Battle Honours.

This request the Lords Commissioners somewhat abruptly refused; in which decision some people still think they were quite wrong.

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The Reader's Digest.

JOHN WILLIAM BELL FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT-TOWER

Clay County, Kentucky

Dedicatory Address on October 5, 1941
by C. G. QUEEN of Peabody, Kentucky
President, Eastern Kentucky Forest Fire Protective Association

John William Bell was District Forester for Southeastern Kentucky at the time of his death on February 24, 1937. He was a native of Kentucky and was born in Lewis County on February 13, 1888. He fought to conserve forests and put out fires in the South and West and was one of the fire fighters in the famous forest fire in Idaho in 1910. At one time he was general manager of the largest wood working plant in the United States, the Poinsett Manufacturing Company in Arkansas. While he was Superintendent of the Goose Rock Camp of the C. C. C. in 1936 he helped to select the site and build this Tower.

*"If thou art worn and hard beset,
With troubles that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep,
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."*

—H. W. LONGFELLOW

EARLY HISTORY OF RED BIRD RIVER

According to tradition, Red Bird River was named after an Indian Chief named "Red Bird." Tradition in the Robinson family has it that the Indian chief after whom Red Bird River was named was a Cherokee Indian whose native habitat was in what is now Western North Carolina and who had travelled or migrated from that territory to the Red Bird section. It is related that some 250 or more years ago in the days of the early settlement of the American continent, three brothers named Robinson came over from England and landed on the Atlantic coast near the present site of New York. One of these brothers settled and remained near that location. Another of the brothers pushed on into the interior and was never again heard from and was believed to have been killed by the Indians. The third brother journeyed south into what is now the State

of North Carolina and settled among the Cherokee Indians and where it is related he married an Indian woman and reared a family.

Tradition does not tell us the first name of the Robinson brother who settled in Western North Carolina among the Cherokee Indians, but when his son, John Robinson, who was half Indian, was a young man Chief Red Bird became dissatisfied with the hunting in the section where they lived and he and John Robinson, together with an Indian boy named Ladd set out across the Smoky Mountains to find new and more satisfactory hunting grounds. They travelled across what is now the State of Tennessee and across Cumberland River and over onto the waters of Red Bird. When they reached Red Bird they found the hunting, and particularly turkey hunting, so satisfactory that Chief Red Bird decided they had found that which they sought and it is related that they built a shelter on the banks of Red Bird and from whence they would go forth on their hunting trips.

Later on white men began to come into Kentucky along the Boone Trace which later came to be known as the Wilderness Road. Some of these settlers pushed on into Central Kentucky, while others stopped and settled along the Trail. Still others after passing through Cumberland Gap, turned off in various directions and among these were Dillion Asher and John Gilbert. In so far as we know, they were the first white men to settle permanently on Red Bird. Dillon Asher settled at the mouth of what is known as the Paw Asher Branch and Preacher Johnny Gilbert settled at the mouth of Gilbert's Creek. Later, other settlers followed and in the course of time numerous families came to live in what are now Clay and Leslie counties.

When Chief Red Bird stopped to linger in this section and build his bark shelter on the banks of Red Bird the country was covered with magnificent forests. Stately white oak trees were in abundance throughout the land; the coves and north exposures were studded with towering poplar; curly walnut and curly maple were in sufficient abundance to satisfy any gun-maker's dream, and other species of timber were in proportion. This abundance of timber provided the early settlers with inexpensive and practical material from which to build their homes

and other structures, as well as serve for fencing and fuel. There now stands as a monument to the enduring character of the old-time log houses, a house on Red Bird at the mouth of Paw Asher Branch built by Dillon Asher more than 140 years ago. Also, in due course the marketing of timber came into general practice and in the last 75 years millions of feet of timber have been marketed from this section with the incidental cash return to the owners and those engaged in its logging and manufacture.

FOREST FIRES AND THEIR PREVENTION

Also, when Chief Red Bird stopped to linger along the banks of Red Bird River, forest fires were unknown. The careless burning of brush or the building of camp fires or the tossing of a cigarette butt into dry leaves or the deliberate setting of fire to burn off the range or to burn out a neighbor's fence was not in practice and, in consequence, when acorns fell to the ground they were permitted to sprout and grow and in due course come to be full-grown trees. Unfortunately, however, these ideal conditions for the propagation and preservation of timber were not permitted to continue and in the course of time destructive forest fires came to be a common occurrence, with the result that over the years hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of timber has been destroyed by forest fires.

Recognizing the destructive effects of these forest fires and the need for effective measures to prevent their occurrence, some fifteen years ago property owners and forestry officials alert to the potential value of timber lands put their heads together and decided to do something about it and as a result of much thought, expense and hard work we now have an organization and facilities dedicated to the protection of our timber against forest fires. We have tower watchmen, fire wardens and mobile fire crews specially trained in the prompt detection and efficient suppression of forest fires. We have a number of steel Lookout-Towers similar to the Tower at this location and which are of material aid in the prompt detection of fires. We have miles of truck-trails which make our forest areas more accessible to patrol crews and many more miles of telephone lines by which fires may be promptly reported and fire crews dispatched

to their location. Also, as most of you know, our program is a co-operative effort on the part of property owners, the State Forestry Department and the Federal Government, wherein all owners of timber-lands in this region should put their shoulders to the wheel and work together in our common cause.

In the years in which we have been working to remedy these undesirable conditions there have been those who through their sincere interest in and devotion to this cause have made valuable contributions to our collective efforts to bring about the desired results. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that it is particularly fitting that we at this time meet together for the purpose of paying honor and our due respects to one, now gone, who in his lifetime sincerely believed in, worked earnestly and faithfully for, and contributed much to our cause,—John William Bell.

AN EVERYDAY MIRACLE

By META A. KLOSTERMAN

Have you ever been in the Kentucky hills when the night is black as tar, when the wind lashes through the trees in mournful wails, when the swollen streams are thundering with tumult and wrath?

It was just such a night as this, while I was visiting one of the outpost centers, that the long-looked-forward-to occasion of attending a delivery became possible. We were having a bedtime snack when the father-to-be came to fetch the nurse. Jean Kay asked if I should like to go with her and, of course, I said "Yes."

After dashing into our clothes we started on the long ride to Greasy.

There was plenty of time to think on that ride and I did! What was I, a secretary, doing riding out on such a night, fording currents I knew nothing whatsoever of? Ironically, I thought of the afternoon when, in broad daylight, I had asked the Resident Courier to take "Patsy" across the river at Muncie ford for me! What effect would seeing a delivery have upon me?

Would my immediate reaction be nausea? From the bottom of my heart, I hoped I should be able to take it, but I had my doubts.

To me, even the air seemed tense as Jean Kay and I rode in that ebony world. Of course, she and the horses, being old hands at this sort of thing, were probably oblivious of the great excitement which the magic of the night was weaving for me. At the second ford, as we plunged onward into those cold, twisting, clattering waters, the thrill was full upon me.

At Stinnett, we found Greasy unfordable. We left our horses hitched on the shore while we took to the swinging bridge—and what a swinging bridge! It definitely had a severe case of gaposis!

We finally arrived at the cabin where we found the mother having a few pains, but these did not seem to bother her to any marked extent. We w-a-i-t-e-d . . . and then the pains began more regularly and at short intervals.

While we stood watch, Jean Kay prepared a table for her equipment, the lamp and so forth. Incidentally, how complete are the contents of those saddlebags—everything from rubber sheets to Lipton's tea bags!

At two a. m. Jean made me lie down, but I was cold and awoke in two hours to find things progressing nicely. "Our" patient was coming along in labor. Jean Kay was scrubbing and doing final things before delivery. She had become the strictly professional, competent nurse-midwife. My part in all of this was small—merely holding a light for her, pouring water, or such minor duties.

Minutes seemed like eternity—then before my eyes the climax of that "great internal romance," as one of our nurse-midwives so adequately described it, took shape in the form of a flesh and blood baby.

After we had made the mother and baby comfortable we left and at eight a. m. we again crossed **that** swinging bridge to our horses. Then came the ride home, breakfast and bed.

The memory of that night will remain with me always. No, I was not disagreeably affected by the sight. Rather, my greatest impression was that I had seen another of God's numerous "everyday" miracles—the birth of man. What greater privilege could one have?

MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

By HANNAH MITCHELL, R. N.
Certified Midwife
Assistant Instructor, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Troublous times came to Dilsey Brent's family when a drunk shot the cow. Victuals had been "skerce" before but now the "chillun" couldn't live on bread and milk as before. "Aye God, we'd ask for no hand-out." The nurse suspected that, like many another mother, Dilsey scarcely touched her plate and pushed it on to "the little-uns."

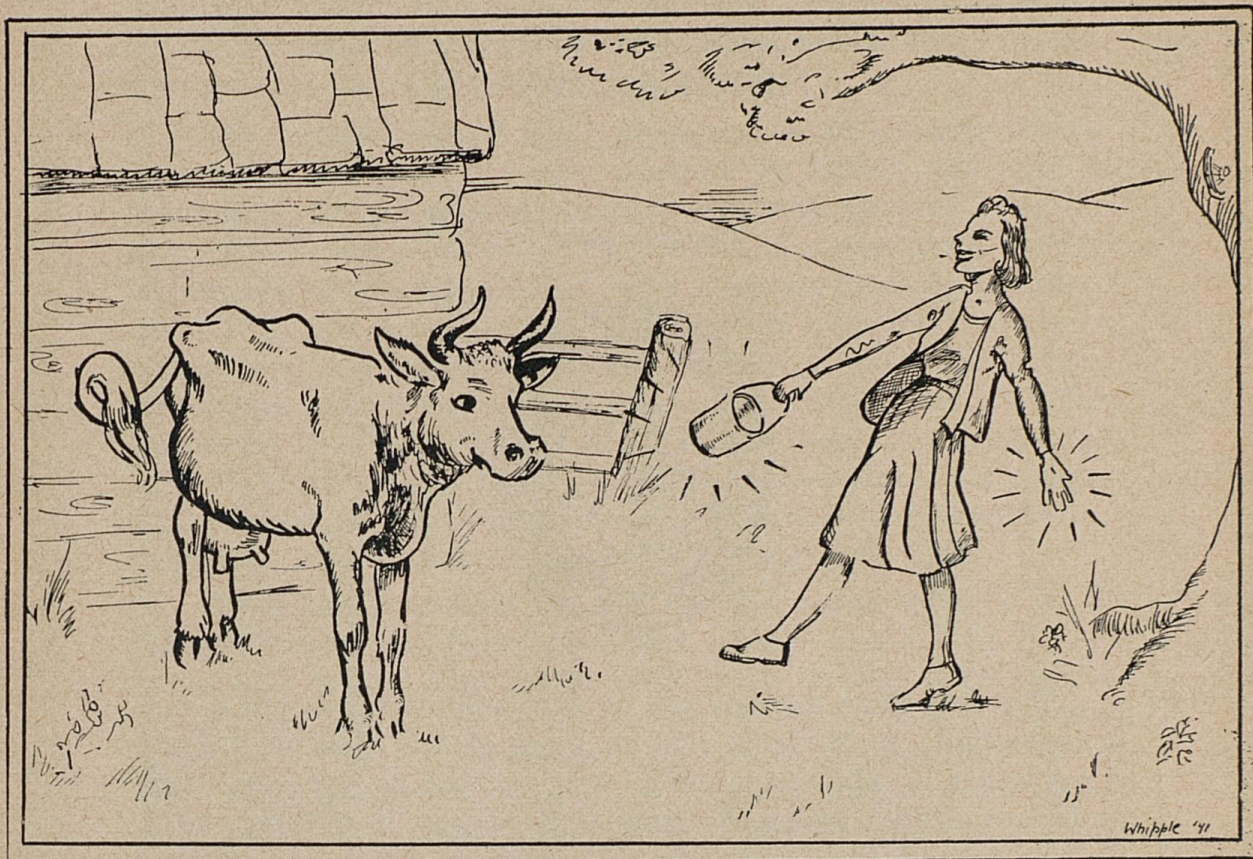
When one of our nurse-midwives delivered the male child, the first after six girl babies, there was great rejoicing over the plump, red, little new comer. But, five days after delivery, the sutures on the baby's head began to overlap and finally after several weeks stood up in a ridge over a half inch at frontal and sagittal sutures.

"Hit's me that keeps the baby puny," the mother complained, "he's fat 'nough but I reckon there's no bone stuff in my milk."

Dilsey and her husband were "Holiness" and no amount of persuasion would get them to see Dr. Kooser. It was their only boy and they were afraid of doctors. God would "take keer of hit."

One day I visited in the home to find the baby still fat, still yelling loudly, but with the head condition miraculously improved. To my query as to what had happened, Dilsey smiled and replied, "Hit shore is better."

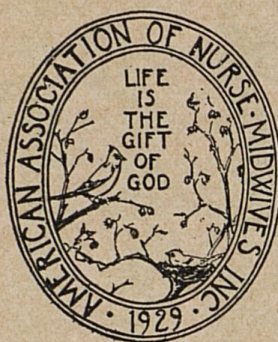
Down the creek at the next house, I had delivered a baby to Columbia Brent, Dilsey's sister-in-law. I stopped to see this husky youngster and, still marvelling at the change in Dilsey's baby, spoke about it to Columbia. She too smiled in a noncommittal fashion; then in a confidential voice she said, "Miss Mitchell, I know why hit's haid's better. I allus has lots of milk. One day Dilsey was down here and little Fred was whimperin' and Dilsey says she wishes that he had one square meal, so I nussed him and how good tickled he was. We been doin' that every day since and little Fred's shore lookin' fitter."



The kind old cow says "Moo,
And Howdy-do"
For she has seen
Your hands are clean.
The pail is scalded too.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES

By DOROTHY F. BUCK, R. N., M. A.
Certified Midwife



The American Association of Nurse-Midwives is not a new organization. It is the grown-up form of the Kentucky State Association of Midwives which was started in October, 1928, and incorporated under the laws of Kentucky in October, 1929. To understand the change in this country which necessitated a change in the Association's Articles of Incorporation, one need only compare those who signed the first Articles with those who make up the present day membership.

There were sixteen charter members of the Association—five from the United States, eleven from England, and one from Scotland. Thus they formed an international group widely differing in background and tradition. Although they were all graduate, registered nurses, their training—some under the British system, some under the American—had been varied. They were, however, bound together by the belief that the well qualified nurse-midwife could help solve some of the remotely rural problems of health and maternity of the United States. Since there were no schools of midwifery in America for the graduate nurse¹, all had taken postgraduate training in Great Britain in one of the midwifery schools approved by the Central

¹ The training school for midwives at Bellevue Hospital, 1912-1936, did not admit graduate nurses as pupils.

Midwives' Boards in England or Scotland. All were on the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, which was the only organization in America employing nurse-midwives.

The membership of the Association is still international—twenty-six members are now working on British soil. Of the remaining forty-five, only twenty-two are working with the Frontier Nursing Service. The others are scattered through eleven states² working mainly with state and county Boards of Health. A few are not actively engaged in midwifery, many are supervising and teaching native midwives, some are actively practicing midwifery, some are teaching nurse-midwives. They represent graduates from various British schools of midwifery and the three schools now open in the United States: Lobenstine Clinic begun in 1932, the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery begun in 1939, and Tuskegee Institute begun in 1941.

With the increased interest in the nurse-midwife in the United States, the Association has striven to show by its new name and certain changes in its Articles of Incorporation that its interest also is not sectional. Its object remains unchanged, briefly: "to foster, encourage, and, in the qualifications for its own membership, to maintain a high standard of midwifery with special reference to rugged, difficult and economically poor areas."³

The dues of the Association are the same as before (\$1.00 annually) and it still holds an annual meeting on Thanksgiving day. The Board of Directors who have charge of the affairs of the Association when the latter is not in session has been enlarged. The new Articles of Incorporation allow for a Board of from seven to twenty-five members. At present there are fourteen members which include such people as Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Miss Verda F. Hickcox, Associate Professor of Nursing, Department of Obstetrical and Gynecological Nursing of Cornell University and the New York Hospital School of Nursing, and Miss Rose McNaught, Instructor at Lobenstine Clinic. Miss Mary B. Willeford, who was with the United States Children's Bureau as Ma-

² Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Montana, New York, New Mexico, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina.

³ From Article III, The Articles of Incorporation, American Association of Nurse-Midwives.

ternity and Child Health Consultant with special reference to midwifery, was a charter member of the Association, was on its Board of Directors at the time of her death last December, and was a firm believer in its future. With these changes the Association for Nurse-Midwives is growing into one whose scope is truly American.

AMERICANA FROM PUNCH

A Well-Earned Decoration

"President Roosevelt is to present a gold medal to 11-year-old Roland Boucher, of Vermont, for having five children who had fallen through ice."

—*Evening Paper.*

One Crowded Hour

"In the last war General Pershing called him his 'best soldier.' One of his outstanding achievements in France was the moving of 800,000 men for the Argonne offensive.

"It is understood that the party crossed from America in a bomber."

—*Evening Paper.*

"DIDN'T CARE TO JOIN"

A farm labourer having been given income-tax papers to read was asked by his master next day if he had signed them. "No, sir," was the reply; "me and the missus read 'em through and we reckoned we didn't care to join."

—*The Countryman*, Idbury, Kingham,
Oxford, England.

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.



MIDWIFERY IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS AN INVESTIGATION IN 1923

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

PREFACE

1942

It is nearly nineteen years since I set out on horseback to make an investigation of midwifery in the Kentucky mountains. The danger to lonely women in the pangs of childbirth preyed upon my mind after I had become a mother. The suffering of children without alleviation affected me deeply after the death of my own two young children. It revolted my sense of decency

that we should neglect our children and give eighteenth-century care to women in childbirth in remotely rural America. I knew that we could work out a plan for reaching such women and children but first I wanted facts.

With conditions in the Kentucky mountains I have been familiar more or less all of my life through an aunt of my mother's, Mrs. James Lees, who educated hundreds of mountain children. At her country place "Hazelwood" where I spent the summers in my childhood, she often read aloud letters from some of these boys and girls who made good. Since I had to choose an isolated section somewhere for the purpose of my investigation, I chose the Kentucky mountains because it seemed to me that the problem of unattended childbirth and neglected childhood would be found there in an acute form. Doubtless, two personal reasons influenced me in the choice. My people have been Kentuckians for generations and the money upon which I lived had come to me from this great-aunt (a native Kentuckian) through my mother. It seemed fair to me to use this money in that way.

Another reason of a less personal nature affected my choice. Since one does not investigate conditions without the wish to put right what is wrong, it mattered greatly for my purpose that in the Kentucky State Health Officer, Dr. Arthur T. McCormack, we had a man of imagination and sympathy who would encourage a well-worked-out plan to overcome whatever difficulties lay ahead.

One thing more needs a bit of explanation. I knew that a question would often arise in the minds of thoughtful people when confronted with the stark facts I had to describe: Are these eighteenth-century conditions really due to isolation or is there a lack of native intelligence?

I wanted to be able to answer that question truthfully. To do this I needed such facts as could only be gathered by an expert in the technique of mental tests. In one of my friends I had such an expert. She is Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D., of the Institute of Educational Research of Teachers College, Columbia University. She consented to give several weeks of her valuable time to travel with me.

While I was engaged in interviewing the old midwives, Dr. Woodyard took individual mental tests of 66 children, using the Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon test. All of these children were aged from six to ten. They were mostly picked up at random. One group was found along the roadside and others as they played in front of their homes by the creeks and branches. Such a sampling probably formed a fair representation of the basic intelligence of mountain children. She tested every child she found within this age group, without discrimination.

Of the 66 children tested, one had an Intelligence Quotient of 135, and one was a high-grade imbecile, with an Intelligence Quotient of 82. Such a child might not have been found in a school group, but as Dr. Woodyard was taking all she found, he was included in her estimates. Without him, the median Intelligence Quotient of the children would have been 102. With him, it was 99.5. This probably indicates a median intelligence somewhat higher than is general in the United States, partly because the original California children on whom Dr. Terman standardized the test were slightly above the average for the country as a whole, and partly because the language used in the tests is not the dialect of the mountain children, who still use many Middle English words in their speech.

In addition to these individual tests, Dr. Woodyard administered Otis and Haggerty tests to some 400 pupils in schools. The results are: children of 8 years of age were practically at the norm for their age; children of 11 years of age were about 1 year retarded; children of 14 years of age were about 2 years retarded. "The conclusion," says Dr. Woodyard, "seems clear that the native capacity is average, but the environment does not stimulate that ability sufficiently to bring it to its best possible maturity."

Here, then, we have a picture, based on facts, of what isolation does to native ability. In the story of my investigation, which follows, we have a picture of what it does for women in childbirth. Among the old midwives, as among the young children, we have a range of intelligence that includes the extremely stupid and the very able. Although mental tests could not be applied to these women, the classifications in the tabulations of

"Clean, Fair and Dirty" are probably a rough indication of the level of intelligence as it applies to their persons and their homes. Of my 53 midwives, 10 are dirty and 27 are fair while 16 are clean. That shows that more of them are in the highest range than in the lowest range and of course, as in all human classifications, the majority lie between the upper and the lower range. In other words, the old midwives are just people like all of us. They render to their neighbors such services as the pioneer women of America gave their sisters a century ago. Because of isolation, the remotely rural mother rarely has any other care.

From data which I had kept in a notebook carried in my saddlebags I wrote my report of this investigation in the Autumn of 1923. Dr. Woodyard compiled for me the Table which concludes it. In 1924 I had a few copies of it put in mimeograph form for private distribution. We are so often asked what facts we had to go on when we started the Frontier Nursing Service that we have decided to print this investigation where the friends of the Service, in and out of the mountains, may read it.

THE INVESTIGATION

1923

In the summer of 1923 I undertook an investigation of midwives in certain selected mountain counties of Kentucky. Leslie, Knott and Owsley were chosen for this purpose. Their area is 373, 348 and 216 square miles respectively, and their population is 10,097, 11,655 and 7,820.* The largest places in each are the county seats—Hyden with 313 souls, Hindman with 467 and Booneville with 243, respectively.* None are on a railroad and in none have the coal mines, the vast industrial power of Eastern Kentucky, yet been developed. On one edge of Knott County only (the Carr's Fork section) have a few mines been opened up and a branch railroad has penetrated about eight miles. Nor are any of these counties connected with the outside world as yet by automobile roads—but in Owsley such a road

* Census of 1920.

leading to the county seat is actually under construction. The customary mode of travel, and often the only possible one, is on horseback over such roads or trails as exist, through the creek beds, up the branches, over the gaps and ridges of the mountains.

The topography of all three counties is somewhat similar. Leslie and Owsley have each a fork of the Kentucky River traversing their length, and Leslie and Knott are both more walled in, with steeper mountains and narrower valleys, than any part of Owsley but the eastern end. It has been said that there is not enough level land in Leslie for a tennis court, but a golf course might conceivably be located in the western part of Owsley. Although this region has been robbed of its most lucrative crop (in parts to its irreclaimable destruction)—its vast primeval forests, some thousands of acres still remain and enough other natural beauty to make a summer's traveling on horseback a not unenviable experience.

The population is that homogeneous American stock so associated with the Southern mountains as to need no special description here. The 1920 census lists 2 foreign born in Leslie (1 male and 1 female) and 1 female in Owsley—but I never found them. Of the 4 foreign born listed from Knott I met one—the wife of a retired soldier of the regular army. There are over one hundred and fifty negroes in Knott, descendants of slaves of the white population, and a few negro families in Owsley and Leslie, who are well regarded as old respectable citizens, and favorably contrasted with the "foreign" negroes brought into the mining camps in adjacent counties.

Fifty-three midwives were included in this investigation, which extended from early in July until mid-September. In order to see them in their surroundings and to get into natural conversation with them, all were visited in their homes. Of course this whole time was not spent in talking with the midwives, or even in locating them. A vast deal of it was taken up in talking with the young mothers they served, as a check upon their statements, with the doctors and pseudo-doctors, of whom there are unfortunately a number, with the county judges, the school teachers; in speaking at picnics, in the courthouses, and to lonely little schools. It is impossible for a nurse to keep

within the limits of an investigation. A feeding case here, a crippled child yonder, an eager young school teacher, a despairing young mother—time is consumed with all these, as well as by such emergencies as a miscarriage, a newborn baby bleeding from the umbilicus and many more.

But the finding of the fifty-three midwives themselves took up more actual time than any one can realize who is not familiar with the country. Only four lived in the county seats, and only five or six of the remaining forty-nine were found on the principal waterways. They mostly lived on the smaller and rougher creeks, on the forks of those creeks, up the branches above the forks, and at the gaps where the branches headed up. To see one midwife would sometimes require a detour of five or six hours' riding, and then again one would meet up with four in less than a day. Sometimes they were not at their homes and thrice I rode miles out of my way to locate them with patients, but was never so lucky as to find them actually functioning. Three of the midwives in Knott County were away from home altogether and their histories gotten from married daughters whom they had attended. I got to the neighborhood of one notable old midwife in Owsley only to find she had been buried the day before.

During the summer I traveled approximately 650 miles, reckoned on a basis of three miles to the hour, which is conservative as on some roads and with some mounts I made four. I rode in all thirteen different horses and three mules. Among some of them existed every variety of sore, ringbone, kidney disorder and other equine complaint. Only two were even fairly good saddlers. The bridles had sometimes been pieced out with rope and the girths tied on with wire or string. The blanket was often a meal sack. The question of horseshoes is a burning one. In so rocky a country a horse should not travel after he has cast a shoe. But blacksmiths and forges are few and far between. I soon found, however, that nearly any one can put on a shoe if it has been turned, so I made it my custom to carry in my saddlebags a couple of shoes of the size worn by my horse of the hour, and turned to fit him.

In much of my travel I was alone, but occasionally a fellow worker went out of her way to keep me company for a day, and

for six days in Leslie County I was accompanied by Miss Caroline Whitney, a fourth-year medical student at Washington University, spending the summer at the Pine Mountain Settlement School and sent with me through its courtesy.* Six of the midwives were visited by us together and one by her alone, and her suggestions as to framing questions as well as her companionship were of great value. During the last weeks I had as my guest Dr. Ella Woodyard of the Institute of Educational Research of Teachers College, Columbia University. Through all of my journeyings I met with the kindest cooperation and cordiality from the people, official and private, whom I encountered. The hospitality and inspiration of the Hindman and Pine Mountain Settlement Schools in Knott and Harlan Counties, the Wooton Community House and the Hyden Presbyterian Center in Leslie, and the Presbyterian Center on Lower Buffalo in Owsley, are especially unforgettable. Nor must I fail to add my appreciation for the invariable welcome I received at many firesides, from the little old log cabin on a lonely creek where I stopped at sunset to the new frame houses of the more prosperous farmers in the bottom lands. It would not have been possible to track my midwives to their remote homes could I not have counted on shelter wherever there was a house when falling night overtook me. Of this I was always assured among my fellow Kentuckians.

In planning my tours through the three counties I tried to cover a substantial part of every section and this I succeeded in doing rather more fully in Leslie and Owsley than in Knott, which is larger. The midwives visited were thus a fair sampling of the counties as a whole, including old and comparatively young, clean and dirty, capable and shiftless. Twenty were in Owsley, seventeen in Leslie and fifteen in Knott. If reference is made to the accompanying table it will make clearer an analysis of the data obtained. (*Table inserted at end of report.*)

Fifty-two of the midwives are white and one is colored. All are natives of the mountains, as follows:

Knott County	15
Owsley County	12
Leslie County	10

* She died on the threshold of her career.

Perry County	4
Harlan County	2
Breathitt County	2
Jackson County	1
Lee County	1
Floyd County	1
Bell County	1
Clay County	1
North Carolina	1
East Tennessee	1
Virginia	1 (colored)

 53

Their ages range from 30 to 90 years. The total age of the 53 is 3193 years. Their median age is 57 and their average age is 60.3 years. All have been married, five of them twice and one three times. Eighteen are widows. These are living with their married children or alone on their own lands. The husbands of all the midwives but one are farmers. One is a storekeeper as well as a farmer, and one a preacher. One is a deputy jailer, the midwife herself being the county jailer elected on an independent ticket. She lives in the county seat and keeps a boarding house of sixteen beds. One other midwife in another county seat also kept a boarding house of eleven rooms. One, the youngest, aged 30, was the wife of a pseudo-doctor. She was the only one in whose family farming was not the primary if not the only occupation. Of these 52 farming families all but 7 were living on their own land—"poor, ill-favored" often, but their own. Farming with the women is as much a matter of course as with the men, so that practically all these midwives are farmers themselves. I found the preacher's wife out hoeing another man's land while her preacher husband sat under a shade tree reading (he could read but not write) and the children were out of school getting wood and water. One old soul of 68 on a remote creek in Knott county came down out of a corn patch at an angle of 40 degrees, where she was hoeing, to sit with me in her log cabin and tell me the one event of her life—the time she had gone with her husband and sons to Ohio for a year and the men had worked in a tobacco factory. "What did you do?" I asked. "Nuthin', jest kep some boarders and tuk in washin'."

All but 2 of the 53 midwives have had children and the number per midwife ranges from 1 child to 16. The 51 who are mothers have had a total of 448 children, a median of 9, and an average of 8.5. Of these they have 'raised' 332, the median raised being 6 and the average being 6.3. By children raised are meant those reaching maturity and not necessarily those surviving today. Two midwives were not sure just how many children they had lost. One said she "didn't rightly know whether there were 7 or 8 of them dead," and one that she "had raised 8 and lost about as many."

Their homes vary from the windowless one-room log cabin to the modern frame house which has often replaced it, but generally speaking their homes are poor as well as inaccessible. This does not mean that they are not often tidy and gay with flowers. At least 16 homes of the 53 visited looked exceptionally neat and clean, although six of them were windowless log cabins. Their mistresses, in ages ranging from 30 to 79, matched the homes. Ten midwives, in age from 37 to 89, were filthy. So were their homes. The rest fitted in between.

Their native intelligence appears to vary as widely as their houses and persons and ranges all the way from the extremely stupid to the keenly alert. One aged 70 who could not read or write confided to me that she had always longed to be a doctor. She was one that had no children, but two of her nephews are doctors—graduates of the Medical School at Louisville—and one is now specializing in dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the question of literacy, especially with the older women, has no bearing whatever upon their intelligence. One remarkable old woman of 86 who had been the daughter of a schoolmaster at Booneville could read and write and I found her reading her grandchildren's school books without spectacles. Another of 70 claimed that she had been a "pure scholar" in her day and "knew all the words in the blue backed speller." Two in their sixties could both read and write, while a third could only read print. However, with these five exceptions, none of the midwives over 60 were literate. Only 12 of all the 53 midwives could read and write, 4 could read but not write, and the claims of 3 others to read I judged doubtful. The expression of one that she "reads

print tolerable well" defines perhaps the limits of achievement of all but some 7 or 8 of the younger ones. One aged 72 who could not read said proudly that she could "figger." One aged 54 who was illiterate begged for the State literature anyway as her children were all "scholars." A number of them wore spectacles and I asked how they came by them. One aged 59 was using a pair that had belonged to her father. Another a pair she had gotten from a neighbor, and a third told me that they could be bought now "from a man in Chicago if you sent him your age."

When it comes to their professional qualifications and practices it is difficult to classify my 53 midwives because they have in a sense no professional status, and the origin of their obstetrical practices lies in unrecorded time. As to one thing I am certain. None give any postnatal care whatever, and in that differ altogether from the trained midwives in Europe with whose work I am familiar. When the delivery is over and the mother is "fixed up" and the baby "dressed" they go away and unless something goes wrong and they are sent for again, or they happen to be near neighbors, they do not return. This is universal. Prenatal care is also unknown. And no nursing care, as we understand it, is given. In fact, the mother, if she can possibly do so, usually gets up after three or four days. The results of this are broadcast for all who will to hear.

When I asked them how they happened to begin to practice I usually got the same reply: "I kep gettin' ketched"—"bein' ketched at places"—"I got ketched with a baseborn child"—and one that "somebody just had to be around to cotch the babies." The economic reasons entered in, of course, particularly with some of the younger women in their forties—but in the main most of the midwives did not begin their practice. It was thrust upon them. As neighbors in a lonely country they were called upon for this as well as for every other emergency.

None of the 53 had ever had any training in midwifery, and such preparation as they received came from other midwives. Practically all said that before they attended cases themselves they had gone about with older women, and 9 were the daughters of midwives. In Knott County I found a woman of 56 practicing whose mother I visited later to learn that she had "ketched"

her last baby the year before at the age of 90, a record she admitted almost worthy that of her own mother who also had been a famous midwife in her day. In Owsley County a midwife of 58 told me with pride that her mother "dressed" her last baby the day before she died at the age of 90. She had no record of the number of cases attended by this old Spartan—but contrary to the usual custom her mother had begun the practice "before she quit breedin'," so it must have been a lengthy one. Another Owsley County midwife aged 57 said she had learned the practice from her mother in Breathitt County, who had it from her mother who was reported to have delivered over 760 babies. Still another told me her mother "posted" her and that, because of her small hands, she had begun on cows and pigs as a child and had "saved many a sow." One said she "taught herself", and another that she learned from watching how it was done when her own babies came. Several instanced the names of older midwives who had instructed them, and the one colored woman (who had belonged to a mountain family in Owsley before the War between the States) said her mistress had been a midwife and had taught her. Two in Leslie, one 72 years old and one, the youngest seen, only 30, said that their husbands were doctors and had started them. But neither the husband of the older one, dead twelve years before, nor that of the younger, were regular physicians.

One midwife in Owsley said her mother, her sister and her husband's mother were all midwives and her father, who had been a schoolmaster, bought "Dr. King's book and Dr. Brown's book" and "tuk up" being a doctor. In spite of all these advantages she herself had not even learned to read. In only four instances did any of the midwives visited profess to have gotten information from a book. One 68 years old in Knott County, who could read but not write, said she had studied a book an old "doctor" (?) gave her mother who also had been a midwife. Another in Leslie whose claims to read were not substantiated, had had a book. Both books were lost. One woman 48 years old in Knott showed me with pride a Wine of Cardui advertising circular, and one in Owsley had a "book pamphlet" from the State Board of Health which a doctor had given her. The 30-year-old one at a county seat had a Metropolitan Life

Insurance pamphlet on Child Care. This particular young midwife stands out from amongst the rest, product though she is of their soil, as in some ways the most promising and in others quite the most dangerous of them all. She is young and clean and intelligent, but married to a man who practices as a physician without any justification whatever for assuming the title of one, from whom she has learned many bad habits. I found a hypodermic syringe in her rubberized bag and a box of pituitrin, which she admitted giving for retarded labor, without any conception of the gravity of her act. She said her husband authorized its use. On the title page of a medical book lying on the table she had written both her name and her husband's with the title of doctor before each.

The question of the practice of unlicensed physicians in the mountains looms as a very grave one in connection with midwifery, and may as well be mentioned here. There are many such. I came upon five in Leslie alone. Naturally the midwives do not distinguish between them and their qualified colleagues—all are “doctors”—and so not only unsafe and dirty practices are propagated as by authority, but many lives are lost because the midwife sends for a pseudo-doctor near at hand instead of a real one, who lives “a fur piece” away.

One case told me by Aunt Tildy, the midwife who attended it, will serve as an illustration. The baby was “crossed.” She could not reach either head or feet, and after trying all day and night Friday she sent Saturday morning for two “doctors.” From then until Sunday morning she and they all tried unsuccessfully to deliver the patient, and at last after over fifty hours of labor they sent to the county seat for a doctor who “could cut.” But before he reached the home the young mother had died. Had it not been for the pseudo-doctors nearer at hand Aunt Tildy would probably have sent early Saturday for the real one and there might have been one less maternal martyrdom. Aunt Tildy herself, a touchingly honest and unassuming person, seemed deeply affected by her loss. She described the despair of the dying woman at leaving her young family, how she called for her sister and told her to “take keer” of her little children, and how the terrible “miseries” “kep’ up” until they had “kilt her.”

Before closing the subject of the lack of preparation of midwives for their work it is pertinent to mention the instruction given them today by nurses under the State Bureau of Child Hygiene in conjunction with County Health Officers. Ten of the midwives among those I saw in Leslie and Knott had attended these conferences and several professed changes of method as a result. But I had every reason to think from inquiries among the young mothers that the midwives' unhygienic practices of many years' standing had not been supplanted by a few hours' instruction. The only midwives I found who appeared to have benefited by instruction were those that physicians had taken about and had made a special effort to teach. This was notably the case in Owsley and particularly so in connection with one physician who has unquestionably saved many lives he never personally reached. I found three midwives where he used to live whom he had had out with him over and over, who described without any promptings from me and with graphic illustrations how they scrubbed their hands, "trimmed and scraped" their nails, how they held the fundus, and one even told me how she used a "cheap tin pan" for a bedpan, as Dr. ——— showed her how to do. With the younger women, in their forties and fifties, changes are possible with painstaking bedside teaching—and this would be even more the case were not bad practices already acquired. The real doctors I met in these counties were emphatic in urging the need there for midwives. "We absolutely cannot do without them," said one in Owsley—and "the midwife is a necessity here," said another.

The length of practice of the 53 midwives varied from those who were just beginning to those who were retiring after forty or fifty years. But few felt certain in estimating their years of practice and the figures they gave, like the ages of many of the older ones, are often approximate. The total for all 53 is 1022 years, median length of practice is 18 years and the average 19.3 years.

Except only in the vaguest way none of the midwives had any idea of how many mothers they had delivered before birth registration began. Many showed me the stubs of their certificate books and explained that the registrar had filled out the papers for them. Occasionally some other member of the family

had done this for the midwife who could not write. None had kept reliable records before registration. One midwife in Leslie aged 78 and on crutches, but still sought after, said that in her forty-odd years of practice she had "dressed" over 800 babies and had "never had to have a doctor yit." Another aged 50 said she had had nearly 100 in eight years. Still another aged 76 was more explicit. She had always kept marks in a "day book" and when a neighbor had counted them up for her there were 337 in her practice of 27 years. One in Knott County aged 73 and with forty-odd years' practice behind her had also kept marks in a book, and had over a thousand to her credit years ago when a little grandchild, who is now married and has three children of his own, tore up the book. After that she kept no record until she began to report officially and she showed me the stubs of the four certificate books which the registrar filled out for her. That Leslie County midwife aged 72 who could "figger" and had practiced over 50 years was positive she had "dressed" exactly 590 babies. None of the others pretended to have any record at all of the number of their cases.

The proportion of midwives to doctors (real and pseudo-doctors) reporting births in these counties is shown by the following figures for 1922 from the State Board of Health.

Leslie

1 doctor* reported	41 births
43 midwives reported	265 births

Knott

5 doctors* reported	37 births
55 midwives reported	396 births

Owsley

3 doctors* reported	66 births
30 midwives reported	163 births

An annual permit to practice midwifery (with regulations) had been given to those 10 of my 53 who attended the classes of instruction under the Bureau of Child Hygiene and the County Health Officers. All the midwives sending in birth certificates are registered with their local registrars in accordance with the act regulating and licensing midwives in Kentucky which was passed by the 1920 legislature and adopted July 12, 1920.

* These figures include both real and pseudo-doctors.

The ten instructed midwives claimed to be using the silver nitrate solution provided by the State, and two others said they were using it, one stating that a doctor had given it to her. None of the others had ever seen the solution although a few had heard of it. A number of them recalled cases of babies' sore eyes, and one in Knott County said she made "yellowroot tea" and put it in the babies' eyes. Two of the health officers told me that cases of ophthalmia neonatorum were rare in their counties—but that many evidences of venereal disease appeared in the mountains with the opening of the mines.*

Equipment is a minus quantity in mountain midwifery. Among the ten who had been instructed by the Bureau of Child Hygiene nurses seven claimed to carry bags, but of these two could not produce the bags because they were "worn out." One of these began graphically describing the articles that hers contained as we sat at her cabin door, but when I asked to see them the brush was lost, the oilcloth left somewhere, she was out of lysol, and did not have any eye drops. Of the remaining five midwives one had a small, old, dirty leather handbag with silver nitrate in it, one a similar equipment plus a paper of straight pins, a third the same plus a bottle of ergot and one of lysol, a fourth had a clean bag of striped washable cloth with her birth records, the silver nitrate, and a clean white apron in it, and a fifth was the young woman of 30 (wife of a pseudo-doctor) whose rubberized bag with flowered lining had the hypodermic syringe and pituitrin in it, as well as bottles of iodine, ergot, bichloride, the silver nitrate and some cotton.

One of the midwives taken about by Dr. ———— aforementioned (in Owsley) told me she had a handbag with her own scissors, thread and scorched rags (folded in), all wrapped in "white silk paper." But I found her in the woods gathering brush, after visiting her empty home, and did not like to ask her to return so far with me, and so could not verify her statement. Still another midwife pulled some roots out of her apron pocket and said she took those. None of the rest of my 53 pretended to any equipment whatever—counting on finding at the patient's home the hog grease which is their one almost universal requisite.

* Syphilis was called "the disease that comes from the railroads."

The fees charged varied, apparently at random, in all but two cases, from two dollars to five dollars. Several midwives said they made one charge for neighbors and another for people farther off, and some said they asked more when the confinement was a long one. Only one mentioned as small a sum as \$1.50, and only one charged over \$5. That is the wife of the pseudo-doctor aforementioned who had a hypodermic and gave pituitrin; she charges \$10. From \$3 to \$5 were the usual fees.

I come now to a description of the obstetrical practices of these midwives as they went over them with me sitting on the splint-bottomed chairs or the steps of their homes. From some of them I learned nothing because they were frightened or shy or extraordinarily reticent. Others poured out their experiences spontaneously. A very few, like Aunt Tildy, described some of their worst cases and asked what they should have done. Several talked constantly of other midwives and their mistakes. "I never had a woman with childbed fever—but Mrs. K. has 'em." "I never lost a woman but Aunt Nora has lost three." "I never sent for a doctor yit, but Beck has to send for 'em"—and so on.

In reply to my questions as to when they send for a doctor I got frequently a protest against the very idea. "Never had to call a doctor yit" is a common phrase, spoken proudly by women professing to practice from 20 to 40 years. Only 18 spoke as if they ever recognized the need for medical assistance in any but cases so exceptional as to stand out above the rest. They sent without discrimination for real or pseudo-doctors but the ones readiest in sending were on the whole the ones who could reach real medical assistance—and I think most of the pride in getting along without it came from those who had never known it. One said she never sent for a doctor because there were not any within reach. This is true. Several spoke of the cost as prohibitive—30 or 35 dollars—because of the distance. Only 7 had ever seen forceps applied. Several of the older ones, who had had hundreds of cases, said they had never had one where the woman could not deliver herself, with their assistance. Seven midwives had had a doctor, or a pseudo-doctor, on only one occasion—one in Owsley to get an afterbirth that had "growed to the womb," one in Leslie because "the baby was dead, and had growed to her backbone, and the doctor had to put her to

sleep and pull hit loose." Still another because the woman had fits—thirteen before the doctor arrived and one after. Baby and mother lived, she added, and two other babies have come since without convulsions.

Three other midwives sent upon one occasion each for doctors because of the woman's advanced age for having the first baby. One said the mother was "right old" and added she had passed her twenty-second birthday. Questioned as to why she called that old she replied "they calls hit old." Another said her patient had been an "old girl" when she married and was twenty-two or three when the baby came and "wouldn't mind her noway." Asked for further explanation she said that sixteen or seventeen-year-old girls "don't have much trouble" but a woman of twenty-two has "settled by that time." The third midwife frankly called her patient an "old woman" (in her thirties) and said the doctor used "faucets." She added as we sat in the open space of her double log house that this hardly won baby was dying now of "flux" in its second summer from eating cucumbers.

One midwife in Leslie said that the reason her own daughter had died a few days following childbirth was because she could not get the afterbirth and had called Dr. _____ (naming a pseudo-doctor) who "pinched off the cord" instead of "peeling hit" and so "mortified" her daughter that she died.

All of the midwives make examinations, some of them over and over, and always, so far as I can ascertain, with greased hands. One described reaching into the uterus to grease the baby's shoulder. Asked why they examine they usually make some such reply as "to see if the baby is comin' straight"—"to see if the womb is open"—"to see if hit's heads an' front"—or else they give no reason. One said she did not examine if when she got there the baby's head was "even with the world." Some of the mothers told me they had been examined ten or twelve times during a brief and normal labor. When I asked one midwife if she washed her hands she replied: "Cou'se I don't wash 'em—I greases 'em." But most of the midwives said they washed their hands first, one adding "with potash soap not lye soap." She said she used a clean towel and lard and had her hands "like I was goin' to make up a mess of biscuits." Those

midwives in Owsley County who had been taken about by the real doctor described scrubbing their hands.

One cannot be sure of the extent of childbed fever, but it seems not to be frequent. Only two cases were reported in 1922 for Knott County, and none for Leslie or Owsley. The midwives are most uncommunicative on that subject. One in Leslie said there was not much fever but she "sends for a doctor if they have hit." One in Owsley said she gave winter fern for it and another that she "sends to a doctor for medicine or they die." She had had it herself. One voluble midwife declared she had seen childbed fever "a heap of times." Another told me she had never had a case, but that very day a few miles farther on I dined at the house of a young woman who had been poorly since her last baby was born four years ago because she "lay in bed two months with childbed fever." She had been attended by this same midwife.

Rarely ever did I feel that the statements given me regarding maternal deaths and stillbirths were accurate. A number of the midwives who had been practicing for years declared that they "never lost a mother or a child." One who said she had had "upwards of a thousand" deliveries had only lost two mothers. The one in Leslie who could "figger" and who had counted 590 babies in over 50 years admitted but two stillbirths and said she had lost "nary woman." One in Knott who delivered 265 cases admitted "two or three" stillbirths only. A neighbor where I spent the night told me of three recent stillbirths which the midwife had not mentioned. A favorite expression is that they have "always been blessed with good luck." One old soul in Knott County told me she "took the Lord with her" and that was why she had such good luck. In her practice of over forty years with over a thousand cases she had never lost a mother and "mighty few babies." One in Leslie told me voluntarily that she had had a maternal death from hemorrhage within the year. Another in Knott, who has the reputation of losing many mothers, and lost one of her own daughters from hemorrhage, said without questioning that "everybody lost women."

The midwives described several ways of getting the after-birth if it did not come normally. Several said they "went in after hit." One said she reached for them and "they just come

out." One aged 47 who was just beginning to practice said with pride that she had not had but two cases and in both "the after-birth was stuck" and she reached in and "pulled them out as good as anybody." Another said she had only had to go in after one, and that was with a woman where baby and everything had "rotted" and came out in pieces. This had happened to the same woman four times before. Several say they get the after-birth by "peeling and working the cord" and bringing pressure on the fundus.

It is the almost universal custom among the older women to deliver their patients sitting on some one's knees—usually those of the patient's husband—"her man." Two told me they preferred her to sit in a chair without a seat, and one said she sometimes had her stand up. Perhaps the expression "cotching the baby" arises from this custom. None of the midwives admitted that they got worse tears than with the patient delivered in bed. In fact one old soul, she who "found" over a thousand babies years before registration began, told me she "had never had a tear—but the doctors has 'em."

Several even of the older women now say they let the mothers choose and will deliver them in bed if they prefer. As one in Owsley expressed it "I lets 'em take their pleasure, but can wait on 'em better settin' up." But one in Knott frankly said she did not like this new way of "ketchin' babies in bed." Another, the midwife who "had never had a tear", told me she let her patients choose. But I ascertained from a sixteen-year-old mother just delivered of her first baby that she had "cried" to stay in bed and Aunt Patty made her get up. With the younger women and with those in touch with real doctors the custom of delivery in bed seems rapidly superseding the older one.

From a number of midwives I learned of cases of eclampsia but rarely did they report them as having happened among their own patients. They called convulsions fits as the English do, and no one had any remedy to suggest. The experience of the older ones has included cases of abnormal presentations and of these they usually boast because of their skill in handling them, either by external version or "turning" the baby from within. Some of them seem to have gotten dexterous and the

whole neighborhood says of these that they have "good luck." When I asked those of more limited practice what they would do if they had certain complications to meet I found that rarely had they decided beforehand on a plan of action. "Never had hit happen yit" was the usual answer and with it they appeared satisfied.

Several of the midwives told me of cases where the "after-birth had come first," and one said she herself had been in bed five months because of that. A young mother with her second baby had died from hemorrhage due to this just a few hours before I rode through her neighborhood. One of the real doctors told me he had been called in for seven cases of placenta praevia in his mountain practice of only a few years.

Of all obstetrical complications a hemorrhage was the most frequent, calling forth the fullest information and concerning which there seemed to be the greatest variety of superstitious practices. Only three of the midwives I saw in Owsley County, one in Leslie and one in Knott had learned from doctors how to hold the fundus, and the one in Knott added "raise her hips and stuff her with cotton." But she had not tried this method herself. She had heard of cording the leg (a custom mentioned in all 3 counties by 5 of the midwives, 2 specifying the left leg and hand, 1 the left leg and arm, 1 the right leg, and 1 not specifying) but she did not believe that was much use. What she had found most helpful was just to lay her hand on the woman and repeat a verse from the Bible which a preacher had given her. Word for word as it came from her lips I found it in Ezekiel 16:6. "And when I passed by thee, I saw thee polluted in thine own blood. I said unto thee when thou wast polluted in thine own blood, live. Yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, live." This she said she had also tried successfully on a dehorned steer which was bleeding to death.

Remedies to be taken for hemorrhage nearly all were home-made. Two midwives in Leslie and Knott suggested ergot, one in Knott advised paregoric and another (she whose mother had had a book from "an old doctor") said laudanum was the best thing but you could not get it now. As a substitute she suggested a remedy volunteered by several—cold cloths applied locally. She added that a tea to ward off miscarriages could be made of

"black gum bark mixed with sweet apple tree bark, and peeled one piece up and one piece down". Teas of this general character were recommended by several for severe bleeding. A midwife in Owsley said to use black gum bark from the north side of the tree mixed with the bark of a sweet apple tree. Some endorsed either one without the other. Yellow root tea was recommended by a midwife in Knott County, rattleweed root or sarvice bark tea by one in Leslie, tea from "comfrey" roots by another, pepper tea by several, asafetida by one in Owsley, nutmeg by one or two others, and the "leaves" (needles?) of the white pine in a tea by another.

Several advised spices, eaten just so, or in a tea served cold, or three grains ground into a powder. A paste of flour and cold water was recommended by other midwives and two of them told me that they had tried it successfully. One called it "flour batter dough." Tea made out of soot was endorsed in all three counties for hemorrhage. One in Owsley specified chimney soot. One in Leslie specified that it must be taken from under a pot. And one in Owsley implied how common is the use of coal, picked up as it is all through the mountains almost by the side of the road, when she said it must be wood soot.

One old superstition that I got in both Owsley and Leslie counties from midwives as disconnected from each other as if the Seven Seas had flowed between, was that of putting an ax under the bed, blade up, to stop a hemorrhage. But the Leslie County midwife, a sensible appearing woman only forty-five years old who was clean and could read, said she knew "hit did no good 'cause they tried hit with my sister who died anyway." And she began to "go off into faints" just as the blood soaked through the bed and fell on the upturned ax—so that some people even said "hit holped to kill her." She then said that she advised stripping the woman and putting on her something dirty that somebody else had worn—a petticoat, for instance—but it must be soiled to do any good.

A variety of things are given for other conditions—especially for protracted or retarded labor. Pepper tea, red or black, is a favorite in all three counties. Black gum bark comes in use again here, roots of the rattleweed, blueberry, raspberry, yellow spicewood and bluebell are given, all made into teas, and

"witch hazel bark boiled into a thick syrup," ginger tea, tansy, peppermint, burvine, sulphur in sugar, quinine, and gunpowder.

One Knott County midwife said that a tea made from the root of the rattleweed would bring on the "miserics" if the woman was at term, or check them in a premature labor. One midwife in Owsley County said the same of blueberry root tea, which "looks like rattleweed root." A slovenly younger one of 42 in Leslie gets the same effect from a "powder in a box bought at the store." Another in Leslie aged 72, says that if a tea made from "blueberry rattleweed" is given two months ahead of the date of the expected confinement the woman "finds her baby easy." One in Owsley gives "spigment" for the same purpose. These were the only instances I found of prenatal care!

For afterpains this same midwife gives "angelico root", which her mother, another midwife, calls "jellico root." She knows a patch "hid in the hills" which she won't let anybody touch. She also "gives a yarb called allenkinpane" (elecampane?) as does her old mother. Another old midwife gives "a yarb that grows low down on the branches." Pepper or ginger tea are sometimes given and pennyroyal, and "a round bottle of cordial from the store." Pepper tea is also used for "chillin'" and to promote flow after delivery if it is checked, as is also pennyroyal. One midwife in Leslie makes a tea of a mixture of wahoo bark, spicewood and winter fern for this purpose—followed by a dose of oil and turpentine. For "risin's" in the breast, if a midwife is called back on such a case, one in Leslie recommends a "catnip poultice," and another "binding the breasts tight." Most of them say they never have to meet this condition.

The care given the baby varies very little among them. Nearly all dose it with castor oil, many add catnip tea as well, some give sugared milk and some the milk of another woman. All cut the cord with unboiled scissors and tie it with several strands of thread twisted together. Most of them grease the navel with lard or castor oil and then put a scorched rag over it. Practically universal is this excellent custom of scorching the rag. One midwife in Owsley said she had given it up because the doctors did not do it, and one in Knott because it was "old-timey." To revive a baby some "work hit's arms and legs" but

generally they put it in water. One in Owsley "floats hit in cold water." One "washes hit's breast." One in Knott "washes hit in camphor."

Since no postnatal visits are made the midwives claim little responsibility for the fact that nearly all the mothers get up three or four days after their babies are born. One midwife said she thought that was the reason why six of her own babies had died in the first month of life—that and working in the fields up until the confinement period. This last is also quite general. One young woman who had worked all summer in the fields and all winter "sawing wood" since her marriage, had had two fairly normal babies, then two puny ones, then a bad miscarriage. I mention her case because she was the daughter-in-law of one of the midwives. Similar histories are common in all three counties.

It is almost universal among the women who have borne several children to complain of a prolapsed uterus. One of the midwives I failed to see in Knott County had gone to visit another of her tribe on a far creek and get some medicine for a "fallin' womb." A daughter of this same woman had given birth to a baby a month before on a Sunday, and on Tuesday was "up and cookin'" for her family. The sister of a midwife upon whom I called because she had a three-week-old baby had gotten up only two or three hours after its birth . . . "and never gone to bed agin until night." This had been her custom with all her babies excepting only with the first, when she "stayed in bed sixty days with childbed fever." Such instances could be multiplied over and over.

It is not the purpose of this report to "point the moral" of the data collected. I had been less than human had I not pondered the problem, as I unraveled the facts, and sought its solution. Finding and applying it will undoubtedly be the work of many people and will take much time. None the less the story of my fifty-three midwives will not have ended until that solution has been reached and applied.

POSTSCRIPT

MAY, 1942

This is the Seventeenth Anniversary of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

MIDWIFERY IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

Midwives (53)	Counties of Residence	Age	Birthplace	Marriage Status M—Married W—Widowed	Number Children Born	Number Children Reared
1	Knott	75	Knott Co., Ky.	W	12	11
2	"	53	" " "	M	10	8
3	"	79	" " "	M	9	8
4	"	50	" " "	M	11	11
5	"	70	" " "	M	10	6
6	"	48	" " "	M	7	6
7	"	78	" " "	W	10	8
8	"	70	" " "	M	0	0
9	"	68	" " "	W	4	4
10	"	68	" " "	M	10	5
11	"	90	" " "	W	10	8
12	"	48	" " "	M	13	9
13	"	56	" " "	M	12	11
14	"	68	" " "	M	6	5
15	"	73	" " "	M	5	4
16	Leslie	78	Perry Co., Ky.	W	5	5
17	"	76	" " "	W	8	7
18	"	54	" " "	W	8	8
19	"	45	Leslie Co., Ky.	M	5	4
20	"	30	" " "	M	1	1
21	"	58	" " "	M	2	2
22	"	47	" " "	M	4	2
23	"	67	Harlan Co., Ky.	W	9	6
24	"	45	Leslie Co., Ky.	M	8	5
25	"	89	" " "	W	11	4
26	"	47	Clay Co., Ky.	M	1	1
27	"	57	Bell Co., Ky.	M	13	5
28	"	45	Leslie Co., Ky.	W	11	11
29	"	72	Floyd Co., Ky.	W	13	11
30	"	42	Leslie Co., Ky.	M	8	3
31	"	50	" " "	M	9	8
32	"	51	" " "	M	15	6
33	Owsley	50	Owsley Co., Ky.	W	16	8
34	"	37	" " "	W	9	5
35	"	52	" " "	M	5	5
36	"	62	" " "	M	10	10
37	"	57	" " "	M	9	6
38	"	86	" " "	W	6	5
39	"	57	Breathitt Co., Ky.	M	13	9
40	"	49	Perry Co., Ky.	M	5	4
41	"	58	East Tennessee	M	11	6
42	"	74	Owsley Co., Ky.	M	4	2
43	"	48	Lee Co., Ky.	M	5	5
44	"	54	Jackson Co., Ky.	M	11	9
45	"	73	North Carolina	W	0	0
46	"	54	Breathitt Co., Ky.	M	12	7
47	"	73	Virginia	W	7	7
48	"	70	Owsley Co., Ky.	W	5	3
49	"	41	" " "	M	8	6
50	"	66	" " "	M	12	11
51	"	59	" " "	M	12	11
52	"	75	" " "	W	15	10
53	"	51	Harlan Co., Ky.	M	13	10
Total		3193			448	332
Median		57			9	6
Average		60.3			8.4	6

MOUNTAINS—AN INVESTIGATION IN 1923

Number Children Reared	Literacy R—Reads W—Writes	Number Years of Practice	Cleanliness	Eye Prophylaxis
11	No	†c 25	Clean	No
8	No	10	Fair	Yes
8	No	c 25	Clean	No
11	No	5	Fair	No
6	No	c 20	Fair	No
6	R & W	2	Clean	No
8	No	c 25	Clean	No
0	No	c 40	Fair	No
4	R	c 30	Clean	Yes
5	No	c 30	Fair	No
8	No	c 20	Fair	No
9	R	8	Fair	Yes
11	R (?)	12	Dirty	No
5	No	15	Fair	No
4	No	c 40	Dirty	No
5	No	c 40	Fair	Yes (?)
7	No	27	Dirty	No
8	R (?)	22	Fair	Yes
4	R & W	8	Clean	No
1	R & W	6	Clean	Yes
2	No	c 30	Fair	Yes
2	No	4	Fair	Yes
6	No	32	Fair	No
5	No	16	Dirty	No
4	No	c 30	Dirty	No
1	R (?)	18	Fair	Yes (?)
5	No	10	Fair	No
11	R (?)	c 15	Fair	No
11	No	c 50	Fair	Yes (?)
3	No	4	Dirty	No (?)
8	R & W	8	Clean	Yes
6	R & W	15	Clean	Yes
8	No	c 20	Dirty	No
5	R & W	4	Dirty	No
5	R	7	Clean	Yes
10	R & W	c 15	Fair	No
6	No	8	Clean	No
5	R & W	c 30	Clean	No
9	No	27	Fair	No
4	No	20	Fair	No
6	No	20	Fair	No
2	No	c 30	Fair	No
5	No	7	Clean	No
9	No	14	Fair	No
0	No	8	Fair	No
7	No	12	Dirty	No
7	No	c 30	Fair	No
3	R & W	28	Dirty	No
6	R & W	c 15	Clean	Yes
11	R & W	25	Clean	No
11	R & W	18	Clean	No
10	No	c 35	Fair	No
10	No	5	Fair	No
332	Total	1022		
6	Median	18	†c—Circum. Subject could not be sure.	
6.3	Average	19.3		



"BEST WISHES FROM US ALL"

**A Great Orthopedic Surgeon and Professor in Russia
Henry Turner**

**"Surrounded by a group of my crippled friends.
They all wish you health and strength."**

In 1895, when we lived in Russia, my father called in a young English surgeon, Dr. Henry Turner, to attend my mother for complications following the birth of her youngest child. Years passed. In 1934, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Watson made their memorable visit to the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains. Mrs. Watson wrote about this visit to Dr. Turner in Leningrad, who had been a close friend of her distinguished father, Sir Robert Jones. Dr. Turner, in reply, wrote to know if there was any connection between the Breckinridges whom he had known in the nineties, and treated professionally, and me. In that way, both my brother and I got in touch with him again and maintained a correspondence over the years, with an exchange of pictures.

Dr. Turner is a great man, one of the outstanding orthopedic surgeons of the world. In 1936, he was awarded the Grand Order of the Star for services to the Russian Army. He is now old and ill, as this picture taken of him in 1939 shows, but when I last heard from him a few months ago he was able to continue his work for his "crippled friends."

M. B.



THE AUTHOR AND ONE OF HER BABIES

THIRTY-TWO HOURS ON BULL CREEK

By EVA GILBERT, R. N., M. A.
Certified Midwife

Instructor, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

It all began with the snow and ice. When Gonny started out for Bull Creek her mare (Lady Ellen) slipped with her on the ice and in the fall she hurt her right hand. When it was X-rayed at our Hospital we found she had broken a bit of bone. This experience made the rest of us cautious. However, with three expectant mothers and four mothers with new babies over on Bull Creek, we couldn't wait long for traveling condi-

tions to improve so we decided to ride up over the ridge as far as we could with safety and then walk the rest of the way and lead our horses.

Saturday morning bright and early I started off on Traveler and took with me Rosa Clark on Llanfechan. She is the graduate-nurse pupil midwife sent us by the United States Children's Bureau from South Carolina to take our six months' training course in midwifery. We carried two pairs of saddlebags and one was a delivery bag. My assistant, Hannah Mitchell, with another pupil midwife, Nola Blair, had had "a false call" on one of our expectant mothers called Nora who lives on Lower Bull Creek a week earlier. Just in case she might go into real labor while we were over there we took along the delivery bags.

For the first three miles we rode up over the ridge and along Thousandsticks. The world about us was perfectly beautiful with glistening snow on every bush and tree. When the horses knocked the branches with their heads we got a shower of snow, but it didn't matter and really felt refreshing. When we reached the mountain this side of Mr. Campbell's place we got off to walk and lead the horses because the trail leading into Thousandsticks Creek is rough.

Our first call was to see Dorothy who had had a miscarriage two weeks previously. We found her up and feeling well and working on a pieced quilt of which she was justly proud. After our remarks about how nice it was she brought out a beautiful one which she had finished except for binding the scalloped edges. With admonitions about not working too hard, and our promise to see her next week, we left Dorothy to continue with her quilting.

Over creek beds completely covered with ice, where the horses were fearful and would not carry us, we walked on leading them. When we passed Bertha's house her little Mary called out to us to come in and see her mother. She had been treated in our Hospital a few weeks ago for cystitis and we thought she had a recurrence of it. After we had taken her temperature, pulse, blood pressure and made a urinalysis, we advised her to go back to the Hospital to see Dr. Kooser for further medication and treatment. We then saw her husband and made arrangements for her to be taken in that afternoon.

Next we walked on over the ice to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Woods. Edith, who is always so good to the nurses who go to Bull Creek, invited us to come back and stay the night with her if we didn't get our visits finished before dark. We knew we wouldn't get them finished so we accepted her kind invitation and stopped with her long enough for a cup of coffee by her lovely open fire.

From the Woods' house to Nora's house it was only an eighth of a mile but all the way over a completely frozen creek bed. We arrived without mishap and hitched our horses in the sun. Then we went in to see Nora who had a roaring fire in a very small stove. She was not in labor but we told her we were spending the night with Edith Woods and could get to her quickly if she needed us.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we left Nora and as we couldn't ride the horses because of the ice we took what we would need for our next calls in "a poke" and left the horses hitched until our return down the creek.

For two miles we picked our way over ice and snow through Upper Bull Creek and over Osborne's Fork to Phronie's little one-room cabin. Phronie is the mother of four little girls and expects soon to have another baby. At her first prenatal examination at Dr. Kooser's clinic at the Hospital he found she had a heart condition and advised her to come to the Hospital to have her baby sometime in advance and get a good rest. After we had made our regular prenatal examination of Phronie, we talked over with her the ways and means of caring for her little girls when she left home. At this point I want to say that these details were worked out satisfactorily and that Phronie did get in to the Hospital in time for a good rest before Pete arrived to make happy the hearts of the four little sisters at home.

Although this home is small and everything in it had to be crowded, it was neat and clean with attempts at beauty such as a vase of paper flowers on the mantel and newspapers cut in fancy scalloped edges on the shelves.

I inquired as to the contents of a locked box on the book-case and learned it contained a much prized battery radio which was "locked to keep the children from tinkering with hit." The girls proudly showed us their "play pretties" which they had

received at the Hospital Christmas party. The older sisters had hung their dolls high on the wall to keep them from the hands of the younger sisters. It was hard to leave as the children seemed so glad to have us there, standing close by all the time with soiled little hands resting on our knees. But other calls had to be made and it was getting late so goodbyes were said with a promise from Phronie that she would try to get someone to stay with the children so she could come to the Hospital soon.

We retraced our steps over the ice and snow down Osborne's Fork until we got to Marie's house which is the post office where a proud daddy was working. By this time it was getting dark so we had to weigh Marie's three weeks old baby, Carol, by light from the stove fire and found she weighed an even ten pounds. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the night as we walked down Bull Creek for a return visit to Nora's home. It was a cold, clear night with myriads of stars and the soft blanket of snow and glistening ice covered the earth. I wonder whether any other place has more of beauty in it than our own lovely mountains. It was 8:30 when we left Nora and still no sign of the baby. We picked up Traveler and Llanfechan and took them down to spend the night in the Charlie Wood's barn. Edith and Charlie had gone to bed but they got up and lit a roaring fire in the fireplace of the comfortable bedroom where we were to find rest after our long treks up and down the creeks. The night was so cold that in spite of the fire and numerous quilts we were quite cold for sometime after going to bed.

It seemed only a matter of minutes when out of the darkness of the cold night I heard someone calling "Charlie—Charlie." Knowing that Charlie was on the other side of the house and not likely to hear, I answered the call, asking what was wanted. The answer came back at once, "Nora needs the nurses." And so our wait for Nora's baby on this trip had not been in vain after all. Hurriedly we arose and dressed, putting on clothes which were like ice and boots which were stiff enough to have been frozen. How they could have been so cold after being right in front of the open fireplace was hard to understand until we learned later that it was ten degrees below zero at four o'clock that morning as we left Edith's house with Nora's husband, Gus.

We walked briskly and soon arrived. Nora was really in labor this time. We soon got everything ready and in one hour delivered her of a lovely little baby girl. How thankful we all were that we had remained nearby for Gus would not have had time to reach Hyden let alone our getting back to Nora in time. I just know the baby would have been frozen in spite of the best of fires right near the bed, for after the delivery we found the cord ties frozen in the basin on the foot of the bed and the wash cloth on the rail at the foot of the bed stiff. Nora was so pleased with her little girl as she already had a three-year-old son. We soon had everyone warm and comfortable.

I have found one of the most satisfactory ways to get my mothers warm, in bed, is to find several flat, smooth rocks, which are easily heated directly on the fire in the fireplace, and then to wrap them in newspapers (and in a cloth if one is available) and place them at the feet and sides of the patient. I usually have these rocks gathered as part of the patient's preparation for delivery, having them in the room ready to be heated. Many a time I am sure I could not have left the new mother warm and comfortable without them.

Before we left Nora's house we had a good hot breakfast in a cold, cold kitchen and started off to see some more patients before going back to Hyden. It was Sunday morning and as we passed the home of Miss Logerfeldt, the missionary, she invited us in to attend Sunday School. The families on the creek were gathering so we were just in time and were glad of the opportunity. As soon as the service was over we walked on up the right-hand fork of Upper Bull Creek until we got to Fanny's house, which is just beyond the edge of the district. This was a follow-up postpartum visit as Fanny had had her baby in our Hospital three weeks before. The three lovely older children in this house, as at Phronie's, proudly displayed the toys they had received at Christmas. If the givers of these gifts could see the joy they bring into little lives here, I know they would feel happy over having remembered our children at Christmas.

Retracing our steps we came again to the main branch of Bull Creek, turning this time to our left and on for another mile or more to see Oma, another expectant mother. Of course

we had to explain as we went along the creek how we happened to be there on a Sunday. We usually do not make Sunday visits except for deliveries and emergencies or very sick patients. Our treat in Oma's home before leaving, and while warming our feet, was eating some lovely sweet, raw turnips.

Oma was our last patient to be seen on this trip and so we turned back down the creek to Miss Logerfeldt's home where we had been invited to eat dinner. By the time we arrived there it was three p. m. and after our four hours' going over icy creeks we were ready to enjoy the delicious chicken dinner which was placed before us. This with our very interesting conversation with Miss Logerfeldt soon brought us to four o'clock, when we knew we must start home if we were to arrive by dark.

When we got back to the Woods' place Charlie helped us saddle the horses and by 4:20 we had started on our way back to Hyden. Of course we had to walk up the creek as it was still too icy to ride with safety. After about two miles walking we left the creek for a road where we could ride and were glad indeed for the chance to ride again. Dusk soon overtook us and with it the most beautiful stars. They seemed so large and so close we could almost touch them. How lovely it was riding through the pine trees on the ridge with the brightness of the stars shining through. One rarely sees a night more beautiful. As we neared the end of the ridge and started down, we again had to dismount and lead the horses as it was too slippery to ride over the rocks in the path. Finally we reached the barn where the horses were given a good rub-down and were soon munching their much desired and needed oats and hay. We went on to the lighted, warm Midwives' Quarters and a hot dinner.

We were away from home thirty-two hours. We rode the horses six miles and walked twenty miles. We visited a sick case, three expectant mothers and four mothers with new babies. We "caught" Nora's little daughter. That completed our weekend on Bull Creek.

"Does that mule ever kick you?" the young officer asked a Negro mule-driver.

"No suh," was the reply, "he ain't yet, but he frequently kicks de place whar I recently was."

—*Reader's Digest.*

URGENT NEEDS

Since our fiscal year closes on April thirtieth annually, and each new fiscal year begins on May first, it is our custom to list in the Spring Bulletin the special needs of the Frontier Nursing Service for repair, upkeep and replacements on its many and widely scattered properties. The generous response of our members always enables us to get needed work done through the summer months.

Now, it so happens that this generous response over the past several years has enabled us to put all of our properties in such good repair that (except for routines like whitewashing barn stalls and cleaning drains and gutters) we will only have to meet emergencies during the current fiscal year. These will be taken care of under the contingency fund in this year's budget, and in any case we could not list them until they occurred! Of course they will occur in a rough mountain country. Engines for the water supply will break down at some point, horses will be injured or killed by accident, parts will have to be replaced in furnaces and kitchen stoves, and there will be slides and a breakdown of some of the retaining walls somewhere on some of our widely scattered properties, when bad weather sets in.

Meanwhile, in this spring issue of the Bulletin, we list only the furnishings and equipment we need to replace those which burned up with the old Garden House. We have listed the bare minimum requirements and we will be profoundly grateful for the gift of any one of them from a fifty-cent waste paper basket on up to the new fireproof safe which costs \$131.47.

Some of the things we list have already been bought and delivered and paid for out of our insurance money. We need this insurance money, however, in rebuilding the house itself and must replace it when gifts are made for these particular things. I am referring especially to the fireproof safe, which proved its value as almost all of its contents were intact after the fire (although the safe itself had buckled and has gone to the scrap heap for tanks) and to the typewriters. We had to replace typewriters at once, and fortunately we did so because

soon after typewriters were frozen. Thank goodness our adding machines were saved, but we badly need a calculating machine for the statistical department and fortunately can get an unfrozen one (no priorities required) because it has been used and is hand-operated. Unlike most large offices, we have no electricity.

Here follows our list of urgent needs for the

Furnishings and Equipment For the New Garden House

FOR THE WHOLE HOUSE

3 Foam fire extinguishers (2½-gal. capacity) @ \$16.00 each.....	\$ 48.00
6 Pyrenne fire extinguishers @ \$9.46 each.....	56.76

FOR OFFICES

Steel Files—complete with alphabetical guides and folders.....	669.00
12 4-drawer sections @ \$31.25 each for correspondence	
12 2-drawer sections @ 13.20 each for records—6x9 cards	
9 2-drawer sections @ 6.25 each for records—5x8 cards	
8 2-drawer sections @ 3.92 each for records—3x5 cards	
8 1-drawer sections @ 6.00 each for cancelled checks	
1 Steel Storage Cabinet—for office supplies (with three extra shelves)	37.40
1 Fireproof Safe (1 hr. guarantee—same as we had before).....	131.47
5 Typewriters @ \$98.50 each.....	494.50
2 Typewriter Tables @ \$4.25 each.....	8.50
1 Deskside File (for pending correspondence).....	15.00
8 Typewriter Desks and Chairs (desks @ \$56.00 each; chairs @ \$16.80 each).....	582.80
5 Pencil Sharpeners @ \$1.35 each.....	6.75
2 Stationery Cabinets @ \$4.00 each.....	8.00
1 Paper Punch	2.50
2 Staplers @ \$4.95 each	9.90
3 Cash Boxes @ \$2.80 each.....	8.40
1 Hard Platen for Typewriters.....	5.75
20 Window Shades @ \$1.35 each.....	27.00
8 Waste Paper Baskets @ \$.50 each.....	4.00
8 Lamps (complete with chimneys and shades) @ \$3.50 each.....	28.00
18 Split Bottom Chairs (locally made) @ \$2.00 each.....	36.00
1 Hand-Operated Calculating Machine (slightly used but in good condition) for Statistical Department.....	150.00

FOR BEDROOMS

(To furnish one single bedroom)

Any of these bedroom furnishings may be given in kind as well as in money. For example, a friend on Long Island has sent us two blankets made from the wool of her own sheep. Such things as sheets, pillows, pillow cases, will be gratefully received if any of you have some to spare.

1 Cot	5.50
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1 Mattress	8.95
4 Sheets	4.58
2 Pillows	1.90
4 Pillow Cases.....	1.05
1 Mattress Protector.....	1.15
2 Blankets (75% wool).....	8.00
1 Comfort	9.85
2 Bedspreads	2.40
2 Pairs Curtains and Curtain Rods.....	3.00
2 Window Shades	2.70
1 Bedside Rug	4.00
1 Chest of Drawers (unpainted).....	6.98
1 Mirror	1.98
1 Writing Desk (locally made).....	6.00
1 Bedside Table (locally made).....	3.00
2 Split Bottom Chairs (locally made).....	4.00
1 Lamp (complete with chimney and shade).....	3.50
1 Waste Paper Basket.....	.23

\$ 79.07

FIVE SINGLE AND TWO DOUBLE BEDROOMS. *Each item in the above has to be multiplied nine times.*

FOR THE CLINIC WAITING ROOM AND THE RECREATION ROOM

60 Split Bottom Chairs (locally made) @ \$2.00 each.....	120.00
2 Tables (locally made) estimated @ \$20.00 each.....	40.00
3 Presses (locally made) estimated @ \$20.00 each.....	60.00
4 Bookcases (locally made) estimated @ \$15.00 each.....	60.00
3 Waste Paper Baskets @ \$.50 each.....	1.50
12 Pairs Curtains and Curtain Rods @ \$1.50 each.....	18.00
7 Window Shades @ \$1.35 each.....	9.45

FOR BATHROOMS

(2 for Staff, 1 for Clinic, 1 Shower for Recreation Room)

3 Hampers for clothes @ \$1.20 each.....	3.60
4 Waste Paper Baskets @ \$.75 each (for paper towels).....	3.00
3 Split Bottom Chairs (locally made) @ \$2.00 each.....	6.00
6 Bath Mats @ \$1.89 each.....	11.34

FOR LAUNDRY

1 Bench Wringer	10.41
2 Ironing Boards with Pads @ \$2.35 each.....	4.70
2 Wash-boards @ \$.50 each.....	1.00
1 Galvanized Wash Tub (to supplement stationary tubs).....	1.00
1 Wash Boiler	1.65
2 Split Bottom Chairs (locally made) @ \$2.00 each (one for each wash woman).....	4.00

FOR STAFF LIVING ROOM

We are not listing anything for the staff living room but we should like a rug, some easy chairs, and perhaps even a sofa. We had a piano, the gift of a Boston courier, Mrs. Reginald Stuart Ward ("Roddy" Rust) and its loss is a heavy blow. We used it for the children's singing classes and carol practice, for the relaxation of the staff (some of whom like to play and sing) and for our Sunday Evensong. If anyone has a surplus small upright piano (not a grand piano) we should adore having it given us. We would gladly pay the freight and will send full shipping directions.

OLD COURIER NEWS

After the fall of Bataan, Mrs. John Pugh ("Weezy" Myers) received the following cable on April eleventh from Major Pugh: "Keep smiling." This was before the fall of Corregidor.

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Mrs. Willard Reed (Mary Cowles) stayed with Mrs. Richard Hays Hawkins (Christine Ekengren) in Sydney, Australia for two weeks after she left Java in December. Finally, a naval transport picked her up, and she was a month at sea.

It was after she was sent away from Java that her husband was killed. Captain Reed had been in the reserve of the United States Marine Corps ever since he graduated from Pensacola in 1930. The minute war was declared he telephoned from Java to the headquarters of the Marine Corps in Washington to say that he wanted to get right back in. He did and he was attached as a fighter pilot to a United States Army squadron (he was the only Marine in Java) and had about a month's active service before he was killed. Mary writes: "There are lots of things to tell you sometime of what that one Marine stood for in Java. . . . Because of him any American could look any Dutchman in the eye."

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From Mrs. Graham Taylor Webster (Mardie Bole) we have heard as follows:

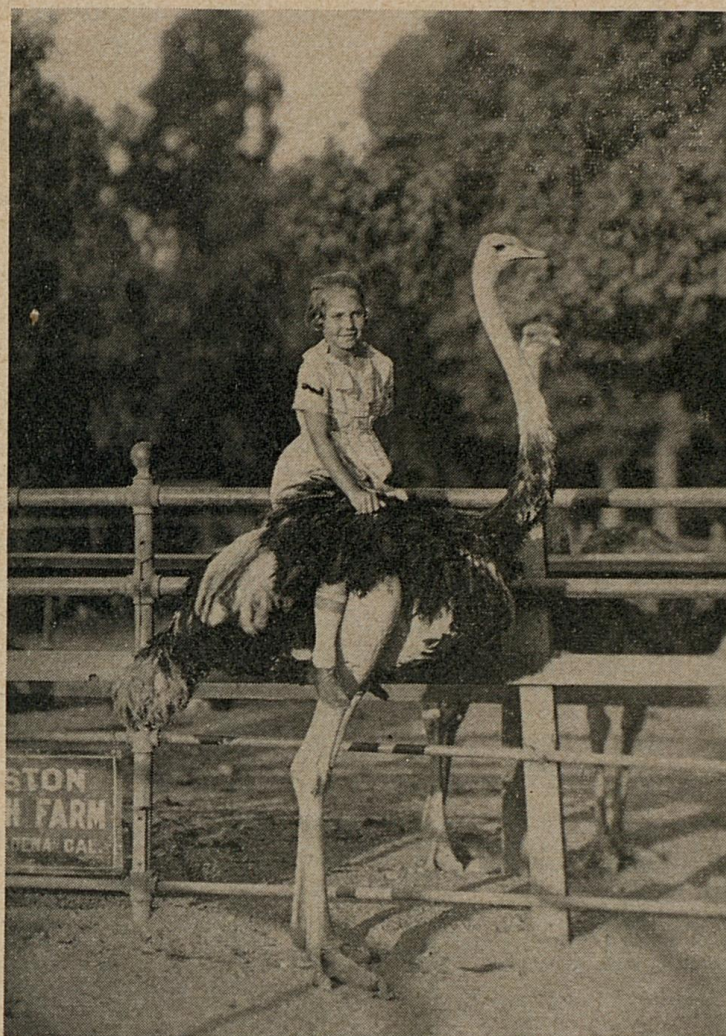
"I have heard two or three times from Graham (he is with a hospital unit) and all I know is that he is somewhere in Australia and that he is busy, happy, and well, so it is a great relief to know even that much. The censorship is of course awfully strict, so there is little he can say. . . . I closed our little house, and stored the furniture, and moved back with Mother and Dad. I feel very fortunate indeed, to be able to come home, because so many of the wives have literally no place to go."

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Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin (Sally Morrison) writes that her husband has something to do with bombers down in Miami!

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Our couriers far and wide are throwing themselves full tilt into war work and find a wide variety of ways in which

**MISS MARION SHOUSE**

Long Before She Became a Courier, But Getting Ready

they can help. Marion Shouse has had a promotion in Naval Intelligence. Helen Stone ("Pebble") is taking more advanced work in her aviation and will soon be not only a pilot but a top pilot. The only rub in that for us is that we won't have her in the mountains this spring, and it will be the first spring she has missed coming down for many years.

Louise Will ("Scoopie") of Rochester, New York is working with the Red Cross Blood Bank Unit. She has also volunteered to work with the O.C.D. in collecting injured animals in case

Rochester is bombed. During the summer "Scoopie" is going to teach swimming and life saving for the Red Cross.

Fredericka Holdship ("Freddie") of Sewickley, Pennsylvania is now secretary and bookkeeper for the U.S.O. of Pittsburgh.

We quote from a letter of Elizabeth Cuddy ("Bubbles") in Blue Hill Falls, Maine as follows:

"You see I've gotten all tied up in Red Cross, etc. and there is no telling what will be happening to me by next winter. In two months' time I've trained 115 first aiders—six classes in all! It really has been fun and has kept me well occupied. Next week, I'm being shipped out to an island for about ten days to teach. It's my second trip amongst the fishermen and their wives. So I can look forward to eating plenty of lobsters!"

Our English courier Alison Bray has her third pip. She is too busy to write often but we got quite a full letter from her this winter because she came down with the measles and had nothing else to do but write. She had just learned about the Garden House fire and was deeply distressed about the loss of records and about her inability to send a little money over to help rebuild. However, she has evolved a system about that and we give it in her own words:

"I've got a plan about my courier contribution. All the time we are being asked to save—as much as we can, and put the money into Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds. In this way we lend money to the country, which goes to help the war. I shall put all my courier contributions, etc. into Defense Bonds and then at the end of the war I'll get the money back and send it to you. The only snag is that you won't get it just yet, but I can't think of anything to get over that."

The following letter from Nancy Cadwalader in Baltimore was mailed on March thirty-first:

"I am working now, full time. In fact I have joined the ranks of those employed at the Johns Hopkins. I thought when I went that I would have lots of little spare moments when I could run over and call on Betty (Holmes), but I have found, to my sorrow, that such is not the case and consequently have only had a bare glimpse of her. I am in a Research Laboratory and we are doing some Defense work which is strictly confidential. Actually I have my doubts as to whether we will ever find a solution to our problem, but I like to think I am doing something helpful. My father and sister and I ride into town every day on the train so as to save tires. I am getting so fond of that ride I wonder why we haven't been doing it all these years. And for the first time in my life I find myself getting to work on time—even three quarters of an hour beforehand—though we do have a rush for the train!"

I see Betsy (Pagon) a good deal as she has a desk in a very public spot. Usually there is a line of negroes stretching out before her and she is hectically beating out yellow slips on the typewriter.

"Right now—2 a. m.—I am on duty at an Air-Raid Control Center in Bel Air. It is a four-hour watch, 12-4, and merely involves sitting, surrounded by telephones and waiting for one of them to ring. In case of an air raid we would get a signal and then would have to jump to the phones and notify the surrounding county. But all we get (thank heaven!) these days are test rings just to make sure we are on the alert!"

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From Prudence ("Prudy") Holmes in Philadelphia—April, 1942:

"The Service, which once received visitors and students and nurses from all parts of the world seems now to be lending back its staff to all nations. Their letters in the Bulletin bring them close to us. I hope the Kentucky work will not suffer in itself more than it will gain, along with all people when they learn through this great tragedy not only the beauty but the economic and political necessity of the concept of brotherly love. I hope with you that all our friends will come back some day to ride along the road to Hyden in their work in a project which will no longer be only the heartening justification for hope, but a part of a larger plan for an equitable society beginning to build, and having buried the sources of destruction forever."

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From Mrs. John Frederick Kraft (Mary Gordon) in Pittsburgh—May, 1942:

"I just had Marion's annual letter about the courier reunion and I do think you all are wonderful to cope with it this year with everything you have on your minds. I was planning to come as usual, and as usual I can't. Jack just had word that he had to report for duty with the army air corps on June 28th. Naturally I want to be with him as much as possible as I will not be able to follow him. (*Because of the two babies.*) He had a commission which he had to let go because of business and now he has it back with a raise in rank. Like all men he is so anxious to be in it and like all women I want him home. But not really, for I am very proud of him of course and could never stand in his way. He naturally hates to leave us, and so the Krafts are now just one more divided family to be blamed on that devil in Germany. I am truly sorry not to be with you. It would be wonderful to see you all again."

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From Mrs. Carl F. Shelton (Betsey Schadt) in Detroit—May, 1942:

"My biggest war with Hitler hinges on what he's done to the postal service—not that within the U. S., of course, but TRY and send something to England without bursting a blood vessel with the effort."

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Van Norden (Rebecca Crane) a third daughter, Susan, on January sixteenth. "The baby is very cute and we are awfully proud of her. . . . I still think and always will think of Wendover as the place in which I spent the happiest times of my life."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Frederick Kraft, Jr. (Mary Gordon), Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a second son, Frank Gordon Kraft, on March tenth. Weight, nine pounds and eleven ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Jr. (Marianne Stevenson), Grand Rapids, Michigan, a son, their third child and second boy, David Reid Dill, on March fourteenth. Weight, seven pounds and ten ounces. "Tips" reports he is a delight but the young family keep her busy.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey (Louise Ireland) of Cleveland, twins—a son, George M. Humphrey, II, weight, six pounds, thirteen and a half ounces; a daughter, Margaret, weight, five pounds and nine ounces, on March nineteenth. Louise writes: "We are still spellbound by it all and don't know what we have done to deserve to have such splendid happiness bestowed upon us. I hope Margo will be a courier some day so please enroll her."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Wells, Jr. (Eleanor Field) a daughter, her first child, Nancy Field Wells, on May second, and pronounced "lovely" by her grandmother.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Eleanor Stineman of Pittsburgh to Mr. Donald Moore Skinner of St. Paul, Minnesota. He is now in the Headquarters Company, 22nd Armored Engineers Bureau, 5th Armored Division, Camp Cooke, California. Eleanor has been putting in eight hours a day at a hospital on her nurses aide course, trying to get her 150 hours done as quickly as possible, and has received her pin.

Miss Barbara Brown of Cleveland to Mr. Robert C. Webster (a brother to Mardi Bole's husband). Barbara writes that "Bob" hopes to go to Officer's Training School very soon and after that they hope to get married—perhaps in August. In the meantime Barbara is doing several volunteer jobs—with the Blood

Donor's Service, Rainbow Hospital (crippled children) and Lake-side Hosital.

Miss Catherine Louise Taylor ("Kitty Lou") of Pittsburgh to Mr. Leonard Bughman, announced on March fifth.

WEDDINGS

On January tenth, Susan Page of Philadelphia to Captain John Winthrop White, U.S.A. Captain White is a West Point graduate and he and Susan became engaged while Susan was in training as a nurse at the Montreal General Hospital in Canada. She and her husband are at Fort Benning, Georgia until June. If after that Captain White is sent overseas, Susan will return to the Montreal General Hospital to complete her course there. Susan was one of our early couriers and has always held a very warm place in our affections. We are wishing her all good luck, and sending her many loving remembrances.

On March fourteenth, Suzannah C. Ayer of Boston to Mr. John Harleston Parker, Lieutenant, junior grade, United States Naval Reserve. The young people are stationed at Portsmouth and our hearts go out to them in the uncertainties that lie ahead.

On March twenty-second, Barbara Jack of Decatur, Illinois, whose engagement was announced in our last Bulletin, to Mr. Robert S. Rowe. They have settled happily on a large farm which includes a big project of reforestation.

On March twenty-second, Margaret Noyes of Boston to Mr. Joseph Frank Knowles, at Intervale, New Hampshire. The young couple are now living in Boston and we wish them all the happiness this world can hold.

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COURIER REUNION AT WENDOVER

June 18th, 19th and 20th

Although the old Garden House is burned and the new one is still in process of construction,—even so we can't bear not to have the Courier Reunion this year. It is a tradition of so many years standing now. We have a tent that will hold three couriers and the sleeping porch will hold two and the "Pebble Workshop" can accommodate others, at night. Couriers won't mind the carpenter's bench and the tools. We told all that to Marion Shouse and she has sent out her notices.

OLD STAFF NEWS

From Mickle Major, 23rd General Hospital, Middle East Force—

Posted October 17, 1941

Received February 28, 1942.

We were so pleased to get your letters, which did not take so long as usual. You have no idea how much we enjoy seeing the Kentucky postmark and how eagerly we open the letters—and the Bulletin is always a source of joy for a long time. It is so nice being able to keep more or less up to date with the movements of all our friends as it is impossible to keep up correspondence with everyone as one would like to. The three of us sit around and discuss the various items and people and imagine ourselves back with you once again. Time does not in any way dim our Kentucky memories. I still have an acute nostalgia for the hills. Over two years since I left and it seems such a short time.

I am very sorry indeed to hear of the loss of Dr. Scott Breckinridge—for you personally and for the Service to which he gave so much. America is now very nearly at war and we are dreadfully sorry it has had to come to this. I wish the tremendous help you have already given had been enough. Too many countries already are shedding their blood. The papers make frightful reading these days. The wholesale slaughter in Russia does not bear contemplation. Although one is proud of the young people who are eager to do their part it does seem terrible that they have to be called on to do it, after their fathers went through the same ordeal with such hopes of a saner and better world.

Life here at the moment is quiet and serene. We still have quite a lot of medical work, but even that is getting less now that the weather is cooler. I have the tonsillitis ward just now and we keep fairly full.

There is very little news to tell you. Robbie has been three weeks in the Sick Room with pleurisy but she is getting up a

bit now. On the whole we have all kept remarkably healthy, but are looking forward to our leave next month. The summers here are rather trying and I for one feel a holiday will just buck me up. This is such a large, scattered hospital, there is a tremendous amount of walking to do between wards and the various departments, and walking through sand when the sun is blazing down is not exactly restful.

I have taken up riding again. We are able to get horses from a Remount Depot not far from here and we have had some lovely canters over the fields, if you can call them that as it is all sandy country. Ideal place for riding. It will take the place during the winter of swimming. We are very fortunately situated here being able to get out and go places.

I heard that there is a Sister Bennallack out here in the Middle East. From the description it sounds like our Bennie. I have written but so far have received no reply.

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**From Madge at home, on holiday from her train in North
Ireland—January 2, 1942.**

I am writing this at home whilst on seven days leave—seven precious days. I return next Tuesday to the Emerald Isle to my old unit. I am still with them, and love every one of them. I should hate to be transferred now.

Since you wrote your letter, your own country is now at war. I am watching the Philippines with a wary eye. The situation seems serious. How will it all end? Nazism seems to have had it all its own way up to now. The Far East too has a nasty look. However, we must just keep on keeping on!

During the winter months my two junior nursing sisters and I have been sent from the train to assist in a nearby military hospital. To my utter horror, they made me Home Sister. So I'm responsible for the bedding down, feeding, and watering of 55 nursing sisters! Can you imagine it? I'm nearly driven nuts. I scarcely know beef from tripe but I'm scraping along not too badly. They tell me I make a good Home Sister, but I hae ma doots. I made the plum puddings and Christmas mincemeat, and they gobbled 'em all up, and not a soul has died or been sick, so I've taken fresh heart!

From Betty in London—January 12, 1942.

I went to a wonderful pageant at the Albert Hall on New Year's Day, The Empire and Her Allies. There were 1,000 people watching and it was a parade of British and Allied forces. It started off with a fanfare of trumpets and then the National Anthem was played by massed bands during which the officer in charge stood at the salute. Then the most wonderful thing happened. The bands struck up The Star-Spangled Banner and again he stood at the salute and of course everybody in the hall stood. The march which affected me most was that of the Chelsea pensioners in their red coats with all their medals—all elderly men marching stiffly to the playing of "The Boys of the Old Brigade" and the march of the men of 1914-1918 also wearing their medals and carrying their banners. Then came soldiers carrying the Union Jack followed by the banners of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. These four stood in the center of the stage in front of the massed bands while men of all the Allied countries marched through the arena with their countries' flags, and grouped themselves at either side. Men of the three Services, the Civil Defence, women of the nursing services,—all marched through. Then Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, Free French, Poles, Czechs, Greeks, Yugoslavs, and men from every part of the Empire followed. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster (both of whom addressed the crowd), the Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church and the Moderator of the Free Churches were escorted to seats in front of the stage; and then Count John MacCormack sang. After that Robert Speight recited The Morning of Christ's Nativity, and Polish and Czech choirs sang carols. John MacCormack then sang the first verse of the "Adeste Fidelis" and all of us sang the rest. Afterwards Admiral Sir Edward Evans (head of the Civil Defence) spoke, telling us first who were in the boxes—King Haakon of Norway, Prince Bernhardt of the Netherlands, King Peter and his two brothers of Yugoslavia, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, Mr. Winant, Mr. Maisky, Dr. Wellington Koo, the Belgian Premier, the I-forget-who-of-Greece,—all of whom stood up and bowed.

It was all wonderful and impressive—the Albert Hall lends itself so well to such a splendid scene and I felt proud to be

amongst it in my uniform, but I prayed very hard that the war might all soon be over and all of us back in our peacetime homes.

Next month I shall have to send Buckett my re-entry permit (*to get renewed*) for the third time. I don't think I shall have to send it many more times, do you? Isn't Russia splendid and also of course the Chinese? Really everybody—all of the Allies—are splendid and now we are so united such a lot will happen soon.

It's frightfully cold here but we are well fed and well clothed—so different from the enslaved peoples, God help them!

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From Mac at a military hospital in Essex—

February 6 and 8, 1942.

I can't tell you how grieved I was to hear of Willeford's death, it was really a great shock to me as you know I was very attached to her and admired her so much.* I can't get her out of my mind and she must have suffered too.

As you know I was in the hospital for five weeks after the plaster came off, having treatments, Physio-Therapy. I am feeling all right now, my back solid, only a few pains in my legs now and again but that will disappear through time.

Now I am starting a new job, quite new, as the train would have been too much for me for some time anyway. I am Home Sister in this hospital and have charge of the soldiers when they are up—such as seeing their dining room is nicely kept and their food hot, also their recreation room and to sum the whole thing up, entertain them. I think you will approve of that. It is a large military hospital with a big staff.

Well, we are fighting together now and it has given us great confidence over here. Although you were in it before, still there were a few isolationists and now they are gone. We have two great men and they will see us through. It has been long and weary but still, we must carry on and see Victory. I didn't come home to lose the war, only to win it.

I think so often of the peaceful days in Kentucky (were they peaceful when wells went dry and walls cracked and light

*Footnote: Many are the letters coming in from the old staff and other friends, expressing this shock and grief.

failed!) and long for Kentucky again. I went to a Red Cross sewing party when I was up in Scotland and talked to them about the F. N. S. They were so thrilled to hear about it first hand and I enjoyed it. I felt as if I were back there and forgot about the war.

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From Mary Cummings in Montreal—March 22, 1942.

Ever since the Red Cross opened a Blood Donor Service I have been giving my services on Mondays and Thursdays. It is really very interesting. All donors are voluntary and 400 cc. is taken from each. The clinic opened in October and we now have some 5,000 donors on the list. We need 8,000 to fill the quota for Montreal—calling the donors every 8-12 weeks. So far Montreal is not accepting women donors.

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From Genevieve Weeks in Providence—April 10, 1942.

I just heard the postman come with the mail and ran down to see what he had brought, and there was a letter from Boxie mailed from Halifax. So she reached there safely. She said they picked up a lifeboat of men on the way who had been drifting for four days and she had to treat them for frost-bite, etc. I wonder if she is the only nurse on board! The rescued men said their ship had been torpedoed twice, but on the first occasion it didn't go down.

She said there were 24 passengers on her boat—8 women and 16 men. Some were embassy people, some business men, a U. S. A. newsreporter, a mother and young child returning to England from India, a young Canadian girl going to England to be married, etc. She said the boat was very heavily laden so that in spite of very rough seas it didn't toss about much.

It was nice to hear from her en route and I look to you for her next message, and may it be soon.

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CABLE FROM BOXIE FROM GREAT BRITAIN, NO DATE

Arrived.

Beatrice Boxall.

From Bridget

Future address will be: c/o Director of Mines, Alice Springs,
Northern Territory, Australia—

April 17, 1942.

FOREWORD: When last heard from, Bridget (Mrs. Vincent Tothill) was on Nauru Island in the Central Pacific. In our last Bulletin we quoted a statement from Time of December 15th that Nauru had been taken and an AP release from Wellington, New Zealand that it had been bombed. The following letter from Bridget will show that the AP release was correct.

On our arrival in Australia a whole mail bag awaited us—the accumulation of 7 months. Amongst it was the last F. N. S. Bulletin for which many thanks. Well, lots has happened since I last wrote and considering how small and isolated was the spot we lived on it all seems so absurd.

I think I told you how all the women on Nauru were sent South in July,—two Government nurses, three nuns and I only remaining. I had taken over the British Phosphate Company Hospital. The next few months were very peaceful tho' busy. Then Japan entered the war and we promptly had air raids. As I was nursing a seriously ill case at the time it was an awful anxiety to know what to do for the best. We actually suffered more from rumors than the raids. As far as the latter went they kept definitely to their objective, the wireless mast. Rumors kept arising that ships were a few miles off the Island, that we would soon be prisoners of war and so forth and so on. Finally we moved the Hospital out to some caves which made a natural fortress and stayed there for five days. By that time Rumors and Raids were better, but my husband had developed a bad attack of dysentery. So we returned to the Settlement. Vincent got better, the patient died, and I came down with a very bad attack of sciatica and we were marooned!! Some months later we were dramatically rescued with one small suitcase, a knapsack and a water bottle out of all our life's possessions. It was awfully hard choosing what to save, and some of the most precious things, such as my husband's diaries, had to be left as they took up too much room. We can only hope that some day we may return.

We'd expected to be jobless on arrival in Australia but were asked to carry on with the Chinese. So here we are en

route for the "Never Never Land." Comparisons are interesting. The English population here is 494 per square mile. Where we are going it is 1 per 100 square miles!! We're very vague as to just where we are going or what we're going to do. I wasn't allowed up as wife but am permitted in the capacity of nurse. I gather we're to be under canvas for a while. We've done 2,000 miles land travel and have another 1,000 yet to do.

The talk is all of air raid precautions, evacuations and rationing. Tea is 1 oz. per week per person, an awful blow to such a tea-drinking race as the Australians.

I suppose the present stage of evolution will be most interesting to read about 2,000 years hence but it's deuced unpleasant to live in.

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From Green in London—April 26, 1942.

My dear Mrs. Breckinridge, Buck, Agnes, Lucile, Vanda, Dr. Kooser and all the rest of the dear dear family, how terribly sad I felt last night when I read in the Bulletin of the passing of Willeford. I could not help weeping as she was so staunch and loyal and I had a deep admiration for her. I am truly thankful she has been relieved of her suffering and take courage from her wonderful spirit.

Then too, the sad news of the Garden House. Oh dear, it is too too pathetic but thank God nobody lost their lives. Aggie, you poor dear, I am terribly sorry you lost your treasured possessions but as you say millions have lost all that was dear to them.

Jacko (*Marjorie Jackson*) has been on embarkation leave this past week and sails to the unknown shortly. She has been trying to console her parents as Don, their youngest son, has been officially reported missing since January. He was 21 years old that month too. Marjorie was very proud of him. He got his 2nd class commission on his 19th birthday. She nursed him through infantile paralysis when he was a young boy. Her parents are stoic. Many of the village boys were in Don's Company and how they loved him. These mothers and wives are anxious too and live in hopes from day to day to hear news through Don's mother and dad. They must be proud too. An-

other son is Brigade Major and another Flight Lieutenant—but oh, the constant fear!

Davey Jones must have my last two Bulletins but Betty lent me the Autumn one and last night I went over to Peggy and James and got the loan of the Winter one. Peggy is putting on weight again and is getting like she was at Flat Creek. She is as happy and as bright as ever. She and James never missed a day going to town to their job during the heavy blitz. They always managed somehow to get there. Betty is pining to get back to Kentucky. Buck, do you think you could have a few of us grey-headed ones back? Dr. Kooser, Joy House does look neat and trim. Hope the family are well. Don't suppose I would recognise the children now. My regards to Hannah.

At the moment I am helping to get a blitzed maternity home running and oh, dear, it is heavy work as it is almost impossible to get any domestic staff. Yes, I am back in London but oh, what a different place, very few cars and buses and so sparsely populated. I have got in touch with Kelly by phone. There are several F. N. Sites quite near but we all are so taken up with our jobs we have little time to meet. Lucile, how are you? Wallie and I often spoke of you all. I'm hoping to see her soon. She, of course has had to put her car up. Do you have Mac's address? Do send it. I think my letters to you have gone astray but hope this finally gets through. Oh, how I loved the article about dear old Captain Pat (*a horse*). Thank you for sending so much interesting news through the Bulletin. Vanda, how's life? How I would love to see you all. I'm often with you in thought and spirit. Loving wishes to each and all.

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Our readers all know that the beloved member for so many years of our Wendover secretarial staff, Grayce Morgan, left us early in December to get ready for her marriage which was to be at Christmas. Between her leaving and the date set for the marriage, the Japs struck. Her fiancé who was in the reserves was called up almost at once and the wedding has had to be postponed indefinitely. Grayce is now a clerk in the Air Force and she writes as follows:

"I feel like you are going to be glad to know I am doing the work I am. I feel like I am doing a wee bit of my share. It's a

hectic place to work in with construction work going on all sides and planes taking off and coming in, until one wonders how in the world are the Japs going to do anything against anything so powerful as one of our big bombers!"

Miss Nellie Davis, R.N., clinical instructress at the Hudson City Hospital, Hudson, N. Y., was married March 28 in New York City to Herbert Grube of Baltimore, Maryland. The ceremony took place in the Little Church Around The Corner in New York City. Miss Davis who is a graduate of the Metropolitan Hospital, New York City, served for two years with the Frontier Nursing Service at Hyden, Kentucky. Miss Davis made many friends while in Hyden and was greatly missed when she went away. Mr. Grube is connected with the Rail Express Company in Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Grube will make their home in Baltimore.

—*Thousandsticks*, April 30, 1942.

TRIOLET FOR POULTRY-KEEPERS

Until the dew is off the grass
Young chickens should not have their freedom;
Squeak as they may, don't let them pass
Untill the dew is off the grass.
Seven million chicks a year, alas,
Perish, and thwart the folk that feed 'em.
Until the dew is off the grass
Young chickens should *not* have their freedom.

—Patrick R. Laird
The Countryman, Idbury,
Kingham, Oxford, England.

JUST JOKES

Take one reckless, natural-born fool; two or three big drinks of bad liquor; a high powered, fast motor car.

Soak fool in liquor, place in car and let go. After due time, remove from wreckage, place in black, satin-lined box and garnish with flowers.

Jones: "How do you spend your income?"

Smith: "About 30% for shelter, 30% for clothing, 40% for food and 20% for amusement."

Jones: "But that adds up to 120%."

Smith: "Don't I know it!"

Mistress: "This food tastes terrible. Did you salt it?"

New Cook: "Yes'm, but I never used that brand before. It was called Epsom Salts."

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANT TO THE GREEKS

By WALTER RAYMOND AGARD

Head of the Department of Classics at the University of Wisconsin

Author of: *The Greek Tradition in Sculpture*, *The New Architectural Sculpture*, *Medical Greek and Latin*, *The Glory That Was Greece*, *Classical Gods and Heroes*, and the course on *Modern Sculpture* published by the American Association of University Women.

The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1942, \$3.00

"Democracies and dictators cannot exist together. Every dictator is an enemy of freedom."

—Demosthenes

"That war is terrible I admit, but it is not so terrible that we should submit to anything in order to avoid it. Why do we boast of our civic equality and freedom of speech and all that we mean by the word liberty, if nothing is preferable to peace? Peace, with justice and honor, is the most beautiful and profitable of possessions, but if it is allied with baseness and cowardice nothing is more shameful and disastrous."

—Aratus, quoted by the historian Polybius

To Greece we owe much. She "paid her score," and in the poignancy of her suffering we are not likely to forget it. One small service we can pay her, we can pay her now, pending the time when we can free her, and in the doing of this service we will enrich immeasurably our own minds. We should seek familiarity with the immortal past of Greece.

Some of us have been baffled by the vastness of this subject and the multiplicity of books about it. For such people, and the reviewer is one, *What Democracy Meant to the Greeks* is an answer to prayer. I have read it through twice.

Walter Raymond Agard is not only a classical scholar of international reputation, who has studied at Oxford and the Sorbonne and the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, as well as at Amherst and Johns Hopkins University, but he is a man who knows Greece at first hand through and through. He has spent months in traveling on foot throughout Greece, stopping at her old monasteries, her remoter inns, and in the homes of her people. He found that he could make himself understood by modern Greeks when he spoke classical Greek

to them, although classical Latin is not so understandable by modern Italians. His book is permeated with this intimate insight into the very heart of Greece.

A remarkable thing about this book is that although it is compressed into two hundred and sixty-two pages, one has no sense of condensation in reading it, but rather a feeling of leisure. Seldom is so much given in so little space. A chronology at the end enables the reader to place in their proper period not only the warriors and the statesmen but the architects, sculptors, historians, philosophers and tragedians. Through this chronology one sees at just what time in the history of Greece the Parthenon was built, and in relation to what historical setting the tragedies of Sophocles were written and the comic satires of Aristophanes. There is a chapter on Plato and one on Aristotle. A bibliography at the very end suggests further reading for those who want to delve deeper. The source of each translation is also given, and constantly the author uses his own translation.

If the modern American wants to know something of the culture of one ancient civilization, that civilization undoubtedly should be the one Greece created, because it is the direct ancestor of our own. "Democracy is a Greek word. The democratic way of life was first formulated and practiced by the Greeks." The Athenians it is true did not include women, aliens and slaves in their democracy, but then neither did we in 1789. Their democracy was broader in the Fifth Century, B. C., than ours in the Eighteenth Century, A. D., and they were inventing it. Not only that, but the Greek cities made at least eight attempts to organize what Mr. Agard aptly calls "Union Then" in order to secure protection by cooperation against such powerful external enemies as Persia, Macedon and Rome. Some of these attempts bore a fair chance of success and might not have failed but for the appalling difficulties of communication of that time. In other words, their ideas outran their mechanical devices, just as our mechanical devices have outrun our ideas. We commend this book to all thoughtful readers and close our review with these words of Pericles:

"Judging freedom to be happiness, and courage to be the creator of freedom, it remains for you not to fear any risks, but to rival what these men have done."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

ST. BRIDE OF THE ISLES

St. Bride in legend is loved in all Celtic lands from the western Highlands and Islands of Scotland to Kildare, where, for centuries, her lamp was always kept burning. She is the gentle mother of all young and tender things. Through the mists of centuries we see her gracious figure, her lamb in her arms, a lamp in her hand. When the bitter winds are still blowing, the kindly flame of her flower, the dandelion, shines out and tells us that spring is near. Gentle St. Bride is spring's harbinger, the patron saint of the first flowers and young children. She watches over mothers and their new-born babes and on the hill-sides she brings the shepherds to the new-born lambs. The various lives of her recount many tales of her gentle pity for all young creatures, and for weak and suffering folk. She was noted for her love of animals and birds, and she particularly delighted in calling the wild duck and geese to her and caressing them.

—A *London Spectator* of years ago.

The cover picture for this issue of the Bulletin is a gift to us from Mr. Bernard Sleigh, R.B.S.A., of England who is a friend of our friend, Mrs. Peter Hill of Coventry. Mr. Sleigh is one of England's best wood engravers and designers. When the war began he was designing fabrics for the "Rosebank" fabrics of "Turnbells." One of his designs, with sea gulls and waves, was used on material bought by the Queen for curtains for the Princesses' bedrooms.

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The silhouette used with the article called Midwifery in the Kentucky Mountains came to me several years ago on a foreign Christmas card. There was nothing to indicate who made it or who sold it.

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The drawing for The Kind Old Cow, on another page of this Bulletin, was executed by our gifted young courier, Barbarie Whipple of Rochester, New York and your Editor wrote

the jingle printed beneath it. "Bobby" and I are getting up a series of illustrations and jingles that we call variously "Rhymes for Rural Mothers" and "Helpful Hints in Jolly Jingles for Country Mothers."

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The picture called "A Patriot" was taken by "Andy," our Social Service Secretary Edith Anderson. The words I have put under it are the actual words spoken by the woman I have called a patriot when she refused to ask for assistance from the Government after the death of her son.

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The picture on the inside back cover of the Bulletin of Aunt Hattie's Barn was also taken by "Andy." We intend in each issue of the Bulletin from now on to put a picture on the inside back cover of some one of the many scattered properties of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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"Aunt Hattie," Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong of Washington, D. C. is the kind of person who suggests to her friends lovely bits of verse as Valentines, or Easter, or Christmas cards, or just as between-season expressions of the beauty and fragrance of her life. The following poem is one of many sent her:

"Let me grow lovely, growing old,
So many fine things do
Laces and ivory, and gold
Need not be new.
And there is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold
So, why may not I, as well as they,
Grow lovely, growing old?"

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In the volume of mail that comes to this Bulletin from all over the world we are struck again and again by the fact that widely separated people on several continents and islands tell us that we carry unusual and even unique news of the war. Perhaps they are right. Here are two recent examples.

In a letter of February fifth from our friend Mr. Murdo Morrison of Scotland, he wrote as follows:

"We in this country have been thrilled by the glorious stand made by General MacArthur and his men in the Philippines. I must tell you that nothing has let Mrs. Morrison and me into the secret of that success so much as the account given in your summer Bulletin by Mrs. Pugh. Her experiences with the golf course and on the bridle path round it prove that even in November, 1940, the defences were being properly organised and the men were undergoing a training which has already immortalised them."

The other example also goes back to our Summer, 1941 issue, where we printed on page twenty-six a letter from Lady Dunsany with the kind permission of her brother, our trustee the Hon. Arthur Villiers, describing her flight with Lord Dunsany from Athens to Cairo. In the March 30, 1942 issue of Time magazine we read the following:

"Poet-Dramatist Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, English professor at Athens University since 1940, turned up safe & sound in Dublin, kept mum about how he got away from Nazi-occupied Greece."

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Our readers are familiar with the very personal and almost unbelievably useful charity of Mrs. Arthur Terry of Short Hills, New Jersey—she collects everybody's old glasses and sells the frames. With this money she buys "old-age glasses" which she gives away. Since January of this year we have received one hundred and seventy-three pairs of these glasses and almost all of them are now perched on the grateful noses of elderly men and women. Old-age glasses are just magnifying glasses. They enable the old man to see how to drive a nail and the old woman to see how to thread her needle. They are a greater blessing than we can ever begin to express.

We are not the only recipients of Mrs. Terry's charity. We make mention again of our gratitude because we want those of you who read about Mrs. Terry to send her your discarded frames since that is all she asks to maintain her charity.

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The friends of John C. Breckinridge, who died last year, raised the money among themselves, with no public appeal, for "The John C. Breckinridge Memorial Ambulance" which has been bought and will be put to immediate use by the American

Field Service operating with the British Forces of the Middle East Armies, Headquarters at Cairo.

This particular memorial was chosen because John C. Breckinridge drove an ambulance in the last war and together with Mrs. Breckinridge gave an ambulance to the Norton-Harjes unit which operated at that time with the American Field Service. The memorial was oversubscribed.

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Your Editor and Director is one of seventeen Kentuckians who will receive honorary degrees from the University of Kentucky at Lexington on Friday, May the twenty-ninth, when this Bulletin will be, hopefully, in the press. She will receive an honorary Doctor of Laws. It is not only an honor to receive this degree from Kentucky's University but an additional honor to be associated with the other sixteen recipients. They are: The Right Rev. H. P. Almon Abbott, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Lexington; Senator Alben W. Barkley; J. W. Carnahan, Chicago; Federal District Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown; Maj. Gen. Allen W. Gullion, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Raymond F. McLain, President of Transylvania College; Judge Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington; Irvin S. Cobb, Paducah and Hollywood, California; Dr. A. L. Crabb, Nashville, Tennessee; Dr. John G. Metcalf, University of Virginia; and Rabbi Joseph Rauch, Rogers Clark Ballard Thruston, Dr. Charles W. Welch, Dr. Irvin Abell, Mrs. Mark F. (Willie Snow) Ethridge, all of Louisville, and Dr. Fred W. Rankin, Lexington.

Dr. Herman L. Donovan, the newly installed President of the University, gave out the following statement for the press:

"It is the first time since the fiftieth anniversary of the University that such an extensive group has been selected for the honor and it is in keeping with the double celebration of the University's seventy-fifth annual commencement and the sesquicentennial of the founding of the commonwealth of Kentucky."

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We forgot to mention it before but The Progressive Farmer made us "The Woman of the Year in 1941" and presented us as such in its issue of February, 1942. Two things were particularly gratifying about this honor. One was the pleasure it is to a rural-minded person to be recognized by a farm journal of such high standing and interest as The Progressive Farmer;

the other was the mail this honor evoked. Particularly delightful was a letter from our old friend, Thomas Cooper, Dean and Director of the College of Agriculture of the University of Kentucky.

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Dr. Frank McVey, one of our trustees and retired President of the University of Kentucky, has accepted the position of State Campaign Manager for Kentucky of the United Service Organizations, Inc. drive. His headquarters are at 421 Hernando Building, Lexington. He has done an excellent piece of organization and as this is written the drive is getting under way. He has done me the honor of placing me on his State Committee and I do so hope I shall be given time and strength to be of some help to him. All that we can do for the fighting forces is little enough when they do the fighting.

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I also accepted the position as one of the sponsors for the National League of Nursing Education's campaign for funds. Side by side with the soldiers at Bataan and Corregidor stood the nurses. We must not let the armed forces down in the matter of nurses, and we must not let the civilian population down either. To keep the supply of nurses going we want, and I am confident that we will get, a vast number of the best and ablest of our young women to enlist in the ranks of the training schools for nurses, attached to our great hospitals.

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Our representative at the American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology in St. Louis in April was our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser. He reported a most interesting session and said that he had the pleasure of meeting again a lot of our old friends such as Dr. and Mrs. Dyer from Oklahoma, Dr. Dailey from Washington, Dr. Murphy from Omaha. Several of the papers read that he enjoyed the most (such as the one on the RH factor in mothers and another on the Renal Aspects of Hypertensive Eclamptogenic Toxemia) were, as he rightly says, "too scientific for general consumption." It is a pleasure to report that he thought one of the best papers he heard was that given by Miss Thomas of the Maternity Center Association

on the organization of the Tuskegee school for colored nurse-midwives. Perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the whole session was an "Information, Please" program in which the audience sent up written questions that had to be answered by four platform leaders with a quiz master in charge. We were all of us thrilled to learn that Dr. Isadore Dyer's Oklahoma exhibit won first prize in the exhibits.

Our representative at the Biennial meeting in Chicago in May of the American Nurses' Association, the League of Nursing Education and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing is Miss Louise Mowbray, one of our top senior nurses. She is a graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses in Boston and she took her graduate midwifery training in Edinburgh. She is therefore an S.C.M. as well as an R.N. We would all of us like to be present at this Biennial and will look forward with eagerness to Miss Mowbray's report when she comes back to us.

On Saturday, March twenty-eighth, our Washington Committee gave its traditional annual Benefit at the Mayflower Hotel. As always, we had that distinguished lecturer, John Mason Brown, and a distinguished list of patronesses headed by Mrs. Roosevelt and including Mrs. Henry A. Wallace, Madame Espil, Viscountess Halifax, Mrs. Harlan Fiske Stone, Mrs. Cordell Hull, Mrs. William R. Close, Madame Munthe de Morgenstierne, Madame Loudon, Mrs. Richard Casey, Mrs. Owen J. Roberts, Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, Mrs. Francis Biddle, Mrs. Jesse Jones, Mrs. Warren Austin, Mrs. Sumner Welles, Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, Representative Frances P. Bolton, Mrs. George Marshall, Mrs. Harold Stark, Mrs. Thomas Holcomb and Mrs. Robert Patterson.

The list of box holders was also a distinguished one. Mrs. Lawrence Groner's Washington Committee, in itself distinguished, carried the detail work of the Benefit with customary smoothness and efficiency. The net result in terms of money, from the tickets sold and special gifts made at that time, was \$1,658.75.

John Mason Brown called his lecture this year The Theater

in War and we think it the very best he ever gave. Mrs. Groner opened the meeting and as I had the pleasure of being there she introduced me and asked me to introduce the speaker.

From Washington I went to Boston where the Boston Committee gave me a luncheon at the Country Club on Wednesday, April first, where I spoke. It was deeply moving to me to find the Country Club packed with people including many new people as well as a host of old friends. At the speaker's table I sat between our Boston Treasurer Mr. Charles Jackson, and Dr. Jason Mixter who introduced me. At the same table was Dr. William R. Rogers and it was delightful to be flanked by the two surgeons who had carried me through the operation on my broken back. It is pleasant to associate on a standing-up basis with two men who attended me for months in plaster shells. Our Honorary Chairman Mrs. E. A. Codman, was also at the speaker's table, with other old friends, and our new able young Boston Chairman Mrs. Reginald Smithwick presided.

There was a note of personal sadness for almost all of us at this meeting because one of the members of our Boston Committee, Mrs. Lincoln Baylies, had just lost her oldest son at the age of nineteen during the period in which he was taking his training for our flying forces.

At both the Washington and Boston meetings I had the joy of seeing something of old couriers. Two of those at Boston had come from a distance to attend the luncheon there, Mrs. Arthur Perry (Mardie Bemis) of Providence and Elizabeth Campbell of Sewickley who happened to be on a visit to Mardie.

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Our Social Service Secretary, Edith Anderson, attended the meeting of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority chapters of Indiana and DePauw Universities and alumnae from all over the State, at Indianapolis in March and spoke to this large gathering on the social service work of the Frontier Nursing Service. As everyone who knows us knows, the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority adopted our Social Service Department years ago as their national charity. Although "Andy" was having her vacation she continued to speak before every group that asked her including the South Congregational Church at Utica and the Utica Central School of Nursing at Faxton Hospital. We might add at this

point that "Andy" came back to us engaged to be married to Mr. George Lawrence now stationed at Camp Upton on Long Island. As Mr. Lawrence served with the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at college he hopes to qualify for a commission, but he and "Andy" do not plan to get married any time soon. So we have her back with us with all of her fine capabilities and that mingled sense of happiness and anxiety which is the lot of a girl who is engaged today.

Another speaker for the Frontier Nursing Service in March was our courier Marion Shouse in Washington before the Washington Alumnae Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi. The Chairman of this active chapter is Mrs. Harley B. West, the wife of Lieut. Col. Harley B. West of the War Department's general staff. Still another March speaker was Mrs. Morris B. Belknap who spoke to the Young People's Service League of St. Mark's Church in Louisville.

In April, Dr. Francis M. Massie of Lexington spoke to the Jemima Johnson Chapter of the D.A.R. in Paris in the Duncan Tavern and illustrated his talk with F. N. S. slides. Another April speaker was Miss Eva Gilbert, Instructor of the Frontier Nursing Graduate School of Midwifery, who spoke to the Alice Brown Guild of the First Presbyterian Church in Dunellen, New Jersey. Eva was particularly thrilled when the Guild presented her with a ten-dollar check for the Frontier Nursing Service.

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The Bargain Box in New York had as a Benefit on April fifteenth the Blue Hill Troupe which presented The Pirates of Penzance. It is too soon to learn the financial returns from this Benefit, but there was a large attendance. As everybody knows, the Frontier Nursing Service is one of the charities that benefits from the sale of rummage of all kinds at the Bargain Box. The other six charities are as follows: The Association for Aid of Crippled Children, the Girls Service League, Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service, the Lincoln Hospital Social Service, the Metropolitan Hospital Social Service, and the New York Infirmary for Women and Children.

Sponsors of the seven charities affiliated with the Bargain Box gave a buffet supper for the members of the Blue Hill Troupe at the home of Mrs. Marshall Prentiss. The members

of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service and their friends had a Dutch treat dinner at the Carlyle Hotel immediately preceding the performance of *The Pirates of Penzance*. Our courier, Mrs. Richard S. Storrs ("Frenny" Rousmaniere) was Chairman for the dinner. Under the auspices of our New York Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, and the Treasurer of the Bargain Box, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, we had a fine group of members of the New York Committee and other friends working for this Benefit.

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We get a great deal of satisfaction in the coming of the babies of our friends. Mr. and Mrs. Carlile Bolton-Smith of our Washington Committee have twin daughters, not in the least alike, but each adorable. The Bolton-Smiths are walking on air. With two boys in their household, what they wanted most in all the world was twin girls.

On May seventh another interesting baby appeared in Washington,—a big husky boy born to Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Train, also members of our Washington Committee. Mrs. Train is the daughter of our Washington Chairman, Mrs. Groner, and the sister of our courier Marion Shouse. From Marion we had a characteristic telegram which concluded with these words "All well including both grandmothers."

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I was deeply moved to receive a card on Mother's Day from one of the Puerto Rican nurses who stayed with us for observation last year, Aida Pietri. She wrote on it "With love to one who can be so motherly to a stranger."

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All of us in the Frontier Nursing Service are deeply attached to Dr. Charles B. Crittenden, Director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health of the Kentucky State Board of Health. We have been profoundly distressed to learn from Mrs. Crittenden of his serious illness with coronary occlusion. As we go to press the news is a little more encouraging. We are carrying him and Mrs. Crittenden continually on our hearts.

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We are thrilled to announce that Brownie, daughter of

Widgeon of Fernova (Dair) and Wendover Ursula (Penny), won second prize out of a class of sixteen retrievers in a field trial on Long Island on May 10, 1942.

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The Annual Meeting of the Trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service and their friends takes place this year at the Country Club near Louisville on Wednesday, May twenty-seventh following luncheon which will be served for one dollar at 12:30 p. m. Mrs. Morris Belknap, our Louisville Chairman, and Mrs. William W. Gaunt, Chairman of the Meeting, and the other members of the Louisville Committee have all arrangements in hand. The Chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. E. S. Jouett, will preside.



THE PATRIOT

"I reckon as how the Government needs the money worse'n we do right now."

FIELD NOTES

Friends, precious loyal friends, have sent us spontaneously all the money we need for rebuilding the Garden House. Their gifts range from two dollars to five thousand and there are hundreds of them. A full report on these gifts and on the new Garden House will be given in the summer issue of the Quarterly Bulletin with a picture of the new Garden House, if it is finished.

People ask us occasionally how it is possible to rebuild at this critical time. There are three reasons: first, we have a high priority number because our work is listed "in the national defense"; second, we had started building (and bought and had delivered the bulk of our supplies) before priorities began; third, our building doesn't come under new construction. We are replacing an essential structure which had burned.

Any one of these reasons is valid and when I give them all I am reminded of the colonel in the Confederacy who failed to fire a salute when his commanding officer visited his post. He said there were three reasons why he hadn't fired the salute and the first one was that he had no ammunition!

I am also reminded of my old cousin Laetitia Bullock of dear memory in Lexington, Ky. When automobiles first came in and she was asked if she was going to get one, she replied that there were three reasons why she wouldn't get an automobile. In the first place, she couldn't afford it; second, she had no place to put it; and third, she didn't want it.

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Every spring and autumn we have forest fires and this spring they have been perfectly appalling. There have been 530 forest fires in Southeastern Kentucky and they have destroyed 20,000 acres of forests, according to Mr. Harrod B. Newland, Assistant State Director of Forestry. Most of these fires occurred in a three-week period in April when the weather was exceptionally hot and dry. For days the pall of smoke was so heavy we could not see the sun. Now that sap has risen fully in the trees, and they are fully in leaf, the fires are over. Aside from the widespread destruction caused by the forest fires, they

slowed up the war job from damage to power lines, and because men had to leave their work in the coal mines and on the farms to fight the fires. In our own neighborhoods we had many of these fires, including one on North Mountain, across the river from Wendover, which is the property of the Frontier Nursing Service. We are profoundly grateful to our fire warden, Mr. Walter Green, some of whose assistants worked a day and night to get this fire under control.

A singularly irritating thing about these annual fires is that nearly a third of them are started deliberately. By this I do not mean that they are started with malicious intent. Undoubtedly that occurs, but I have never known personally of a case where it did occur. What happens is this. A custom in here as old as time is for people to set fire to their fields, and to their brush, in advance of spring plowing. They have a rooted conviction that it is good for the land to burn it and that in doing so they destroy insects and weeds. As a matter of fact what they do destroy is the humus which mountain lands desperately need. They have every intention when they start these fires of keeping them under control, and that in spite of the fact that every year many of them get out of control and burn their own fences, and their neighbors' fences, and spread into the forests and set fire to the forests.

What is needed, desperately needed, is an educational program that will explain the folly of this custom. We are enchanted to learn from Mr. C. G. Queen, whose article on the John William Bell Forest Fire Look-out Tower is printed elsewhere in this Bulletin, that the Fordson Company has offered to give two books by the State Department of Education called "Fire Prevention Manual" and "Units in Conservation of Wildlife and other Natural Resources" to every teacher in the areas in which the Fordson Company has hundreds of thousands of acres of forest land, providing that the various County Departments of Education will devote part of the months of October and March to the study of forest fire prevention.

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We now have a Plasma Bank at our Hospital at Hyden which is kept supplied by local donors of blood. The first two donors were two boys in Hyden, who came up spontaneously

to offer their blood as soon as they heard of the Bank, and their names are Walter Sizemore and Ed Joseph. Then Miss Leota Sullenger popped up with blood to give and our nurse "Fergie" (Miss Margaret L. Ferguson) gave some blood just before she left on March eighth to take a course in public health at George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

We had a lot of others who volunteered to give blood but unfortunately we haven't the refrigerator space to store as much plasma as we should keep on hand. Plasma must be refrigerated while it is "settling out," but the refrigerator where the plasma is stored cannot be turned up for full ice production. We only have two refrigerators and unless they both run full tilt we haven't enough ice in the summer for the ice caps for the patients, to store food, to take care of the bottles for the infant feeding cases and so forth, and so forth. We just cannot afford to tie up a whole refrigerator with blood plasma. *What we desperately need is a refrigerator for blood plasma, and our serums, and for nothing else.* If we can get a priority on one, and we think we can, will somebody give it to us? It will cost between one and two hundred dollars depending on the size.

In making the blood plasma we use the same system as at the Rochester Genesee Hospital where our nurse, Josephine Green, was trained. Dr. Kooser says, "It is a great help to have her for she is so familiar with the technique." So far we have used our plasma on four patients, all maternity cases, as follows: Mrs. Bailey of Cutshin Creek who was brought to the Hospital with a hemorrhage; Mrs. Cornett of Camp Creek who was brought to the Hospital bleeding dreadfully from a miscarriage; Mrs. Bowling of Flacky Creek and Mrs. Osborne of Osborne's Fork of Bull Creek who both had hemorrhages following the birth of their babies. In both these cases, Dr. Kooser carried the plasma to their homes and used a log-cabin technique.

This blood plasma business is an enormous improvement over the old system of giving the blood from person to person. One does not have to waste precious time in typing a donor before the patient with the hemorrhage can get the blood. The plasma is ready and can be given immediately. Blood for plasma does not have to be typed, but the donors are all given the Kahn test to be sure that their blood is pure.

We continue to have extraordinarily interesting medical cases in our Hospital at Hyden. Lately we have had an infant with "hemorrhagic disease of the newborn, with excessive hematemesis, and melena." Dr. Kooser reports that the response to the specific vitamin, which is vitamin K, has been gratifying.

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Dr. Charles Crittenden (before his illness) and Dr. Oma Creech of the Kentucky State Board of Health came up to us at Hyden on March ninth and tenth to hold the examinations for the students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery who were at the close of their six months' course. The four pupils were Patricia Simmons and Nola Blair of the Frontier Nursing Service staff, and Josephine Kinman sent to us on a Federal Government fellowship from Georgia and Rosa Clark sent to us on a similar fellowship from South Carolina. All four passed the examinations (which were stiff and included oral, written and practical work) with flying colors. They now receive the diplomas of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Miss Kinman has returned to work in Georgia and Miss Clark has returned to South Carolina to work. From Columbia she is so kind as to write us as follows:

"Wish it were possible to give back just a wee bit of what I got from F. N. S. Since that is impossible I'll just try to keep spreading the good news of what F. N. S. is doing. I've become an object of peculiar interest down here because of my experience there."

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The fifth class in midwifery of the Frontier Graduate School started on April fifteenth and the four pupil midwives are the following: Marian Cadwallader and Minnie Geyer of the Frontier Nursing Service staff; and Ruth Herron on a Federal Government fellowship from New Mexico, and Aileen Murphy on a similar fellowship from Alabama.

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A very dear friend of ours read in our winter Quarterly Bulletin of the money raised by Mrs. Rex Farmer, Mrs. Hoyt E. Porter and Mrs. J. D. Begley of the Hyden District Committee to buy new bedside tables for our Hyden Hospital. He was so deeply moved by what these three women had done, and the

generosity of the response from local citizens, that he sent a check for one hundred dollars to be added to the Hyden District Committee fund for Hospital needs. We consulted with Mrs. Farmer, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Begley and with our Hospital Superintendent Vanda Summers, and it was unanimously decided to spend this gift on four plain Hospital beds and mattresses which were badly needed to replace four of our earliest cot beds still in use. The beds have been bought and installed. Now, except when we are overcrowded, we have no beds that aren't modern. For our acute surgical cases we have had Gatch beds for some years. These were also the gift of this same dear friend.

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Before Marian Cadwallader entered the spring class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery she was Dr. Kooser's clinic nurse. One of the clinic nurse's extra jobs, not required but done purely as a labor of love, is to hold a class throughout the school year in home hygiene and care of the sick for the high school girls of Hyden. These girls make posters to illustrate the subject of their choice and every spring we have a poster contest in which several people, invited by Miss Cadwallader, select one poster for first prize and four posters for second prizes. The judges this year were Dr. John H. Kooser, Mr. J. D. Begley, County Superintendent of Schools, Miss Vanda Summers and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. The posters were all so extraordinarily good that it was heartbreaking to select five out of them all for award. Some illustrated the sanitation of a home, kept clean and reasonably fly-proof, without waterworks; some illustrated the safety of the home that has no electricity and where the little children are exposed to open fires; some illustrated the care that should be given the expectant mother, or the young baby; some illustrated first aid; and some illustrated the kind of food for a balanced diet where the vegetables come out of your own garden and the milk from your own cow. What gratified us deeply was the way in which the instruction had tied up with local facilities. Everything had been done to illustrate how sanitation and safety and a decent diet could be had for the mountain cabin and the mountain mother. In other words, these young high school girls had not been given theo-

retical stuff applicable only in cities. They had been taught to make the best of their own resources. We awarded the first prize to Vivian Hoskins and Laura Hensley and the second prizes to Mary Ethel Maggard, Freda Nance, Spica Morgan, and Elsie Lee and Myrtle Baker. We gave several others honorable mention and we felt that all of these young girls deserved honorable mention.

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We extend our heartiest congratulations to our friends Mr. and Mrs. Walter Begley of Hyden on the birth of a daughter, Barbara Ella, their first child.

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We have received a package containing four baby blankets, four baby sweaters, one pair of baby mittens and one pair of baby socks and several toys and on the inside of the box is the name "Suzanne." This box was addressed to Mary Breckinridge and was received on May first insured from New York. Will "Suzanne" please send us her full name and address so that we can write our grateful thanks to her personally?

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The power company in Hazard has a nutrition class which we think an excellent idea. At their request, Dr. Kooser spoke to them lately on vitamins.

The Eleventh District of the Kentucky State Nurses Association met in Hazard on April twenty-fourth. We were well represented because Dorothy Buck, Vanda Summers and Helen Edith Browne all went over to attend this most interesting session.

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One of our nurses (Minnie Meeke) at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus has a pair of geese named Peter and Bridget. She wrote in April, "Bridget is sitting on five eggs and she is so cute. I gave her the eggs on Good Friday." Since then, Bridget has hatched her eggs and the goslings it seems are beyond praise.

The other Brutus nurse, Elsie Nora Kelly, came back in April from her holiday and wrote as follows:

"I arrived back about 8:30 p. m. Friday night, and took over from Audrey Saturday morning. I did a 15 mile round and was called to a 'false call' before I quite got home (another good 5 miles). I got back ravenous to my first food since breakfast, and was called to an accident just as I sat down to dinner. What a life to come back to!

"I had a glorious time in Florida: riding, swimming, bowling, reading, eating, sleeping and going to the pictures.

"There, the war was very close. We had an evacuation station, blackouts, air raid wardens. We heard guns out to sea, and the beaches were covered with tar from sunken tankers. Planes flew so low over the beach and sea that we could plainly see the pilot."

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Our dear Lucile Hodges left again on April first for her home in Huntsville, Alabama. Our dear Audrey Collins has again taken over the post of Bookkeeper at Wendover and is down in Lexington with the auditors, Hifner and Fortune, as we go to press.

The resident couriers have been Jean Hollins and Fanny McIlvain. The first senior courier this spring was Kitty Lou Taylor of Pittsburgh, who worked with her usual gay efficiency in spite of the fact that she had announced her engagement before she came and has planned her wedding for May twenty-seventh.

While Kitty Lou was senior courier, Florence Booker of Louisville relieved in the Social Service Department for Andy's vacation. When Andy came back Florence took over the work as senior courier.

Louise Pugh of Cincinnati was the junior courier the early part of the spring and Ellen Bruce and Cornelia Rowland, both of Baltimore, are the junior couriers at the present time. This branch of the Service has run with its customary efficiency in the hands of these able young women.

Grace Reeder of Cincinnati has succeeded Marian Cadwallader as Dr. Kooser's clinic nurse at the Hyden Hospital and Esther V. Thompson of Minnesota has followed Margaret Ferguson as one of the staff nurses in the Hospital.

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We have been sore beset with staff surgery this spring.

There are some years in which the staff run to horseback accidents, and some years in which they run to surgery.

On March twelfth, Jean Kay, one of the senior nurses at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center, was operated on for appendicitis at the Hyden Hospital. On April eighth, Louise Mowbray ("Charlie"), senior nurse in charge of the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center, was operated on for an infected gall bladder with adhesions, also at our own Hospital. Finally, Hannah Mitchell, Assistant Instructor in the Graduate School of Midwifery, on May seventh was operated on for appendicitis with adhesions, again at our Hyden Hospital. Our dear Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard came over for all of these staff operations, as he always does so generously and kindly and so brilliantly, and all three patients are making a good recovery. Jean Kay will soon be on full-time duty, "Charlie" will not be back on duty until July first, and "Mitch" is still in bed as we go to press!

Can you who read, imagine what it does to a widespread and not-quite-fully-staffed Service such as ours, to have our old war horses struck down like this?

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Dr. and Mrs. Kooser had as their guests this winter two charming friends, Dr. and Mrs. Dean Sheldon of Sandusky, Ohio. Dr. Sheldon generously offered to relieve this summer for a bit of a holiday for Dr. Kooser, but this may not go through because Dr. Sheldon has offered his services to the Navy Procurement Board and he may be called up before the summer is over. Everyone on the staff who met both him and Mrs. Sheldon thought them entrancing and we do love the following paragraph from one of his letters:

"I have had a remote interest in the Frontier Nursing Service for several years due to John's association with the project. I had, however, never realized that it could be the grand undertaking that it is. If stars are still being placed in people's crowns I feel that you and your staff should come in for a lion's share. I believe that 'minimum fuss and maximum accomplishment' would describe the entire picture of things as they appear to me."

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Recently Dr. and Mrs. Kooser entertained our dear nurse of early years who was Isabella Dougall when she came to us

from Scotland and has long been Mrs. Fernando Marraine. Although her husband is of Italian descent, he was born in England a British subject. As those who read our Old Staff News are aware, "Dougall" brought her young children, Ione and Peter, to Virginia during the period of terrific bombing of London. When the need for trained nurses became acute in America "Dougall" took a job with the State Department of Health in Ashland, Kentucky, where she got a nurse for Peter and could send Ione to school. She has just accepted a post with the Jefferson County Health Department at Monticello in Florida. Together with the two children and a kitten, she stopped off at Hyden with the Koosers on her way down to Florida. It was lovely to see her again and to meet her two beautifully brought up and utterly charming children.

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Our courier Helen Stone (called "Pebble" by her intimates because she is a little Stone), who is now an aviatrix, has given Wendover a workshop which we call "The Pebble Workshop." It was a greatly needed piece of construction. In fact, we don't know how Oscar Bowling could have begun work on the new Garden House without a workshop and its long carpenter bench and storage place underneath for lumber. For the benefit of all who know Wendover we will add that it stands just inside the big gate to the left as you come in.

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About an acre and a half of the steep mountainside on which Wendover is built is arranged in terraced gardens after the fashion of the Austrian Tyrol and Switzerland. Since we have loads of manure it is possible to grow a lot of vegetables on this space. The soil is poor in phosphates and is too acid for anything but potatoes, therefore we have to add lime and phosphate about every other year. Our gardener, Mrs. Belle Morgan, has men as she needs them to plow and help in other heavy work. She combines the care of the chickens with the gardening and we raise several hundred young chickens annually by the old-fashioned hen-and-chicks method. We keep a careful accounting of these activities, as we do of everything. The garden and chickens pay all their own expenses of labor, seed,

fertilizer, chicken feed, spraying, in fact everything, and clear a little money annually. As by-products of both, they afford the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service a pleasurable hobby and they give the staff and guests earlier and fresher and tenderer vegetables than they would otherwise receive, as well as eggs almost direct from hen to table. This year we are making an effort to produce the biggest garden ever, both because it is a war duty, and because of having lost in the Garden House fire over a thousand glass jars of our own canned stuff.

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When I telephoned in January to Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York about the loss of our thousands of maternity records in the burning of the Garden House, he said the most heartening thing to me. Of course he had done complete tabulations on the first four thousand, but we had seven hundred and four untabulated ones, and in any case it has been heartbreaking to lose all those early records. But Dr. Dublin drew my attention to the well-known fact that since the Frontier Nursing Service began its work the maternal death rate has (in the past ten years) been cut fully fifty per cent for the nation as a whole.

He said that the Frontier Nursing Service (by achieving a death rate under difficult conditions so much lower than the national) had brought to the attention of the nation the fact that its death rate did not need to be so high. Dr. Dublin said that he thought no other single factor had done as much as we had done to awaken the people of America to their needless loss of women in childbirth. He said, "Don't think of the records you have lost but of the lives that the Service has helped to save."

HONOUR TO THE SPRING ONION

Whereas in the ordinary onion there are only 31.2 mgms. of calcium, .3 of iron, 14 international units of vitamin A and 52 of vitamin C, THE SPRING ONION has 135 mgms. of calcium, 1.24 of iron, 6000 international units of vitamin A and 280 of vitamin C.

—*The Lancet*, London.

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FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



"AUNT HATTIE'S BARN"

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

This picture shows the great barn of the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden, which looks rather like a battleship launched on the side of the mountain.

