

Did some Pueblo group resent the intrusion of the Gallina people, and wipe them out? We are not yet sure. We are only certain that the Gallina towers, perched on inaccessible cliffs and ridges, were picked off one by one by an unknown enemy. Every tower is a part of the same tragedy of 700 years ago.

The other day we got a letter from

Joe Areano. He has found a cliff house far back in the Gallina country, in a canyon we have not yet explored. In the cave house are several Gallina towers, and everything in them is perfectly preserved by the dryness. When the war is over, we shall go again to the tower country, to find the rest of the lost story if we can.

## Your Hospital Needs More Nurse's Aides

Condensed from  
The Houston Chronicle

*Louise Macy Hopkins*

MANY thousands of men returning home after the war will need nursing for months, perhaps years. Hospitals will be even more crowded than they are now. Any woman, anywhere, may find herself cast in the role of emergency nurse. Every woman should be prepared — and in preparing herself she can help her community and her man in the service. Now, as never before, our hospitals must have more nurse's aides.

I was in France for nine months before that nation's fall. By day, I worked on a fashion magazine; but at night, when I did my stint at a canteen, I knew that the effort expended there was more satisfying. When the Germans came into Paris, I returned

to New York to continue my magazine work. But with Pearl Harbor came the conviction that I must change to something more significant than concern over the width of a skirt ruffle or the size of a hat brim.

Where would I be most useful? What did I have to offer? Not much, I feared. But where could I get the best training for a new kind of activity? A friend suggested that I become a nurse's aide. Every nurse's aide helps to release a more highly trained nurse who can be sent to hospitals for soldiers — and there is a desperate need for nurses for the armed services. A nurse's aide helps the man in uniform by helping his loved ones back home. There's no better way than that.

"There never was a better nurse's aide," said a Washington hospital official of the author, Mrs. Harry Hopkins

I enrolled at Memorial Hospital in New York and completed 300 hours of looking after cancer patients. After my marriage I shifted to Washington's Columbia Hospital. Since then I have completed more than 3000 hours in hospital service, and with every hour on duty I have found the work more fascinating, more gratifying.

No woman can be at a bedside of pain without getting a renewed appreciation of doctors, graduate nurses, and the wonders of medical science. Just learning something of how pain can be eased at childbirth and in operative cases has been worth all the fatigue I have felt after carrying trays, rubbing aching backs and scrubbing floors from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

The work is hard. It is also frequently distressing; particularly when one is trying desperately to help hold back the hand of death. You cannot work in a hospital and bother much about your own troubles. Personal worries are forgotten in watching at a bedside where, but for you, there might be no one else to watch.

The appreciation patients show is

touching. They are deeply grateful for even the smallest attention — the attractive breakfast tray, the cool hand on the fevered brow at just the right moment. Every day I receive thankful letters from former patients.

Frequently, too, I find myself a kind of mother confessor, listening to a patient's innermost secrets. A closeness invariably develops between the patient and the nurse's aide; and that, too, is a gratifying part of the job — the best wartime job any woman can have.

At Columbia Hospital, about half a dozen nurse's aides are on duty each day. There should be at least 20. "If it were not for nurse's aides, we couldn't carry on," a physician told me the other day. "But we need more — many more." The problem is much the same at every other hospital in the country. I hope that every woman and girl, who can give up the time, will enlist.

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*For complete information on nurse's aide training courses, consult your local Red Cross organization.*



## The Still, Small Voice

SOME years ago in our rural section of southern California, a Mexican mother died leaving a family of eight children. The oldest girl, not yet 17, was a tiny thing. Upon her frail shoulders fell the burden of caring for the family. Taking up the task with courage, she kept the children clean, well fed, and in school.

One day when I complimented her on her achievement, she replied, "I can't take any credit for something I have to do."

"But, my dear, you don't have to. You could get out of it."

She paused for a moment, then replied, "Yes, that's true. But what about the *have to* that's inside of me?"

— Contributed by Verna Rallings