

# The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. VIII

WINTER, 1933

NO. 3



CLIFTON RODES BRECKINRIDGE in 1916  
with his first grandchild, and namesake, "Breckie."



**CLIFTON RODES BRECKINRIDGE** in 1931  
with his eighth grandchild, his wife's namesake, "Kate."

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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## IN MEMORIAM

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### CLIFTON RODES BRECKINRIDGE

Born near Lexington, Kentucky, November 22, 1846.

Died at Wendover, Kentucky, December 3, 1932.

*"And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman."*

It is not the purpose of this little sketch to comment on the long years of his life, public or private, which preceded the formation of the Frontier Nursing Service, in which he took an active part in his eightieth year. It is our purpose, rather, to show that old age, as he lived it from his eightieth to his eighty-seventh year, may be as useful and even as creative as youth and maturity.

He gave of his small means and of himself in the fullest measure. He spent the greater part of each year at his log house in the mountains and, until advancing feebleness daunted even his vitality, he rode over the roughest mountain trails to visit the centers the Frontier Nursing Service was building and to see his friends. With his profound knowledge of parliamentary procedure, combined with a genius for simplicity, he helped in the formation of our first mountain committees. His deep-rooted faith in the land and the people who live on the land, his ardent belief in the immense value to society of a prosperous and happy rural population, his conviction that the welfare of the mother and her baby was primary to the success of civilization, all found satisfaction in the work of the Frontier Nursing Service.

The condition of the land itself interested him greatly. He had observed the terracing of steep mountain slopes in the Austrian Tyrol and in Switzerland, and on his own place at Wendover he put these principles into operation. Hundreds of feet of rock terraces and stone drains stand today as a memorial

to his practical sense of the way in which mountain land should be used to prevent erosion, to make productive gardens, to combine fitness and order with beauty. Every summer he employed one or more men on this work, and during the early years he worked with them. When each day drew to a close he could be seen at "the edge of dark" walking by the side of the river, his fine head bent a little, followed by his old fox terrier, Patch.

To the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, to guests from the outside, to all of his mountain friends, he played the part of a royal host. No woman, however young, ever came into the room, until his last illness, that he did not rise to meet her. Although he lived for the future, he was of his own generation always, and followed the gracious and gentle manners in which he had been reared. One November evening at Wendover a young mountain woman who needed care was brought in from up-river by her husband on his mule. She was carried into the living-room—worn, sickly, in a faded jacket—and placed in a corner of the big sofa in front of the log fire. He was standing on the hearth and, leaning against the stone chimney, he watched her thoughtfully. From a pocket in her calico gown she pulled an empty corn cob pipe and looked at it wistfully. Instantly his tobacco pouch came out of his pocket and he stooped forward to fill her pipe, saying gravely, "Allow me, Madam." Then the two smoked together, quite at ease.

He had outlived all of his generation. The large family of brothers and sisters and cousins with whom he grew up, the men with whom he enlisted, at the age of fifteen, in the armies of the Confederacy, the associates of his public career, his wife, all had gone before him to "the Land o' the Leal." During the weeks of his last illness, when his mind wandered, he re-lived his boyhood and the stormy days he gave in his youth to the Lost Cause. His gray dressing gown reminded him of the uniform he wore then. Once he said, "Do you see the soldiers?" "Yes, Major," the friend with him answered, "I see them." "They are my comrades," he replied. "We are camping out together tonight."

Of his genius for friendship all of his life, and of its flowering afresh each year, hundreds who knew him could bear testimony. "He was so gallant and courteous and kind," said one. "Always I will remember the sweetness of him, the gentleness and greatness of him," said another. To a young kinswoman who asked him how to grow old he replied, "My child, live simply and love deeply."

Nearly two thousand years have gone by since this message was first given to the world in one supreme Life—but wherever it is re-enacted in the aim of a humble follower "the dark night wakes, the glory breaks," and the little Child is re-born. "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." Truly, to the simple and loving of heart is revealed the secret of immortal youth.

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"This is an attempt to express our appreciation of the Frontier Nursing Service and what it has meant to us. I count myself extremely fortunate in living in one of the districts and having the attention of the nurses before, during and since the birth of my baby. It is a great help to be able to say 'call the nurses' when we have a question we can't decide among ourselves, and to know that we can have sound advice either from them or from your doctor at Hyden."

—From a Christmas letter from a Big Creek mother and committee member.

## DIARY OF A CHRISTMAS SECRETARY

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Nov. 15. Back in Hyden again! Everything looks just as it did last year and the year before, the twinkle of the hospital lights high up the mountainside giving forth the same friendly welcome.

Greeted at the hospital by Mac and the other nurses. Introduced Carol King who came with me to be a part time courier and to help with the Christmas toys. Found a few changes in personnel such as a new yellow cat and a magnificent black dog who isn't quite used to his long legs yet.

Nov. 25. An endless number of packages have come. They have all been carried up the two flights of stairs to the attic, been carefully opened, with each bit of string and paper put aside for future use, and the contents listed and assorted into their respective places. Have had a perfectly grand time playing with the different toys. The most entrancing green frog arrived this morning who gives mighty leaps across the floor when he is wound up. Have almost conquered "Swanee River" on a harmonica.

One of the ward nurses came up for some quilt pieces. A convalescent patient was feeling unhappy with nothing to do. A bundle of the most exciting colors and kinds had just been put away. Took them downstairs and Mrs. Ingram's eyes shone as she sorted them over and set to work.

Dec. 1. Opened a small parcel this morning and found an adorable little pink sweater and cap. Took it in to be admired by the district nurses. Each one immediately pounced on it for one of her beautiful babies. Hastily recovered the set and hurried it off to a safer place of keeping. Let's hope there will be dozens more.

Dec. 5. Helped with the "grab sale" this morning. All the used clothing that has been sent in was sorted and put in

the dining room. The new clothing of course was kept in the attic to be given later as Christmas presents. There were people at the front door as early as six o'clock waiting hopefully. Some of them had been on the road for hours bringing in their produce to exchange for a pair of shoes or a warm sweater. The doors were opened soon after breakfast, and in half an hour not a garment was left. Such exultation from those who had braved the darkness in order to be early and get the first chance at the assortment, and such pathetic disappointment of the late arrivals who came when the supply had given out. Net proceeds for the hospital: a small amount of cash, twenty-three chickens, and potatoes, eggs and turnips ad infinitum.

Dec. 10. Ruined another pair of stockings yesterday. Have taken to overalls now as the only solution to the dress problem.

Dec. 15. Another hectic day. An enormous shipment of express was landed in the front hall last night. Had my head in one barrel or another all morning, discovering the most thrilling things: underwear, sweaters, layettes, toys. Even a new paring knife came to light which was quickly retired to the kitchen.

The attic has certainly been transformed. The pile of underwear is assuming immense proportions. Red and blue and yellow balls are spilling over the top of their box. Dolls are packed in two trunks and in every conceivable corner. Have to leap deftly over orange-winged airplanes, drums and stacks of picture books to get to the corner with the baby clothes. It is such a heartening sight, knowing what it will mean to the mountain children, later on that a tumble or two becomes entirely negligible.

Dec. 18. Packed the load for Bowlingtown yesterday. The mule team and wagon left early this morning piled high with barrels, boxes, cartons, tins of candy and, finally, the driver perched on top. The one for Confluence goes tomorrow.

Dec. 22. The Brutus wagon started on its way at dawn. The Beech Fork load went at noon and Red Bird later in the

afternoon. An extra box of used toys went on the Red Bird wagon bound for a school away up Hal's Fork. It is out of the district that the nurses cover but so poor that we welcomed this opportunity to send a bit of cheer.

Dec. 23. The Flat Creek wagon left this morning. Two men went with it, one to drive the mules, the other to hold the wagon on the road and keep it from tipping over or sliding down a precipice. The Wendover team leaves next week. The trails are so unbelievably narrow and rough, have offered up a silent prayer with each load that it might end the journey safely.

Dec. 24. Ednie went home this morning. Everyone feels as though a member of the family has left. She was brought to the hospital in September—a limp, ghastly-looking little mite of humanity, nearly dead from starvation. Three blood transfusions and expert care have gradually wrought a change. Her increasing weight has been a daily topic of conversation at the breakfast table. Gave her some extra clothes from the attic. Her mother brought a cunning sweater and pair of stockings that she had made—spinning the yarn from the raw wool, then dyeing and knitting it. What a perfect Christmas present for that family to have their baby back again—healthy and well!

Dec. 30. The last bag has been labeled and filled with a generous assortment of clothing, toys and candy for the various families. The Christmas tree is glistening with tinsel and bright-colored balls. Tomorrow the long-awaited Hyden party will be in full swing.

Dec. 31. A "tide" came up during the night (the result of a heavy downpour) but it failed utterly to dim the success of the party. Hundreds came even though some from Cutshin way had to paddle across the river in flat bottomed boats, and many more had to walk miles through the rain and mud.

One little boy from Short Creek some distance away trudged in soaked to the skin. After he had warmed himself, the nurse gave him a new overcoat. When he put it on, he



simply looked at it with his solemn brown eyes and said, "This is the best Christmas present I ever had."

Carol and I handed out nearly a thousand bags of candy and passed around hot cocoa and coffee. Everyone had a very gay time and went away so grateful and pleased with all that had been done for them.

January. Another Christmas is over. Must get out the time tables and think about going home. It will be hard to leave this beautiful country, but I am carrying away with me the memory of a wonderful Christmas that I shall never forget.

CYNTHIA TOWNLEY BEATTY.

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Poosum Bend has a literary and debating society. Miss Nora Kelley reported that at their December meeting they had the following debate: "Resolved that a dog is more useful than a gun." One boy on the affirmative said: "Look what the guns did in the Great War; many a man was killed in sin and went to hell; if I may say so?" The negative side pressed the point of dog fights. The affirmative side replied "that even if dogs did fight, it was only dogs' blood that was shed and that when it came to guns it was human blood."

## CHRISTMAS AT POSSUM BEND

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One more Christmas has come and gone at Possum Bend. We were so busy ushering babies into this topsy-turvy world that Christmas-time came with quite a shock. However, we decided to entertain one or more creeks a day Christmas week. So we invited Wilder Branch, Possum Bend and Moseley to come on Tuesday. The wagon had only returned Monday afternoon from Hyden, loaded with the toys, candy and clothes, so we had to get busy.

It was cold, snowy weather with a real holiday spirit in the air. With the help of that indefatigable courier, Betsy Parsons, we got things sorted, the tree trimmed, candy bags packed,—working way into the night.

Tuesday morning dawned clear and cold and the children from Wilder Branch School were here at eight o'clock. They were weighed and measured and chose their gifts and got their candy and were gone by the time Possum Bend and Moseley Schools came. We had carols and a nice program prepared and how the children enjoyed their parts! We clapped vigorously and were well rewarded by smiles. We weighed and measured these children, too—then served cocoa and biscuits; and each child picked out exactly what he wanted. How the girls' eyes lighted up when they shyly asked for a doll and got it, or a set of dishes. The boys, of course, wanted knives, harps or marbles, mostly, and the sets of tools. The wonderful wooden animals, trains, balls, etc., delighted the "least ones."

Grassy Branch came Wednesday and there must have been about 175 altogether. They gave a lovely program and sang beautifully. The school teacher, Clayborne Campbell, certainly deserves a lot of credit.

Trace Branch came on Thursday. Here was a bigger crowd than ever. Such a bunch of daddies came, too, and we sent them out to the yard to play ball.

Hell-for-Certain sent the biggest crowd of all, however,—at least 300 people. Mules were hitched for about a half-mile on either side of the center, and a wagon also . . . . the driver cracking his long mule whip merrily as he drove up. . . . Their program was beautifully done. . . . several little sketches with costumes of crepe paper. . . . the mothers' faces so beaming that we couldn't resist beaming back. All of these children, too, were weighed and their height and chest measurements taken. It was a real job in addition to the party, but a heap of satisfaction. The cocoa was replenished time after time; we served nine gallons.

So the week ended. We were tired but extremely bucked.

E. M.

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We are delighted to be able to announce that Miss Katherine Ernst of Cincinnati has taken the vice-chairmanship of the Cincinnati committee of which Mr. James M. Hutton is the chairman and of which Mrs. Davis Anderson was co-chairman up until the time of her deeply regretted death.

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"A nine-pound girl up on Bad Creek, Mrs. Collins," the nurse-midwife called to a waiting neighbor as she rode back towards home in the gray dawn.

"Now, you hush!" was Mrs. Collins' answer from her cabin doorstep.

## THE BELGENLAND

FAVORABLY KNOWN AMONG WORLD TRAVELERS, AGAIN INVITES  
ITS OLD FRIENDS

### PORTS OF CALL

LA GUAYRA . . . main seaport of Venezuela, with side trip thousands  
of feet up into the Andes to

\* \* \* \*

CARACAS . . . the capitol of Venezuela

\* \* \* \*

CURACAO . . . in the lesser Antilles, a quaint bit of old Holland in a  
Carribean setting, and a free port where perfumes, laces, linens, tweeds,  
etc., may be bought at prices unbelievably low

\* \* \* \*

PANAMA . . . and the great Canal

\* \* \* \*

JAMAICA . . . (KINGSTON) . . . Two days to make the most beautiful  
drive in the tropics, across this lovely island, to the beach of picturesque  
PORT ANTONIO

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*Statements by seasoned travelers of the delights of this dignified  
and conservative boat.*

"It has been a glorious trip . . . Nothing more restful and no greater  
comfort could be imagined. The appointments, service and food are fully  
equal to those of the best hotels in the world and the ship plows the seas  
as free from motion or vibration as though we were sailing on a rippling  
lake."

Samuel Untermeyer, New York.

\* \* \* \*

"I want to thank you for this excellent crossing, and also to say what  
a real delight this beautiful ship is."

Mary Garden.

\* \* \* \*

"In every way such perfection of organization for the comfort and  
pleasure of all the passengers on the tour could not be excelled."

W. S. Fergusson,  
Col. His Majesty's Body Guard.

\* \* \* \*

"The table affords all that any one could desire, and the stewards are a  
fine lot. We had a delightful voyage."

David Magie,  
Latin Department, Princeton University.



**SMOKING ROOM**

**OF THE**

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**SMALL SECTION OF LIDO DECK**



RED STAR LINE S.S. BELGENLAND 2

## ANNUAL EVENT

The Second West Indies cruise sponsored by the

**PATRONS AND TRUSTEES**

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15 DAYS

SAILING FEBRUARY 25TH

MINIMUM RATE \$177.50

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Seven successful and h

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Mileage to date, 500,000

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A cruising record equal

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Eight Large decks

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## TRADITIONS OF THE BELGENLAND

Successful and happy trips around the world  
 Fifteen other special cruises  
 Date, 500,000—twice the distance between  
 the earth and the moon  
 Record equalled by few modern steamers  
 Known in the far corners of the world,  
 Making her first West Indies Cruise  
 . . . . .  
 Large decks available for passengers  
 All Deck Sports

Gardened Lido Beach, two sunken outdoor Swimming  
 Pools surrounded by 6,000 square feet of  
 Ostende sea sand . . . Sun bathing

Dance Orchestra . . . Special dancing partners of  
 university men from the "Dean's lists"

All passengers seated at one dining service  
 . . . French cuisine

Mrs. Edna Packard of Louisville, contract bridge  
 teacher trained by Culbertson, will organize tourna-  
 ments and give instruction without charge



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Seven successful and happy trips around the world  
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A cruising record equalled by few modern steamers  
The Belgenland, known in the far corners of the world,  
now making her first West Indies Cruise

Eight Large decks available for passengers  
All Deck Sports

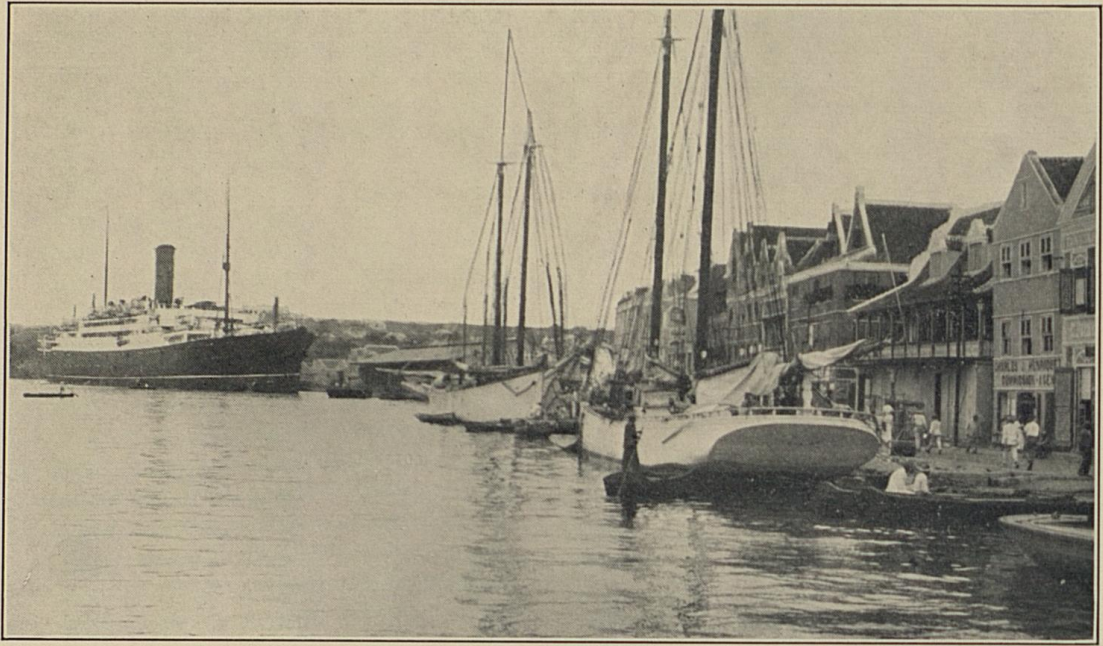
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Dance Orchestra . . . Special dancing partners of  
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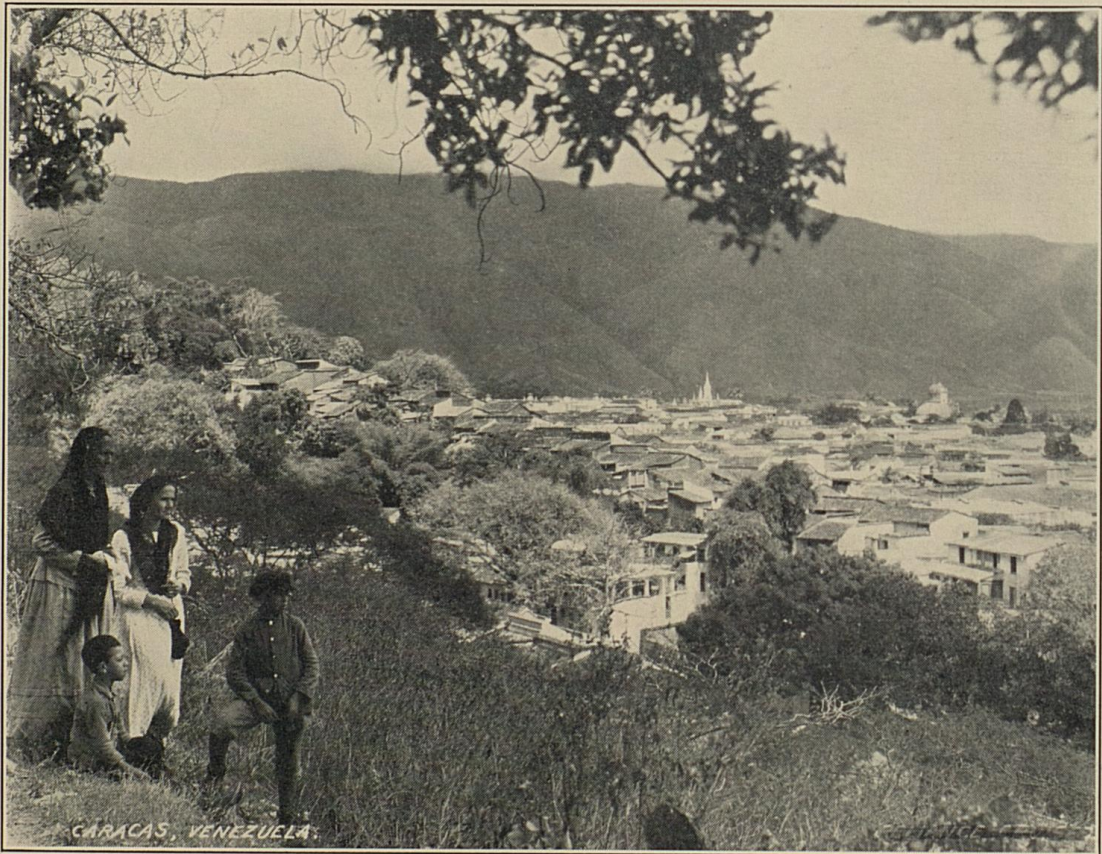
All passengers seated at one dining service  
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CURACAO



CARACAS, VENEZUELA

CARACAS IN THE ANDES

## S. S. BELGENLAND CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES

REPRINTED FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE,  
JANUARY 4, 1933

On February 25 the S. S. Belgenland will make a cruise to the West Indies lasting fifteen days. The itinerary includes La Guayra, Curacao, Panama and two days at Jamaica. Whoever takes this ship will know that he is helping a work of national character and contributing to the happiness of mothers and little children.

The Frontier Nursing Service, of which Mrs. Mary Breckinridge is the volunteer director and which carries on a mid-wifery service of high character in the Kentucky mountains, will benefit through the sale of reservations for this cruise. In nine nursing stations covering a neglected region of about 700 square miles, some thirty trained nurse-midwives ride the trails on horseback, not only taking maternity cases but giving their skilled nursing care to nearly 8,000 babies and children and several thousand adults besides. And the great success of this work in the last eight years has national significance, for already similar service is being considered for other neglected frontiers. In the mean time, however, the Frontier Nursing Service is desperately in need of funds. And so, if you are considering a winter holiday, won't you plan it at a time to help this valuable work—a real and vital contribution to the future citizens of the United States? Reservations may be made through the Red Star office or through any one of the steamship agencies with which you are accustomed to deal.

The price of reservations is in accordance with established rates for all West Indies cruises. The committee of the Frontier Nursing Service would earnestly draw your attention to this particular cruise for a full boat will help them and make a congenial ship's company besides.

DOROTHEA BLAGDEN,  
Chairman New York Committee.

Hyden, Kentucky

January 1, 1933

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

At last somebody has broken my midwifery record of which I was so proud. You will remember my telling you while I was relieving at Beverly I had five night calls in a week and "cotched" six babies. Well, Marion Price beat me in December.

She started with a midnight call to a patient on Leatherwood where she delivered a boy baby at two o'clock Saturday morning. Saturday night she had to go out again. This time it was to a woman on Turkey Branch where she delivered twin girls early Sunday morning. Everything was fine and back came Marion thinking she might have the rest of the day to herself—but no; she had been in the center about two hours when along came another man from Leatherwood! This was a call to a woman who was having her first baby and whom Marion was particularly anxious to deliver.

Since there was a slight possibility of still another case Marion phoned to let me know that some other nurse must stand by. Dinnie was on her way from Redbird but she couldn't get all the way to Bowlingtown in one day. I did the only thing possible, which was to call the Confluence nurse, who was more or less free, and tell her to be prepared to answer the next call if it came. I did this knowing that I could more easily take an emergency call to Confluence from Hyden than go immediately to Bowlingtown. Also, knowing Marion, I was sure that she would much prefer to carry on with the case she'd started even if a nurse did go to relieve her.

I did not hear any more until Monday morning when Marsh called from Confluence to tell me Marion was still out. Dinnie was on her way by this time and I knew if help was needed I would get a message. I got through to Bowlingtown and the maid told me Miss Price had delivered the woman who called Sunday morning but had been fetched immediately from that

house to another woman five minutes walk up the creek! I really was terribly worried about Marion because this made three nights she had been out, but Dinnie could relieve her right away.

It just happened that Monday night Dr. Kooser and Miss MacKinnon went to a medical meeting in Hazard. At about eight o'clock the phone rang and I was wanted. Bowlingtown was calling for help—the patient had not delivered and Marion needed help right away. That meant getting Doctor back from Hazard—an hour's ride in the car, getting his horse and mine ready to set off as soon as he arrived. An hour when one is waiting seems so long and I knew it would take us at least four and one-half hours to ride to Bowlingtown and another hour on up Leatherwood. Finally the hour passed and we got off quickly. The horses went splendidly in spite of the mud—mud six inches deep in places I am sure. We plodded on, neither of us speaking much. I, for one, was wondering what we would find and if the woman was in very much distress. A twenty mile ride to a case in the city is not far, but here it seems endless. It began to rain—first a drizzle, then a little heavier, and finally a heavy downpour as we were going over Shoal hill.

Why does one remember distressing incidents on a trip like that? I suddenly thought of another night just thirteen months ago when I had a similar ride to Bowlingtown which had a sad ending. The patient herself nearly died and we lost her baby. I tried to forget it.

We had to call at the center to find out if there were any messages for us and I shall not forget in a hurry what a relief it was to see all the windows lighted up. Doctor said, "I don't believe we will have to go any farther," and in a very weak little voice I answered, "I hope not." The maid came out onto the porch and called out to us, "Get down and come in. Everything is all right and Miss Price and Miss Dunstan will be back in a little while."

I really don't think anywhere in the world except in very isolated places there can be such a feeling of relief when

somebody says, "It's all right." We put our horses up and raced in to hear the news. Poor Mrs. England didn't know much but she would tell us that we did not have to go any farther, so we collapsed in two comfortable chairs while she got us some hot milk. It was three o'clock on Tuesday morning and at four o'clock the nurses came in. Marion had beaten my record—she had "cotched" five babies in seventy-two hours! She was tired out and Doctor insisted that she go to bed immediately and stay there.

This doesn't sound like such a record really, but you know the hours of travel and the difficulties we come up against, and I know you understand that five babies delivered by one nurse in seventy-two hours is something to be proud of when our record is a baby a day. So Marion now holds the record—but babies still come and I wonder how long it will be hers?

With my very best wishes for the New Year, I am

Yours sincerely,

BETTY LESTER,  
Midwifery Supervisor.

---

Baby delivered last week and the \$5.00 fee was paid with three pounds of beef (local), two bushels of Irish potatoes specially picked out, one and one-half day's work on our furnace pipes and water system.

(signed) Nora Kelley.

Letter from a member of the staff whose home is across the river from Wendover, in reply to one from the Director explaining the financial strain.

August 10, 1932.

"Thank you so much for your kind letter.

"My desire to remain with the Frontier Nursing Service is twofold: My interest in the Service as an organization, and the welfare of the mountain people.

"Watching the growth of the Frontier Nursing Service from the dawn of a lovely July morning, which brought you to us on 'Teddy Bear', to the present time.

"I remember too well the difficulties and tragedy we faced without proper medical attention before you came to the mountains.

"My willingness to stay with the Service through the crisis is unbounded. Please let me thank you for giving me this opportunity to *try* to express my appreciation to you, the Executive Committee and the Service, for the marvelous work that has been done for the people here, which are, truthfully speaking, my own."

GRACE MORGAN.

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Mr. C.-E. A. Winslow, Dr. P. H., New  
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Wendover, Kentucky

#### Volunteer Director

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R. N.

#### Assistant Directors

Miss Gladys M. Peacock, R. N., B. S.  
Miss Mary B. Willeford, R. N., Ph. D.

#### Medical Director

John H. Kooser, M. D.

#### Contact Secretary

Miss Jessie Carson

#### Statistician

Miss Marion Ross, M. A.  
(Carnegie Corporation Grant)

#### Office Secretary

Miss Agnes Lewis, B. A.

#### Social Service Director

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## HONORARY TRUSTEES

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## MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Dr. Scott Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.	Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky.
Dr. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky.	Dr. Francis Massie, Lexington, Ky.
Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky.	Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.
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	Miss Marguerite Wales, New York, N. Y.
	Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.

## 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 wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

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

*Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,*

**MR. C. N. MANNING,**  
Security Trust Company,  
Lexington, Kentucky.



## FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember this institution 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."

.....

.....

It is preferred that gifts be made without restriction, since the Trustees thereby have a broader latitude in making the best possible use of them. Of course, however, they are also welcome where a particular use is prescribed.

To facilitate the making of gifts of this sort, it is suggested that if they come by will there be added to the form shown above some such language as the following:

"This devise is to be used (here describe the purpose.)"

### Suggestions for special bequest:

- \$50,000 will endow a field of the work in perpetuity.
- \$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.
- \$ 5,000 will endow a baby's crib.
- \$10,000 will build and equip a Frontier center for the work of two nurses.
- \$15,000 additional will provide for the upkeep, insurance, repairs and depreciation on this center, *so that*
- \$25,000 will build and maintain in perpetuity a center.

A number of these centers have been given and equipped, and provision has been made for the endowment of three.

Any of the foregoing may be in the form of a memorial in such name as the donor may prescribe, as, for example, the Jane Grey Memorial Frontier Nurse, the Philip Sidney Frontier Hospital Bed, the Raleigh Center, the Baby Elizabeth Crib.

*Any sum of money may be left as a part of the Frontier Nursing Service Endowment Fund the income from which will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees, and the principal of which will carry the donor's name unless otherwise designated.*

## Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1922, of

### QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for January, 1933.

State of Kentucky }  
County of Fayette } ss.

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

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

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

Editor: Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Leslie County, Ky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owners are: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, Chairman, Louisville, Kentucky; Mrs. S. C. Henning and Mr. E. S. Jouett, of Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, of Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-chairmen; Mr. C. N. Manning, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. Joseph Carter, Versailles, Ky., secretaries; and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the corporation or person for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.,

By Mary Breckinridge, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of January, 1933.

CELIA GOLDSMITH, Notary Public,

Fayette County, Kentucky.

My commission expires September 18, 1935.

### 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 cooperate 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."

