Among the Deep-Sea Fishers

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THE NEW MEDICAL ERA IN ST. ANTHONY

BY HERBERT THRELFIELD-EDWARDS

"WELL move tomorrow," Dr. Curtis said one afternoon the latter part of January. He said it quite calmly. The remark might have been "Hand me the forceps, please" or "Put on a wet dressing," but it meant the culmination of long years of hoping, planning, working, and worrying. It meant that the old wooden frame hospital was to be abandoned and the door which had stood open for a quarter of a century to receive patients from the two coasts of North Newfoundland and Labrador was to be closed and locked! But it also meant that the doors of a thoroughly modern, fireproof, up-to-date hospital were to be opened. The gray concrete building which had been growing steadily since May, 1925, was now finished, and stood ready and waiting for doctors, nurses, and most important of all, for patients.

It is true that Dr. Curtis' words, despite their significance, were not greeted with cheers or shouts of acclaim. For weeks every one had been at work till late at night, cleaning, painting, and installing new equipment in the new building, in addition to their regular work, in a determined effort to move before the winter finally set in. So that Dr. Curtis' statement meant only more work and worry for those who felt they already had had enough.

But Dr. Curtis, who has managed since the foundations were started to spend hours every day at the new building, in spite of a crowded hospital, frequent operations, and emergency calls, had planned the final moving as thoroughly as he does all things. The new equipment had been installed in December. The heat had been on for weeks; lights needed but the pressing of a button; steam was up in the sterilizer, and a new bed complete with bedding stood waiting for each patient.

January 27 dawned clear but cold, the thermometer marking 25° below zero. As soon as the early dinner for the patients had been cooked, the large kitchen range was dismantled, because it too had to be moved. The general exodus of the thirty patients started at one o'clock, some few walking, the others well bundled up and carried. Stretcher followed stretcher, komatik followed komatik between the two buildings, and barely an hour later every patient had been moved and was safely in bed! Staff furnishings, operating room and dispensary equipment followed. The kitchen range was installed, and by five o'clock the patients were eating their supper, still rather bewildered in their new and so different surroundings. The ward is a patient's world, and this new world of theirs with its gray and buff stucco walls, its waxed linoleum floors and wide corridors, had little in common with the old dingy walls, squeaking boards and narrow halls.

Like all long expected and anxiously awaited events it was over almost before any one realized it had started. One day every one would turn in at the long familiar gate to the old hospital; the next day, just as naturally, continue past the old and take the path to the new. It was another instance of "The king is dead, long live the king." Another milestone had been passed and another era started.

There have been several medical "eras" in St. Anthony. The first and darkest began long ago when the people were dependent on the intermittent medical attention supplied by doctors coming on boats, staying a brief time, and going on to other villages in an effort to cope with an almost hopeless task of serving the entire coast. The next period began in 1901, when Dr. Grenfell spent another winter in St. Anthony and determined to build his third hospital there.

The first hospital on the Labrador coast was opened at Battle Harbor in 1893. The following year found one two hundred miles north on Indian Harbor Island. In his auto-
biography, "A Labrador Doctor," Dr. Grenfell says of the building of the first St. Anthony Hospital: "In the early spring an expedition into the woods was arranged, and with 100 men and thrice as many dogs, we camped in the trees, and at the end of the fortnight came home hauling behind us the material for a 36 x 36 hospital. We were quartermasters and general providers. Our kitchen was dug down in thick woods through six feet of snow."

This first hospital consisted of a small ward for men, an equally small one for women, operating room, dispensary, kitchen, and three staff rooms. Oil stoves were needed to supplement the small furnace placed in an excavation under one part of the hospital. All water was brought in buckets and barrels from a spring, and the one bathtub was filled by hand. The lighting was by kerosene lamps.

The installation of an electric lighting plant in 1908 marked a great advancement, and that same year Dr. John Mason Little, who was the doctor in charge, raised the needed money and greatly increased the size of the building. The wards and kitchen were enlarged and a new operating room and sterilizing room and six staff rooms were added. Soon other advances were made. Plumbing was installed, the heating system was changed from hot air to steam, a sun room and open air porches were built, and these were followed by an X-ray room and a laboratory. The building, which took on larger dimensions with its new wings and additions, still retained many of the original difficulties and inconveniences. It was a frame building, and consequently after ageing was not water-tight. During driving rainstorms water would seep in at the windows and often drip from the ceilings, necessitating constant mopping, and in the winter these same cracks would allow zero winds to compete with the pigmy efforts of the small furnace to heat the wards. The cellar, which was nothing more than a pit dug into the ground under the building, was too small for the boiler. The only access to the cellar for coal and ashes other than through the hospital proper was a small chute barely large enough for a man on his hands and knees.

Drainage was so poor that water flooded the basement to the height of the grates and put out the fires, and in the spring, in March and April, men would be employed pumping to keep the cellar clear! Sewerage was a constant problem, not only because the drains and waste pipes all over the building became clogged, but the main sewer would back up and fill the cellar! Daily inconveniences were too numerous to mention. A single narrow staircase made the taking of stretcher patients up or down a matter of almost acrobatic skill. The sterilizing room, where kerosene stoves were used to heat water and the sterilizer for dressings, was heated by an oil burner, connected directly with the operating room, and the fumes of burnt kerosene and ether made long operating a matter of piercing headaches and smarting eyes. Thin wooden floors separated the wards from the staff bedrooms directly above and the staff dining and living rooms below, so that when the staff were not disturbing the patients below, the patients above interrupted the staff below at their meals and while off duty.

All through the summer months the hospital was crowded far beyond its capacity.
Ordinary days were difficult enough with problems of the management, proper care and feeding of forty and fifty patients, but when the periodical mail boats discharged hordes of patients and there were only half a dozen vacant beds, it was a severe tax on everyone's ingenuity to care for thirty more. After every one supposedly had been settled, some sleeping on chairs, benches, tables, and even on the floor of the reception room, on the examining table, in the dentist chair in the dispensary, or in outside tents, the staff would have a sigh of relief and prepare for their long delayed supper, only to discover several who had been overlooked and for whom accommodation would have to be provided in nearby houses. One night eighty-three patients were sleeping in a hospital intended for thirty to thirty-five.

Conditions in 1921 were such that it was impossible in the old building to meet the situation. Dr. Little prepared a paper outlining in detail the need for a new hospital, and Dr. Clarence Blake, president of the New England Grenfell Association, tried without success to interest a large foundation in America, but nothing was done till the fall of 1924, when the directors of the International Grenfell Association, aware of the urgency of the situation, passed a resolution to borrow money to build a new hospital. Several thousand dollars were borrowed to make the initial purchases, and Ted McNeil went to New York to consult with the architects. He carried with him plans which Dr. Curtis and he had drawn up. The architects, Messrs. Delano and Aldrich, incorporated in the final plans everything which was needed. Ted McNeil returned in May, and in five days ground had been broken and the long-hoped-for new hospital was started!

By October of the same year the basement had been excavated, the steel frame for the entire building erected and covered over, basement floor, walls and first floor slab finished, and enough concrete blocks made to complete the building. A stone crusher supplied the needed gravel, but sand had to be brought from North West River and Forteau, by steamers chartered in Twillingate. Labor was supplied by St. Anthony and White Bay men, and each summer a crew of ten or twelve American college student volunteers have helped. In addition, carpenters and two plasterers were brought from St. John's as well as others from Bay Roberts and Twillingate.

During the winter of 1925 the main steam and water pipes were installed in the basement, and all necessary windows and doors made in the machine shop. In the spring of 1926 a steamer was chartered to bring from New York the remainder of the supplies, another boiler, and hospital equipment, and that summer the building progressed rapidly, the entire exterior and most of the interior work being completed before the cold weather set in. The hospital was finished except for painting January 1, 1927.
The building was designed to separate as much as possible the staff living quarters from the hospital proper. The former are in a three-story and basement building, with an enclosed sun-porch running the entire depth of the building. Directly connected with this is the hospital, a two-story and basement building, so constructed that viewed from the exterior the two wings are apparently one building and on the interior there is no visible division, but the old annoyance of mutual disturbance of staff and patients is eliminated.

The boiler room is separate from but connecting with the main building, and there is free and easy access to it from the outside. Another of the old difficulties, that of heating the hospital, is adequately met by two eight-ton Kewanee locomotive type boilers. These boilers are equipped with the Kewanee smokeless fire box. The smoke, by special system of drafts, passes back through the fire over a bed of drop coals to the main outlet, which results in practically perfect combustion, with little gas and smoke. These boilers not only supply high pressure steam of from 40-60 lbs. to the four sterilizers in the building, but by a reducing valve from the main boiler supply low pressure steam for heating purposes. The vapor vacuum system is used, with modulating control supply valves and thermostatic regulative return valves on each radiator in the building. This insures a uniform and adequate temperature. The boilers also heat a 500-gallon tank of water, automatically controlled by thermostatic element in tank, to supply the taps. A feature of the engine room is a large built-in incinerator for burning all garbage and refuse. Adjoining the boiler room are coal pockets capable of holding a year's supply.

Coming up from the boiler room to the main building, we'll proceed to the western wing and start our tour there. Two large drug rooms and janitor's room adjoin the laundry, which is completely modern, with washers, mangles, and extractors for drying; it is planned to have special engines for these appliances. Here, illustrative of the care with which the building was planned and the many small conveniences for saving steps, we see a chute which delivers soiled articles to the laundry from the floors above. Set into the wall near the laundry is a large sterilizer for the bedding and mattresses of infectious cases.

It can be used with either steam or formaldehyde.

The method of food distribution is the pride of the culinary department. Each diet kitchen sends its own containers in dumb-waiters, to the main kitchen, where they are filled with the cooked food and returned. These containers are fitted into asbestos-lined food conveyor trucks which are wheeled to the patients' bedside, where the food is served piping hot.

All dishes and containers are washed and stored with the linen in the ward diet kitchens and only the pots and pans used in the actual cooking are washed in the kitchen. For this purpose there are two large galvanized iron sinks with separate compartments for washing and preparing vegetables. The maids'
dining room and the pantry adjoin the kitchen. Three large food storerooms hold the winter's supplies. The refrigerating room is separated from the main building, and is complete with an outside chute for ice.

The equipment of the X-ray department, which is also in the basement, consists of a stationary X-ray machine, table with Bucky diaphragm and underslung tube box of fluoroscopic examinations. The intensifying screens and cassettes were given by Mr. Stewart Borger. A portable X-ray machine, the gift of the General Electric Company, is a great convenience for ward work. The dark room is separate and is complete with developing and fixing tanks, view boxes and special waste traps. Following along the wide corridor, we pass a splint room, autopsy rooms, trunk room, battery charging room, and large linen storeroom. Every room in the basement has outside light, and the floors throughout are of painted concrete.

Ascending the stairs which join the main staircase from the entrance, we come to the invisible dividing line between the staff wing and the hospital proper. Entering through the door on the left to the former, we pass two offices, one for the matron, and the other for the doctor in charge, and across the corridor a large coat room and diet kitchen, with closets for linen and dishes. The staff dining room is on the south side of the building, and consequently flooded with sunlight. Adjoining it is the living room with a large fireplace, and beyond a long sun porch, 40 x 12 feet, which is made extremely attractive with gay cretonne curtains and cushions, and wicker lounging and reclining chairs. The room also contains a piano, a Victrola, and a radio, the latter given by Mr. Eldon McLeod. This suite has been furnished throughout by Miss Emily Fowler. The attractiveness and comfort of these rooms and the advantages afforded by their separation from the hospital make them a place of real enjoyment and rest for the staff.

Upstairs there are ten bedrooms for nurses, each with a deep closet, reading lamps, etc. The facilities include a shower bath. The third floor consists of ten maids' rooms, bath with shower, two large linen closets, and a sewing room.

Returning to the first floor, we will turn this time to the right, into the hospital part of the building. Here on the left are another diet kitchen and linen closet for the wards on this floor; to the right, a large reception room, closely connected with the dental room, dispensary and examining room. The laboratory beyond is complete with modern bacteriological equipment, incubators, microtomes, and carbon dioxide cylinders for pathological work. There are also two bedrooms for doctors and house officer, and bath with shower attachment.

The southern end of this wing is given over to wards, one large twelve-bed ward with bath, and two smaller wards of two and four beds, the latter called the Dalzell Ward, furnished and equipped by friends of Miss Jean.
Dalzell, a nurse who died while on duty in St. Anthony, October, 1925. There are also two sun porches for tubercular children, equipped by the Canadian Labrador Branch of the Grenfell Association through the efforts of Miss Fotheringham, who served as aid in the St. Anthony hospital in 1920. Beyond is a large outside veranda, also for these patients.

The second floor of the hospital proper is similar in arrangement to the first. A large diet kitchen, with linen and patient's clothes closet, leads off from the main corridor and has easy access to the wards, of which there are two of twelve beds each, with separate bath and utility rooms. These utility rooms, one for every ward, are a great convenience both in the matter of situation and equipment, with large soaking sinks, rim flushing slop sinks, bed pan racks, etc. On this same floor is a small isolation ward with two beds for infectious cases.

At the southern end of this wing, directly over the first floor sun porches, is a second porch, where patients can be wheeled during the day and literally bathed in sunshine. The Philadelphia Branch of the International Grenfell Association gave $10,000 for this solarium.

The operating room faces northeast, and light is supplied by an overhead skylight or a battery of ten electric lights. There are also wall plugs for electric saws, suction apparatus, or the portable X-ray machine. The equipment of the operating room was given by Dr. Joseph Andrews of Santa Barbara, California. Instrument cases are built into the walls, and the floor is painted concrete. The equipment of this suite also includes an ultra-violet lamp for electro-therapeutic treatment, the gift of the Johnson and Johnson Hospital Supply Company, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Throughout the hospital portion of the building, the Holtzer-Cabot call system connects each patient's bedside push button with the nurse in the central station in the main corridor. There is also a telephone system throughout the entire building. The electric current is carried to the building through underground conduits from the power plant where two fuel oil-burning engines, an eighteen-horsepower Meitz and Weiss and a sixteen-horsepower Fairbanks Morse, are in use. All light wires or water pipes, which are of brass, in the building, are encased in conduits concealed in the slab.
The building is entirely fire and water proof. The exterior walls are of eight inch concrete blocks made on the site. The steel frame was made in New York by the National Bridge Company and bolted on the site. The Lally columns and steel beams are encased in cement, the stairways are of concrete. Floors are of six-inch reinforced concrete with grey Holland linoleum cemented to slab and waxed; the walls are cement plaster, while the ceilings are calcium plaster.

The wards on the south and west (the sunny side) are painted greenish grey, and the corridors, reception, and treatment room on the darker side of the building are finished in light buff, with grey linoleum floors. The central drainage of the roof of the hospital wing is accomplished by a six-inch slope to the center, where leaders carry water down through the building to the main sewer, eliminating all dripping gutters and frozen leaders.

The firm of Delano and Aldrich were the architects of the building, and not only donated the plans but arranged for the purchasing of the material. Ted McNeil, after consulting with them, had entire supervision of the erection of the building. One of the many difficulties that faced him was the problem of raising and placing the heavy steel girders in position with a hand built crane operated by a steam hoist. But he solved it, and to him and Wilfred Mesher are due in large part the excellent construction and efficient operation of the building.

Plans for the electrical, plumbing, and water systems were drawn up by French and Hubbard of Boston, and were the gift of Mr. Hollis French of that firm, vice-president of the New England Grenfell Association. It is a testimony to the detailed care with which they were prepared and to the skill of Wilfred Mesher who superintended the installation, that when the boilers were started not a joint in the building leaked.

The money for the hospital was raised largely in America, the finished building costing over $120,000. The largest single contribution was an anonymous gift of $30,000 made at Christmas, 1925. The people of St. Anthony and vicinity contributed over $2,300 raised by sales and fairs, besides giving several hundred days of free labor.

This has been the description of the furthest northern hospital on the eastern coast of North America, built by money raised by voluntary contribution for the purpose. When this is realized, and the fact that it has been the result of years of planning and working, some of the friends most interested in the project not living to see it finished, everyone must appreciate the achievement of those to whom the credit is due, and admire the courage of those who carried on in the old building with daily hardships which more recent comers cannot even dimly comprehend, and who dared, in spite of repeated discouragements, to hope and plan for better things.

It is a source of the keenest-regret and sorrow to all that Dr. John Mason Little, who for ten years was doctor in charge in St. Anthony, who enlarged the old building and was instrumental in starting the project for a new hospital, who up to the time of his death in March, 1926, did everything in his power to further the plans, is not here to see the complete building. Dr. Grenfell has said that "it was really Dr. Little's surgery that was responsible for the pilgrimages to the hospital that at times almost swamped the capacity of the fortnightly mail steamers with sufferers who came in increasing numbers to get the treatment and help which they claimed they could get nowhere else."

And so the new hospital of St. Anthony stands not solely as a refuge for the sick and needy but as a splendid permanent monument to the ideals of sacrifice and service which have always been of paramount importance to the founder and superintendent, Dr. Grenfell, and have urged scores of doctors and nurses to follow him to these northern coasts.
"LET US DO GOOD TO ALL MEN"

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

Montreal, June 20, 1927.

It is a glorious morning, just such as Montreal knows how to greet the visitor with in the summer heat, with a cool, invigorating breeze floating over the city from the St. Lawrence.

I find myself sitting in the high window of a big hotel overlooking the city, waiting for the train to carry us all along towards Labrador. How can one’s mind help harking back to a day almost exactly like it, when from almost the same window I looked out over the same city, as I waited to start in the first hospital steamer, S. S. Sir Donald—a small eighty-foot second-hand yacht, which the friends in Montreal had purchased and fitted out, and in which I was to steam away into Labrador—lying in the river close by. Over thirty years ago! Nearly every one of the friends who made that boat possible have gone since that day on the long voyage, whence there is no returning to the opportunities which are given us through the relation to this world of our mortal bodies. Thirty years! It is a generation. When I was young the anticipation of a doctor’s life in England was under forty years—and here I am spared for my thirty-sixth year among my fishermen friends of the Labrador. Thirty years ago my machine, which I call my body, was much like a new automobile—not a trouble anywhere in it. Today the mirror tells me it is the body of a white-headed old man, with slower reaction to acceleration, and a creak or two in the joints, with the lights a little dimmer, and the circulation on long runs not so good. My machine has lasted me well; but it is like the Deacon’s One-Hoss Shay, and the only way soon will be to go for a new one and trade this one in. Won’t that be great? The life of the body here on earth is absolutely a matter of being able all the time to change properly to something new—to adapt itself every moment to an ever-changing environment.

My little daughter, rejoicing in a new freedom, said yesterday as I bade her good-bye for Labrador: "Yes, father, but you see I’m ten now (two figures!) and I’m growing up." What fun! To grow up. I am absolutely certain the greatest and most beautiful change of all will be the one that we, having eyes and seeing not, call death. What fun! I can remember as yesterday how my own mind alternated, when I was once floating on an ice pan in the Atlantic, not knowing what to expect—life here or beyond. Looking one way I was crazy to know what was the other side of the sun, then just rising over the horizon of the sea to the eastward; and yet, what would happen to our new reindeer experiment, and the hospital, and the orphan children on the other side of the great cliffs that formed my horizon to the westward. There seemed such a pull each way, each would have been full of fun—oh, the joy of being alive!

Almost all of my beloved friends who gave the first hospital boat have "crossed the bar" of this "bourne of time and space," while I am headed once more for Labrador with my beloved life partner and a merry troupe of Labrador and Newfoundland young people, returning to their homes from technical colleges and schools. Thank God! We love the challenge of its life. No need there to look around wearily and say: "What shall we do today to pass the time? Labrador is still, much as Christ taught us to look upon life anywhere, a field for something to do for everyone who can do anything—and in reality only dead people are unable to do something.

Moses, in the famous battle of old, could not do much. And his younger friends knew they could not. But the three of them together, by one putting up his hands to work and pray, and the other two holding them up, won the big fight. We can all hold up hands to God, "taking no rest or giving God no rest" as old Isaiah put it, "until He makes Zion a blessing." I heard Charles Spurgeon once say: "When I can’t sleep because of my rheumatism, I think of myself as a watchman and pray God to fit for His work those whose bodies are renewing in sleep their ability to do things." To think we can help the Lord is really a big venture of faith; the more you think about it, the more you realize the conceit of believing that a midget like you or me, can do anything really worth while.

But that’s where Christ’s message comes in and inspires us. "Even the porter can watch." Look at what has been the result in Asia of the teaching that the highest occupation of which man is capable is to contemplate and to look forward to Nirvana, where everything is forgotten and has ended in Nothingness. Oblivion! The goal of life! The extraordinary
thing to me always was that if you feel that way, and worship a God sitting on a a lotus leaf doing nothing but contemplate, you should endow him with a hundred hands, all of which shall be folded or idle! Not so Christ—"Cast out the unprofitable servant," he said. "Not every one that saith, but he that doeth shall enter the kingdom." The joie de vivre! All joy lies in achievement. It is the nature of life here. I was hungry, naked, poor, etc., and you did nothing. Out you go—to the place prepared for the Devil, where those who do nothing for anyone else will find the only congenial surrounding. That's not the future for the man who follows the Carpenter of Nazareth here or hereafter. He was up early for He saw that there was value in contemplation. He even prayed sometimes all night—a thing I never could do, because I just fall asleep like the disciple of old, being generally tired out by night. But even that may be good praying, if the sleep is used to fit you for more work. To sleep and to wake to serve better is more Christlike, than to injure your body, which is human, whatever His way, and so wake irritated and unfit to face the problems of a material world. To find the right proportion of contemplation to work must be an individual problem with each of us—the ideal is always in the mean. But this world, as we contemplated it two years ago, traveling all around it, and trying to learn from study of the history of the nations we passed through and of conditions and results as we saw them, taught us one thing, viz.: that we could not hear anywhere of a wiser, braver, truer knight—he called God or man, than the Christ we had been taught came to earth to reveal the nature of God Himself to man. The more you study Him, Himself, and the words He spoke, the more you will be convinced that He really meant that you and I can be useful to God here on this earth.

It wasn't conceit to set out in that little Sir Donald for Labrador and when she was crushed in ice get the S. S. Strathcona and then a second one when she sank at sea, and in another 25 years yet another one. It's an awful conceit. But the truth of it is confirmed in the only way anything on earth can be confirmed, and that is in experiment. "Follow Me," says the Christ. "You shall then have the light of life." God dignifies our otherwise tragic little stay on earth by handing to us the saving of the world.

So, dear friends, may I be allowed to send you a message, as I sit at this high window and look at this great city, and watch a new building going up into the heavens, already twenty stories higher than any I can see anywhere near it; and then when I go down to breakfast and see a whole heap of young men—all eager and strong, yet seeming "so young" to be doing the work of creating a new city (Montreal is now the second largest French speaking city in the world). There keeps revolving in my head a text which I know is in the New Testament, but which I cannot put my finger upon at the moment, to this effect: "While we have time, let us do good unto all men."

I am wondering if I can do any good to anyone in this hotel today. Of course I can. I can be kind, and appreciative, and unselfish. That is like Buddha, perhaps, but it does heaps of good. The good I can do, won't be done if I don't do it. So we leave our loved ones again—not without sorrow—but with the solace that life alone can give for all its inevitable partings—the solace of a real challenge to get busy and do something for someone else, and so learn of that Peace which passeth understanding and which can be obtained in no other way.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY IN THE NEW HOSPITAL
THE YEAR'S WORK IN REVIEW

The following report, which was presented at the twelfth annual meeting of the Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, gives an excellent summary of the work of the Mission in all its various branches up and down the Coast, as well as the usual financial reports of the local association:

Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Mission year which ended Jan. 31, 1927, has been a most active one in every respect, and the various branches of the Mission have once again to report a satisfactory year's progress.

The hospital or medical branch continues to find much work to engage the attention of the staff. At St. Anthony, despite the distraction of the erection and equipment of the new building, the number of patients receiving treatment in 1926 was well up to the average. During the year 348 patients were admitted, of whom 23 were still in hospital on New Year's Day. The total number of hospital patients was 12,137 and the average duration of a patient's stay at the hospital was 32 days. There were 201 operations. The out-patient department records show 2,010 patients visited the hospital. During the winter three dog team trips were made from Ferrole to Cook's Harbor, four from Cook's Harbor to St. Anthony, and one from St. Anthony to Canada Bay, Englee, Conche and other points on the east coast. Dr. Curtis continues in charge of St. Anthony.

The Strathcona II on her summer trip records 326 cases of medical treatment.

At Battle Harbor during the summer there were 89 admissions to the hospital and 52 operations; out-patients treated at the hospital and their homes number 432. A large amount of dental work was also performed in the Battle Harbor district. Dr. Merriam, traveling from West to Modiste in the Straits to some distance north of Battle Harbor, gave treatment to 241 patients, of whom 131 were children.

At Indian Harbor and North West River a very active year has been spent. Dr. Paddon, who is in charge of the district, has this year been assisted by Dr. Moret, who has taken over much of the routine work of the hospital.

The hospital at Harrington is receiving the close attention of the Canadian Association, who are prepared to see that it receives the care which will enable the work in that section to be carried on with the greatest efficiency.

It may be of interest to our members and friends to know that the revenue and expenditure account of the International Grenfell Association shows an expenditure on hospital stations alone of $82,962.57.

Industrial Department

We record with regret the resignation of Miss Catherine Cleveland as Director of the Industrial Department. For more than three years Miss Cleveland has devoted her abilities, zeal and enthusiasm to the development of this branch of the Mission work, which is now one of the most important of our activities. Last year the revenue of the industrial department was over $22,000.00.

The Mission has secured the services of Miss Pressley-Smith, whose experience in Scotland and with "Nonia" in Newfoundland should make her well equipped to act as director of the industrial department.

Clothing Department

The policy of this department is very closely defined in the article which appeared in the October number of the Magazine, in which Miss Dorothy Stirling, Director of this department, points out that for many years the Mission has followed the policy of not giving away clothing or food except in rare cases of direct need. When our workers start for Labrador they are requested not to give away food or clothing in payment for services, but to pay for everything in cash. Through our industrial and clothing departments we are carrying out our plans for the distribution of work, with payment in cash or clothing throughout the district, according to policies which will do the greatest good to the largest number, based upon the knowledge gained through many years of the long established agencies of the Mission.

Miss Stirling further remarks that, while it may seem at times to people interested in the Coast that these departments of the Mission may not be reaching the places in which they are interested and that therefore additional relief should be given, experience has taught us that these matters of distribution of food and clothing and the marketing of local products will permanently benefit the people only when carried on through a well developed plan. To that end the industrial department is undertaking to establish cottage industries on a large scale, under expert supervision all along the Coast, extending its work each year, all dealing constructively with more individuals and communities.
Child Welfare Department

The health educational work on the coast was carried on by resident nurses, summer health nurses and summer teachers under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Criswell. There were seven nurses engaged on the work, in addition to the two engaged by "Nonia," also thirteen volunteer summer teachers and three dentists. The White Bay contingent under Miss Elizabeth Page, included two dentists, five teachers and several industrial workers.

Miss Criswell reports that the work started last summer by the child welfare nurses was continued by the nurses this summer. All the nurses sent in 1926 were experienced in public health work, and were placed in districts that can receive but occasional visits from the resident nurses. In the districts that have had the services of a public health nurse for two or more summers, an improvement in the people's attitude toward general hygiene can be seen. All the child welfare workers secured through the staff selection committee were women of high standards, of exceptional ability, and well trained for their particular work.

Education Department

The opening of the "Yale School" at North West River was the event of the year in the educational department. This school—the second Labrador Public School (the first being at Muddy Bay, now Gordon Cove), will, it is expected, take care of over seventy scholars, of whom thirty will be boarders. Dr. Paddon claims that the school will be of the greatest possible benefit to the entire region. The chief support for this school will come from students of Yale University at New Haven, Conn.

Staff

The staff and volunteer workers for the last season were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hospital/Location</th>
<th>Medical Officers</th>
<th>Nurses</th>
<th>Others</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDIAN HARBOR AND NORTH WEST RIVER HOSPITALS</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FORTEAU COTTAGE HOSPITAL</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Flower's Cove Nursing Station
  - Nurses and Community workers: 3
- Harrington Hospital
  - Medical and dental: 3
  - Nurses: 3
  - Teacher: 1
  - Other workers: 3
- Spotted Island Hospital
  - Medical and dental: 4
  - Nurse: 1
  - Teacher: 1
- Cartwright Nursing Station
  - Nurse: 1
- Child Welfare
  - Dental: 3
  - Nurses: 7
  - Teachers: 13
- White Bay Unit
  - Dental: 2
  - Industrial, teachers, &c.: 9
- Orphanage—St. Anthony
  - Supt. and Assistants: 8
- Wilfred T. Grenfell School
  - Supt. and Assistants: 3
- Labrador Public School and North West River School
  - Principals and Assistants: 8
- Industrial Department—St. Anthony
  - Director and Assistants: 6
- Other Workers at St. Anthony
  - Strathcona II: 18
  - Medical and workers: 3

A total of: 152

Expenditure

The total expenditure of the International Grenfell Association last year upon hospital maintenance, orphanage schools, child welfare and other branches of the Association's work, amounted to $144,005.99.

We regret to learn that at a meeting of the International Board, held in New York in December last, it was announced that the income of the International Grenfell Association for the past year had been insufficient by about $39,000 to meet the expenses of the Mission during that period, making it necessary to re-organize the work to come within the estimated budget. The Board, however, hope to re-shape the budget in such a way that, while certain programmes of work will have to be curtailed, and some may even be abandoned, it will be possible to maintain the medical and educational services at their present high standard.

New Hospital Building

The new hospital at St. Anthony has now been erected. The task of moving in the patients was completed on January 27, and
the old building was abandoned, much to the relief and satisfaction of Dr. Curtis.

It is hoped that His Excellency the Governor will be able to visit St. Anthony and officially open the building during the coming summer, when it is contemplated that a number of eminent doctors and surgeons from the United States, Canada and England will be present.

We understand that the building is thoroughly up to date in every respect, and that a sum of over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars ($130,000) has already been expended on its construction and equipment. Your directors hope that as many friends of the Mission as possible will endeavor to pay a visit to St. Anthony on the occasion of the opening ceremony.

The Institute

The arrangements for the transfer of King George the Fifth Institute Building were completed early last year, and the building was officially taken over by the Board of Governors of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations as from the first of May. Extensive changes, alterations, repairs and renewals were necessary to the buildings, fittings and furniture, before it could be said to be suitable for the new purpose to which it was to be adapted. The cost of these changes was estimated to be about $18,000, and before authorizing the expenditure of such a sum, the Board of Governors secured promises of assistance from a number of friends in St. John's to the amount of $8,000, and received from Mr. Machado, the President of the I. G. A., a promise to raise a sum of $5,000 from friends in Canada. It was thought that with this promised support the Board were justified in proceeding with the proposed changes, and they have now been completed and the building is to-day equipped in a manner most suitable to the requirements of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations.

The Associations were officially launched in September last at a meeting held under the chairmanship of His Excellency the Governor, and their success was assured from the very beginning. A very large membership—over 700 in the Y.M.C.A. and nearly 1,000 in the Y.W.C.A.—has been enrolled under both Associations; the many facilities of the building are being enthusiastically taken advantage of by the young people of the city of St. John's, and your directors derive much satisfaction from the knowledge that the building is at last giving a service to the community commensurate with the ideas of the founder of the building.

The actual cost of the changes, alterations, etc., to the building was $17,983.70. There has been received from local subscription a sum of $7,475 which with the promised donation of $5,000 from Canada will give the Board of Governors $12,475 towards the expenditure of $17,983.70, leaving a further sum of $5,408.70 to be raised by some other means. The Grenfell Association of America have been kind enough to lend the Board of Governors of the Young Men's Christian Association the sum of $5,000 to tide them over their immediate difficulties, but this loan has to be repaid in three years, the first installment of $2,000 falling due in July next. It will, therefore, be necessary to devise ways and means of providing the monies necessary to meet the repayments of this loan and any further deficiency there may be on the refitting account, and although this will form no part of the duties of the Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, yet your Directors feel that in view of their connection in the past with King George the Fifth Institute, you should be advised of the present situation.

The response to the appeal made for the money necessary for the refitting of the building, confined as it was to a comparatively small circle, was most generous and gratifying to your directors.

Accounts

The accounts of the Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, submitted herewith, showing a total revenue for the period of $12,513.42 included the usual subscriptions from members, the grants from the Government, and in addition two grants of £100 sterling each from the Court of the New England Company. These two latter grants are to be applied to the specific purpose of providing religious education to the children of the Labrador Public Schools and will be transferred to the International Grenfell Association earmarked for that purpose. The grants were received through the agency of Sir Alexander Harris, who is associated with the New England Company in London and who, it will be remembered, was Hon. President of our Association during his residence in Newfoundland. It was pleasing to receive this very practical illustration of his continual thought for and interest in the work of the Grenfell Mission.

The increase in the Government grant, anticipated in our last report, has not been realized in full. The intention of the Government was that the additional grant would date from the time the new hospital building came into operation, and the delay in the completion
of the building has delayed the full payment of the new grant.

The amount paid over by us to the International Grenfell Association for the year just closed was $11,500, which includes the Government grant and subscriptions from local friends and supporters.

**Endowment Fund**

Our Endowment Fund, we are pleased to state, has been the recipient of three very handsome contributions since the date of our last report. They are as follows:

1. An anonymous donation received through the President, of .......... $2,000.00
2. A Government of Newfoundland 6½% Bond, received from Mr. James Warricker, par value ...... 500.00

**LIABILITIES**

Endowment Fund:
Balance as per last Account ............................................. $8,275.87
Donation, Anonymous .......................................................... 2,000.00
Donation Jas. Warricker, 6½% Bond Govt. of Nfld. .............. 500.00
Bequest residue of the estate of the late James Warricker ...... 2,573.21
Interest on Bonds and Bank Interests less expenses .......... 526.29

General Account:
Surplus as per last Account ............................................. 155.43
Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year from Revenue and Expenditure Account .......... 978.17

**ASSETS**

Endowment Fund:
5½% Govt. Nfld. Bonds $4,000.00 due 1942, $9,000.00 due 1939 at cost .13,285.00
6½% Govt. Nfld. Bond $500.00 due 1928 ................................ 500.00
Balance in Bank .................................................................... 90.37

General Account:
Balance in Bank ................................................................. 1,133.60

**$15,008.97**

**A GREAT ACQUISITION**

A DONOR, who desires to remain anonymous, has given to I. G. A. a beautiful oil-cruiser, MARAVEL. This boat is 76 feet on the water-line, shallow-draught and yet sea-worthy; she has twin Winton engines, which give her a speed of from 10 to 12 knots. She is very strongly built, and exceptionally well suited for work on the Labrador Coast. As she has been at moorings for 3 years, there is considerable work on her engines. She will leave for Thomaston, Maine, about June 14, for a few structural alterations, and should be ready to leave for Labrador during the second week in July.

She is to be attached to the Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay section of the Coast. While it would be flying in the face of Providence to reject so generous, and so suitable a gift, the present size of the annual budget has 3. On the death of Mr. James Warricker, the Endowment Fund became the beneficiary of the residue of his estate, which amounted to ....... 2,573.21

$5,073.21

Your directors desire to place on record their appreciation of these very generous donations.

The Newfoundland Endowment Fund now stands at $13,875.37, of which sum $13,775.00 is invested in Government of Newfoundland Bonds registered in the name of the Association.

R. Watson, President.

H. R. Brookes, Secretary.

**$15,008.97**

HAUH 1.. PADDON.
BEHIND every Mission is a long list of friends and supporters. Behind every new building is the mind and hand that shaped it into a thing of beauty and usefulness. Behind the new Hospital at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, to be dedicated on July 25, is the mind and hand and heart of its architect, William Adams Delano, whose picture appears as the frontispiece this month.

Mr. Delano has been an interested and faithful friend of the Grenfell Mission for many years, as was his father, the late Eugene Delano, before him. The father was one of the first men in America to recognize Dr. Grenfell's worth and work. He was the first treasurer of the Grenfell Association of America, and continued in that office until the time of his death. The elder son, William Adams Delano, has been a director of the Grenfell Association of America for twenty years and also a director of the International Grenfell Association. For some time back, the semi-annual meetings of the I. G. A. have been held in the office of Delano and Aldrich at 126 East 38th Street, New York City. Only last summer Mr. Delano visited the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador with his son, Richard, sailed with Dr. Grenfell on the S.S. Strathcona II into many of the harbors of that northern coast, and with his artist's eye caught many a Labrador seascape or landscape in water colors. Though he is too modest to introduce himself, we beg leave to make our readers acquainted here with the architect of St. Anthony's Hospital and Children's Home, as well as the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital at Twillingate and the Seamen's Institute, at St. John's.

William Adams Delano comes from good old New England stock. His ancestors owned and sailed clipper ships some generations back. His grandfather, the Rev. William Adams, D.D., was a Presbyterian minister of distinction in New York City, and his father a Presbyterian elder in the old Madison Square Church. He was born in New York on January 21, 1874. His mother was Susan Magoun Adams.

In the year 1895, he was graduated from Yale University with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Electing to study architecture, his father gave him every opportunity to prepare himself under the great masters, and he received his diploma from L' Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris in 1903. On May 23rd, 1907, he married Miss Louisa Potter of New York, daughter of the late Right Reverend Henry Codman Potter, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of New York. In 1908, Mr. Delano was given the honorary degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts at his Alma Mater, and is to this day a member of the Board of Architects for Yale University.

Since 1903, he has been a partner in the firm of Delano and Aldrich, well-known for their work in designing such New York Clubs as the Knickerbocker Club, the Colony Club, India House, as well as the Brook and Round Hill Country Clubs on Long Island. Hundreds of beautiful country and city homes, college dormitories, libraries, art galleries, laboratories, hospitals and churches—many of them in the Colonial style—are the product of his fertile brain and draftsman's pencil. For seven years, from 1903-10, Mr. Delano was a professor of design at Columbia University's School of Architecture. He is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and a member of the Architectural League. Some years ago, he was made a member of the federal government's Fine Arts Commission appointed to consider plans for the development of the national capital. Frequently of late, he has been summoned to Washington to consult with Mr. Mellon, secretary of the Treasury on plans for the new Department of Commerce Building, and other government building projects.

Mr. Delano has two hobbies, that we know of—though there may be others. The first is making old fashioned furniture with his own hands. In an old green house, near his Long Island home, his workshop is fitted up with a set of Stanley tools, and there on week-ends and in summer, he planes and saws and carves away to his heart's content.

The second, as you may have guessed already, is his very great interest in helping to advance the Grenfell Mission's program in Newfoundland and Labrador. To this last pursuit, he gives himself with all the enthusiasm, masterful diplomacy and tact, which have made him so acceptable an architect and so distinguished a gentleman. Many thousands of dollars have been brought into the Mission coffers through the influence of the three Delanos, Eugene, William Adams and Moreau. What would we do without them? And in what a modest, faithful, splendid spirit have they been serving this Mission for years!
HOW STORES AND SUPPLIES ARE HANDLED AT ST. ANTHONY

By A. C. Blackburn

ALTHOUGH the department of stores and supplies may not enlist as much enthusiasm as do our hospitals, yet this department is very necessary to the whole station, and readers may be interested to know of the progress it has made in the past twenty years.

One of our oldest and most faithful mission workmen, Capt. A. Ash, has told me that he built the first storehouse for Dr. Grenfell at St. Anthony, a small building 12 x 20 feet. When the writer arrived at St. Anthony in the fall of 1911, the supplies for the Mission were housed in eight similar small stores or sheds.

I recall that the late revered Dr. John M. Little, who was in charge here at the time, asked me during the winter that followed what I considered the greatest need of St. Anthony, and without hesitation I replied "A new central storehouse."

No funds were available then or in subsequent years for this important work and so the matter drifted for several years. When the great War came along in 1914, the matter had perforce to be dropped entirely during those war years. It was difficult enough for Dr. Grenfell to raise funds to carry on the general work of the Mission, and not a cent was available for new construction. It is hard to understand today how we all carried on with the old buildings, now that all departments are so comfortably housed. Often in the spring we would wonder, as we surveyed a huge drift of snow, "Just where and about how far from the end of the building did we store that barrelled beef or pork?" The old buildings were very low, and even today our three-storied building has a drift on one side reaching to the second floor. Sometimes on our first guess we would dig in vain and would have to try again in another part of the snow bank.

As the needs of the Mission kept growing, we needed larger buildings; and with more and more goods coming to St. Anthony, storage and distribution became increasingly difficult. The old office building was low and draughty, and on real stormy days it was useless to try to warm it. The Mission dog-pen was fastened to the largest store and office, and we were frequently called upon to settle dog fights, which, although they added variety to the day's work, were far from a pleasant addition to its routine.

In 1918 a start was made toward better things, and in that year the overhead railway and coal storage plant was built. No longer do we have to dig out coal buried under tons of snow, or pickaxe it out after a partial thaw, nor do we see it wasting or scattered by storms. This new storage makes distribution much easier and coal is delivered from the bins to the Institutions in the fall of the year by a Ford truck.

In 1919 the new central store was built, a three-story building 45 x 75 feet, replacing the little scattered sheds that had grown up and served while the work was growing. The transformation from the old to the new was quite an accomplishment, made possible by our able foreman, Mr. Edgar McNeil, and his workmen. The new store was framed up around the little old office building, and it was a great day when we moved into a finished part of the new building. The old building was then torn down and easily taken out through the new framework at the west end.

A trolley line now runs from the head of our 100-yard wharf through the ground floor and on to the lumber yard, thus facilitating landing. The ground floor is used entirely for storing heavies such as barrelled beef, pork, flour, cement, and lime; the second floor is divided and used for provisions and general hardware and household necessities, while the third floor is taken up almost entirely by the clothing department, with a small separate room for surplus drugs. A hand Otis elevator is provided for the building which saves a great deal of labor and is something we simply could not do without.

St. Anthony is now the distribution point for all the Mission stations except Harrington, supplying in all about a thousand people. Last summer one shipment alone consisted of fifteen hundred tons of freight and it would be difficult to make an estimate of the thousands of cases, boxes, and barrels that we handle annually. These 1500 tons of freight (long tons, of 2240 lbs.) were landed at a cost of 85c. per ton, a figure which we think will compare favorably with freight discharging costs anywhere when one considers that the cost includes storing the coal in the bins, cement placed on the building site, furnish-
ings for the new hospital stored away until needed, and the general stores for our own and all the stations safely put under cover.

The storehouse is well protected from fire by the use of Pyrenes and we have sufficient length of hose to reach to the end of the wharf from the hydrant outside the old hospital. It is certain that the new orphanage and the new hospital could not have been built without the central store, for thousands of barrels of cement, lime, plaster, and other building materials were there safely housed from the weather, to be taken away as needed.

So today in the new building we have a chance to do good work, comfortably, efficiently, and much more economically. Although it was said when we were completing the present building that it was too large for our needs, we find already that we need and could use a much larger building, and soon will have to build a shed to be used as a general storehouse. We run our own post office, serve all the institutions and departments here besides the staff houses and many of the employees of long service, and are responsible in a year for the food, clothing and general supplies needed for our Mission community of about 400 people. "On average 350 people, many of them from the outports, visit the building in a month to receive payment for work done in either supplies, cash, or clothing.

THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES

There are always men "behind the scenes" who construct and prepare the stage for others, never appearing themselves in the final production. Their work is quite as important to the finished performance as that of the people who speak the lines, in fact, it is in a way more so, because without them the others would have found it difficult to appear in any capacity.

Just as a play needs a theater, stage and scenery, so a hospital needs a building, and heat, plumbing and light, and though when you visit St. Anthony Hospital you may only see patients, doctors and nurses, yet there are others who have done their work and gone on, and these too deserve their share of the praise. First, there were the workmen themselves. No eight-hour day for them. From seven in the morning until it was almost dark—seven, eight and often nine o'clock every evening—the concrete mixer and stone crusher could be heard banging away as the new building grew by leaps and bounds, often the superintendent, Ted McNeil, saying, "We'll work late to-night, boys."

But there is more to a building than pouring concrete and placing blocks. What would have been the use of a steamer-load of materials, carefully drawn plans, and even the most willing workmen, if there had been no one to interpret the plans, direct the workmen, and solve the thousand and one problems? These problems were often very real ones which would have taxed the skill of the most expert contractor, and they were problems which the average builder never has to face. If mistakes had been made in sending the supplies, if plans were changed to meet new demands, or local conditions altered original specifications, it was Dr. Curtis, Ted McNeil and Wilfred Mesher who found the solution. "It will take four weeks to get new material; use what you've got."—"What, the supply tap has a left-handed thread." "Well, then, retread the fixtures."—"If you need a crane for the steel girders, build it."

Take, for instance, the problem of getting two seven-ton boilers from the deck of a schooner to a four by six wharf. They could neither use the ship's derrick, nor rig up a block and tackle from the spars, so they built a runway from deck to wharf, and the heavy boilers were "inched" over the rail to the pier. From there a wooden road was built,
a thousand yards long, to the hospital, using a movable block and tackle, with the Ford truck pulling the rope on one side and the tractor on the other. The many daily problems were too numerous to mention, but it was always the same story of "Work it out yourself," and both Ted McNeil and Wilfred Mesher deserve the highest credit for this, the crowning achievement of the long records of their useful and indispensable activities for the Mission.

Both of these men studied at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, Ted McNeil taking the machine construction course in 1908-09, and Wilfred Mesher studying the same course in 1915-16, going the following year to study practical electricity at the New York Trade School. Ted McNeil was superintendent of construction of the hospital at North West River, assisted in the construction of the Orphanage at St. Anthony, and built the dam there. Wilfred Mesher installed the electricity and plumbing in the two buildings mentioned above.

![Image of hospital construction and tractor]

**NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN LABRADOR**

I HAVE spoken of the new notes of hope that have come to Labrador, such as the new way of sending salmon home frozen, thus saving so much expense to the poor fisherman, increased his earning capacity, and greatly improving the article for food. Do let me commend to all my friends this frozen salmon. It is really excellent, and the Hudson Bay Company certainly do deserve our gratitude and support for their plucky persistence in making it a success.

Then there is the new world appreciation of the value of Labrador and Newfoundland cod-liver oil for general health, for child growth, and as a specific for tuberculosis, and for its high vitamine value.

The Patch Company of Boston, Mead Johnston & Co. of Evansville, and others are now associated with Labrador codfish producing standardized and reliable oil. New factories for it are going up along the coast, and instead of being worth some twenty cents a gallon it has touched a regular dollar a gallon.

Then there are new industries, especially such as we have been putting in—mat making, weaving, knitting, ivory carving, skin embroidery, basket making like the Indians, model building, toy making and many others. The Hudson Bay Company has again done itself honor in taking up this line of work, and we are proud of the Newfoundland boy who directs it in our country and who sits in power in Montreal, while his brother at Cartwright embodies his fine attitude to the workers of the country.

We were glad to hear of a Rockefeller scientific research party for the Natural History Museum last summer and more especially as two of our old helpers were on it—William Rockefeller and John Rowland. We have a sneaking hope they may be forced in to visit us again.

A magnificent new hotel has at last been built in St. John's, Newfoundland, as well as in Bay of Islands, to form a fine jumping off place for the tourists and visitors who want to come north.

**FREE passage on the CRANLEY was given in May by the Donaldson Line to Mr. Dearlove, the expert on short-wave telephony, who has gone down to Labrador to undertake the installation of a system between the several stations of the Mission.**
ONCE upon a time a rag doll was sent down to Labrador in a box of toys, and went to live in one of the hospitals there. One day a little sick boy was brought in, so frightened and homesick and unhappy that his fever kept getting worse and worse, until he was a very sick little boy indeed.

Then one of the nurses thought of the new rag doll. She brought it to him and laid it in his arms, and he was so surprised to see it—for he had never in his life seen any kind of a doll before—that he forgot all about being frightened and homesick. He just held that rag doll in his arms and loved it, and as soon as he felt happier his fever was quieted and he began to get well. That doll really saved his life.

Now, this is a true story, and it is the beginning of another true story. For when one of the Grenfell workers came down from Labrador she told about the doll and the little boy to some friends.

One of the friends who heard it first was Miss Maria Halsey Stryker, who is the national director of Junior Work in the Needlework Guild of America. As she went about she told it to her Juniors, and told them how many more children there were in Labrador who had never even seen a doll of any sort. Right away the Juniors were interested and began to ask how they could make and send dolls to Labrador.

So the first year she told the story—that was in 1925—22 Junior branches began to make rag dolls, and in August they had 199 to be sent away, ready for Christmas in the North. That meant 199 happy little children on Christmas morning, each with a doll to love and play with.

Last year the Juniors did even better, for again in August 31 branches sent 288 dolls, and some cats and dogs, as well, to help Santa Claus fill up the Christmas stockings.
BEVERLY MAKES CHRISTMAS FOR OTHERS

It was a lovely, crisp, bright morning—quite too nice a day for a little girl of eight to be fretting about the house all morning for something to do, as Beverly was doing.

Grandma Shipman was piecing a pretty, gay bed-quilt, and Grandma Gray was knitting lovely little red mittens just right for packing snowballs and drawing sleds with; even Grandma Elizabeth was too busy to find something for Beverly to do, for she was making lamp shades, and said, “I can’t stop just now, dear, my fingers are sticky with shellac.”

Auntie was putting the finishing touches on tiny rompers, and Mother would not show her work because she said she was helping Mrs. Santa Claus and it would not be fair to show it.

“Anyhow, it’s most time for your piano lesson, Beverly. Why don’t you run through it before your teacher comes,” Mother advised.

But poor Beverly could not be satisfied without some really Christmas work. Whenever she said, “Let’s talk about Santa Claus,” every one had heard it so much, they just laughed and said, “No, let’s talk about Thanksgiving or Easter.”

She was still pulling drawers open and searching for something to do for Christmas, when Miss Jackway came in, bringing all the sunshine our world had lacked. What do you think? She had some really Christmas talk, too. She told Beverly about her many little friends at the Orphanage in St. Anthony, Newfoundland, where she spent the summer (1926) as house-mother. She was trying to send each child something for Christmas.

Beverly knew right away that was the most interesting Christmas work of all, and so she asked if she might help. Miss Jackway smiled and said, “Why, that will be fine.” Beverly had her lesson, but she helped Miss Jackway dress dolls in handkerchiefs, one for every little girl at the Orphanage.

One day after Christmas Beverly received a very important letter addressed to herself, with an odd looking stamp. Can you guess how proud and pleased she was, when she found it was from Newfoundland? She could scarcely wait for Mother to open it. It was a lovely “thank you” letter from Miss Evangeline Given, then a housemother at the Orphanage, in behalf of her little unseen friends. Miss Given not only told her interesting things about the children’s Christmas, but sent a kodak picture of the Orphanage dog team, with names of all the dogs, and two puppies not yet old enough to be trained.

I think Beverly would give you almost any story book or doll she has, before she would part with that letter or picture.

Now she wants Mother, Cousin Jack and all her playmates to help her sell Campfire marshmallows so she and Miss Jackway can have more money to use in their work for the children in the North this year.

“Oh dear,” sighed Beverly when Mother tucked her in bed with her letter, “I’m so proud!”

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY

The fisheries of Newfoundland are an important industry of the country and employ a great many of the people. In the waters that wash the shores of our island, there are more fish than in any other part of the ocean.

There are three branches of the fisheries, the first and most important being the cod fishery. Cod is found in great abundance off the shores of our island, on the Grand Banks and in the waters off Labrador. When the cod is dried and salted, it is exported to different countries such as Great Britain, Spain, Portugal and Brazil. Beside cod, we find a number of small fish of less importance, used mostly for bait.

The Banks fishery comes next. The Banks lie off the southeast coast at a distance of three hundred to five hundred miles. It is in the shallow waters here that the cod is found in great quantities. This fishery is carried on on stout schooners from fifty to one hundred and forty tons that carry a crew of twenty or thirty men. These schooners have on board a number of dories. Each dory contains about two men and each man has a trawl which is a long line containing two or three hundred hooks baited with herring or other small fish.

The next is the Labrador fishery. Hundreds of our vessels are employed in it every year. They usually carry a crowd of people known
as “freighters.” Sometimes the crew averages seventy to one ship. These people just fish for the summer months and return home in the fall. When they reach home, they wash and dry their fish before selling it.

There are new methods of curing and packing fish. They remove all the bones and skin, then divide it into strips and pack it into a neat box before it is sold. This is known as “boneless codfish.”

Every part of the fish can be used for something. The liver is made into cod liver oil and the skins are used for glue.

The best policy for Newfoundland is to cherish and develop her cod fishery. An experiment is soon to be tried with cold storage. If this method proves successful, the value of the fisheries will be increased.

MYRTLE POMEROY,
The Wilfred T. Grenfell School, St. Anthony, Nfld.

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THE CHILDREN IN THE HOSPITAL LOVE THE FLOWER NAME-PLATES ON THEIR BEDS

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE HOSPITAL

[Extract from Mrs. Alice Appleton Blackburn's letter of March 1, 1927, written to Miss Warne in Ottawa.—Editor.]

EVER since the new St. Anthony Hospital has been occupied we have wished so many days we could at least take the representatives from all your many districts through the building and let them see what they and their many helpers have made possible, in this homelike and comfortable place. The sun just makes this new place a paradise for patients. The day before the patients were moved in, we all helped to make some beds, put covers on the new bedside tables, arrange linen, books, etc.

Miss Carlson, the head nurse, put a new blanket on the foot of each bed—the lovely red and grey ones sent by your people last year. The children's cots were also made up with the new things. Everything was spick and span and the unusual spaciousness made us all long to get the patients in as quickly as possible. The next day was very lovely—a bit cold, but every one of the thirty patients was moved with as little confusion and ease as one could wish. Of course the children were a bit excited in their new beds, and were interested in seeing the new view they could have of the hills behind Dr. Grenfell's home. They can see an occasional partridge and rabbit, as they come quite close in winter for stray bits of grain or food thrown out for them.

The lower ward floor is not yet quite completed. It is the floor having the Dalzell Memorial Ward. These will be ready for occupancy in about a week, now. The splendid equipment for that ward is all waiting to be put into use, which no doubt will be needed as soon as the room is finished, for patients from afar come in day after day.

Dr. Curtis has had those very attractive hand-painted markers put up over the children's beds, and the picture Miss MacGillivray sent hangs in the living room, over the fireplace. I wish she and Helen Fotheringham could come up again—they were such delightful people.

This week was Dr. Grenfell's birthday and the school always celebrates it as Founder's Day. This year our principal, Miss Baier, had a fine picture of Dr. Grenfell unveiled by the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, which was quite an impressive service. Dr. Curtis spoke feelingly of Dr. Grenfell's service and of the strong spiritual motive back of the Mission, which is sometimes lost sight of amid material benefits.
THE CHILDREN’S HOME IN ST. ANTHONY

By Elizabeth Beyer

THE work of the Children’s Home in St. Anthony was started by Miss Eleanor Storr, a volunteer from England, who came out especially to take charge of the home for Dr. Grenfell in 1906. Beginning as an orphanage with a small family of three orphaned boys and one girl from Labrador, the home was soon filled with children. In five years the small building was quite overcrowded, and a new wing was added which doubled the size of the home. For six years Miss Storr ably carried on the work of the home without the aid of any modern conveniences, beside doing a great deal of nursing outside.

In 1912 Miss Katie Spalding, another volunteer from England, came to help her and after Miss Storr’s return to England took charge of the home. The next six years under Miss Spalding’s wise leadership were years of great progress. It was during this time that a playroom was built for the boys, because the home was again becoming crowded and there was no place for them to play. By 1916, ten years after the home was started, there were thirty-eight children, three permanent workers, a sewing matron, and a cook in the home, and every bed was filled. Before Miss Spalding left the home in 1919 plans for the new concrete brick home were well started and in the summer of 1920 the foundation was begun.

While the work of raising money for bricks and building went on, Mrs. Ella McCurdy, Miss Helen Hosmer, Miss Harriot Houghteling and others were caring for the children in the old home. Many anxious nights were spent then because the building was overcrowded and there was always danger of fire. In the summer of 1922 Miss Frances Baier took charge of the home; about Christmas time, before the building was finished, the orphanage family of fifty-three members moved over and life in the new fireproof home was organized. Dr. Curtis’ keen interest and daily assistance were much appreciated at this time. As soon as Dr. Grenfell reached the coast the next summer new children began to come and the numbers steadily grew. By the fall of 1925 the orphanage family numbered seventy-three, including children, workers and maids, and there are usually about that number in the home now. There are five workers including a kindergarten, a trained sewing teacher, and a boys’ worker, and usually about ten older girls or maids.

Most of the children come from Labrador or northern Newfoundland. Beside caring for orphans and destitute children, this home receives children who are sent here from isolated places to go to school. The girls are trained in household science and arts and the boys in manual training, in addition to sharing the duties and chores of the home. While the girls are mending or knitting, the boys are mending boots, hauling and chopping wood, and making small repairs. Through the generous interest of one of our many friends, the boys were given a dog team, which adds a great deal to their training and pleasures. The pre-school children are under the direct supervision of the trained worker, who has nursery school for them daily. A library of lovely books which have been sent by friends of the home contributes a great deal to the happiness of the children. Picnics, parties, occasional concerts, Guides for the girls and Scouts for the boys, all give them pleasure and happy social life. As the most important part of their training, the effort is continually made to influence the children toward standards of right living by simple Christian teaching, in prayers and Sunday school, which will bear directly upon their daily lives.

Since the home was opened twenty-one years ago, one hundred and twenty-one children have gone out from it. Of these, twenty-five have gone to Canada, England, or the States for technical training to return to the coast as nurses, teachers, dressmakers, domestic science and industrial workers. Four of the boys served in the World War. All the children who have ever been in the home have had that opportunity of training which would not only make their lives richer, but which would enable them to be of service to their fellow men and by their ideals to influence
the lives of others on this coast. Without the help of all the friends of the home, this valuable work of training the children in whose hands the future of this coast lies, could not go on. To all those who have ever helped or who are now helping the work of this home by their prayers, their gifts or their service, an acknowledgment of deep appreciation is given.

TWO DECADES AT THE ST. ANTHONY SCHOOL

By Frances E. Baier

We have been asked to write short historical sketches of the different departments here, and to comply with the request for the School, I have been reading all the back numbers of the Deep-Sea Fishers, and as a result I feel less competent to write than before!

It is an humbling experience to read about the pioneers of the Grenfell Mission. Compared to their encounters with storms, rocks, reefs, and shoals, our sailing is smooth. What a foundation they laid, and at what a cost!

There remains so little to be said, but as I draw contrasts between then and now, let it be remembered that to the early workers belongs the credit for the well-constructed foundation upon which we of the more recent days are building. Generous friends have given us better equipment and larger opportunities. Ours the shame if we do not build well.

In 1908, we see "Miss Keese crossing the harbor all winter on ice to teach in the little school there."

In 1909, she is given on the Mission side, "a small weather-beaten house" in which to gather her young charges. The summer of 1909 saw the beginning of kindergarten work, which continued several summers under Miss Olive Leslie's leadership.

In 1910, a new school building was started which would be "not a hovel" but a real schoolhouse.

In 1911, Miss Keese joyously entered into the "perfectly gorgeous" completed building with the artless remark, "When we get furniture for the school, it will be hard to beat!" With 74 pupils from 3 to 16 years of age, she holds the fort with the aid of a pupil teacher. An interesting fact worth noting here is the beginning of industrial education and evening classes.

In 1912, Miss Appleton assumed leadership with an able assistant. Her enlightening remark was, "Two schoolrooms well fitted and ready for business, but only one is heated!" So a curtain was hung in the middle of the heated room. She adds blithely, "It is good sport to be your own fireman and janitor." She had 50 pupils.
In 1913, Miss Appleton with an assistant carried on with "a well-filled coal bin, full bookcases, blackboards and easels, but without the necessary equipment of desks, chairs, etc.," and with slates. She had 60 children from 5 to 18 years of age.

In 1914, Miss Appleton (now Mrs. Blackburn) continues with an assistant for the boys, who are given manual training.

In 1915, the school building was closed as retrenchment because of the war was found necessary. Mrs. Blackburn continued her teaching in the Orphanage.

In 1916, Miss Braeuer assumed the principalship with 40 children, a heterogeneous supply of schoolbooks and a girl assistant. She remained three years and did some very constructive work. She realized the need of continuity of service and a definite course of study.

In 1919, Miss Bateman was principal.

In 1920, Miss Rowsell, an excellent Newfoundland teacher, assumed charge.

In 1921, Miss McLeod came for three years and there was steady improvement in grade standards. She had 108 pupils, two and then three assistants and a boy janitor.

The years 1924 and 1925 witnessed a decided forward step in the school. Two rooms were added to the building for domestic science and carpentry. Miss Wyatt was the principal and there were 110 pupils.

In 1926 there were two principals: Miss Butt, who, because of illness, had to give place to Miss Davis.

Today, the Wilfred T. Grenfell School has 112 pupils, six trained teachers, and industrial classes in sewing and carpentry (cooking has been temporarily crowded out by an unusually large primary department). The building is comfortable; the rooms are well lighted and heated. There is sufficient equipment and full time janitor service. Best of all, there is an interested and cooperating school committee.

The question may be in some one's mind, What results can you show? or, Have your graduates made good in life?

To answer these questions, let it be said that two of the nurses in the Hospital at the present moment were Grenfell pupils, and also one nurse who served last year. Four younger members are at present studying to become nurses. Seven former pupils are today holding responsible positions in the business world; and five are in the teaching profession, not to mention nine or ten others who were given special training and have returned for a term of service of longer or shorter duration, nor two specially trained industrial workers who have controlled industrial stations elsewhere on the Mission.

All these have received their impetus from the Grenfell School and its devoted teachers of the past, and their name is legion who have been helped along life's road for shorter distances. May the list grow, and may those who have gone out into the world remember gratefully their first love, the Grenfell School of St. Anthony.

In 1927, we stand on a summit, not having attained the highest for we know there are heights beyond for us to reach, but we are pressing forward under the inspiration of those courageous worthies who preceded us, grateful to be counted in their company.

PLANS FOR DR. GRENFELL'S 1927-28 LECTURE TOUR

For the last few years, Doctor Grenfell has been devoting a great deal of his time and strength while in this country, to lecturing for the benefit of the Mission. In previous years his itinerary has been arranged by a lecture bureau, but when he returns from the North this fall, he will put his time in the hands of the several supporting associations of the I. G. A., for the period from November 1, 1927, to March 20, 1928.

The present plan is for him to be in the eastern states in November and December, touring New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and New England. The first of the year it is expected he will go West, to return by way of Canada.

We are asking the advice and assistance of all the good friends of the Mission in developing this into the most successful tour the Doctor has yet made. He will have with him new motion-pictures that are being taken this summer by Varick Frisell, who "shot" the famous Grand Falls reels.

This is a rare opportunity we have of disposing of Doctor Grenfell's services, and we are enthusiastic over the encouraging help we have already had from our friends in arrangingfor meetings and lectures. Is there a club, a church, a group of churches, a school, or a college in your city that would be interested in hearing the Doctor's message? If so, will you not communicate with the International Grenfell Association, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City?
HEADING eastward across the Gulf of Maine for Nova Scotia, the 734-ton four-masted schooner *Wilbert S. Bartlett*, carrying supplies for the Grenfell Mission in Labrador, dipped smartly to the brisk southwest breeze. It was Sunday, and a foggy dawn had ushered in this sixth day of the voyage of the tenderfoot. The sun finally won through about ten o'clock, and the crew of eight aroused from their seeming listlessness. Soon those off watch had decorated various parts of the rigging forward with the week's wash, for every bright day was wash-day aboard ship.

Lunch was a gala affair, for the officers' mess was graced by fresh shaven cheeks and collars to match. The tenderfoot even sported a white sweater. As usual, he ate as if the meal was his last, urged by his best efforts by the cook's oft repeated "Eat a lot and give the ship a good name," but the cook's art of seasoning removed the necessity for such stimulation. Spending the afternoon on deck this beautifully clear day in June was as helpful as a Sunday spent in church. The invigorating freshness of the sea was borne to the tenderfoot with every playful gust of wind as he leaned against one of the hawser posts and read the Gospel of John.

Fog set in again about half past five, and a slowly falling barometer gave the first indication of a storm to come. The schooner was making excellent time, having averaged 8½ miles per hour for most of the day. Dinner was a case of grab and gobble, for an increasing sea made party manners ineffectual. Later the tenderfoot played some good old fashioned melodies and hymns on his mouth organ, accompanied by the regular moans of the fog horn, which was sounded in three blasts to make known that we were sailing on the starboard tack. The radio in the evening brought in music which sounded like a church choir, but proved to be the Rialto Theatre, New York City.

The tenderfoot was awakened next morning by the banging of several things on the shelf over his bunk and by the endless "grrrrraw-eeewah" crash as the jaws of the four heavy gaffs ground and slammed back and forth. The wind had died down greatly and the *Bartlett* pitched and "yawed" in a heavy following sea. The sound of the fog horn added to the combined mental and physical confusion of the tenderfoot.

The fog lifted about ten o'clock, and the captain by use of chart and sextant figured out our position to be fifteen miles east of Halifax, thus verifying exactly our position as calculated during the fog by dead reckoning. Captain Zuljevic has an uncanny knack of ascertaining the exact location of his ship by the method of dead reckoning, supposed to be only approximate, which is based on the distance traveled as given by the log and the various directions steered.

During the morning the tenderfoot helped the mate splice a five strand steel rope. Later he took the wheel while topsails were being set again; they had been taken in when the lack of wind and heavy sea had caused the terrible banging of the gaffs. The sunset's thrill over, evening gently ushered in a balmy night. The cabin boy enjoyed two short hours chatting with the captain, then went on deck for a last look at the starlit sky. But the brilliance of the sky was nothing as compared with the glow and myriad sparkle of the dark water, where the "witch fires" in the water gave out a glow sufficient to light up the whole side of the ship. The tenderfoot went forward and climbed down on the jib boom, where the light of the spray was sufficient to tell time.

Rain during the night must have made it very difficult for the watch, and it was still rainy and foggy in the morning, which the tenderfoot spent getting the list of ship's stores for the captain. This was to be supplemented later and presented to the customs official at St. Anthony.

The barometer again started down at noon, and by 1:30 we had struck all topsails and the flying jib. Rain started in again at 3 p.m. and the heavy wind kicked up quite a sizable sea.

The barometer continued to fall steadily and in the late afternoon, while the watch was lashing down the sail in preparation for a storm, the tenderfoot had the thrill of the lookout's job, blowing the foghorn a single blast from time to time to tell that our ship was running before the wind. I heard a "hail" off to starboard and saw a boat coming on toward us at a great speed. But no—it was only the wind and sea and cloud. The fog seemed to cast a peculiar spell over everything, forming weird shapes and ghostly shapes.

The barometer was low—very low, and the
The captain was anxious to know the break. He paced back and forth in his cabin with a glance now and then at the "glass." About 8 p.m. the break came. The wind died to a dead calm and the BARTLETT rolled listlessly in the heavy sea. But this lull in the wind brought immediate action. All sails were taken in and bound down, with the exception of the inner jib. A storm trisail, the shape and about the size of the jib, was hoisted on the main mast. The whole was accomplished in a few minutes, with smart precision!

Then came the wind. The first puff heeled the vessel over; then steadying herself, the sturdy four-master began to step along at five miles per hour, even under this little sail. The gale steadily increased. Tops we.e blown off the waves and went flying away in a sheet of cutting spray. It was dark. It was rough, getting very rough, rougher with each shriek of the wind and with each hissing sea. We were well out of sight of land, somewhere off Cape Race, Newfoundland.

The tenderfoot stuffed magazines on end around the side of his bunk. With his hands pushing against this improvised wall, and with his back and feet against the inside partition of the bunk, he tried to sleep. But this alternate pushing and holding proved too much for a stomach which had pluckily battled and held its own for eight days spent on the ocean wave. The tenderfoot staggered back to his bunk some minutes later with a pall which soon proved a friend in need. In fact, it was a very close companion for the next day and a half.

By this time the rolling and pitching of the ship had searched out every movable object. The racket made a boiler factory sound like two lovers enjoying a sunset from a mountain top. The banging of pans, the clatter of dishes, the slamming of doors, the sliding of chairs, the squeaking of thousands of joints and, worst of all, the steady scratching of clothes hanging up—as buttons rubbed back and forth over the grooves in the wainscoting.

The captain came down from the deck, where everything had been made fast to his satisfaction, and lay down. The tenderfoot was staring blankly at the skipper, wondering how he could be so calm when the boat was about to sink, when suddenly with a grinding and then a crash, the big leather covered couch on which he was lying, slid and slammed into the opposite wall. The heave of an especially big comber had been too much for the blocks fastening it to the floor. The captain got up with a "Well Harry, how's your stomach now?" and started on deck again. As the ship rolled towards him he hung on to the door jamb. Then as it started back he walked hurriedly to something else he could hang on to. He did it neatly enough, leaning back as one does walking down a steep hill, but the fact was impressive that he could walk at all.

As light began to filter in with coming of dawn, there came a particularly violent lurch; another such would probably have settled the account of the BARTLETT. But the tenderfoot, ignorant of the peril caused by the big eight-ton boiler which had been seemingly lashed securely to the deck, centered his attention on a musical and rhythmic "click-click-tock-tock-click-click" repeated with each roll of the boat. Finally, as the sun rose over the turbulent sea, came the discovery that three medicine bottles, each limited to its own little compartment, were alternately falling this way and that in the cabin's medicine closet. First "click-click-tock" they would stagger and tumble in one direction, then "tock—(the heavy one filled with powder)—click-click" the tumble down would reverse.

As the light grew, it was apparent the sun had come out to stay. After great effort and much uncertainty, the tenderfoot managed to look out of the window. First nothing but raging sea or only a mighty wave towering over the rail; then nothing but sky of matchless blue. Unfortunately the beauty of the wild scene made him think of my camera. He lay back in bed for a fully a half hour arguing with himself that he should not miss such a chance, and then the inner man would say "Simply can't be done." But in the end he managed to get dressed piece by piece, and reached the deck.

Such a sight! Beautiful, wonderful, awful! A terrific sea was running, with waves, as I later figured by the height of the masts and the distance from water line to deck, which were over thirty-five feet high. But it was hard to calculate their height, since they were as thick through as half a city block. A big wave would rush toward the stern and one side of the 734-ton schooner and raise her up, up, up dizzily, then let her slide down with a terrific hissing roar on the other side.

Down in the waist, which was constantly awash, the big boiler for the St. Anthony hospital lay tugging at temporary ropes lashing her to the masts and bulwarks. The huge sea, which had nearly rolled the tenderfoot out of his bunk, had caught the boiler and in an instant snapped two of the three chains fastened to heavy eye-bolts passing through the deck beams. The boiler had then swung around so that it lay diagonally across the deck. The temporary lashings now held it
fast, but the captain said if the third chain had broken the boiler crashing into the bulwarks would have sprung the vessel so badly that breakfast would have been spent with Davy Jones (yet the shippers had wanted to fasten it with mere 8-inch screw-ring bolts and rope—thank goodness for the captain's foresight).

Back in his bunk again, the tenderfoot alternately slept and squirmed throughout that nightmare of a day. In the afternoon he ventured weakly forth to attempt a few more pictures. The wind still whistled through the rigging and spray still scudded from the innumerable white crests on the giant waves, but it was evident the storm was about spent. Such a beautiful heaving waste! Everywhere the white of foam and the rainbow of spray against the blue and green! Here and there great grand moguls lifted ogre heads above the surrounding hills, and rose and rose like some mighty jagged mountain peak, then came roaring down into the foam-filled abyss. Somehow these monsters never seemed to hit us, but would roll away under us as we soared up and up. The thought came to me often how beautiful the whole thing would be from a lighthouse or some rugged cliff.

Night was spent as the preceding one had been. But most of the noises has been accounted for, and some, in particular the insanely regular rubbing of the slicker coat buttons against the wainscoting, had been stopped. Then too, the tenderfoot had located the life preservers and had effected a better system of bracing in his bunk. As a result of these precautions, the tenderfoot slept.

Dawn and another beautiful day; the tenth day of the voyage of the tenderfoot. A deep blue sea crested everywhere with romping white, a blue sky graced by feathery clouds, a blazing sun that warmed one's heart with the joy of existence, such was the day following the storm. The gale had abated the evening before, though still a strong wind was blowing. The main and mizzen sails were hoisted and repairs were started on the fore gaff which had been broken the day before.

Most of the day was spent by the tenderfoot in true tourist fashion, wrapped up in a blanket upon deck. The sailors were all most considerate and friendly. They really were a remarkable group, from the 60-year-old Russian down to the 20-year-old smiling lad from Denmark, and pleasant were the chats with them in the evenings after supper. Will the lad from Denmark still be smiling so pleasantly when he gets to the Russian's sturdy old age, or will his smile be like the latter's, the friendly but cynical smile of a man who has seen the world and finds nothing in it to look forward to, nothing in the future but sea and sky, though mostly sea? So the day passed with philosophizing, reading and a nap or two in the warmth of the sun.

(To be continued)

TO VOLUNTEERS—NEW AND OLD

HOW many of the volunteers ever think of this magazine as they go about visiting and working in the various hospitals and among our people on the Coast? How many realize what a help it is to the Editor to receive spontaneous contributions, whether news, anecdote, or description, jotted down on the spot whenever something new and interesting is encountered? No editor has second sight to tell just when and where these encounters will take place, but every alert volunteer who can catch and put down on paper these fugitive bits becomes a veritable assistant editor whose work is of the first importance in making the magazine truly represent the work of the Mission in all its phases.

If you can illustrate your "story" with some snapshots, all the better. And if you are cleverer with the kodak than with the pen, remember that pictures tell the story too, and with a pencilled memorandum on the back to identify person, place, and occasion, one worker's pictures delivered into the Editor's hands often dovetail nicely with another's story. Many such fortunate combinations have been made in the past; let's have more and more in the future.

You all know that no one person or group of persons can possibly get the numerous and varied viewpoints so necessary to represent all phases of the work and to interest our many readers, of all ages and many races. Together it can be done. Won't you all feel a bit of personal responsibility to tell the Editor briefly what is being done in your corner of the Coast, so that she may have a rich and varied fund of material from which to make selections that will give a unique interest to AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS?

The Editor.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

STAFF AND VOLUNTEER WORKERS—SEASON, 1927

Report of the Staff Selection Committee

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.C., C.M.G., F.R.C.S., Founder and Superintendent.
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MISS EMILY A. FOWLER, Chairman Staff Selection Committee, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

ST. ANTHONY, NEWFOUNDLAND

St. Anthony Hospital

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MAXWELL LAPHAM, M.D., House Officer until Oct. 1st.
R. RANSOM WELLS, M.D., House Officer for the year beginning Oct. 1st.

JOS. A. ANDREWS, M.D., Santa Barbara, Cal., Eye, Ear and Throat Specialist.

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MISS CATHARINE SCHAEFFER, Women's Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
MISS KARLE MAYERS, University of Virginia Hospital, Washington, D. C.
MISS ELIZABETH WILCOX, Mary Fletcher Hospital, Burlington, Vt.
MISS ISOBEL SANFORD, Mary Fletcher Hospital, Burlington, Vt.
MISS MARY HILDBRANDT, Women's Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
MISS GLADYS WOOTEN, Women's Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
MISS ELSIE B. SINKLER, Army School of Nursing.

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Secretary to Dr. Grenfell
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Gibbs Sherrill, Groton School, Groton, Mass.

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Percy Grigg, Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.

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David O'D. Kennedy, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
John E. Long, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Edwin S. Reynolds, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

LEWIS BAY, LABRADOR, (Winter Station of Battle Harbor)
Herman Moret, M.D., Medical Officer in Charge.

To be Appointed.

To be Appointed.

INDIAN HARBOR HOSPITAL, LABRADOR
Harry L. Padron, M.D., Medical Officer in Charge.
Frederick G. Novy, Jr., M.D., Ann Arbor, Mich., Assistant.

Nurses
Miss Esther Anderson, Babies' Hospital, New York, N. Y.
Miss Signe Tongring, Charlesgate Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Housekeeper
Miss Martha Lukens Gibbons, Haverford, Pa.

Outdoor Workers
Robert Wood, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Harrison E. Kennard, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Charles Walcott, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Industrial Department
Miss Susan Doughten, Philadelphia, Pa.

Secretary
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

NORTH WEST RIVER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, LABRADOR

Harry L. Paddon, M.D., Medical Officer in Charge.

Nurse

Miss Olive Nelson, New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Housekeeper

Mrs. Wayne Ramsey, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Outdoor Workers

John R. Toop, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
William B. Easton, Jr., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
Ward Terry, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
Frederick Palmer 3rd, Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.

North West River School—Winter Staff

Miss Elizabeth Criswell, Columbus, Ohio, Principal.
Miss Alfreda Davis, Cartwright, Labrador.
Miss Ethel Pye, Cape Charles, Labrador, Housemother.

Scoutmaster


LABRADOR PUBLIC SCHOOL, SANDWICH BAY, LABRADOR

Mrs. Elsa Burnett, Toronto, Canada.
Miss Blanche Davis, Snack’s Cove, Labrador.
Miss Frances Conrow, Watseka, Ill.

Outdoor Worker

Duane Harmon, Cleveland, Ohio.

LABRADOR PUBLIC SCHOOL—Winter Staff

Mrs. Elsa Burnett, Toronto, Canada, Principal.
Miss Frances Conrow, Watseka, Ill.
Teacher to be Appointed.

FORTEAU COTTAGE HOSPITAL

Miss, Greta Mae Ferris, Hartford Hospital Training School, Conn., in charge until Sept. 1.
Mrs. Alice Weiderburn, Hampton Station, New Brunswick, Canada.
Miss Agnes Campbell, St. Luke’s Hospital, St. Paul, Minn., relieving Miss Ferris.

FLOWER’S COVE NURSING STATION

Miss Margaret MacBryde, Army Training School, Washington, D. C.
Miss Margaret Brainard, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

HARRINGTON HOSPITAL, CANADIAN LABRADOR

Donald C. Hood, M.D., Medical Officer in Charge.
William A. Guest, University of Toronto Medical School, Student Assistant.

Nurses

Miss Isobel Fleming, Winnipeg General Hospital, Winnipeg, Canada, Head Nurse.
Mrs. Bertha M. Purdy, Davenport Hospital, Toronto, Ontario.

Nurses—Winter

Miss Isobel Fleming, Winnipeg General Hospital, Winnipeg, Canada, Head Nurse.
Mrs. Bertha M. Purdy, Davenport Hospital, Toronto, Ontario.

Outdoor Workers

Paul A. Davis 4th, The Episcopal Academy, Overbrook, Pa.

SPOTTED ISLAND COTTAGE HOSPITAL

Dr. Arthur Ackerman, College of Physicians & Surgeons, New York, N. Y., in Charge.
Irving Nichols, College of Physicians & Surgeons, New York, N. Y.
Gerald Dorman, College of Physicians & Surgeons, New York, N. Y.
Carl Schooff, D. D. S., Columbia University Dental School, N. Y., Dentist.

Nurse

Miss Kathryn Cayan, Passaic Gen. Hospital Training School, Passaic, N. J.

Teacher

Frederick Rockwell, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Outdoor Worker

Frederic Rawson, Chicago, Ill.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

MUTTON BAY NURSING STATION, CANADIAN LABRADOR

DONALD C. HOBB, M.D., Medical Officer in Charge.

Nurse in Charge
MISS MARION A. MURRAY, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Community Worker
MISS WINNIFRED ROBERTSON, Ottawa, Ontario.

Outdoor Worker
HOUlTON DUNN, Jr., The Episcopal Academy, Overbrook, Pa.

BONNE ESPERANCE
Summer Public Health Nurse
MRS. M. E. SWITZER, Ottawa, Ontario.

WEST STE. MODESTE
Summer Public Health Nurse
MISS LUCY J. RAMSDELL, New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston, Mass.

CHILD WELFARE DEPARTMENT

MISS ELIZABETH CRISWELL, Director.

Nurses
MISS LUCY J. RAMSDELL, New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston, Mass.
MISS RHEA GARDNER, Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.
MISS HELEN WRAY, Hospital Training School, Rockford, Ill.
MISS M. E. SWITZER, Ottawa, Ontario.
MISS KATHERYN CAYAN, Passaic General Hospital Training School, Passaic, N. J.

SUMMER TEACHERS

(Volunteer)

MISS ETHEL G. MUIR, Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, Black Duck Cove.
MISS ADELAIDE GOULD, Hunter College, New York City, White Bay.
MISS NANCY ROBERTSON, N. Y. School of Social Work, George's Cove.
MISS MARY S. EVANS, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Fox Harbor.
MISS CAROLINE COLLINS, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, Pine's Cove.
MISS MARGUERITE JAMES, N. Y. State College for Teachers, L'Anse au Loup.
MISS ELSA FUGE, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, Barr'd Hbr.
MISS CORA J. HARMON, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, St. John's Island.
MISS MARGARET SHEPLEY, Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Conn., White Bay.
MR. DONALD STEVENSON, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., Boulter's Rock and Seal Island.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DENTAL VOLUNTEERS

THE Bible tells us that the love of God was conveyed to man through the preaching of the gospel and the healing of the sick. It says that the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see and the lame to walk, and it advises preachers of the gospel to commend the Christ as the interpretation of the love of God by telling the world these things that they had seen and heard as being done by the Christ.

The Grenfell Association in Labrador surely has written a new verse to that chapter, as nowhere in the history of dentistry or Christianity has such a list as the following been recorded, of those who added to the mercies vouchsafed to the sick—the saving of the torment of bad teeth, the pain, the deformity, the inability to chew and benefit by much of the food eaten, and the terrible danger and common experience of joint affections and lost capacities through untreated foci of infections in the teeth. Here are names of men from American dental schools, who without a cent of salary and without costing the Association budget one cent for their expenses, for the sake of their fellow men have come down year after year and given us their most valuable services.

How can men be pessimistic in view of such a list as this? I can remember in the early days endless cases of abscesses breaking right through the cheek from neglected, decaying teeth; joints fixed and useless and acute infections of joints that had to be redeemed by taking out as many as twenty teeth at a time, all of which had become infected from one another and were not only poisoning, but starving the patient. I have had myself to excise the whole half of the lower jaw more than once for diseases of the bone set up by the neglected teeth.

Today we are not afraid to say that a dentist coming to Labrador would be surprised by the infinitely improved condition of these all-important factors for perfect health. The people of the Coast, I am sure, would want through me to thank the Dental Schools and all these good friends, so without asking their permission I am publishing this list, which reads to me somewhat as a novel kind of war memorial.

W. T. GRENFELL.
Dentists serving with the I. G. A. in Labrador:

1910 Dr. McCabe, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1911 Dr. R. S. Catheron, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1912 Dr. R. S. Catheron, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1913 Dr. S. P. Mallett, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1914 Dr. S. P. Mallett, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1914 Dr. W. I. Ashland, Harvard, Battle Harbor.
1915 Dr. E. Wallace, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1915 Dr. C. G. Smith, Harvard, Battle Harbor.
1915 Dr. C. V. Johnston, Harvard, Strathcona.
1916 Dr. Wm. Gullifer, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1916 Dr. B. S. Stevens, Harvard, Battle Harbor.
1916 Dr. R. W. Getchel, Harvard, Indian Harbor.
1917 Dr. W. E. Bennett, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1917 Dr. Leon Buggs, Harvard, Battle Harbor.
1917 Dr. Harold Carnes, Harvard, Indian Harbor.
1918 Dr. W. E. Bennett, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1919 Dr. C. A. Mullneaux, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1920 Dr. C. A. Mullneaux, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1920 Dr. R. Davenport, Harvard, Harrington.
1921 Dr. Donald Hutchinson, N. Y. Col. of Dentistry, Spotted Is.
1921 Dr. Margola, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1922 Dr. C. Hattauer, N. Y. Col. of Dentistry, St. Anthony.
1922 Dr. R. MacFarlane, Harvard, Traveling.
1923 Dr. I. Zecher, N. Y. Col. of Dentistry, St. Anthony.

1923 Dr. L. Flagg, Harvard, Indian Harbor.
1923 Dr. F. Haley, Harvard, Harrington.
1923 Dr. P. Roser, Philadelphia, White Bay.
1923 Dr. E. Sullivan, Tufts, West Coast.
1923 Oliver Ferguson, D.D., Forsyth, West Coast.
1924 Dr. I. Zecher, N. Y. Col. of Dentistry, St. Anthony.
1924 Dr. C. H. Morton, Harvard, Battle Harbor.
1924 Dr. E. S. Godfrey, Harvard, Indian Harbor.
1924 Dr. A. C. Hodgkins, Harvard, White Bay.
1924 Dr. F. Merrifield, Northwestern, West Coast.
1924 Dr. L. W. Bowers, Harvard, West Coast.
1924 Dr. W. H. Putney, Tufts, West Coast.
1925 Dr. L. Russell, Harvard, St. Anthony.
1925 Dr. E. L. Farrington, Harvard, Indian Harbor.
1925 Dr. A. A. Zimmerman, Tufts, Harrington.
1925 Dr. J. L. Alex, Tufts, West Coast.
1925 Dr. E. Sullivan, Tufts, White Bay.
1926 Dr. R. J. Edwards, Harvard, St. Anthony & W. Coast.
1926 Dr. V. Merriam, Harvard, Battle Harbor.
1926 Dr. J. Krasnoff, Harvard, Indian Harbor.
1926 Dr. C. H. Morton, Harvard, Harrington.
1926 Dr. M. Lepowski, N. Y. Col. of Dentistry, White Bay.
1926 Dr. Henry Reiger, Columbia Col. of Dentistry, Spotted Is.

WHAT THE YOUNG PEOPLE WRITE

Among letters from "returned children," as all our scholars and finished youngsters, many that breathe, thank God, the spirit of determination to give back to the coast out of the abundance they have received. Among them I note a pleasing number of requests. "Please, doctor, don't forget to send us some books." If any of my readers who have any good books, or bound copies of such magazines as Popular Mechanics, St. Nicholas, or National Geographic, would forward them to me at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, I could distribute them from the Strathcona during the summer.

"I have a little hard work with my crew," writes one. "They all want their own way. Our skipper has gone to hospital and we misses him a lot."

Another writes: "We are having an awful spell of bad weather, it blows too hard to haul our nets. We have over 200 barrels. There are two schooners come fishing in our harbor. We wants a fine day to begin washing out our fish, so that I can dry it well before the snow comes. We get on very well."

A returned scholar from Berea speaking at her home harbor last month said: "Never will I forget what it teaches. Honesty of purpose, single-mindedness. Get mentally, morally and physically strong to carry back your privileges to others. Be friendly. Be constructive."

W. T. G.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

ASSOCIATION ITEMS

NEW ENGLAND GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

We wish to remind our friends who have heretofore placed us in the Ford Building, at Ashburton Place, that we are now located at 120 Tremont Street, Room 635. Adjoining our office, is the Industrial Department of the I.G.A. Our new office is very convenient to the Park Street Subway.

The New England Grenfell Association is hoping very much that the balance of the year 1927 will find that every one who is now a member will have secured one new member, at least, for our Association. As it costs $1.00 to print the magazine, we ask that all new members pay the new $3.00 membership fee, which includes a subscription to the magazine. We think nearly everyone will want to give $2.00 for the work, besides the magazine, and that will enable us to reach our quota for the year.

The N.E.G.A. has received an invitation from St. Anthony to attend the dedication of the new St. Anthony Hospital this summer. It is with keen regret that the Secretary of the New England Grenfell Association must decline the invitation to attend the dedication of the new Hospital, on account of her home duties. We only wish they had a broadcasting station at St. Anthony, so we might all "listen in." We shall see and hear it all in imagination, however.

We are particularly interested in this Hospital, since Dr. Curtis, who is in charge, is a Boston man and a Harvard graduate, and Miss Carlson, the head nurse at present, is a Boston-trained nurse. The N.E.G.A. has several permanently endowed costs in the Hospital, including the following:

Harvard Cot
Martha Theresa Fiske Cot
Reginald A. Daly, Jr., Cot
Ellen Pain Huling Cot
Robert Gould Shaw Cot
Westover School Cot
Williams College Cot
Ada B. Dow Cot
Vincent B. Goldthwait Cot
Francis W. Sargent, Jr., Cot
Betty and Dorothy Drummond Cot

We in New England are also especially interested in the Lewis Bay Station, as Dr. Grenfell hopes to make that the Woodbridge Memorial, in memory of Stephen Woodbridge, "the Willing Worker," who went North from Boston when a student at Technology.

Dr. Joseph Andrews of Santa Barbara paid his usual visit and stop-over in Boston, on his way to St. Anthony. His visits are always anticipated, as he cheers us all by his interest and enthusiasm in the work.

Since May, we have made three shipments to the North, consisting of 27 pieces in all. Included was a fine violin, for William Morris, the man who had the bow, but no fiddle. We are very grateful to this New England friend, whose gift will bring so much joy to the Labrador fisherman.

We are always glad to welcome the volunteers who are going north from Boston, and hope we may see them upon their return, and hear of their summer's work.

Dr. Paddon, who is in charge of the Indian Harbor and North West River Hospitals, has spoken twice in Connecticut for us, since our last report, and has very kindly assisted us in increasing interest in the work in our New England territory, while on furlough. We are issuing a pamphlet by Dr. Paddon, which will be of interest to all our friends. The other Grenfell Associations will likewise have copies.

E. E. WHITE, Secretary.

THE GRENFELL ASSOCIATION OF NEWFOUNDLAND

The twelfth annual meeting of the Grenfell Association of Newfoundland was held April 5 at Government House in St. John's, His Excellency the Governor presiding. Following the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, and the presentation of the annual reports of the directors and treasurer for the year ended Jan. 31, 1927, the adoption of the reports* was moved by His Excellency, who referred to the large staff of workers engaged in the Grenfell Missions, all of whom were inspired to render service to the people of the northern Newfoundland and Labrador coasts by what he described as the "Grenfell spirit." This spirit was responsible for the erection of the new hospital building at St. Anthony at a cost of over $130,000, and he hoped that the support and assistance required to continue its efficient maintenance would always be forthcoming.

The motion for the adoption was seconded by His Lordship the Bishop of Newfoundland, who spoke of the many opportunities he had had to observe the valuable work of the Grenfell organization, both in its medical and industrial and educational departments. He was full of amazement and admiration for the sacrifices of the workers, at the great service they were giving, and at the results.

*Printed elsewhere in this issue.
they were achieving. The work had only to be seen to receive the admiration and support of all lovers of Newfoundland. He strongly urged all those interested to try to pay a visit to some of the Grenfell Mission centers.

The Hon. R. Watson, in supporting the motion, referred to the several gifts received during the year towards the Endowment Fund, and in particular to the very generous gift of the late James Warricker. This evidence of interest shown in the Grenfell Mission, he said, was very pleasing, both to the directors of the local association, and also to those of the International Board, who were responsible for raising the major part of the hundred and forty thousand dollars needed each year to carry on the work.

The motion to adopt the report was carried unanimously.

MESSAGES FROM THE NURSING STATIONS

FLOWER'S COVE

MISS MATHESON, writing from Flower's Cove on May 24, 1927, says: "I must hasten to tell you that I have had a wonderful winter. I have been very busy. Have had all sorts of cases, have learned a lot, have adored the folks. I have been able to keep up my work in the schools and have had baby clinics in almost every cove.

"I spent a couple of days with Aunt Jane Mugford this week; she is feeling fine and is full of pep."

THE SUM OF $1,500 FOR THE ENDOWMENT OF A COT AT THE ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL HAS BEEN SUBSCRIBED BY THE STUDENTS AND ALUMNI OF WESTOVER SCHOOL OF MIDDLEBURY, CT., IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH AND DOROTHY DRUMMOND, SISTERS AND FELLOW STUDENTS WHO WERE KILLED IN A MOTOR ACCIDENT LAST AUGUST. SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL WILL BE DOUBLY BLESSED, ALIKE TO THOSE WHO HAVE SO GENEROUSLY GIVEN OF THEIR FUNDS AND TO THOSE WHO WILL RECEIVE THROUGH THEIR BENEFACTION THAT MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL GIFTS—HEALTH—AS THE SUCCESSION OF PATIENTS PASSES THROUGH THE HOSPITAL IN YEARS TO COME.

MISS FERRIS wrote from Forteau on June 5: "The weather keeps so very cold. I am planting all sorts of seeds, both vegetable and garden, and I want this place to be a riot of beauty ere I leave. I have lettuce and radish seeds planted in the hotbed.

Miss Criswell writes me they have lettuce and parsley fit for use."
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY EXPERIMENTS AT THE MISSION

AGRICULTURAL work as one of the Mission activities started soon after the building of the first hospital. It then consisted mainly in the keeping of a few cows to supply the patients with fresh milk, but through the efforts of interested friends this field has become more and more important. Generous gifts of blooded cattle have increased its scope until now it is a thoroughly organized department, with the twofold purpose of supplying fresh meat and milk to the Hospital and Orphanage and the improvement of the stock, not only among the Mission herds but all along the coasts of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland.

In 1910 pigs were introduced, and experiments started with thoroughbred stock. Dr. J. M. Allen of Jayema Farm, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, in 1920 gave the Mission a thoroughbred Holstein bull valued at $2500. Through continued inbreeding the local stock had seriously deteriorated, with a consequent lowering of milk production. The Holstein breed is famous for its milk strain, and in order to maintain a pure breed the people in the locality killed their bulls, and all cows in the neighborhood have been served by the Holstein bull. "John Cabot" has made trips by boat to other villages and coves along the coast and his sons sent to Goose Cove, Flower’s Cove, Cook’s Harbor, Newfoundland, and to North West River, Labrador. In 1925 Dr. Allen gave two thoroughbred Holstein cows, "Mona Lisa" and "Wilhemina." Both have had calves which are being raised, and soon the Mission will have a herd of thoroughbred Holstein cattle.

In 1920 Charles A. Stevens, of Chicago, gave a herd of registered thoroughbred Toggenburg goats and it was hoped the breed would be hardy enough to withstand the rigors of the climate, and that these could be used to supplement cow milk. As far as the Mission is concerned the experiment has not been entirely a success. It is necessary to use dry feed for seven and a half months, and during this time the goats would not give milk; also the breed could not withstand the long confinement of the winter, and many died of pulmonary diseases. However, the breeding of the thoroughbred bucks with local goats imparted the milk-giving characteristics of the thoroughbred to the offspring and bucks have been sent as far south as Bonavista Bay, so that now practically all the goats along the coast are at least half-breed Toggenburg.

Experiments were started with thoroughbred pigs in 1924 when George West, of Boston, gave the Duroc-Jersey boar "Wedge mere Explorer," and soon afterwards two thoroughbred sows. The Mission keeps twelve breeding sows, and from 50 to 75 young pigs are sold annually along the coast. This is the only place young pigs can be bought, and the demand far exceeds the supply. The pigs are purchased in the spring, fattened during the summer, and killed in the fall.

Miss Dorothy Stirling, of Chicago, gave a flock of twenty thoroughbred Shropshire sheep in 1924, as well as two thoroughbred registered rams. All ewes are kept by the Mission and will be raised here until the flock has sufficiently increased, but rams are sold locally for breeding purposes. For generations the people have kept sheep, but here again the stock had been affected by inbreeding, the stature had decreased, and the wool averaged only three to four pounds. The Shropshire is an excellent wool producer, averaging over eight pounds to a sheep. This wool is used by the Industrial Department for weaving and homespuns. Rams unfit for breeding purposes are killed, the fresh meat furnishing a greatly appreciated dietary adjunct.

Last year the Mission imported a flock of registered Leghorn hens with entire success, and needless to say these are proving to be a valuable asset.

In the agricultural work and stock farm there are several outstanding difficulties which have not been and probably never will be solved. The severe winters make it necessary to confine the stock to the barn for long periods which has a decidedly detrimental effect. Next, the subsoil is clay, with only four inches of top soil. Dr. Grenfell as part of his early work here cleared land for hay, which can be grown with difficulty. Recently several acres more have been cleared by pigs and then seeded down so that in the summer
of 1926 eight tons of hay were cut. The cattle can get enough grass for feed during the summer, but grain has to be bought, as barley and oats will not ripen and corn will not grow due to lack of sunshine and the late spring.

Miss Christine Fellowes, a volunteer from England and a graduate of an agricultural college there, has supervised the gardens, and in spite of the many natural difficulties enough green vegetables are grown to supply the hospital. These are raised principally under glass, as the cold sea winds make it impossible to plant in any other way in St. Anthony. An analysis of the soil made in England shows undecayed vegetable matter and large acid content, so that it was advised not to attempt to grow anything but green vegetables, unless the soil be thoroughly limed, which it has never been possible to do.

**NEWS FROM ST. ANTHONY**

DEAR Doctor Grenfell,

I thought that you would like to see the enclosed sports programme. I am sure that it will remind you of many happy days at St. Anthony. Isn’t it good to know that the enthusiasm grows year by year and that a real sporting spirit is shown. Even in my stay here such a great improvement along these lines!

You will be pleased to know that last night the Epworth League of the Methodist Church gave a concert and that the Band (8 pieces) contributed six items to the programme, which were thoroughly enjoyed. They may not have been played perfectly, but it was a start, a very good one, and our first public appearance. $50 was raised for the League Funds. The Band will also take a prominent part in the concert on Sports’ Night. Thornberg has also sent at our request, besides books of popular songs, a book of popular hymns, and soon we shall appear in the Methodist Church! I am sure that it will please you greatly to know that once something that you have hoped and longed for, which all the critics said “Can’t be done,” is an accomplished fact.

The Spot Cash progresses finely, sales for January and February totalling over $600 more than the same period last year. Our Annual Meeting was a great success and much enthusiasm shown, especially with our enlargement programme. The special hospital china has gone well. Too bad that the English goods over which you took so much pains did not get through!

Last week I took Edwards to Brahat for the Xmas tree (rather late) and a dinner that the ladies of the place were giving to help raise funds for Educational purposes. We came back in 45 minutes house to house which was quite good time. I think that I gave Edwards one of the best rides that he has had since he came back.

We listened for messages early in the New Year but did not hear a thing for St. Anthony, although we heard many radiograms going through to our other stations. It appears from your letter that when we should have been listening in specially—February and March—that nothing was heard here. It would be wise to telegraph when messages are being sent here, and then extra efforts would be made.

A. C. BLACKBURN.

REAL Newfoundland products such as codfish, split herring, caplin, salmon, bakeapples, salt beef, ham butt pork, hard bread, excursion bread, partridge bread and fish and brewis may be obtained at both wholesale and retail from Archie’s Market, 105-107 River St., Cambridge, Mass. Returned workers with a bankering for a Coast menu can get it here.

PERMISSION has been asked—and cheerfully given—to translate into Esperanto some extracts from the “Log” in the January issue. These are to be circulated at the “Youth Movement” conference in Denmark.
ON FURLOUGH

BY DR. HARRY L. PADDON

EXT to the interest of work at the front is that of propagating interest behind the lines, and of gauging the interest already existing there. Moreover, there is opportunity afforded for cooperation with our offices, during a furlough, such as is impossible while abroad. This winter, too, there has been unprecedented opportunity for maintaining touch with Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay stations, owing to the beginning of wireless service at North West River, and the valued facilities for broadcasting afforded by the Westinghouse Company both at Pittsburgh and Montreal.

Most delightfully encouraging reports have been received of the northern stations. The local committee at Cartwright consider it an outstanding year in the history of the first Labrador Public School at Gordon's Cove (late Muddy Bay). This is a high tribute to the new principal, Mrs. Burnett, without in the least disparaging the devoted and strenuous labors of others.

The second Labrador Public School (Yale School, at North West River) has evidently made a most auspicious start. The first principal, Miss Elizabeth Criswell, has written enthusiastically of her work, her team and the people.

At each of these schools we are employing one native teacher, and the reports on both are excellent. At North West River another native member of staff (Miss Ethel Pye, domestic science graduate of Berea College) has made a convincing start as house mother at the school dormitory. It is indeed delightful to see these vindications of faith and optimism and effort in regard to members of an overwhelmingly handicapped community.

And now orders have gone in for the completion of the new institution at North West River. Two individual gifts of $1,000 each, and another of $500, will go far to finance the projected additions, and other funds are available. These consist of adequate classrooms, dining hall, and a cottage to afford a model home for some home-makers of the future. That the people are well satisfied with the facilities afforded them, is best evidenced by their renewed generosity toward the institution, for they raised a sum of $243 at a little New Year social. But it is the quality rather than the quantity that appeals; for, according to reports, applications are going to be in excess of our utmost capacity next fall. If once the river is bridged, a scheme which is under consideration, there is little doubt the settlement will almost double its present numbers. The award to Newfoundland of the disputed Labrador territory clears away the main obstacle in the way of development. It is now veritably a race against time for the International Grenfell Association to turn out employable citizens, qualified for some of the choice jobs in the district destined for development.

Another splendid prospect, for the coming summer and winter, is the development of the wireless telephone system throughout our main stations, owing to the interest and generosity of Mr. Eldon MacLeod of Boston. To be able to ring up North West River and the Labrador Public School at Gordon's Cove, right from Indian Harbor, will save endless time and travel; added to which there will be the great advantage of speedy communication with St. Anthony, and also Battle Harbor.

Yet other magnificent gifts are portable X-ray and ultra-violet ray apparatus, with generator, for the Hamilton Inlet Stations. For all these years I have had to send all my X-ray cases to St. Anthony, involving a two weeks' round trip. With the ultra-violet rays no Labrador fogs or brief subarctic winter days can stop a sun bath service for those cases that need it.

Visits into the different territories controlled from the New York, Boston and Ottawa Offices have been full of interest. It was my privilege to attend annual association meetings in New York, Montreal and Ottawa.

Another most interesting gathering, which I was kindly invited to address, was the Coast-to-Coast Needlework Guild, in conference at Philadelphia. I learned that they had sent no less than 30,000 garments to Labrador last year! As I had heard it once stated, erroneously, that the need for so much clothing had now passed, I was glad of the chance of informing them that no such condition of affairs can be arrived at until industries really open up in Labrador. Until this occurs, the people do live on the edge of a precipice; and a single bad year for fur and fish is liable to precipitate not a few over the edge. We long for the day when all able-bodied citizens will be able to purchase both food and raiment; but that cannot come till wage-paid labor abounds, and every year that it is delayed
brings a real crisis nearer. The only possible reason for the forced emigration that so many have advocated, in my judgment, would be not the absence of resources but delay in their exploitation.

One point I would venture to emphasize; and that is the inherent and essential solidarity of the Needlework Guild branches, and the Grenfell Association branches for helping the general budget. We need clothes, and we need cash; all we can get of both from all places where any organization exists. Any failure in sympathy and cooperation handicaps the object for which both exist, an object very much worth while. One strong organization (or two cordially affiliated) is far more potent than two relatively weak ones working in competition, and far more liable to impress public opinion favorably.

Another thing that has impressed me as rather ill-omened is the fact that our total Association membership is only about eight thousand. Surely a determined canvass in numerous centers where publicity has been given, could put an entirely different aspect on this membership roll. In one town of seven thousand, which I visited, the membership was well over a hundred though the Association was very young. In a city of over a hundred thousand, where the branch was a quarter of a century old, the membership was considerably smaller than in the little town referred to above. The absurdity of it struck some of the officials at the meeting I was privileged to attend: and, quite spontaneously, the members present pledged themselves each to try for two more.

I venture to suggest that this regular two-dollar membership should be the mainstay of our budget, instead of an almost insignificant fraction.

As I have been pointing out to several audiences, we are more inspected than any other Mission in the world. Every year a hundred or so of auxiliary workers come and see first-hand; and it is from those that some of our most liberal supporters and enthusiastic propagandists are to be numbered. We have a Board of Directors second to none, and our expenditure is rigidly scrutinized.

We have a definite objective, and, thank God, we are moving toward it.

We have a Chief who is carrying altogether too heavy a burden of deputation work. Cannot those, who have tasted romance in service on the Coast, find at least a satisfactory substitute for it in pushing our membership into every city and town in their state?
THE STORY OF THE 1926 P. & S. LABRADOR UNIT

BY MARSHALL SMITH, P. & S. '27, Medical Officer in Charge

(Spotted Islands '18, '20, '22, '26)

[Any one who has been down the coast and seen the beautiful station at Spotted Islands, operated by P. & S. students for the past sixteen years, must realize what a splendid piece of work this group has performed. While the P. & S. Unit has always worked in closest co-operation with the International Grenfell Association, it has in reality been a separate entity, under its own independent organization and management. We can now report with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure that an arrangement has been reached so that hereafter this will become a regular Grenfell Station.

Among the student body and alumni of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City the P. & S. Labrador Club has been organized, whose function is to stimulate interest in this station, to be known as the P. & S. Station of the Grenfell Mission. The club will undertake its financial support, nominate its staff, and (in conjunction with the Advisory Board of the International Grenfell Association) direct its policies. The station hereafter will be in charge of a certificated doctor, and will have on its staff a graduate dentist, two medical students, a registered nurse, and a school teacher. We believe that the new arrangement will strengthen the station and enable it to extend its usefulness as well as to reflect on the student body of the College of Physicians and Surgeons still further credit for work well done.—Editor.]

"ALL clear, sir." "Cast off." And the S. S. SYLVIA was under way from New York to St. John's, Newfoundland. On board were fifteen of the Grenfell workers headed for various stations in Newfoundland and on the Labrador.

Two of my staff—Ira C. Nichols and Alfred L. Standfast—had gone on earlier to reach Battle Harbor in time to get the motor boat NORTH STAR in commission for the summer. The others were to follow later.

As usual the trip to St. John's was perfect. There we met our first disappointment. We arrived at 7 a.m. only to find that the MEIGLE, which we hoped to take north from there, had sailed at 5 a.m. After due deliberation it was decided to try to get over to Twillingate by train and boat in time to catch the MEIGLE there. Then followed a grand scramble to get through customs, and at noon the Newfoundland Express started—as usual without even the final warning of "B-o-o-a-a-r-r-d." Those of us who were still looking for baggage made a wild dash down the platform and scrambled aboard. Many times have I been thankful that that train gets under way rather slowly.

Our efforts to have a special car had failed, so most of us stood or sat on trunks all day, but the primeval beauty of Newfoundland made us forget how tired we were. At 2 a.m. we pulled into Notre Dame Junction. A perfectly clear, starlight night, just crisp enough to make us enjoy it to the fullest. And we waited on the platform, and waited some more, and began to get cold. Finally in came our train for Lewisporte—one freight car made over for passengers, one flat car, and one freight car not made over. Kerosene lamps, a wood stove, crowded humanity, and tons of baggage made the passenger car rather uninviting. To solve the problem four of us climbed to the dizzy (I use the term advisedly) heights of the top of the freight car, and with a final burst of smoke we started. The conductor climbed up to our perch and punched our tickets with the aid of a flash-light. Up and down hills and around corners we went, hanging on for dear life and swaying from side to side. Just before sunrise all our troubles seemed as nothing when we sighted Notre Dame Bay spread out before us in the half light, a beautiful bay with innumerable wooded islands and fantastic cakes of ice.

The little steamship CLYDE was waiting, and soon we sailed for Twillingate. All day long we watched with awe the skill of the captain as he maneuvered about among the ice pans, picking a lane here or breaking the ice to make a lane there. We made numerous ports of call to unload freight and always we went ashore or had snow fights on the ice. Late the next afternoon we landed at Twillingate. "Has the MEIGLE been here yet?" "No. We don't know where she is." We installed ourselves at the hotel and waited. Days slipped by with frequent visits to the hospital built by Dr. Parsons. Some of the girls offered their services as bandage rollers. Some of the rest of us helped a bit here and there as needed.

Still no word of the MEIGLE, and no other way of getting north. Then we heard she had
put back to rescue a ship that had hit the ice too hard and was sinking. A few more days of waiting, which were made pleasant by the wonderful hospitality of the Twillingate people.

Then Tom, the “Sheik” and I discovered a fishing schooner sailing for Labrador at daybreak, whose captain said he would take us along. The following morning found us near St. Anthony, with a solid ice jam ahead, so for safety, we put into the harbor. “Have you heard from the MEIGLE?”

“No. We don’t know where she is.” The same old story.

They made us welcome at the Inn and never have I tasted anything so good as the fried egg we had that morning after the monotonous school diet of dried caplin.

That afternoon, much to our surprise, the MEIGLE came steaming majestically into port. “At last,” we thought, “we can get north without further delay.”

All those we had left behind at Twillingate were on board. However, when we asked the purser for a berth to Battle Harbor we were told in no uncertain terms that the boat was overcrowded already and that we couldn’t even get aboard. There was only one thing to do and we did it—wait till he was not looking and move our baggage aboard and trust to luck for some place to sleep.

We were to sail in the morning, but the ice was so thick that we could not get out of the harbor. So we waited—several days. Most of us had gone ashore to sleep. Suddenly we heard the blast of a whistle meaning the MEIGLE was about to sail. With a rush all hands tore down to the dock, said tearful farewells to those who were to stay at St. Anthony and went out to the MEIGLE in small motor boats. Amid much waving and shouting we sailed away—to find solid ice outside the harbor. So back we sailed and were heartily laughed at by the shore crowd.

Twice more we sailed and had to put back because of ice, and it became a sort of game. The St. Anthony people got so they wouldn’t even see us off. They simply remarked “We’ll wait supper for you,” and went on about their business.

Then one fine day the ice left and we went on to Battle Harbor with no mishaps. “Nick” and “Al” had already been there two weeks, but had been unable to make the motor work. Miss Johnson, our nurse, had joined our party at Lewisporte and continued on the MEIGLE to Spotted Islands to get the hospital opened. I stayed over at Battle Harbor to go north with Nick and Al in the NORTH STAR. After ten days of heart-breaking work on the engine with no results we gave up. Al deserves all kinds of credit for working like a slave on a useless engine for three weeks, and also “Nick” for helping him.

Then along came Dr. Austin, of Bronxville, and very kindly offered to take me to Spotted Islands in his motor boat, the VOLUNTEER. So on July 12—just 37 days after leaving New York—I landed at Spotted Islands.

A week later the MEIGLE came north again and brought the rest of our staff. We were now all assembled and quickly organized. Nick, having finished his second year at P. & S., was my assistant, “Hank” (Dr. Rieger), of Columbia Dental School, was our dentist. Miss Johnson, R. N., was the nurse. Loyal T. Ives, Princeton ’25, was school teacher. Al was engineer of whatever boat we might get, and also managed the clothing store.

Soon we were into the swing of the regular station routine. As usual Minnie Turnbull was engaged as cook—and a right good cook was she. Our supply of food, clothing, and drugs were all put away ready for use and patients began to appear.

At this point I want to extend our heartiest thanks to those drug firms who were so generous as to donate a large and invaluable supply of their products for our summer’s work; to the Victor Surgical Supply Company of New York and Mrs. S. W. Thurber, of Princeton, N. J., for many useful instruments; to A. G.
Spalding Bros. for a generous donation of sporting goods; to all those who contributed to our supply of clothing for the clothing store; and to those who aided us financially. Also to the Child Welfare Department of the International Grenfell Association for making it possible for us to have a nurse and dentist. Without such whole-hearted cooperation the work at Spotted Islands would be impossible.

We were somewhat handicapped at first by the lack of a boat of our own, but later in the summer we succeeded in renting an open trap boat from Mr. Badcock, the trader.

The first case of the summer was a man a few miles away, at Black Tickle, who had lobar pneumonia. His crew came for me in their boat. There were undoubtedly many more who needed us and whom we were not able to reach.

Hank and Miss Johnson started Child Welfare clinics and cleaned up most of the teeth on the island. Then they made several trips up and down the coast in trap boats and did wonderful work.

Loyal opened the school and had capacity attendance every day. He was immediately very popular with his pupils, who were always there ahead of him in the morning (and not because he overslept either).

Al organized the clothing store and put the people to work earning clothing credit, the "store" being open twice a week. This year every person was given a signed slip showing just how much credit or debit he had, which should save misunderstandings next summer.

On Sundays, Loyal or Miss Johnson conducted Sunday school, and then one of us would lead the church services. Al officiated on the portable organ. I'm afraid we didn't rival Dr. Fosdick in eloquence, but we did try to give them something to think about each time. The singing was the chief attraction. On the good old familiar hymns they made the hills resound.

Statistics are tedious, so I will not go into full details on the summer's work. Suffice it to say that we saw 242 cases, and there were fully as many dental cases. Tuberculosis is all too common, and of course many cases were of the grip and minor surgical type.

The summer went by with work, play and occasional bits of excitement, as when we narrowly missed being pounded to death on the rocks when our motor went suddenly dead, following an attempt to take movies of a particularly fine iceberg. The tug-o-war and rifle contest were enjoyed by all. The frequent dances in the school house made everybody happy and very tired. Patients came and went. Clothing was given out. The school progressed.

On the last mail boat in August Nick and Al went north to see the country. Hank, Loyal and I ran the station alone a while, then took two days off for a trip up the bay after seals. Although we saw plenty, we did not succeed in getting any.

When the MEIGLE returned on September 1, we closed the station for the winter and sailed regretfully away.
THROUGH ENGLAND WITH DR. GRENFELL

BY "THE MAN ON THE BOX"

THIS account of Dr. Grenfell's 1926 English lecture tour could be summed up in two words "splendidly successful." The only thing that could have added to its ultimate success would have been to prolong it several years. Dr. Grenfell reached England with an itinerary completely filled, and found appeals for lectures from societies, churches and organizations all over England. He left two months later, after having packed the Polytechnic Hall in London twice daily, and was still receiving requests for "Grenfell of Labrador."

The lecture tour, which was arranged by Gerald Christy, who has handled Dr. Grenfell's tours in the past, was divided into two parts. The first started October 14 and ended November 26, and comprised a tour of some three thousand miles through the provinces. The second was an entirely new venture on Dr. Grenfell's part—that of taking the Polytechnic Hall, Regent Street, London, for a fortnight ending December 11, and giving lectures twice daily.

We reached Parkgate, Cheshire, Dr. Grenfell's birthplace, where A. G. Grenfell is now headmaster of his father's school, Mostyn House. Thence we motored sixty miles to Congleton, where an old friend of the doctor's, Mr. Hall, had arranged for a large mass meeting. Dr. Grenfell had bought a secondhand car of ancient and uncertain vintage, so completely enclosed in glass that we immediately named it the "Crystal Palace." The trip started auspiciously by our leaving Parkgate with flags flying, tonneau piled high with bags, valises, lantern slides, motion picture reels, pamphlets, and Mrs. Grenfell. All went well for the first twenty miles when the car stopped without warning. After crawling in, under, and over the car to no purpose, I decided that it was a case which needed outside consultation, and Dr. Grenfell, because of the evening lecture forty miles distant, was forced to abandon us to our fate. An obliging motorist took him to a nearby railroad station, where he caught a train for Congleton. Almost immediately the car responded to a single drop of oil placed by divine inspiration in its "innards," and Mrs. Grenfell and myself succeeded in reaching Congleton in time for dinner. As we stopped in front of the town hall where the doctor was to lecture, and the tonneau disgorged a few of the above-named articles, a "Bobby," that time-honored protector of English respectability, after gazing at the array of packages and bundles being piled on the sidewalk, informed us that if we wanted to camp we would have to go to one of the fields outside the town limits!

Mr. Hall, with an eye for the dramatic, had advertised "Grenfell of Labrador" by sending the town crier, complete from buckled shoes to a bell, with a proclamation starting "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" The hall was packed, the enthusiasm tremendous, and it was resolved to start a branch here to support Dr. Grenfell's work.

We then proceeded to London, via Cheltenham and Oxford, where we had lunch at Queen's, which had been Dr. Grenfell's college. The "Crystal Palace," as if anxious to atone for its recent sulkiness, was "champing at the bit" and "rearing to go." In the exuberance of its rejuvenation, it deliberately hit the fender of a car pulling out from the curb and then, ashamed of this display, refused to start. This unfortunate incident occurred on the outskirts of London, and Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell were able to proceed on foot, or rather by tram.

In Dr. Grenfell's following address at Camberwell Green, he remarked that people had criticized his wandering over all the United States and England to raise the money necessary to carry on his work, saying that "he should stay in Labrador, and the Lord would provide." Dr. Grenfell said his reply was always the same, "Why leave the dirty work to the Lord?" He went on to say that "this year he was taking the Polytechnic Hall in London for a fortnight. This entailed expenses of two hundred pounds a week, and while the easiest course would be to say that the Lord would send the people, he thought it behooved him to do his share of the actual publicity work." The following day, a lady who had heard Dr. Grenfell at Camberwell, walked into the new office in Victoria Street and gave Miss Spalding a check for two hundred pounds!

A quick trip was then made to Uppingham School and Derby, and the following Sunday Dr. Grenfell preached at Wesley's Chapel in City Road. We spent the afternoon visiting the interesting museum and graveyard adjoining the chapel, and in the evening, Dr. Grenfell gave a lantern slide lecture at St. Martin's-in-the-Field, Trafalgar Square.
We left the next day for Cambridge. Here we found two boys who had been on the Labrador coast as "wops"; one of them, Mr. Charles De Bunsen, is planning to come back next year. As an illustration of the misconceptions which exist in the minds of many people regarding Labrador, a remark was made in this famous seat of English learning by a certain lady that "she did not intend to go to Dr. Grenfell's lecture, because she thought that America should manage her own colonies."

From Cambridge we then proceeded to Leeds, where we were the guests of Mr. Robert Armitage, of Farnley Hall, and here we found another Grenfell worker, in fact two, both Mr. Robert Armitage, Jr., and his wife, an American girl, having been on the Coast as volunteers. About this time I began to realize why it was called the "International" Grenfell Association.

Liverpool was next on the itinerary, and here we saw and visited the Reverend Henry Gordon, who was on the Labrador coast for ten years and did such heroic work during the influenza epidemic. The present school at Cartwright was due entirely to the efforts of Mr. Gordon. He is now the rector of St. James Church, Toxteth, Liverpool.

A day trip was made to Manchester for a lecture with return to Liverpool. While in Manchester we visited the Co-operative Wholesale Society, whose organization has been used by Dr. Grenfell as a model for his co-operative stores on the Coast. While Dr. Grenfell preached at the Great George Street Congregational Church, Liverpool, Mrs. Grenfell and I attended the Assizes Service at the Cathedral which preceded the opening of the fall session of the Law Court. We all had dinner with Bishop David, who had been at Oxford with Dr. Grenfell.

The following day we attended the formal opening of the Law Courts, and the Lord Mayor's luncheon to the Duchess of Atholl, who was on a tour of inspection of the schools. She said, among other things, that the aim of education should be to fit the student for the situation in which he would find himself in his subsequent work, and should be conducted with a view to the actual conditions which the student would work in. She said there seemed to be a tendency to disregard these conditions, and to prepare the students for things that would never be part of their daily life.

Dr. Grenfell took the train to Oxford in order to attend the annual "Gaudy" of his college, Mrs. Grenfell and I following in the car, hoping to be able to reach Oxford that night, but a heavy rainstorm made driving so difficult that we were forced to spend the night at Lichfield. About eleven o'clock, as we were proceeding along a deserted country road, I noticed that a grey Ford truck had for several miles been following us, sometimes passing and then falling behind. Eventually it stopped suddenly. A man sprang to the center of the road, flashed a light and ordered us to stop. Several similar experiences in America which had resulted in attempted holdups made me debate whether to step on the accelerator and swing around him, or deliberately to run him down. I had just decided that the latter was probably the wiser course, when Mrs. Grenfell saved the life of a defender of law and order by informing me it was a "Bobby," who kindly informed me that my license plate was covered with mud.

In Reading, the lecture was under the auspices of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishers. Here I had an adventure all of my own. Dr. Grenfell had written ahead to the man who was to be our host that he, the doctor, would be accompanied by Mrs. Grenfell and a "volunteer, who has come over from Labrador to drive my car." As we pulled up at this man's house, he rushed out, visibly perturbed. After welcoming Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell, he drew them aside, and glancing in my direction said, "I don't know what to do with your Eskimo driver, or what to feed him." Dr. Grenfell replied that he thought it best to put him in the refrigerator and feed him on ice cream! Of course, this was too good a story to keep, and Dr. Gren-
fell promptly told it at his lectures, when to the delight of everybody excepting myself, the incident appeared in the newspapers.

The following day found us in Norwich, where we had the pleasure of seeing Miss Christine Fellowes, who for several years has come to Labrador to give us the benefit of her agricultural training. She had with her little Nathan Budgell, from Green Bay, whom she had taken home with her, and whom she was sending to a school outside of Norwich. Nathan, in his Eton collar and school cap and jacket, seemed to be very much at home, and enjoying life in his foster country.

The next day we motored one hundred and fifty miles to Sheffield, and in spite of three punctures reached there in time for the evening lecture. Lytham (Lancashire), Hoylake followed in succession, and November 9th found us motoring through the beautiful lake country en route to Glasgow. We stopped in Keswick to visit Dr. Arthur W. Wakefield, who had been at Battle Harbor, and who told us of his expedition to Mount Everest. He admitted that the main reason why he had settled in Keswick was that here he could have mountains in his backyard, and pursue his favorite pastime.

In Glasgow we visited Lord and Lady Maclay at their beautiful estate at Kilmalcolm. Several large meetings were held here in churches and the Y. M. C. A., and plans made for future ones. While here we made a day trip to Edinburgh, where Dr. Stuart Norman, who had also been on the Coast, arranged a large and enthusiastic meeting. Here we visited the display rooms of the Scottish Home Industries, with which Miss Pressley-Smith was connected.

Because of our limited time and the necessity for getting back to Glasgow for an evening meeting, we went over to Edinburgh by train. After all the doctor's lectures, people would gather to shake his hand or solicit his autograph, and so, as he walked down the platform deeply engrossed in conversation, and the railroad guard at the barrier held out his hand for the tickets, Dr. Grenfell grasped it, shook it warmly, and walked on, leaving an astonished and very much surprised man, gazing first at his hand, and then at the disappearing form of Dr. Grenfell!

Carlyle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Manchester, Bolton, Gravesend, City Temple, London, followed in quick succession, all meetings being packed to capacity. Frequently chairs were placed in the aisles and the exits jammed, the audiences often numbering between two and three thousand people. At Manchester Dr. Grenfell spoke at the annual general convention of Missions held in the Free Trade Hall.

As the trip was now drawing to a close, it was decided that we would try to sell the car, and we solicited an offer from a garage man at Seven Oaks. He immediately informed us that we had a broken front spring, which I indignantly denied, but on getting out and investigating, discovered that it was only too true, and that the "Crystal Palace" "listed to port" at a rather alarming angle, four of the six spring leaves being broken. As we were one hundred and sixty-five miles from Bristol, our next "port of call," it seemed advisable to take the car back to London which was only twenty-five miles distant, and for Dr. Grenfell to proceed by train. When this plan was suggested to the doctor, he said quite calmly, "But I don't want to go by train," and asked if we could not put on a "temporary dressing." As it was not for me to question the decision of the "skipper" we lashed a block of wood between the spring and the axle and started for Bristol at a rate of fifteen miles an hour, and made a triumphant entry at eleven o'clock that night. The car was later driven another one hundred and sixty miles to Parkgate.

Folkestone, Rugby School, Moseley followed, and on November 26 we returned to London for an address at Miss Maude Rodden's church, the Guild House, Eccleston. The next few days were spent in busy preparation for the Polytechnic lectures. Mr. Varick Frissell, who had been a "wop" during his college career at Yale, had come over from France to show the motion pictures which he had taken on his trip to the Grand Falls of Labrador. These were the only moving pictures of Grand Falls in existence, and this was to be their first public showing. The Labrador Boundary Case which was submitted to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had just finished, and great interest was shown in Dr. Grenfell's lectures. The "standing room only" sign was often in evidence, and frequently a long queue of people would be turned away. Even the Minister of Colonial Affairs, when he came to the box office one day, was told that there was not a seat in the house. Although disappointed, he was more pleased than provoked at being turned away. (Eventually, however, a single seat was found for him in the front row next to Varick Frissell's small projector for his narrow gage films.)

* See the April issue of this magazine for Mr. Frissell's description of his trip of exploration to these falls.
Among my various duties was often included service as personal bodyguard to Dr. Grenfell, to prevent enthusiastic admirers from tearing off his coat buttons for souvenirs.

The Hudson's Bay Company had placed at our disposal their thousands of feet of film, and some of this was used to supplement our own pictures of the Mission activities.

We returned on the Olympic, arriving December 23, just in time for Christmas. Not only was the lecture tour itself a great success from a standpoint of interest aroused, new supporters gained, and money raised, but the new London office at 92 Victoria Street was established as a center in England for the promotion of interest in Dr. Grenfell's work.

Miss Katie Spalding, the honorary secretary in charge, writes glowing letters of enthusiastic admiration which she finds everywhere in the wake of Dr. Grenfell's lecture tour.

FROM DAY TO DAY AT GORDON COVE

BY FRANCES W. CONROW

The busy hum of everyday life prevails over the huge house. We hear the clatter of dishes, the murmur of children's voices, with happy shouts at times. Perhaps the sewing machine is going at a mad pace to finish a belated party dress. There may even be a doll's tea party in full sway, or an excited game of marbles at its height. Below in the basement, the steady chopping of the ax shows that the fires are not to be neglected.

Suddenly a bell rings, followed by such a scampering upstairs, bidding goodnights, and wild, excited tumbling into bed. Then again we notice the affairs downstairs.

Quieter, now that the younger children are safely tucked into bed and supposedly sound asleep. Now the more serious things begin for the older ones. Perhaps it is study night, or the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts are holding meeting. Whatever it is, the time flies and soon another bell rings. This time there follows a sound of singing, then quiet prayers before retiring. After a cheery good night to each and all, there is a general rush for drinks, then scampering to bed.

Quiet begins to settle slowly over the whole house. Only a little murmur in the older children's rooms, and talking in the staff room. The staff draws a deep breath, relaxes cautiously, and begins with interest to review the day's events. The talk may run on M's sudden angelic disposition or B's noticeable improvement, or the latest tantrum; or perhaps it turns upon plans for changing rules or a new scheme for dining room management.

One by one the remaining staff goes to bed. The last one puts out the hall lights and takes a final look around, then settles down for the night. The great household is asleep. It reminds one of a great beast, slowly relaxing, finally giving a last sigh and becoming still in dreamless slumber.

The night moves on slowly, surely, silently.

The first hint of dawn tinges the eastern sky, and an alarm clock rudely awakens the one who first must struggle with the day. She soon rouses the kitchen girls, who light the fires and start the kettle boiling. The beast has stirred in his sleep. Pattering footsteps in the hall, three knocks, then "Time to get up, Miss."

The beast is stirring now and opens a sleepy eye. Yes, it is morning now. A bell rings. He turns, blinks, and slowly rouses.

In six dormitories some forty children wake and start dressing, while the chatter slowly increases. When all are dressed, washed, and inspected, they pass quickly downstairs. Their happy voices again sound out, as they gather in groups. Again the bell. A song and prayers come as a pleasant routine of the morning. Then the long line of children pass to their breakfast, and another busy day has begun.
DONATION FROM THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONALS

The Philadelphia National baseball team, through Mr. Cy Williams, their big hitter, have presented us with a subscription taken up from the whole team, including the manager, to which every man gladly contributed for the benefit of the Mission. They also presented me with a ball signed with all their names.

My education in baseball was neglected in England, but Mr. Cy Williams was kind enough to show me how to throw a ball through my fingers or around my fingers or over my fingers, and after this signal honor from a man whose athletic prowess this year all America is admiring, I dreamed of flinging balls that went like corkscrews mixed with the zigzags of lightning.

I have always been an ardent admirer of those who keep their bodies in order, regarding these bodies as I do, as the liaison between our selves or our selves and this field of honor on which Christ calls us to be good knights, and on leaving which we expect to hear “Well fought, well done” hereafter.

W. T. G.

Our Y. M. C. A. work has really exceeded all expectations,” writes A. L. Smith, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. branch at St. John’s, where the old Seamen’s Institute has been transferred for the joint use of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. “Almost every evening the building is crowded with young people. Basketball is a very popular game with the girls as well as men. The home nursing class had to be divided because of the large number. Our six-weeks educational lectures were well attended. Last month’s gym attendance was the best yet. We are planning now for a Y demonstration night to be held in C. L. B. armories May 6. The Sunday fireside groups have proved very successful, with about fifty-five young fellows each Sabbath after church.”

A petition signed by a large number of the residents of the district between Hare Bay and Pistolet Bay, at the northern tip of Newfoundland, has been presented to the Prime Minister asking for a grant of money sufficient to construct a highway connecting the two points. At present there is not a foot of road suitable for any vehicle along this section of the coast, which suffers in its development in consequence. St. Anthony is about midway between the two bays, and the district, with its splendid salmon and trout rivers and picturesque scenery, could easily be made attractive to many tourists if better facilities for getting about were provided, not to mention the improved economic conditions which would naturally follow for all residents with improved transportation facilities.

Referring to the note “A Catastrophe” in the April issue, in which the writer William Morris told how he had cheered the lonely Labrador village by tunes on a fiddle which did not belong to him, we have to say that three persons have sent violins to the New York office. The first to arrive was given by a young girl to whom a new violin had been presented, so she very much wished her old one could go to Mr. Morris. No doubt there are other people on the Labrador whose hearts will be made happy by this gift of the other violins.—EDT.

Here is one of the many telegrams read at the Alumni dinner in New York City: “Re the Annual Grenfell Alumni Dinner—It is with deepest regret that I acknowledge your debt for your kind and unique invitation. Were I able to come I would start on a run and not send this sad explanation. However, the distance is overpowering resistance so with heart sorely riven I send these regrets of John Severy Hibben.”

A big féte was held in Bournemouth on Empire Day (May 24) in aid of Dr. Barnardo’s Homes. All the British colonies were represented by stalls, and the Grenfell Mission had a good showing of industrial products for display and sale.
O N E of the treasured birthday greetings received by Dr. Grenfell was a letter written on his birthday and individually signed by the thirty children under Miss Criswell in the new Yale School at North West River—children that Dr. Grenfell calls the "freshmen" of Yale in Labrador, with all their potential power for making a better world in future years.

A S a direct result of Dr. Paddon's visit we have undertaken, in addition to our contribution to the general work, to raise $225 for one year's education and maintenance of two orphans, Florence and Jordan Goudie, aged respectively 8 and 10 years, at the Yale School at North West River."—From the annual report of the Toronto Branch.

O F the thousand dollars collected by Miss C. Helen Fotheringham from Canadian friends for the equipment of the Children's Ward in the St. Anthony Hospital, the sum of $562.32 was expended by her personally for the purchase of bedding, towels, and other necessities. The balance was forwarded through the office of the Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission for expenditure on such other equipment as might be most needed. An individual touch has been given the beds in the ward by the placing of flower name plates, decorated and presented by Miss MacGillivray, another good Canadian friend of the mission. These flower plates have given the greatest pleasure to the children.

FROM THE DOCTOR'S MAILBAG

FROM "UNCLE GEORGE"

"I T was Uncle George who taught me what hospitality meant," notes Dr. Grenfell on this letter. "The present he refers to was made possible by our friends."

Fox Harbor, March 20, 1927.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell,
My dear Friend:

I received the grand Christmas present that you send me and I thank you very much for it, and sir I must say that it is the best present I ever got in my life. We were so glad to get it just when we did because our little girl is so sick—and we could not get nourishment for her. She been sick for two months. We have had the nurse for her. Some times she seems to be quite a lot better, and then she gets sick again. We don't know what to think of her. Thankful to say that all the rest of our family are well. My wife re-

members to you very kindly; her face are rite well—don't trouble her a bit. I must say that the times have not been the best here this winter but we cant come plane so very much our selves. Jimmie caught a few skin's of fur and with the help that we have got others ways we have rubed along very well so far, what ever it shall be from this time out.

We have nearly all the things ready to build your boat but not started to put together yet because the weather is so cold yet that I cant keep my feet warm. But it dont take so much time to put together. This have been a very frosty winter and lovely fine weather. I guess there will be lots of Ice next summer and if so the salmon is likely to be plentiful too. I have my twine knitted ready for them. Please, sir, believe me to be your sincere old friend,

GEORGE HOLLEY.
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